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GAZETTE

Gazette

THE

GAZETTE OF THE UNION, GOLDEN RULE,

AND

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

A SATURDAY FAMILY JOURNAL OF

General Literature, Odd-Fellowship and Amusement.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

VOLUME X.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE INCLUSIVE.



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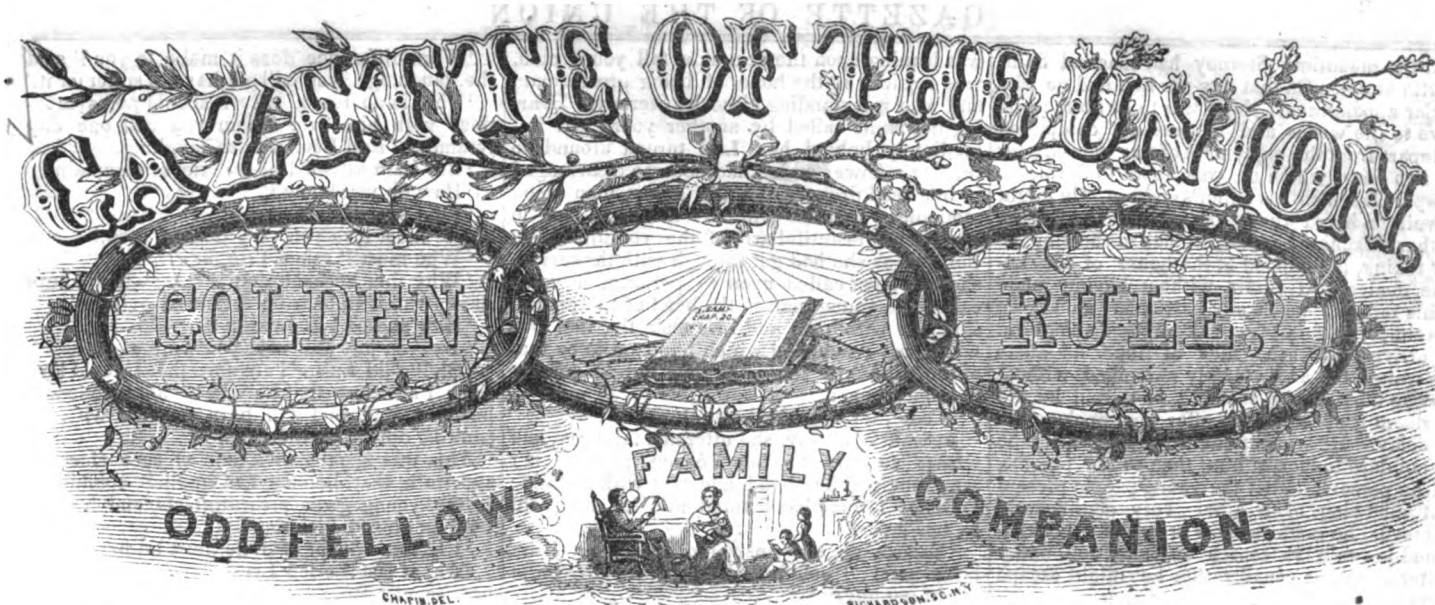
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"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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VOL. X....NO. 1.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 235.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Gazette and Rule.

DAY IS BREAKING.

Designed to be sung at an approaching Odd-Fellow's Festival.

BY REV. BRO. NELSON BROWN.

DAY is breaking!—day is breaking!
Soon will pass the gloomy night;
Rosy Morn is now awaking—
Ho! she comes, in robes of light.
Day is coming,—light is streaming
Gently from the smiling sky;
O'er the world the light is beaming—
Ho! old NIGHT is passing by.

Day is breaking!—up, each sleeper!
Ho! to work!—there's work to do!
Up, each sower!—up, each reaper!
Up, each brother, good and true.
Morn is coming!—who rejoices?
Every heart that throbs with love;
Hark! the glad some angel voices!
Joy below, and joy above.

Love shall conquer;—clouds of warning
Flee before each golden ray;
Up, each sleeper!—for the morning
Brightens fast—behold! 'tis DAY!
Love shall conquer; then no longer
Hate's foul flag shall be unfurled;
Every day our ranks are stronger,
Gaining victories o'er the world.

Hark! the shouting!—hark! the shouting;
Hasten on, with sword and shield;
TRUTH old ERROR now is routing—
Soon we win the battle field.
We are brothers—we are brothers,
Working men, all good and true;
We can work as well as others;
Ho! there's work enough to do.

Tears are flowing—tears are flowing—
Love shall wipe them all away;
Broken hearts its power are knowing,
Sorrow's night is changed to day.
Light is beaming—light is beaming
Now in glory from the sky;
O'er the world its rays are streaming—
Love shall conquer by and bye.

EDIN VALE, Dec. 22, 1848.

French Nouvellette.

A LION IN LOVE.

BY FREDERIC SOULIE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE GAZETTE AND RULE.

CHAPTER I.

THE term lion, employed to designate a certain class of young Frenchmen, is of such general use, that I deem it unnecessary to enter upon a more particular definition of it in order to make it intelligible to my readers, as signifying something else beside the sanguinary tyrant of the forest, or the submissive slave of Mr. Van Amburgh.

This much being premised, I may venture to commence my story.

One day, not long ago, and about the hour of noon, a lion, of most admirable proportions about his chest, alighted from his carriage at the Café de Paris, his entrance into which created a lively surprise for two good reasons. In the first place, he was in full dress; and in the second, he called for his breakfast with the air of a man that has something to do, and who is in a hurry to be about it.

A friend of his turned upon him a look whose scrutiny was for once unassisted by the eye-glass, and said:

'Where the deuce are you going to, Sterny?'

'To a wedding.'

'Whose?'

Thereupon all heads were turned inquiringly, glances were exchanged, eyes were upturned wonderingly to the ceiling, and on all sides the question was naturally asked:

'Who is going to be married?'

Sterny saw this by-play, and hastened to put an end to it by saying:

'Oh, no one, gentlemen, no one of any consequence to you. This is a private affair.'

'And when will you get through with it?'

'Indeed, I can't say; but I shall manage to effect my escape immediately after the ceremony at church, when I shall be no longer wanted.'

'Wanted! how do you mean?'

'I mean that I am witness for the bridegroom.'

'Indeed!' was echoed on all sides.

'Yes,' resumed Sterny, who saw astonishment depicted on the countenances around him; 'the bridegroom is my father's godson. He wrote me, to that effect, a letter which left no excuse for refusing him a favor which he considers an honor. That is the whole secret; and now,' said Sterny rising, 'proceed with your breakfast in quiet, and farewell until this evening.'

As he was going out, one of his friends asked:

'Where does this marriage take place?'

'Really, I don't know. We are to meet at the bride's in St. Martin street, at noon; it is now quarter past the time—adieu.'

He disappeared, and although the circumstance was, in itself, sufficiently insignificant, it became the topic of conversation.

'The old Marquis Sterny,' said a retired potter's son, who professed a great respect for hereditary traditions, 'has kept up some of the patronizing customs of the old nobility, and, therefore, the part that Sterny is going to take in this affair is graceful enough, and in good taste, but, spite of his illustrious name, he don't understand the thing; and so, instead of being attentive and kind to those worthy people, he will go among them with an air of weariness, or of vanity; whereas, in fact—'

'Whereas,' interrupted an ex-beau of forty, whose claims to lionhood were disputed, who was a corpulent exquisite of undeniable ugliness, a sort of wealthy corn extractor, who called every woman he spoke to my dear, 'whereas, in fact, the whole affair might be pleasant enough; for there are some very pretty women to be found in that class.'

'Pretty, if you will,' said a real lion, whose existence was a problem, but whose individuality had a dash of the artist about it, which consisted in fostering whatever related to art or fancy; 'pretty I grant you, but it is still the lower class.'

'Oh, gentlemen,' said the potter's son, 'the old nobility took some notice of the lower classes.'

'No doubt,' replied the artist lion, 'of the lower classes of former times, I believe you.'

So saying the lion lighted his cigar, and with a chair supporting each leg, he gazed at the people passing by on the Boulevard. All the other lions gave themselves up to pastimes equally interesting, and not another word was said of Léonce Sterny.

In the meantime Sterney had reached Saint Martin street. On that day our lion had no particular appointment; there was to be no race, no drive to the woods, and he was not compelled to depart from the enjoyment of any pleasure for the two hours which he was about to devote to Prosper Gobrillon, his father's god-son. He might as well be bored there as any where; and so, neither attaching any importance to the step he was taking, he stopped at the house of Mr. Laloine, dealer in feathers, without having made up his mind to be in any particular mood; he was simply performing a task imposed upon him. He arrived just in the nick of time; he alone was waited for, as he clearly perceived, without any one making him sensible of it, and he did not deem it necessary to offer any apology for his delay. He was introduced to the bride, who did not dare to look at him, then to her parents, and he perceived that the young people present kept elbowing each other very significantly whenever he made a bow or spoke. Looking around in vain in search of some one under shelter of whose conversation he might escape from this annoying scrutiny, Sterney withdrew to a corner, while the family were taking the necessary measures preparatory to the departure, when a tall young woman suddenly entered, exclaiming:

'I told you that I would have time to change my dress before the arrival of your Marquis.'

'Lise!' exclaimed Mr. Laloine, rebukingly, while all present stood transfixed with astonishment at this outburst.

Mr. Laloine's looks, glancing toward Léonce, made his daughter sensible of the impropriety of her conduct, and she crimsoned with a blush, the like of which our handsome lion had never beheld.

'Forgive me, papa, I was not aware,' said she drooping her head; and Mr. Laloine going up to Sterney, said with a paternal air:

'She is a mere girl, not quite sixteen, and she does not know how to behave herself.'

Sterney looked at the mere girl, whose beauty seemed angelic.

'Is that your daughter?' asked he.

'Yes, Monsieur le Marquis, a spoiled child, whom we came very near losing in consequence of a terrible disease of the heart, and whom it is necessary that we should humor: that is the reason why I did not scold her.'

'Ah! then have the goodness to introduce me to her, and accept my apologies for my want of punctuality.'

'Don't mention it, sir,' returned Mr. Laloine, 'and pay no attention to that whimsical child.'

But that was not Sterney's way of thinking. Never had he seen any thing half so charming as this beautiful girl. While her mother was gently reproving her, and seemed to be advising her to be more circumspect, she had cast upon the lion a furtive glance, at once searching and not very favorable, and she wound up her mother's lecture by a slight gesture of impatience, plainly meaning, 'I was sure he would be a marriage.'

The party set out for the mayor's, and Léonce was placed in the bride's coach, in company with Madame Laloine, and one of the witnesses on the part of the family. Luckily the distance was short; those four persons felt remarkably awkward, and by way of conversation, Léonce's colleague found nothing better to ask, than—

'What is your opinion, sir, of the sugar question?'

Now, Sterney had no opinion on the subject at all; nevertheless he answered inoffensively:

'Sir, I go with the colonies.'

'Ah, I understand,' replied the other bitterly, 'the progress of national industry alarms you. It is clear that government intends to ruin everything in France.' And the speaker broached the sugar question, which lasted without interruption, until their arrival at the mayor's.

By this time Léonce had forgotten the beautiful Lise, and he began to find his task rather irksome. They reached the mayor's house, and just as Léonce stepped out of the carriage, he beheld the beaming countenance of Lise, who was alighting from her own. At that moment a slight confusion occurred, which was the prime cause, perhaps, of the whole of this story. Lise

was leaning upon the arm of a tall young man, who rejoiced in the honor of being groomsman, and who was standing close by Sterney. Hearing her name called by another young girl immediately behind her, Lise turned around to replace a flower which had become disarranged in her head dress, while the groomsman stood motionless, with his arm curved like a loop to receive the beautiful arm of the youthful Lise. But, just as she had got through with the service she had been called upon to perform, a voice called the young man to the head of the procession; he withdrew, and Lise took the first arm within her reach, and which happened to be that of the handsome lion; she then turned quickly to him, saying:

'Come, let us make haste!'

At sight of Sterney, she uttered a faint cry, and wished to retreat; but Léonce pressed her arm, detained her hand, and said with a smile:

'Since fortune has favored me, let me profit by her favor.'

'Excuse me, sir,' answered Lise, 'but I am bridesmaid; I couldn't think of it; Mr. Tirlot might get angry.'

'And who is Mr. Tirlot?'

'Who!—why he is groomsman; it is his right!'

'A right which I would gainsay in the listed field,' said the young lion, who imagined he was making use of the most unmeaning phrase imaginable!

Lise looked at him with all her might, and answered, with some tremor in her voice:

'If that is the case, sir, let us proceed, and I will say that it was I who would have it so.'

These words, and the trembling tone in which they were uttered, convinced Léonce that Lise thought he was in earnest about the challenge to the lists, and that she was quite sure that the Marquis would slay the groomsman if he dared to find any fault with his arrangements. All the company had by this time entered the municipal hall; Léonce and Lise were the last to enter, and the young girl was eager to explain:

'It was Mr. Tirlot's fault; he left me alone on the sidewalk, and if it had not been for Monsieur le Marquis, whose arm I was thankful to accept, I should have had no one to gallant me.'

The phrase *gallant* rather dispelled Léonce's enchantment; but as the mayor was not yet come, and for want of anything better to do, he took a seat by the side of Lise. At first he was at a loss for something to say to her, and he obviously annoyed her very much by his presence.

Léonce attempted to act it grandpaternally, and said with a benign smile:

'This is a day that is very apt to make a young woman's heart throb.'

Lise made no answer.

'It is a momentous day.'

Still the same silence.

'And which no doubt will shortly dawn for you.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Lise, 'it is too provoking in the mayor to keep us waiting so!'

'You speak very slightly of so grave a magistrate.'

'Why so?' asked Lise; 'is the mayor a magistrate?'

'Of course he's a magistrate; for, in point of fact, it is he who really marries your sister; the ceremony at church is nothing more than a mere form.'

Lise cast a terrified look upon Léonce, recoiled slightly from him, and said with downcast eyes:

'I am well aware, sir, that there are many persons who are of your way of thinking; but I am sure that I would never be the wife of any man who would not exchange vows with me before God.'

'Oh! oh!' thought Léonce, 'she's pious!—but then she is so beautiful! Let me try again.'

'And those vows would not be difficult for you to keep; for whoever shall be happy enough to obtain your hand will, I am sure, comply with your every wish.'

'I hope so,' said Lise, archly.

'Ah!' cried Léonce, 'I am afraid you are something of a tyrant.'

'Certainly I am,' replied she, relapsing into all her youthful heedlessness.

'But don't you know that's very wrong?' said Léonce.

'What difference does it make to you?' said she, laughing, 'you will not have to suffer for it.'

'That is no reason why I should not sympathize with him over whom you will one day tyrannize,' said Léonce, also laughing.

'But I am satisfied he will never complain.'

'How do you know?'

'I am sure of it.'

'He must love you very dearly, then.'

'Who must?' asked Lise, in surprise.

'Why this husband that is to be—this future slave, who is to bear his fetters so joyfully.'

'How should I know him?'

'But you just now said you were so sure.'

'Oh!' said Lise, 'I am sure that I would love him; I am sure that he will be an affectionate husband, and as I will be a devoted wife, he can't be otherwise than happy.'

This was spoken in a tone of such sincerity and truth, that Léonce had implicit confidence in the young girl's presentiments, and he said with an air of conviction:

'I have no doubt of it, he must be happy.'

'Ah, at last!' cried Lise, rising, 'here comes your magistrate, as you call him.'

The mayor made his appearance, and began with the ceremony.

CHAPTER II.

The mayor read to the plighted pair those articles of the Code which had reference to their living in harmony together; they took oath to observe them; declared that they mutually accepted each other, and then they all stepped into a private office where the signatures were to be taken down.

One would think it is a very simple matter to sign a record, and still it turned out to be an affair in which Léonce drew upon himself the notice of Lise, and, as usual, in a manner not very favorable to himself. When the newly-married pair and their parents had signed their names, the turn of the witnesses came next; Léonce did as he saw the others do, but his surprise was great when, on handing the pen to the one who was to succeed him, he saw Lise shake her head with a gentle air of disapprobation.

Could it have been because he had signed as the Marquis de Sterney? Why, the omission of his title would have displeased Prosper Gobillon, who was quite proud of having a Marquis to witness his marriage. Perhaps he had signed before his time? Perhaps he had filled up more space than was necessary.

Sterney, who, as a man of the world, thought he was sufficiently well skilled in the proprieties of life, was sorely puzzled to conceive in what respect he could, by any possibility, have incurred the disapprobation of a young shop-girl, and he was determined to solve the mystery, which seemed to him amusing enough. For this purpose, he kept close to the desk, looking now at Lise, now at those who signed after him, and who, as he thought, did precisely as he had done, without any fault being found with them by the young girl. But when it came to Lise's turn to sign, she made him sensible of his oversight; for, upon the clerk's handing her the pen she paused, and said in a tone in which might be detected a shade of irony:

'One moment, if you please; allow me to take off my glove.'

And suiting the action to the word, she signed with a slender hand of dazzling whiteness.

Léonce saw it now; he had signed with his gloves on. Whoever heard of signing a marriage certificate with a gloved hand? Who thinks of raising a gloved hand in attestation?

Léonce was pondering on this subject, when preparations were made for the departure. Mr. Tirlot, who was groomsman, and consequently, grand master of the ceremonies, had gone to order the carriages to drive up to the door, and Léonce thought that he might again offer his arm to Lise. She took it with an air of no very great pleasure, and without perceiving that she had forgotten to resume her glove: and there goes Léonce, walking by her side, bending his head, and riveting his eyes on the charming hand that gently rested on his arm.

At first sight, Lise had appeared to him a beautiful girl; but, while he readily acknowledged to himself that she possessed a degree of

beauty, that was dazzling with the freshness of youth, he had no idea that she enjoyed in their minutest details, those graceful prerogatives which enable the women of the world to compensate for their pallid, meagre, or withered charms. He looked upon her hand—so silky-soft was its texture, and so beautifully slender its shape,—in the light of a precious rarity, which had got strayed by some chance among those good people; and by degrees his eyes rested upon a ring which circled her forefinger, and bore a small golden plate, on which was engraved, in characters scarcely legible, a motto which Leonce eagerly strove to decipher. He was so earnest about it, that he was not aware of their having reached the coaches, into which the party were beginning to enter. It seemed that Lise was not engaged in quite so deep a study; for the pretty tapering fingers that Leonce was so attentively gazing upon, became agitated with impatience, and ended by executing upon his arm a trill which was most beautifully prolonged.

At that moment, Leonce looked at Lise; this motion of his head drew her attention, and she eyed him with such an expression of archness, that Sterney, resolved not to have the worst of it, said: 'It appears, Mademoiselle, that you are an admirable musician.'

'What makes you think so?' inquired she with a touch of disdain.

'Because you have just been performing on my arm a most exquisite air.'

Lise blushed, but this time it was with a painful embarrassment; she abruptly withdrew her naked arm from that of Leonce, and, unconscious of what she was either saying or doing, she said falteringly and in an undertone:

'Oh, pardon me, sir, I forgot to put on my glove—'

'As I forgot to take mine off,' said Sterney; 'you see, we are all of us liable to make mistakes.'

Lise found nothing to say in reply to this; the steps of a carriage were lowered before her, she entered it quickly, so quickly indeed that Leonce obtained a glimpse of the tiniest foot, finely arched, and which was gracefully attached to the smallest ankle. Sterney had a great mind to take a seat beside her, but he had the good sense to do no such thing. Lise had, unconsciously, got into Leonce's carriage; he withdrew after quickly saying to the footman:

'Shut the door, and follow the other carriage,' and he then jumped into a hackney coach in which he found Madame Laloiné.

'Well!' exclaimed the mother, 'what have you done with Lise?'

'I have placed her in a carriage?'

'With whom?' inquired the prudent mother.

'Alas, she is alone, Madame.'

'How so, alone?'

'Yes, Madame, she entered, I believe without being aware of it, into my coach.'

'Ah,' cried Madame Laloiné, 'I can't conceive what ails her; she seems quite perplexed since this morning.'

'It is my barouche,' resumed Leonce, modestly, 'there are only two seats in it, and I did not presume.'

Madame Laloiné thanked Leonce for his forbearance by a silent and solemn bow, and added:

'I am sure she will feel very lonesome.'

Leonce had a secret idea that she would not feel lonesome at all.

In truth, Lise was at first astonished to find herself alone, but she took advantage of the circumstance to recover from the confusion which the last words of Leonce had caused her, and answering her own thoughts and the remarks which she supposed were addressed to her, she shook her pretty head, saying:

'Well, after all, why should I care?'

So saying, she began to examine that splendid carriage which was lined throughout with satin, adorned with silken tassels, and whose motion was so noiseless and so undulating. She seated herself first on one side, then on the other, in order to enjoy the soft elasticity of the cushions, raised, partially, one of the window glasses in order to admire the thickness of the plate, and smiled delightfully on finding herself so pleasantly situated.

Then, she had an idea that the magnificent

carriages in which the ladies of fashion enjoyed their drives to the Elysian Fields, must resemble the one in which she was seated; and without thinking for a moment that she could become it as well as the noblest of her sex, she indulged in an imitation of the unstudied ease with which she had seen others recline in their coaches.

Like them, this singular creature would bury her reclining limbs in the silken cushions, which seemed lovingly to caress her rosiest cheeks, and alabaster shoulders, giving way to the softly sinking motion of the vehicle, half closing her eyes in order to look down upon the poor foot passengers who kept turning round to gaze upon her. Then, as if she perceived at a distance some acquaintance of hers, she would slightly bite her nether lip, and, sweetly smiling, imperceptibly nod her head, as if she were addressing some secret salutation to the handsome horseman who was riding past; and in all this extemporaneous phantasmagoria, it so happened that the handsome horseman was Leonce Sterney.

In truth, who could it have been, other than the handsome lion, whom Lise saw in her mind's eye, mounted on a fine English steed, and cantering gracefully by her side? It surely could not have been Mr. Tirlot, whom she had seen tumble off a donkey, during a pleasure party to Montmorency. It was Sterney, therefore, to whom she addressed her kindest glance, her sweetest smile, as he passed.

But only imagine what must have been her astonishment, when she actually saw the face of Leonce, who, motionless and on foot, however, was offering her his hand to assist her in alighting from the coach. At first she started when she found herself surprised in this unconscious attitude, like a child that has taken a place to which it has no right; and when Leonce asked, as he was helping her out:

'Pray, who is it you were bowing to, and smiling upon so delightfully?—'

She would have been glad to escape far off, and hide her confusion and her blushes. Sadly and slowly, therefore, she entered the church, and Leonce perceived that she paid no attention to the ceremony that was going forward. Lise did not slyly watch the countenance of the bride or the awkward demeanor of the bridegroom; she was not curious to ascertain if the wedding ring had passed beyond the second joint, which implies submission; but she prayed, and prayed fervently for herself. One would have thought that remorse had entered that young heart, and that she sincerely asked Heaven's forgiveness for her fault.

Heaven granted her prayer; for she at last rose with calmness, severity and self-reliance. When the party was about to go into the vestry, she turned toward Sterney, and without appearing to notice that he was watching her with marked attention, she went straight up to him, took his arm, and said in a tone which was very different from any she had hitherto employed:

'All this must no doubt be very tiresome to you, sir.'

'Tiresome!—why should you think so?'

'Because it breaks in upon your habits and pleasures. But you will soon be rid of it.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ELEGANT STARVATION.—An extravagant young gentleman, who had spent all his money, and had worn out every trace of credit, was living at a beautiful villa in the country, with a devoted partner in poverty. 'Yesterday,' he boasted to a confidential friend, 'we supped off a pair of ear-rings. That case of champagne in the cellar is the production of some thirty volumes of the Encyclopedia Americana. We have dined during the past week off my dress coat; and this very day, had it not been for my patent leather boots, we should have been obliged to breakfast without Bolognas.' Of course these fearful privations increased, till at last they reached a climax. One day the hopeful economist came in nearly famished, and entreated his lovely housekeeper to order dinner. 'Dinner!' she repeated; 'there's not a scrap in the house, or an article left to procure one with.' 'Surely, 'tis a desperate act, but it must be done.' 'What?' inquired the lady, anxiously. 'What? Why, fry the gold fish and roast the canary?'

Selected Poetry.

LONELINESS.

A POETIC MEDITATION—BY LAMARTINE.

BENEATH the oak tree's shade, the mountain's crown,
At eve's mild hours I sit, in sadness, down,
And gaze upon the fields, a picture sweet,
Unrolled in varied beauty at my feet.

There flows the river, with its foaming wave,
There creeps, there hides within a rocky cave,
A brighter stream, with waves of milk-white hue
Rolls by the golden stars, which light the heavens
of blue.

Upon the mountain's top and wooded sides,
Twilight's last ray in tranquil beauty glides;
Night's gleaming chariot rises o'er the night,
And gilds the horizon's edge with mellow light;
While from the Gothic spire, like spirits springing,
The soft tones of the evening chimes are ringing;
The traveler listens—as the village bell
With day's last murmurs blends, and sounds the
parting knell.

Beauty is spread around; yet my dimm'd eye
Sees nought to charm the soul in earth or sky—
For earth is but a shadow on the wave,
And suns warm not the coldness of the grave.
In vain, the spirit casts wild glances forth,
Sweeping from east to west, from south to north;
Upon her darkness breaks no beam of light,
Nor flashes in the sky, angelic pinions bright.

Cottage and palace—mountain, vale and sea!
The charm is gone that made you dear to me;
The breathing spirit of the rock, the wood,
The stream, has flown—all is solitude!
With eye unkindled, gazing on the sun
I see his burning steeds their courses run;
The clear blue sky—the blackening cloud I see,
Wrapt in a gloomy shroud; they're both alike to me!

O! could I mount to where the sun-fires glow,
Earth's plains of green and deserts far below—
Though caring nought for all the day-beams gild,
The boundless riches with which earth is filled—
Yet, far beyond the boundaries of his sphere,
Celestial tones might strike the spirit's ear,
Another sun shine bright upon her eye,
All of me left behind—save that which cannot die!

Then would my longing spirit rise above,
With hope reviving, and rekindled love,
Ravished with joy and burning with a flame,
Which all have felt, yet none could ever name!
Why can I not on morning's chariot rise,
Pierce the blue vault, and seek my native skies?
Why must my chained pulses here remain,
Throbbing discordant in this world of pain?

When autumn's leaf falls withered from the trees,
It gently floats upon the passing breeze;
Borne on the whispering zephyrs, slowly sails,
And rests at last within the beautiful vales;
And I am like the leaf—a withered form,
Bear me, ye tempests, on your wings of storm,
To valleys of delight, to hills above,
Plains of eternal green, and rivulets of love!

WAIT NO LONGER.

OH for such an education—

Knowledge prospering in the land,
As shall make this busy nation
Great in heart as strong in hand.

Knowledge free and unencumbered,
Wearing no dogmatic fetters;
Quickening minds that long have slumbered;
Doubling life by living letters.

Knowledge that shall lift opinion
High above life's sordid bustle:
Thought claims limitless dominion—
Men have souls as well as muscle.

Knowledge that shall rouse the city,
Stir the village, shake the glen;
Teach the smith in the smithy,
And the plowman, they are men.

All who will may gather knowledge,
Prompt for every earnest wooer;
Indifferent to school or college,
She aids the persevering doer.

Shall we wait—and wait for ever,
Still procrastination rueing;
Self-exertion trusting never—
Always dreaming—never doing?

Wait no longer—Hope, Faith, Labor,
Make man what he ought to be:
Never yet hath gun or sabre
Conquered such a victory!

English Magazine Literature.

"COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE."

A SONG FOR THE SEASON—BY ELIZA COOK.

OLD Christmas is weaving his holly again,
And begemming his garments with ice spangled pride;
While the wind, with its snow-spear, is piercing the plain,
And the shrew-mouse lies dead by the shelter'd hedge-side

'Tis the time when the hand that has plenty should fling
What it has to bestow on the want-stricken near;
And no holier carol of joy can we sing,
Than "Come under my plaidie," in Poverty's ear.

Oh! let us look out on the pinch'd and the poor,
And ne'er question too closely their claims on our breast;
They have blood-veins to curdle, and pangs to endure,
And starvation is active in warping the best.

"Come under my plaidie" is Charity's song,
And the theme of God's melody breathes in the tune;
When we find how it cheers as we wander along,
Can we hum it too often, or learn it to soon?

The great ones that meet but Prosperity's face—
Oh, too often their bosoms grow callous the while;
As in boldest and highest of mountains we trace
'Tis the hardest of strata that formeth the pile.

How soon does the exquisite blossom bell fade,
If the hot beams unceasingly fall on its cup;
But the draught of sweet water it drinks in the shade,
Feeds the beauty we prize when we see it look up.

And so should Humanity's shadows impart
The rich moisture that fits for the sunshine of Power;
For the dew of Benevolence freshens the heart,
As Night's pure distillation enlivens the flower.

Though we have but good-will and kind wishes to spare
Let us give them, like Him who brought peace upon earth
We must all have a bit of some "plaidie" to spare,
And dividing the garment increases its worth.

If we read, as we ought, the wide Truth-bearing scroll
That fair Mercy eternally hangs in our sight,
We shall see there are duties of love which the soul
Is too apt to forget in its self-serving might.

Affection may link to the kindred around,
The fond spirit may turn toward many a friend;
But warm feelings, like water-rings, own not a bound,
And the fullest and strongest the furthest extend.

Let us help where we may—let us give what we can—
To stop Misery's flow where gaunt Famine crawls through;
'Tis Compassion's soft wings make the angel of mau;
And there's something that most of us surely can do.

"Come under my plaidie"—let rich ones be heard
In the chorus that cannot too loudly be troll'd;
And when yule feasts are smoking, and yule logs are stirr'd,
Think of boards that that are breadless and hearts that are cold

"Come under my plaidie"—oh, fear not to pour
The most feeble of whispers to swell the blest tone,
For though small be the seed we may cast from our store,
It will bear the right grain when God garners his own.

SIR RICHARD MACGINNIS

AND THE SHERIFF.

A Reminiscence of Soldiering in Tipperary.

A merry going out often bringeth a mournful return, and
a joyful morning a sad evening.—THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

'Och, and sure yer honor won't forget Tim. Tim, yer honor,' exclaimed one of those contortions of nature, ycleped a dwarf, to a fine well-made son of the sister isle, as he walked down Dame street, Dublin,

'By this, and by that, you are the biggest little blackguard I ever saw in my life,' replied the gentleman at the same time throwing him a ten penny.

'Long life to yer honor, and thank yer honor,' shrieked the dwarf, as he hobbled off to waylay another passer-by.

'Well, Sir Richard, has the bay gelding won at the Curragh? I am just after seeing Larry Burns, and by dads, from his long face, and up-turned nostril, I guessod you had no luck. Why, he turned on his heel, and would not deign an answer,' said a short gentleman with a low crowned hat, knowingly stuck upon one side, and a bright green cut away coat mounted in brass.

'Then you have guessed too true, for as soon as the blackguard was called upon, he shut up. However, my book is pretty square. I made up my loss out of Captain Seymour—one of the castle aids-de-camp; he would back the English mare against a true bred son of the Emerald Isle.'

'Arrah! Sir Richard, you did well. Ireland, my boy, for ever. Never mind, you are not cut out for a flat, eh? Twenty to ten you win the Cahir steeple chase with Brien Borhoime.'

'I wish I may. Good day.'

The charitable donor and loser of the race was Sir Richard Macginnis, or, as he was familiarly

styled—ears polite, are we to utter it?—Hell-fire Dick, was a true specimen of an Irish gentleman. Kind, brave, liberal to a fault, ready to resent an injury, but lastingly grateful for a benefit; he had had many an 'affair,' and paced many a distance in the Phenix, and had dropped and won many a fifty pound note at Daly's; but the days of which we chronicle were very different to those of pikes, felons, trials and soldiers in the old capital of Ireland. She was then in the zenith of her glory, the envied of the envied, or, in the words of Lever, 'There was wealth more than proportioned to the cheapness of the country, and while ability and talent were the most striking features of every circle, the taste for gorgeous display exhibited within doors and without, threw a glare of splendor over the scene, that served to illustrate, but not eclipse, the prouder glories of the mind.'

At an early age Sir Richard Macginnis had come into an Irish property of about four thousand a year, a little encumbered with debts, in Tipperary. Ah! many a time had the old walls of Castle Knock vibrated with the merry song and chorus o'er the generous port, many a time had its oaken floor received the ponderous shock of a four bottled man. Many and many a guest had enjoyed true Hibernian hospitality in the old castle; and many a fox had been tally-ho'd away from its covers, and many a snipe or 'cock had fallen to the unerring aim of its owner, or his sporting friends; but alas! these palmy days were not to last for ever. Sir Richard, bitten with the mania of traveling, determined to view the beauties of England, where at Cheltenham, he met, wooed and won, the fair, accomplished, though dowerless daughter of Admiral Howard. For a time affairs went on smoothly; Dublin was yearly sought; and expense followed expense, but in a few years the baronet found his property mortgaged to lawyers and money-lenders, his rents badly paid, the Union passed, and blessed with a son as errant a pickle as ever lived, whose education was entrusted to the combined care of the Protestant clergyman and Father Gleeson (for though Sir Richard was a staunch Catholic himself, he considered all sects whether Roman, Greek, or Infidel, as brethren). But the young scion and his two pedagogical divines were much like a person attempting to sit upon two chairs at one and the same time, and the old issue was the consequence; but the youth's fall was either upon his legs or seat—for he almost daily contrived to escape the exhortations of the Rev. Mr. O'Neil, or the Latin expositions of Father Mark, to rush to the whoop of Pat Sullivan the Irish huntsman, or the to-ho of Jack Moffat, the English keeper; in time his view hollow was clearly heard at the cover side as he saw sly reynard steal away, and his merry laugh re-echoed through the sylvan glades as he shot the errant woodcock, until he became as good a shot as his father, and few could beat him with the Tip. Hunt on black Mungo.

The — Dragoon Guards were quartered at Cahir (or as some garrison punsters, unjustly though it be, call it dull care) and a subaltern's detachment was thrown out to Fethard under the command of Lieut. Mytton.

Jack Mytton was the only son of a wealthy Yorkshire squire, who not being able to manage his son at home, procured him a commission in the — Dragoon Guards, as he then hoped he would be under some restraint. Poor Jack! he had talents for every thing but soldiering; he could make as good a book on the Derby, play as good a game of chess, calculate the odds, or win a rubber of billiards as the best man alive; but to manœuvre a troop, or tell off a squadron, was far beyond his comprehension; and in proof thereof he had ridden and won two steeple chases before he had been dismissed his riding drill, and had made a pot on the St. Leger, before he could change front to the right.

One day a party of Mytton's brother officers drove over from head quarters to see him at Fethard.

'Ah! ah! Jack, old boy,' cried Captain Osprey on their arrival, 'how are you? Had any shooting?'

'How is the detachment?' inquired Cornet Whiskerless.

'How is the hay?' asked a third.

'What is the price of meat a pound?'

'Hunting any more of her Majesty's troopers,' asked Captain Osprey.

'Ah, my boy,' replied Mytton, 'recollect the Italian proverb, Li matti hanno bolletta di dir cio che voglion. So hold your peace of troopers.'

'I see you have Boatswain still,' said Whiskerless, as a shaggy Irish spaniel came jumping and fondling to the party.

'The best dog that ever lived,' replied Mytton. 'I was shooting at Colonel Mallahome's last week, and having bagged twenty couple of snipe—'

'Oh, oh!' chorused the party.

'Well, believe me or not, my story is true. Well, I had drawn my left barrel's charge, and was returning home through a little cover, when old Boatswain sprang a woodcock, but not liking to discharge my right barrel for fear of repealers, I walked on and took no notice; not so, old Boatswain, who reared himself on his hind legs and marked him—on I walked—but the dog tugged at my jacket. At last, I followed him, and he led me to bush, whining and looking in my face, until I had reloaded my gun, when he sprang forward, and up rose a fine woodcock—which, gentlemen, I am happy to say, I have ordered for this day's dinner.'

'Ah! ah!' cried Osprey, 'the author of the Arabian Nights has at last been discovered.'

'Why, I suppose you are first cousin to the young gentleman who walked out of an Affghan tent at Sobron after his legs had been shot off.'

'Why, Mytton, you are quite an Herodotus,' said Osprey.

'By the by, you did not send the sea serpent story to the Lords of the Admiralty, did you?' inquired another.

'That certainly was a very fishy tale,' said Whiskerless.

'Well, come,' replied Jack, 'a truce to your disbelief, however, after your drive, I make no doubt a little luncheon will be acceptable.'

'I have a very unpleasant duty to perform to-morrow,' said Mytton, as they sat in the old oaken-paneled mess-room at Fethard on the night in question. 'I am going to assist the sheriff, who is going to levy a distress warrant upon Sir Richard Macginnis. Poor Dick! the best friend I have in these parts.'

'Oh! oh! oh! fancy Mytton aiding the civil power,' chorused the whole party. 'What time do you start?'

'The route says six,' replied Jack.

'Six,' replied Osprey, 'why you will hardly have the very slightest appetite for breakfast. By gad, I know I never have any till noon.'

'Oh, establish a commissariat on the road; and a fatigue party off to-night with liquors, moselle and champagne; and if there is one thing a shoeless, dirty, Irish cook can toss up better than another, it is a lamb coutelette a la Tata,' said Whiskerless with a sneer.

'Yes, I am sure you will have quite a little fete champetre,' said a third. 'How I envy you.'

'Well,' cried Mytton, in an excited tone, 'a pony all around that I perform this duty so that were his Grace of Wellington commanding he could not do it better.'

'Done!' said the party, and the bets were properly booked.

Then followed the light desultory scandalous conversation of the mess room, when the flirtations of Miss Smith were duly discussed, with the merits of the Derby winner, and the tenets of the Bishop of Exeter, with Bendigo the prize fighter; and after these topics had been drained equally with the claret, a little hazard, a la poulette, concluded the excitement of the evening.

At six o'clock the following morning Lieutenant Mytton and his party of dragoons left the barracks of Fethard, he inwardly execrating his luck at having to leave his brother officers, who were going that morning—in the words of the Irish gossoon—to slate the snipe, while they (his brother officers) were delighted at the preposterous idea of Mytton ever being detached upon duty. Half-way on his road, Mr. Sandy Macgregor, the sheriff, and his two coadjutors, as ruffian looking gentlemen as ever graced—or disgraced—the Bog of Allen, joined the dragoons. Mr. Macgregor was a Scotchman, as you might

conceive from his name, the only son of a humble butcher in Glasgow, but early in life he showed the *cacoethes scribendi*, and he used to supply the poet's corner and local information of the provincial press with the paper bullets of his brain until a contested election took place, when, for some good work for the radical member, he was appointed agent, or factor to a Tipperary estate, which, not relishing such a woodcock life, he quickly resigned, however, for the lucrative office of sheriff and C. P. of the riding.

'Foin day, captin,' said Macgregor.

'It is,' was the sulky reply.

'It's too good a day for the deed, captin; but if a mon boorows siller, he mon pay, that's Scotch law; but this is an unco stoney wynd,' said the sheriff, as his horse stumbled over the loose stones. 'My curse upon ye, ye stumbling brute! ye ugly creeping blastit wonner! He is but a stitched up thing, captin. I borrowed him of the vint'or of Clonmel; my ain Galloway is sairly racked wi' the rheumatics, and he's as lame as an ould cat.'

'The Duke of Leeds writes that Eisenburgh cured his feet, perchance that chiropedist might do your horse some good, or indite a note to Lord Aldborough, he is always writing to the papers about some pills, he may give you some advice, gratis, yah!' replied Mytton, with a yawn; 'do any thing, in short, but weary me with your stories of your horses.'

'Beg pardin, captin. But I have an unco drouth, let us stop at this 'shebeen,' as the Irish folk call it, and have a drappie of bunch-toddy, eh? you ken what our poet sings,

"But bring a Scotchman from his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, sic is royal George's will,
An there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow."

'Well,' said Mytton, 'I do not mind a small drop of whisky; I am rather cold, and it is such a bore this work.'

'Thunder and turf,' as the Irish say, I agree with you,' replied the sheriff, as they drank their whisky.

'And sure then,' observed one of Macgregor's deputies, when the detachment was once more in motion; 'if he preached what he practised, he would give us poor devils a drop. Didn't I hear him hold forth at Manchester as how we were all brethren, all equal, all men?'

'Your governor, I suppose. Oh, I could well believe it, the d—n hypocrite,' observed a dragoon, who had been everything from a Methodist parson to a pickpocket, 'but a day of reckoning is at hand.'

'And sure we all know that; its the day Dan O'Connell brings in repeal,' said the Paddy.

'My friend! I speak not of terrestrial, but of celestial matters. I speak of that time when those who have received much, of *them* much will be required,' said the dragoon, with emphasis.

'Well and sure, isn't that the day when we get repeal? Hasn't O'Connell got much? God help ye! two and threepence of mine last Palm Sunday; and, by dads! shan't we require much of him? He requires a tithe of our wages—but, mi boy, when Parliament sits in College Green, then we shall be repaid cent. per cent.'

'But I am afraid the cent. per cent., like my promotion, will be a long time coming,' answered private Lomax. 'My only hope is Mister O'Connell will introduce equality; let us have a Commonwealth, it is the only principle to find favor with the masses. Let us divide the funds of the aristocracy. You know—

"Princes or peers may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can take as a breath has made;
But a noble peasantry—"

That is the new name we will agitate under. Was not Adam our common father? Why should the aristocracy be rich? I do not see it laid down in the Bible to be the case. Look at my profession, the soldier gets drunk by day, the officer by night—what is the upshot? Why, the soldier sleeps on the floor of the mill, I beg your pardon, the guard room's trestle, the officer on his feather bed—but halt!

"—we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day, that is loyalty's sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter."

'Come you, Mr. Lomax,' said Serjeant-Major Fieldday, riding up; 'if you don't sit steadier on your horse, I will give you a taste of awkward drill when we get back to barracks.'

'Will it rain whisky,' inquired Tom Shrub, 'when you get repeal?'

'Be dads, and it will,' replied Paddy.

'Then hurrah for repeal! I'll be anything for a glass of whisky, except a coward to my country, or a traitor to my Queen,' said Shrub.

'Do you hear?' cried Serjeant Fieldday, 'press down your heel, Lomax; feel up your horse, Shrub—or awkward drill.'

When the party approached the mansion of Sir Richard Macginnis, every thing pertaining to it had the stamp of poverty and blunted exertion plainly marked. The old iron gates creaked and groaned on their rusty hinges; the woodbine and ivy were allowed to throw their unrestrained tendrils over the dilapidated lodge, while the pig shared the inside of the cottage with a dirty, slatternly woman and some half-dozen children of the same clique; while the hens were grubbing their resting-places among the uncultivated flower-plats. A kind and beneficent nature had this autumn poured forth her gifts with a liberal hand, and as Sir Richard generally received his rents in kind, many a portly stack stood forth in the staggarth, and many a turkey or fat pig gobbled up the stray ears of wheat that lay scattered in all directions. Mr. Macgregor had already appropriated, in his mind, a fine fat turkey for his next Sunday's dinner, and compressed his lips at the bare idea of the juicy bird.

While the sheriff and the soldiers were defiling up the avenue, Sir Richard was engaged in leveling a rising knoll of the park.

'Be gorha, Sir Richard!' shouted a shoeless, sockless lad; 'here's the military, yer honor, here master, ein sidour—dou—ah! ah! fithohe, ah! buidhean—ein maor—Oh! Sir Richard, we shall be kilt.'

'You are right, my boy, the soldiers are here; run, you young devil's spawn, run to the bog, tell the men to come down with the carts and take the farm-yard away to Connaherra Mountain—run, you devil.'

'Ah, your honor, and I will, and it isn't Pat that won't have sixty men from Barrymacrowdy Bog. Bad cess to the blackguards. Yes, Mr. Macgregor, it's queer to me if you die in your bed.'

'Ah! the top of the morning to you, Jack, my boy,' said Macginnis, welcoming Mytton at the front door; 'marching order, eh?'

'Why, no—not exactly. No—Mr.—Mr.—this man—General——, got the—orders,' replied Mytton, very much abashed.

'Yes, sir, I am the cause. I, sir, Sandy Macgregor, sheriff, late of Glasgow, but now of Clonmel,—the suit of one Mahali Solomons, a member of the Hebrew persuasion—800*l.*, to speak in round numbers, due the 15th of last month.'

'Oh, Solomons' bill; well, sir, I am happy to have it in my power to settle it, so if you will leave the soldiers there, and walk into my study, I will pay you in Bank of Ireland notes. As for you, Mytton, old boy, a ride over our hills will have given you an appetite for breakfast; you will find Lady Macginnis in the dining-room.'

'Sir, I do not think it the strategy of a general to leave the soldiers in the rear,' said Macgregor, not at all relishing the idea of walking into the lion's jaws alone.

'Oh, hang your strategy and soldiers, I am for breakfast,' replied Mytton, delighted at the termination of his duty; 'go and get the money and join me in the breakfast-room; let the men dismount, Serjeant Fieldday, and you can piquet the horses here until I come.'

'Let us go into the drawing-room,' said Lady Macginnis, after the breakfast was over, to Mytton, 'I have got some new music from an English opera—'The Bohemian Girl'—it came out last season at Drury Lane.'

'Oh, delightful!' said Mytton.

Lady Macginnis sat down to her pianoforte and sang some beautiful airs from that sweet opera, and hacknied though they be now, still they bear with them that freshness and plainness that must make them popular in all seasons and in all ages. She then changed her

theme to one of the song-loving Italy, or broke out into a wild chanson of her own native Isle.

Mytton was in the seventh heaven as he drank in the silvery tones of the fair songstress.

'Could I but command my wishes, it would be,' exclaimed he, 'to be sent upon a like duty every day.'

'Are you sure of that?' said Lady Macginnis, with a meaning smile.

'Sure? Did you ask me such a question!' said Jack, his heart beating against his side.

'Yes, Lady Macginnis, I am sure.'

'Ah! but we poor ladies know what you officers are. However, I suppose you have heard Lord de Grey has resigned the vice-royalty?'

Mytton heartily wished the vice-royalty at the bottom of the waves, he wished to resume the subject of love.

'You must really see my new garden, Mr. Mytton; so if you will remain here until I join you, I will show it to you, I only want to put a shawl and my cottage bonnet on—here is the *New Monthly* or the *Globe* to amuse you until my return,' said Lady Macginnis.

Mytton turned the matter over in his own mind; he had made an impression, there was no doubt; he looked down the lace of his trousers, and brushed up his hair, and came to the conclusion he was a much better looking man than he had ever thought himself before. Lady Macginnis was in love with him; on that point there was not a shadow of a doubt, in his opinion, but would she show it, or must he make the first advances? As Hamlet says, 'Ay, there's the rub.'

'Now to business,' said Sir Richard to the sheriff, taking down a deal box.

'What's that for?' said Macgregor.

'Simply to aid our business,' said Sir Richard, unlocking the box, and producing a pair of pistols.

'Now listen to me, sir.'

'I will,' said the sheriff, in abject tones.

'These pistols alone, or nearly so, remain to me of a once fine fortune, now, alas! gorged by those land cormorants—Jews and bill-brokers. Not satisfied is Solomons with making me pay cent. per cent., not satisfied with pillaging my property, not satisfied with insulting me, but to crown all, he sends a reptile like you to seize the subsistence of the next six months, backed as you are by soldiers. Sir! know then, by my own recklessness, by putting faith in men I believed to be my friends that has brought me to my present crisis, but not by dishonesty or fraud—my tenantry owe me far, far beyond the amount of the bill you hold, but would I turn them from their hearths and homes, for their children to beg their bread or become meet subjects for the hulks? however—enough, here you sit until released by my orders—you shall then go unmolested, unhurt, but if you stir an inch, it is at your peril. Moffat,' he exclaimed, and a short stiff man with a bullet, bull-dog head, entered, 'guard Mr. Macgregor; should he attempt to stir, give him—'

'A cold pill,' growled Moffat, eyeing him under his shaggy eye-brows.

'Oh, Sir Richard! for pity's sake, leave me not with that—that thing—I will be so quiet, mon. I won't stir limb or leg. I won't—'

'Won't do what?' inquired Sir Richard.

'Won't say what I was going to say.'

'Well, Sir Richard,' replied the sheriff, after a pause, 'suppose that velvet gentleman should fancy, fancy, I say, I moved, and just popped the cold pill into me, it would be culpable homicide, indeed it would, Sir Richard. Lock the door, bind me hand and foot, do any thing but leave me to the mercy of that thing.'

'Never fear,' said Sir Richard, as he left the room.

And there the sheriff and keeper sat, the latter as Homer sings—the former, upon the tip end of his chair, pale, with perturbation and fear breaking forth at every pore.

'I think she takes a precious long time putting on that cottage bonnet and shawl,' exclaimed Mytton, as he turned over the concluding page of the *New Monthly*. 'By every thing that's beautiful, half past three!! Hush! I hear breathing—a gentle tap—the lady's maid at two

to one—French perhaps—love is the soul of a strapping dragoon—so I shall just take one kiss, and he stole on tip-toe to the door, opened it, and bosh clash he went headlong into the hall, over the prostrate body of Sandy Macgregor.

'Take that,' said Mytton, when he was once more upon his legs, administering a swingeing box on the ear, 'take that for eaves-dropping.'

'Mon alive, I have feeling: well mon that's my ear, and I will make you pay for it too. A pretty kettle of fish you have got into by keeping the dragoons in the park.'

'Where are the dragoons?' inquired Mytton.

'I dinna ken,' replied the sheriff.

'Where is Sir Richard—Lady Macginnis?'

'I dinna ken.'

'What the devil do you 'ken?' inquired Jack.

'Why this, I have been caged up with a gay ugly body, cocking and uncocking a gay ugly pistol for two hours. I have lost £800 and fees, and I verily believe Sir Richard is gone.'

'G! O! N! E!' exclaimed Mytton, as a light suddenly broke out upon him. Why the d—! didn't you knock the ugly man down—cried murder—anything?'

'Me knock the ugly beast down? no, captin, you may be a man o' war, I am one of peace. I'm nae sa fond of knocking men down.'

'My master's compliments, and he desired me to give you this note,' said a footman.

Mytton tore it open, and read:

'DEAR MYTTON:—Allow me to assure you that it is with feelings of sorrow, as far as you are concerned, that I am obliged to leave you in the sudden and unceremonious manner in which I have done; circumstances over which I had no control compelled me. I have gone to 'the Cave,' the entrance is guarded by a natural barrier of rocks, which I have strengthened by two Tipperary boys as sentinels; recommend Mr. Macgregor not to follow except he wishes to become the supper of the eagles. Accept the apologies of Lady Macginnis and myself, together with the assurance that we shall at all times be delighted to see you at Castle Knock. Believe me, very truly yours,

'30 past 2 p.m.' 'RICHARD MACGINNIS.

'Duped!' exclaimed Macgregor, 'and the stock and corn gone too—duped by an Irishman!'

'Duped!' re-echoed Mytton, in faint tones.

But let us now turn our thoughts to the dragoons, whom we left picqueted in the park. Nearly opposite the lodge, lived Terrence O'Flarthy, who had an uncommonly handsome daughter, with long black ringlets and melting brown eyes—so when Sergeant Fieldlay had kept post over the picquet for some hour or so, he became weary, and to disperse his ennui, strolled to Mr. O'Flarthy's house, to whisper soft nothings into Miss O'Flarthy's ear. Presently, Corporal Can teen espied a snug little shebeen near the other lodge gate, and he thought he might just step over there and taste the quality of the whisky.

Thus, link by link was that chain of responsibility broken, so lauded by the greatest captain of our age, the Duke of Wellington. The soldiers followed their superiors, and when Mytton returned he found the horses linked together in charge of a recruit. Tom Shrub, insensibly drunk, Blackwood, a Sheffield rough, swearing he would not go home till morning, while Private O'Rourke swore 'Jack, Lieutenant Jack, bedads, was a trump.'

But to retreat to Fethard! Oh, for the talent and pencil of a Leech or a Brown! First rode Mytton on his black charger, heels down, in a hard gallop; then followed Macgregor, toes down, heels up, arms a-kimbo in a good round trot, while his dirty dressed subs would ride the soldiers' troopers, ludicrously contrasting their gay trappings with the men's coats, while one finished the picture by appropriating a soldier's helmet, giving him in return a crownless hat. In short, the whole road was strewn with relics of that day's adventure. Napoleon's retreat from Waterloo, or that of the Ten Thousand in ancient history, never equalled it.

But let us drop the green curtain, simply to rise it for the reprint of the *London Gazette*:

'Cornet Waterloo, Quatre Bras Snooks to be lieutenant vice Mytton who retires.'

Ladies' Department.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

A HINT TO SOME MARRIED LADIES.

WITH cheeks bedew'd with drops of pearl,
Sad Psyche sought the grove,
Where she her tresses used to curl
With innocence and love.

Sweet Modesty, a rural maid,
O'ertook the rural fair—
Ask'd why in loose attire she stray'd,
And why diffused her hair?

'I Cupid seek o'er hill and dell;
From me the god is fled;
And what's the cause I cannot tell,
He shuns the nuptial bed.'

'Dry up thy tears and cease to mourn,'
Return'd the sylvan chaste;
'Accept of me this magic zone,
And bind it round thy waist.'

'Tie up thy locks, thy dress improve,
And soon this change thou'll see:
Psyche shall cease to follow Love,
And Love shall follow thee.'

The zone about her waist she ties,
Each tress a ringlet flows;
Her bosom's hid from vulgar eyes,
Each cheek displays a rose.

Now in the stream surveys her face,
And smiles at charms so fair—
The while she studied ev'ry grace,
Love came and found her there.

Enraptured, to her arms he flew;
With joy she blest the change;
Improved the cause from whence it grew,
And Love forgot to range.

Ye wedded dames, my hint descry,
Nor blame the friendly part—
The slattern makes the lover fly,
While neatness chains the heart.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE GAZETTE AND RULE,
BY KATE ST. CLAIR.

"Love makes two beings see each other clear
At one glance, as two drops of rain in air
Might look at each other, had they life,
Love does a way disguise."

CHAPTER I.

BARON VON HERNER resided in a fine old chateau, two hours ride from the imperial capital. The worthy baron belonged to the *ancien regime*, and did not much admire the new and increasing splendor of the Arch-duke's regal court; so he drew around him many kindred spirits, in his elegant retirement, and, in short, here he was an Arch-duke himself, in miniature, with no lack of courtiers among a splendid train of retainers, and looked upon with vice-regal awe and reverence by all the country round.

To be sure, there were some who asserted that the good baron was wise in not mortgaging his chateau, and removing with his family to the capital, amid the magnificence of the Imperial Court, for what would he be but a poor devil of a baron, among a host of splendid German nobles, the favored and wealthy officers of the royal administration? But of course, these were ill-natured people—very; nobody regarded them.

Now the Baroness Von Herner was an amiable and exemplary woman, and had been a court beauty, but the brilliant Bavarian had never known real happiness, until in the retirement of the simple and unostentatious country life, with him, for whose sake she had forsaken the glittering train of admirers at the court of her kinsman, she experienced the heart happiness she had sighed for vainly, amid the dazzling throng.

The baroness, like Napoleon's Josephine, was passionately fond of flowers, hence the gardens of the Chateau d'Steinvillie were the tenth wonder of the world, and the baron often asserted, smilingly, that the grounds and conservatories would be the ruin of him, and *Madame la Baroness* had ever ready some pretty woman's retort, accompanied by a kiss, perhaps, so of course,

the vote was carried by acclamation, and another splendid and unheard of exotic arrived soon after—

"From the sunny shores of a far-off clime."

A fairy-like life led Sophie and Terese Von Herner, amid this wilderness of flowers, until the maiden beauty of the former had ripened into the proportions of womanhood, and the good baron no longer called her 'child.'

Her's was the proud step of a princess; and the dark commanding beauty of Bavaria's daughters, which she inherited from her mother, was in striking contrast with that of her younger sister, Terese, whose hair burst in a cloud of golden curls over a bright, sunny brow, and the deep-blue, laughing eyes of the Saxon.

Sophie hunted like Diana, and rode like Camille Leroux. Terese was sentimental, loved poetry, sang divinely—like Grisi—and her *broderie* was magnificent. The baron called it the tapestry of Gobelin and Arras—he was so transported because she had wrought him his favorite horse.

Each day saw Baron Graffen at the chateau, and each day as he rode back to the capital, he was more than ever perplexed to ascertain whether he most loved Sophie or Terese. Sometimes the latter had more than usually enchanted him with some exquisite piece of music, or some drawing, expressly for his lordship, and he threw himself back in his carriage, closed his eyes, and the vision of the future Baroness Graffen rose up before him, with the golden locks, and soft, pleading eyes of Terese von Herner. And then, perhaps, his revery would be disturbed by the quick trampling of horses' feet, and from some green vista of the old forest, Sophie on her powerful black hunter, would sweep past him like the wind—queenly and magnificent, her black eyes flashing with the fire of an untamed spirit, and her long hair floating on the wind—the goddess of the chase herself.

CHAPTER II.

AND then it was Sophie—Sophie who leaned upon his arm that night, amid his dreams—his peerless bride; while the murmur of admiration swelled into enthusiasm, as the glittering throng of the court gave way, and he led her to the royal presence. He had won the most splendid woman of his time—that is, like the poet—in dreams.

And the next day Sophie's eyes shot forth more defiance and pride than ever, when he would have detained her, to tell his tale in the merrie greenwood. Was ever poor man in such a cruel perplexity? Oh, for some good genius to whisper which

He whom the gods called Xanthus, went to assist Ilium in battle, with Mars, Phœbus, Latona, and a goodly number at his back. Baron Graeffen bethought himself of the eloquent tongue of Count Frederick d'Einsfeldt, and the disinterested friendship of Philip of Thorneau.

The former was to beseege the heart of the proud beauty, in behalf of his taciturn friend, the baron; and the latter was to talk moonlight, music and poetry, and select the shining skeins for Terese's famous embroidery, and at the same time he was to discover the state of the gentle girl's mind, regarding the wealthy lover, who would himself abide the decision in the success of either case.

But, alas for all things human! the handsome count made love to the "cruel lady" at first for the baron with his tongue, while with his dark eyes he looked anything but the ambassador, and at last, one fine morning, as they were riding in the woods about the chateau, he spake of love more impassioned than ever, but most unfortunately forgot to mention the name of Baron Graeffen at all.

Without stopping for a reply, his horse happening to curvet somewhat suddenly, he boldly stole a kiss from the Diana; at the same time he felt a marvelously keen cut across his cheek from the riding-whip of the outraged divinity, and she was off with a bound and a gallop that would have astonished Astley himself.

So Einsfeldt returned and sought his friend with a grave face. He regretted that his utmost efforts had been of no avail—the lady was

glacier whom no sun could melt. The Fates had decreed it.

As for the other minister at the court of Cupid—Philip of Thorneau—he was a man of strict honor and integrity, but somehow, it seemed very odd and out of place, to groupe the stout figure of Baron Graeffen with the birds of Paradise, the brilliant flowers and shining silks. And then, when lute and voice had died away in dreamy music, how could he take up the *refrain* with 'Baron Graeffen.' So he waited until she should make a drawing. It was the ruins of a fine old Gothic castle, and when at last, he adroitly turned the conversation to the baron's chateaux on the Rhine, his villas, his immense wealth and position at court, the mischievous maiden took from her portfolio a 'head' of that gentleman, executed with boldness and surprising fidelity.

Now Baron Graeffen was neither handsome or ugly; he had a most benevolent expression of countenance, and an *air distingue*. There was one feature, however, that the merry *artiste* had portrayed in strong relief, and Thorneau nearly suffocated himself in the vain endeavor to preserve a becoming gravity, when he saw at first glance, the shining black mole on the left cheek of the baron, which the utmost license of whisker did not conceal. The Corinthian maid, thought he, traced the features of her lover by the light of a lamp, and then again he had recourse to his *mouchoir* at the idea of that lover having a mole also.

But the next moment Thorneau experienced a profound emotion, for he caught sight of a sketch which Terese blushingly endeavored to conceal in the portfolio. It was *himself*, and his vanity whispered that there was no ebony excrescence. There was the pale high brow, the masses of dark curls, and the long silken moustache, to the life.

"Terese!" and he detained the hand that would have concealed the picture, "my own Terese." She hid her glowing face in his bosom, while delicious tears streamed down her cheeks, and he—the haughty Thorneau, kissed them away.

The next morning he sought an audience with Baron von Herner, and, judging from the radiant features of the former, as he retired to the garden, where through the shrubbery he caught glimpses of a white dress; he was happy, very happy. In truth, they gazed in each other's eyes with perfect rapture, and forgot all about poor Baron Graeffen, and his much abused mole. Such is all-powerful love.

"The subtle tyrant o'er all hearts."

Meanwhile, as Philip of Thorneau was meditating how he should best lay the result of his mission before his friend, the baron, one of those fortunate chances which occur when one least expects them, had favored the suit of the latter, with the proud beauty.

The baron was riding through the forest toward the Chateau d'Steinville, which he had not visited in some time, having been absent at Dornen. At a distance, he perceived a group of peasants gathered around one of their number, who had evidently met with some serious accident. He rode up briskly, and ascertained that a poor woodcutter had fallen a tree upon himself, and was extricated more dead than alive.

The baron himself assisted to make a rude litter of branches, upon which they bore the wounded man to his humble cottage, the baron following, and with many kind words of comfort, to honest dame Margery—with whom he left his purse, he set off at full speed for the best surgeon at the capital, whom he dispatched forthwith to the sufferer.

On the morrow, Baron Graeffen mounted Charlemagne, and again wended his way toward the chateau. He stopped at the cottage, entered, and seated himself by the bed of the patient, for the honest and kind-hearted people had interested him much. He was fond of children; he took the little, fair-haired Wilhemina upon his knee, and kissed her; and prattled with the chubby young woodcutter, who came up timidly to play with his gold chain, and listened to dame Margery so attentively that he quite soon won all their hearts.

Now it so happened, as he sat there with Wilhemina upon his knees, and looking with a sort of dreamy happiness, out upon "the beeloved lindens" through the open door of the cottage, that Sophie rode slowly up and dismounted; for good Margery had presided most faithfully over the household department of the chateau, until the black eyes and honest eloquence of Heinrich Stiller won her to his home in the merrie greenwood.

Right amazed was she to find the baron sitting by the bed-side of the humble cottager, and as she advanced blushing to take the little Wilhemina, who stretched out her arms toward her, he thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. There was a soft, womanly timidity about her he had never before observed. He resigned the child to her, their eyes met and lingered, and in that sudden magnetism, and the exquisite thrill it gave him, he knew that she did not hate him.

The good baron, in his simplicity was not all aware that it was his act—the spontaneous act of a noble heart, which had caused the proud lady to stand with downcast eyes and glowing cheeks, with a silent reverence that was eloquence itself. He had also the happiness of accompanying her homeward.

The Chateau d'Steinville was brilliantly illuminated. It was a bridal *fete*, and the nobility of the surrounding country, and the beauty and chivalry of the imperial capital were there. Even royalty itself was not wanting to give eclat to the scene, for amid the dazzling rooms lingered the Arch-duke Charles, and his glittering duchess, to do honor to their beloved kinswoman, and surrounded by the flower of the German nobles.

If Sophie von Herner was queenly, the Baroness Graeffen was magnificent, with a right princely coronet upon her brow, and her robe of velvet with diamond stars—the *trousseau* of both brides, was the royal gift of the Arch-duke.

Terese, Madame Thorneau, was as radiant as a fairy in her sunny beauty, and it was evident from the manner in which she gazed in the face of her husband that she thought him little less than a god. It is also recorded that the Arch-duke said to the Baroness Graeffen: "Madam, you have won the most amiable man in the kingdom—and a most noble heart."

THE DOUBLE PAIN.

From the Spanish.

"Con dos cuidados guerreo
Que me dan pena, y suspiro
El uno cuando no os veo,
El otro cuando vos miro."

My heart doth own a double fear
A double pain, a double sigh—
The one when you are absent, dear;
The other when you're by.

At seeing you, my heart doth mourn
With love that cannot find relief;
At missing you, my heart is torn
With all the bitter pangs of grief.

And now I shed the burning tear;
And now I heave the useless sigh:
The one when you are absent, dear—
The other, when you're by!

STANZAS.

BY HENRY FRANK LOTT.

I MAY not stand beside thy bed,
Now pain hath left thee pale and weak,
To gently raise thy drooping head,
And softly kiss thine alter'd cheek.

I may not all my kindness prove,
Because I am shut out from thee,
To mourn that those thou canst not love
Must do what should be done by me.

Thou canst not see how much I'm grieved;
Thou canst not hear affection's sighs:
I hourly pray thou'lt be relieved,
And soon restored to bless mine eyes.

Had pleasure held thee from my sight,
With patience I could bear thy stay;
But oh! the thought unmans me quite
That sickness keeps my love away.

Choice Miscellany.

THE BENEFICENCE OF GOD.

BY C. F. GELLERT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE GAZETTE AND RULE.
BY JOHN FRANCIS VAN EDEN HOLLERMAN.

How great is the Almighty's bounty!
Is he a man who feels it not?
Who, with perverted heart and senses,
Withholds the thanks he owes his God?
No! to appreciate His kindness,
Be e'er my duties' chief delight!
The Lord has never yet forgot me;
Cease not, my heart, to love Him right!

Who has, thus wonderfully, formed me?
That God who has no need of me—
Who, with kind lenity, leads, guides me?
He whose advice I elight too free—
Who fortifies the peaceful conscience?
Who renovates the heaven-born mind?
Who blesses me with so much goodness?
Is't not His hand, so boundless kind?

View, O my soul, in yonder life,
Destined, as thou art, for that bliss!
Where thou shalt bask in Heavenly glory;
Where thou shalt see God as he is!
Thou hast a right to those high blessings;
Through God's own bounty they are thine—
See, therefore, Christ had need to suffer,
To buy for thee that bliss divine.

And this good God should I not honor?
Not understand His mercy free?
He call me—and I not obey Him?
Not walk the path He shows to me?
His will my inmost heart must cherish;
His word is from eternity;
God I must love with love unbounded,
My neighbor as myself would be.

This is my gratitude, His pleasure,
That I be perfect as is He.
As long as I His laws count treasure
His image is displayed by me—
Does love to God pervade my being,
Each duty is felicity;—
And though I fail through human weakness,
Yet sin has triumphed not in me.

O Father, let thy love and mercy
Be ever present, dear, to me!
Fill me with strength and pure desire,
Devoting all my life to Thee!—
My constant solace be in troubles;
My guide in health, prosperity;
The conqueror of my fears when, lastly,
My soul, through death, returns to Thee!

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

Oh! it was pitiful;
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.—THOMAS HOOD.

By one of those accidents which so often make me the witness of the most diverse scenes, I found myself, during an intensely bitter winter's day, in a miserable cellar in Whitechapel. A woman, whose delicate and somewhat refined appearance indicated, in despite of her ragged and scanty clothes, that she had 'seen better days,' pressed a half-clothed infant to her shrunken breast, from which the little creature, by its impatient, fretful cries, seemed vainly endeavoring to draw some nourishment. Another child, about a year and a half old, dragged at her skirts, clamoring for food.

The little light that could find its way through the dingy window was rapidly deserting that gloomy abode. Not a spark of fire glimmered in the rusty grate; not a vestige of furniture was there, excepting a sackcloth bag, stuffed with straw, which served as a bed, though the coverings had long since gone to the pawn shop. Upon this the wretched woman sat, and hugged close her famishing children. Darkness gathered thick around them, and despair settled upon her soul. Yet still the restless wailing of the feeble infant, and the unceasing, monotonous demand of the elder child, 'Mamma, give me something to eat! mamma, give me something to eat!' kept her awake to her misery, and would not allow her even the poor consolation of an apathetic stupor.

At length she arose and groped her way up

stairs to a little huckster's shop that was kept by the woman of the house.

'For the love of God, Mrs. Jonson,' she said, 'let me have one penny loaf on trust. My poor boy has not eaten a morsel all this day, and you may be sure I'll pay you as soon as ever my husband gets any work.'

'Ay—but you see he's been out of work so long already; and you owe me two weeks' rent as it is, Mrs. Bridgeman,' replied the mistress of the shop, whose squalid appearance bespoke her but few degrees better off than her lodger; 'I've six children of my own to look to, and I can't take the bread out of their mouths to put into other people's. Why don't you make up your mind to go into the poor-house at once! You'd get food and shelter there for nothing till times get better.'

The mother cast one look of agony upon her children; gathered them up yet closer to her heart, and went back in silence to her cellar.

Worn out with crying, the children sank into a restless slumber, and a dull blank, but which was not unconsciousness, fell upon the senses of their wretched mother. She remained thus for perhaps an hour, when a gleam of light and an entering footstep aroused her. It was her husband, bearing in his trembling hands a burning rush-light, a loaf, some cold meat, and a pint of porter in a broken jug, borrowed from the landlady. He placed the food in his wife's lap and sought among a heap of rubbish for something that would serve as a candlestick. The bread, so much needed and so earnestly longed for, remained unnoticed where he had laid it, the jug was held mechanically in her hand, and her eyes were fixed upon her husband's face; for a look of reckless desperation that dwelt upon it suggested the terrible idea that yet bitterer sorrows and degradations might be in store for her.

'Have you got work, Joe?' she at length found courage to ask.

'No,' was the abrupt reply.

She still sat motionless and speechless.

'Can't you eat, dear?' said her husband, in a tone of anguish; 'does it come too late, then, after all? Here—drink a little, that will give you strength.'

'I can't, Joe,' replied his wife, turning aside the proffered draught, while her tearful eyes were still riveted on his face; 'I cannot taste it till I know where it comes from.'

'It would only trouble you to know,' he said, gloomily; and, sitting on an old broken box at a short distance, he buried his face in his hands, adding, 'eat and drink to give you strength to hear it. It's of no use saying a word about it. It can't be helped now—I've done it.'

'What have you done? What have I to hear?'

'Feed the child, and eat something yourself, and then I'll tell you. But don't blame me, Jane, don't blame me. What's done can't be helped.'

'You've always been a kind, good husband to me, Joe,' said the poor woman, giving a liberal supply from the bread and meat to the now awakened child, but turning heart-sick from it herself, 'and never, even in our happiest days, were you so kind and tender to me as you have been since we came to this dreadful place. Surely you wouldn't go now and do anything that would break my heart!'

'I hope it won't, Jane. But what could I do? I couldn't see you and the children starving—I couldn't come back again without a bit of food, when I knew you had tasted none all day. And even if it should end in my having to go abroad for a few years, why, perhaps, you may get leave to go too. After all, there's no use in complaining about it now; I've done it, and there's an end.'

'Go abroad!' exclaimed his wife, 'then it is what I feared. You have robbed somebody to get this food for us!'

'I—robbed!' repeated he in great amazement; 'is that what you were afraid of? Cheer up, then, my dear girl, your husband has not come to that yet. I've only enlisted for a soldier, and that bread was bought with the shilling I got from the sergeant. I was afraid to tell you what I had done, I thought you would take on so.'

'Heaven be praised it is no worse!' she cried; 'and now, dear Joe, I feel that I can eat.'

They partook of this frugal meal together, and

then sat for above an hour talking over the past and future. From this conversation I gathered that she had married below her station, and contrary to the wishes of her father, who was a wealthy stable-keeper. Will it be believed? At that very moment he was probably sipping his port after a sumptuous dinner, though fully aware of the abject misery in which his unhappy daughter was plunged. Her mother cannot be living, thought I—and just then the name of a mother-in-law was mentioned, which partly accounted for her father's severity.

As I saw more of these good people on a subsequent occasion, I will only mention here that this enlistment proved to be a most fortunate event for them, and that though they had many hard trials to pass through, it was ultimately the means of placing them in comparative comfort.

HEMP AND MUSKETOES.—Steamboats have their troubles as well as other folks. Like printers and doctors, they have to turn round very often for nothing. The 'dear people,' have been told it was 'no trouble to show goods,' till they believe it. See what it's coming to.

On her trip up the Missouri, the obliging Henry Bry was hailed by a green looking customer at an obscure landing, and rounded to, supposing he wanted to take a passage. The boat swung round, puffing, hoarse and impatient.

'Halloo, Captain!'

'Coming aboard?'

'No, but I thought may be somebody there might be travelling up to buy hemp, and I'd just jest ax you.'

The Henry Bry gave a snort and a lunge enough to bream her boilers as she turned on her keel and got under way again—the 'great hanged' hemp man swearing she had no accommodation about her.

Capt. Luke had nearly forgotten the incident, when some distance from Glasgow—deponent saith not where—a man was observed standing on the river bank, beckoning, as it seemed, most seemingly, first with one hand and then the other, beating the air before his face, and looking intently to wards the boat. Again the polite Henry Bry, fetched a circuit of some half a mile, and came to.

'Halloo, stranger what do you want?'

'Nothing!'

'What in the — (using a bad word this time,) did you make signs for?'

'Only keeping the musketoos off to see what boat that was!'

'Somebody gave a toast that evening—'Hemp and musketoos—the worst take in on the river.'—[Glasgow News.]

A FASHIONABLE CALL, AND ALL THEY SAID.—

'How do you do, my dear?'

'Putty well thank you.' (They kiss.)

'How have you been this age?'

'Putty well—how have you been?'

'Very well, thank you.'

'Pleasant to-day.'

'Yes, very bright—but we had a shower yesterday.'

'Are all your people well?'

'Quite well, thank you; how are yours?'

'Very well, I'm obliged to you.'

'Have you seen Mary B— lately?'

'No, but I've seen Susan C—.'

'You don't say so. Is she well?'

'Very well, I believe.' (Rising.)

'Do call again soon.'

'Thank you—I should be pleased to come, but you don't call on me once in an age.'

'Oh, you should not say that, I am sure I am very good.'

'Good day.'

'Must you go?'

'Yes, indeed, I have seven calls to make.'

'Good day.'

'Jack,' said one sailor to another, 'I don't want to hurt your feelings; but shiver my timbers if I don't think you have stole my watch.'

SPAIN has taken her first step in internal improvement, by opening a railroad from Barcelona to Mataro, a distance of about thirteen miles.

CHRISTMAS OF THE FOREIGN CHILD.

From the German of Frederick Ruckert.

AMID a spacious town,
The Christmas lights are blazing.
Beneath the cold night's frown
A foreign child is gazing
Sadly up and down:

In every house he sees
Fond fingers intertwining,
Through lamp-illuminated trees
The bright warm rooms are shining,
Ah! bitter sights are these!

He weeping speaks: "To-night,
To every child is given
A Christmas tree and light,
But I by earth and Heaven
Am now deserted quite:

"A sister's gentle hand
Had given me all I needed,
If I at home did stand,
But here I am unheeded,
In this cold foreign land.

"Will none the orphan see,
And let him in for pity?
Oh, God! and can it be,
That in this crowded city
There is no place for me?

"Will no kind heart relieve
The orphan's deep dejection?
Alas! I must receive
But only the reflection
Of this strange Christmas eve!"

He taps with fingers thin
On window and on shutter,
They hear not for the din,
The weak words he doth utter,
Nor let the orphan in.

The father's lessons mild
The listening boy's ear drinketh—
The Christmas gifts are piled
By mother's hands. None thinketh
Of that poor orphan child.

"Oh! Christ, my Saviour dear,
No father and no mother
Have I my heart to cheer,
Be all to me, no other
Consoler have I here."

Cold, cold his small hand grows,
He rubs his frozen fingers—
He shivers in his clothes,
And in the white street lingers
With eyes that will not close.

There cometh with a light,
Which through the dark street breaketh,
In robes of simple white,
Another child—who speaketh
These sweet words of delight:

"Behold thy Christ in me,
Again a child's form taking—
A little child like thee—
Though all are thee forsaking,
By me thou shalt not be:

"My word's impartial boon
I waft o'er hill and valley,
I send my aid as soon
To this poor wretched alley,
As to yon gay saloon:

"My hands, with light divine,
Thy Christmas tree shall kindle.
Thou'lt see, compared with thine,
All other trees shall dwindle,
How beautiful they shine."

To Heaven his little hand
The infant Saviour raiseth—
There doth a great tree stand,
Whose star-lit branch outblazeth
All o'er the azure land:

The child's heart bounds with glee,
At all the starry tapers—
His eyes grow bright to see
Through Heaven's transparent vapors
That glorious Christmas tree!

Before his wandering eyes
A glorious vision shifted—
A dream of Paradise!
For Angel hands uplifted
The Orphan to the skies.

Within that blessed sphere
A home he now hath gotten—
Even with his Saviour dear:
There soon is all forgotten
That he hath suffered here.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1849.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE old year is dead. Its joys, its hopes, its schemes of ambition or pleasure all are perished. Many of the friends and kindred with whom we have exchanged salutations at its opening, are gone, and, with many of our brightest hopes and dearest joys have been swallowed up by the pitiless grave. Only the memory of them remains to us, to-day. Standing, as we do, by the tomb of the dead year, and by the cradle of the new, it becomes us to pause a little, and meditate the solemn lesson, which the season reads to us; to recall and review the past, to consider our present state as moral beings, and to consider how we may best prepare ourselves for future usefulness. We should not so far forget ourselves in the gaieties and amusements of the season, as to exclude from our thoughts those serious reflections which the truths that surround us, are fitted to awaken in our hearts.

It is well for us, at times, to forget the world for a moment, enter into ourselves and make a thorough examination of our own hearts.—And what time so fitting as this? All the changes of the year, all those alternations of time which attract our observation, were no doubt designed as means of improvement and progress to aid us in accomplishing the grand purpose for which we were created. Indeed, all the dispensations of Providence—our prosperity, our adversity, our trials, our comforts, our hopes, our fears, our joys, our sorrows, our health, our sickness, our strength, our infirmities, our occupations of business, our enjoyment of pleasure—all, in fine, that surrounds us, and all that happens to us—events, changes, seasons—are so many agents to bring our numerous faculties into exercise, to keep them from inaction, and gradually to advance them toward that perfection of which they are capable, and for which they are destined. We are here to learn our obligations of love, and gratitude, and reverence to Heaven—the duties of purity and virtue with regard to ourselves, and of compassion, and justice, and charity, toward our neighbors. We are placed, here, not only to hear and receive the lessons of wisdom and goodness, the rolling year is ever bringing to us, but to act upon them; not only to study virtue in theory, but to be governed by it in practice.

We have all duties, most imperious duties to perform. Let us resolve then, here, on the first day of the year, to be faithful to those duties. No one of us, dear readers, is so humble that he may not do much good, or on the contrary, that he may not be the occasion of much harm. In every calling, in every grade of life, how many useful precepts may an individual instil into the minds of those around him, how many good ideas may he advance, how many things he may say, that shall serve to check vice and encourage virtue, that shall lead his associates to be more conscientious, more prudent, more benevolent, more useful and happy members of society? How many things he may do to lessen the sum of human woe, to relieve distress, and to shed the radiance of a pure and commanding example around him? By being temperate, correct, prudent, diligent and benevolent, how much influence will he not exert upon those around him

to conform themselves to his feelings and habits?

Let such be your meditations, friends and brethren, at the beginning of the year. Remember that it is life's great duty to sacrifice the temporal to the eternal, the present to the future, and the relative to the absolute. In the midst of the festivities of the season, and under the beaming radiance of those bright hopes which gild the coming time, forget not that the least and most trifling of your thoughts, and words, and deeds march forth with unerring certainty toward the future, to gather up the appropriate recompense, whether it be bright or dark.

Let us strive, then, this year to make some progress in goodness, and to make the world around us happier and better, by our having lived in it. We salute you, therefore, brethren and friends, with our editorial benediction, and wish you 'a Happy New Year.'

THE NEW-YORK QUESTION.

AND THE NEXT SESSION OF THE R. W. G. LODGE U. S.

Our friends of the New Constitution party in this State have, as we have before remarked, looked forward to a future session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, for a reversal of the late decision against them. Many Lodges are influenced, we learn, to adhere to an unauthorized organization, calling itself the Grand Lodge of New York, and remain out of the Order, by the hope that the G. L. U. S., at its next annual meeting, will legalize their proceedings, and restore them to fellowship. We revert to this subject now, because we wish to show our friends that they have been deceived by false hopes. The question is now settled definitely. There can be no change. The suspended Lodges in New York can never again become members of the great family of Odd-Fellows, but by acquiescing in the decision of the R. W. G. L. U. S., and petitioning for re-instatement. And why not do this? We believe that most of the brethren who adhere to the new organization, are honest, well-meaning men, but deceived. And consequently we have not a doubt that most of them will soon return to the fold from which they have strayed. The UNITY of the Order ought to be the first thing in thought of an Odd-Fellow, and he should be willing to submit to almost everything, so far as the administration of the affairs of the Order are concerned, rather than raise a finger to disturb it. The Order of Odd-Fellows is a Republic, not an anarchy.

The following table will show the exact character of the G. L. U. S. for 1849, and shows how very fallacious are the hopes of the New Constitution party, mentioned above.

STATEMENT of Membership of the Grand Lodge of U. S. at the opening of the session in 1849. (September next.)

Of the Grand Reps. of the G. L. of U. S. who, at the last session, voted in favor of the majority Report of the Committee on the New-York case, (1) twenty drew for two years, having in their hands - 37 votes.
Of the Grand Representatives who left the session of the G. L. previous to taking the vote, but who had expressed themselves in favor of the Report, (2) three drew for two years, having - 4 votes.
Of the Grand Representatives who were not present during the session, but who are understood to be in favor of the Report, (3) three drew for two years, having 5 votes.
(4) Two Grand Representatives admitted to their seats by the vote, having - 4 votes.

Total - 50 votes.

Of the Grand Representatives of the G. L. of U. S., who, at the last session, voted against the Report, (5) nine drew for two years, having in their hands - 16 votes.
Of the Grand Representatives who left before the vote was taken, but supposed to be against the Report, (6) three drew two years, having - 5 votes.

Total - 21 votes.
Majority in favor of Report - 29 "
To which may be added the P. G. Sires - 8 "

Total - 37 votes.

(1) Anderson, 2 votes; Boak, 2; Brown of Miss., 2; Burr, 2; Fritz, 2; Marley, 2; Merrick, 2; Moffett, 2; Mott, 2; Parmenter, 2; Sessford, 2; Silsby, 2; Smith of Maine, 2; Smith of Tenn., 2; Thorington, 1; Allen, 2; Cole, 2; Gillespie, 1; Patten, 1; Zimmerman, 2.
(2) Dickinson, 2 votes; Abell, 1; Winder, 1.
(3) Taylor, 2 votes; Brough, 2; Theobald, 1.
(4) Davies, 2 votes; Dibblee, 2.
(5) Ballou, 1 vote; Chapman of Ind., 2; Green, 2; Knight, 2; Parker, 1; Robert, 2; Treadway, 2; Wakefield, 2; Della Torre, 1.
(6) Lott, 2 votes; Minor, 2; Dissosway, 1.

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!

EVERYBODY is leaving, or preparing to leave, for California, this new found El Dorado. Old men and young men, wise men and fools, rich and poor, are turning their eyes with longing toward this land of golden hopes. No less than twenty vessels, of various sizes, are advertised to sail some time during the month of January, carrying out their freights of expectant gold-seekers.

We have no doubt that the accounts regarding the abundance of gold in California, are mainly true; nor do we doubt that large quantities of the precious metal have been gathered by individuals without much labor. Still, we would advise those who are going out to the gold region, to moderate their expectations. They should consider well their privations. They should bear in mind that in California there is as yet no law but the will of the strongest, and that life and property are insecure, and that in the most favorable circumstances, they must labor harder, and fare worse than our Southern slaves, or State's prison convicts. Then again, the climate is unhealthy, and the cholera will find there an admirable sphere for its ravages during the ensuing summer. We dislike to be a prophet of evil, but we cannot forbear expressing the opinion that, of those who go out to California, but few will return, and that those few will not be much richer than before.

THE CHOLERA—DEATH OF DR. HAWKS.—We regret to see by the Southern papers, that this terrible disease is prevalent in New Orleans, and in most cases has proved quite fatal. On Monday evening, intelligence reached this city of the death of Rev. Dr. Hawks. It would seem from this and other cases, that the disease does not confine its ravages to the lowest classes of society—to the intemperate and filthy, but attacks all who are exposed to it.

The death of Dr. Hawks touches us profoundly. He was alone in New Orleans; his family being in New York, little expecting a blow like this. May heaven support them in their trials, and the hopes and promises of religion console them in this dark season of grief.

OUR NEW FORM.—We are convinced that our patrons will be pleased with the present appearance of the Gazette and Rule, and especially with the contents of this first No. of the volume. Will our brethren of the press be so kind as to exchange with us a New Year's salutation?

VIVE LE NAPOLEON.—It appears by the last advices from Europe, that Louis Bonaparte has been elected President of the French Republic. Whatever may be the result of this election, we do not fear anything disastrous to the Republican character of the French. A monarchy is no longer possible in France, and the Empire died with the great Napoleon. Louis Napoleon may, perhaps, make as good a President as Gen. Cavaignac.

THE PHYSICIAN'S MISSION.

"A wise Physician skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

PHYSIC, at the present time and in this country, seems to be regarded by the mass of people as a mere trade, and they think, perhaps truly, that "If physio be a trade, it is *the* trade of all others the most exactly cut out for a rogue." They regard the physician in the same light as the watchmaker, who, with eyes armed with a microscope, examines very carefully and sapiently the machinery of his customer's watch, in order to discover the disorder, and finally tells him that he can do no good to the watch without taking it all to pieces; while another, more honest, would have told him that he *had only forgotten to wind it up*.

There is unquestionably too much reason for taking such a view of the medical profession, yet taking into consideration the influence of the profession as a *whole*, and the position of its leading minds, a far different conclusion must inevitably be arrived at. The counterfeit coin only proves the existence of a genuine, and the more valuable the coin, the more attempts at counterfeiting it.

Physicians have, in nearly all ages of the world, been held in very high estimation. The most learned men of all ages have united in ranking very high the learning and humanity of medical men.

In Ecclesiastics it is said, that "God created the physician and the physic, and that he hath given science to man, and that 'tis he that healeth man, &c."

The Savior of the world, when upon earth, made it a special business to heal the sick, inasmuch that "whithersoever he entered, unto villages and cities, and countries, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought that they might touch, if it were but the border of his garment; and as many as touched him were made whole." The great orator, Cicero, says: "that nothing brings men nearer the gods, than by giving health to their fellow creatures." Plato, the great heathen philosopher, says, that a good physician is second only to God himself.

"How the tender springs of life," says an eminent physician, "that elevate a man to move but a little below the angels, vibrate and ravish the mind with pleasure, when our art snatches a victim friend from the jaws of death! And shall we then prefer inglorious ease to the divine energy of raising the dead?"

Pope, in his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, says:

"Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song."

A large number of medical men have gone forth from Europe and the United States, to foreign countries as missionaries, not of medical art exclusively, or even principally, but rather with the intent of rendering medical science and art subservient to the propagation of Christianity. Dr. Macgowan, an American medical missionary at Ningpo, has written a tract, entitled, "Claims of the Missionary Enterprise on the Medical Profession;" which contains, says a reviewer, facts and arguments of interest to every practitioner who looks beyond this earth, and the pains and sorrows he has to alleviate; nay, of deep and surpassing interest, because if truly Christian, he must see that the medical missionary is therein more closely assimilated to the founder of his holy religion than any other. "Of the physician it is the high and honorable boast, that with him science is merely the necessary means to an important end—that all his knowledge is eminently practical, and its great purpose benevolent. It is his province to assuage human suffering in all its varieties and aggravations, and, in imitation of the Savior, 'to heal all manner of diseases.'"

In consequence, probably, of the abounding numbers of skillful physicians, a lower estimate is placed upon the value of a well skilled practitioner. He is no longer considered as "more than armies to the public weal." Such facts and views, however, as above detailed are sufficient to show that the physician has presented to him a much wider field of thought and moral action than is generally assigned to him. A due consideration of the true position

and duties of the physician, is worthy of attention, and demands a most comprehensive tone and method. The physician's proper study is *MAN*, in every possible relation. He has to study man as a spiritual being, and as a mere animal; as a moral creature, and as a piece of vital machinery; as in the "image of God," and as an unreasoning brute. He has to study man as the masterpiece of God's handiwork; and designed as such to reflect in his nature and relations the image of him after whose likeness he was formed. Who so likely, then, as the physician, if he be a true scholar, to obtain a knowledge of God—of the Divine Idea?

In considering man as a spiritual being, the physician is bound to study all questions arising from theology or moral philosophy, in connection with the structure, functions, and disorders of the brain and nervous system. The nature of his studies inevitably leads him to the conclusion that all men are alike the offspring of the same parent, and that a universal fraternity in the family of man, was the design of the Great Author of his being. With such a broad scope of inquiry, which it is imperative that the physician should occupy, it is not surprising that he should sometimes come to conclusions not exactly in accordance with the principles of dogmatic theology, or of the popular code of morals, that he has been lenient in his judgments, slow to punish, ready to plead human infirmity in excuse for crime, thrown the shield of professional opinion over the thief and murderer; that he has pleaded for toleration, been latitudinarian in his principles, and, in short, has been pronounced a simpleton, a protector of felons, a heretic, a materialist, an irreligious person, an atheist, and that too, quite frequently by ministers of the gospel, to whom, from professional respect and courtesy, he is in the habit of rendering his professional services gratis. He is regarded as a man who must be "all things to all men," in order to render his profession as much as possible a lucrative *trade*.

The mind of the supremely selfish man is not open to the reception of the sublime truths contained in the science of human nature; hence, if such a man pursues the profession of medicine, his mind grasps naturally, only such facts and principles as are calculated to minister to his selfish propensities, to fill his pockets; and as a matter of course, he practices the profession as a *mere trade*. But between such a man and the *true-minded scholar*, a wise discrimination should always be made in regard to all professions.

"The honest scholar," says an eminent writer, "is the only true scholar." * * * "If knowledge appears to those who want both genius and integrity, only as a means to the attainment of certain worldly ends, she reveals herself to him who, with honest heart, consecrates himself to her service, not only in her highest branches, which touch closely upon things divine, but down even to her meanest elements, as something originating in, and determined by the eternal thought of God himself."

It is to the honest-minded physician, that God's handiwork is revealed, and the operations of infinite wisdom laid open in the living creation, and especially in man, the image of God. The medical profession are the recognised cultivators and appliers of the science of human nature, and as such, have a mighty future mission to fulfil toward humanity. The attention of the profession has been, and is still directed to the arrest and extinction of epidemics; to the highest degree of salubrity attainable by sanitary improvements; and in these fields the most brilliant results have been accomplished. The physician everywhere comes in contact with misery and vice, with degraded habits, ignorant, superstitious, and injurious customs, with the numerous families of the poor, and the pampered homes of the rich. To all he can give advice with benefit, and in every sphere diffuse a knowledge of hygiene. Too often, however, he finds that those with whom he has to do, will not recognise him as a friend, but impugn his motives. They do not distinguish between the true physician and the charlatan. To remedy this evil,

seems to be a settled point among the profession to communicate their knowledge as much as possible—to make it popular; either orally and private, orally and public, or in publications.

Prof. Meigs, of the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, says, in a series of letters to his class, that one great cause of unsuccess in medical science, is the absence of information among the population generally. "This absence of information is the fruitful source of Homeopathy, Hydropathy, Thomsonianism, Panaceaism, and all the Catholicisms, infallible worm destroying lozenges, Balms of Gilead, and that shocking absurdity, the Vegetable Pill, which, like a sort of epidemic diarrhoea, has tormented the intestinal canal of thousands and tens of thousands of our far-seeing compatriots, until the American population have become hardened in purgations. If Horace were here, he would not think the *dura meporum ilia* the toughest things in creation." * * * "I say, then, it is our own stupidity and remissness that work evil to the people, and redound to our own hurt also; for there is no person, endowed with a good share of common sense, to whom you could not address, through that common sense, a reasonable and plain statement of the facts of his case, the probabilities as to its course, duration, and end; with an enumeration of the safest, most convenient, and certain process for its cure. Imagine such a person, well informed, and you have the idea of a patient the most docile, the most exact in therapeutic and hygienic obedience; the most confiding in your skill, and the most grateful for your intervention in his behalf. Would that all our brethren in this land might adopt views like these. With their united force of intellect, of character, of beneficence, and of social station, it would be but a short time ere the diminished head of charlatanism, under whatever disguise, would be found only to lift itself up among the most ignorant and abject portions of the population, instead of riding, as it does to-day, with chariots and with horsemen, a shame to the intelligence of the age, and a perpetual eye-sore to the lover of truth, and the contemner of every species of imposture. Let us explain ourselves then to the people."

Again he says: "If I could give you the best piece of advice in my power, I think I should give you this advice, namely: in all your dealings with mankind as physicians, and in all your life-doings, strive, first, to increase the boundaries of your knowledge; and second, strive to make that knowledge as vulgar, as popular as possible."

The views, now briefly presented, of the medical man's mission and consequent duties, are respectfully offered to the consideration of every lover of Truth. As will be seen, they are not the views of the writer only, but of a vast body of the medical profession, who are assiduously laboring for progress and reform.

ORIGIN OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

In seeking for the origin of Odd-Fellowship, we do not wish to be understood as looking for data as to the *age* of the institution. As men, or Odd-Fellows, we do not care whether the Order originated with Adam, or with Noah—whether its original archives are in the graves of the primeval Eden, or whether they rest in that Ark, so sacred in Jewish and Christian Chronology, or whether it belongs to the improvements of the 19th century. The date of an institution can be no guarantee for its utility.—It may be *ancient* as our mother earth, yet it may at the same time be *noxious* as the poisoned Upas. It may have been sanctioned by kings, by princes and priests, who have belonged to the rusty ages of the past, and yet *antiquity* can give no *real* glory to its existence, nor can titles of men, sanctioned by time, add to its utility. It may have been baptized in the vapory mists of that *dew*, first set in the clouds of Heaven as a sign to man; yet all of this can give no reality to that which has no substance in the experience of truth.

We seek for the origin of Odd-Fellowship in a different channel—we seek for it in society—in the corruptions of the times—in the injustice which prevails between man and man—in a want of the common feeling for the universal good—in the inhumanity so prevalent—in the want of charity and brotherly love, and in the entire lack of that friendly sympathy, which is not only the bond of society, but the surety of its progression to permanent prosperity and peace.

Odd-Fellowship is now, and always has been, a "Brotherhood," the foundation of which is, goodwill to all classes and conditions of men, but more especially to those who are of the Fraternity. But why has this brotherhood been established? Answer: because there has been no real brotherhood existing in the world for centuries; because men were unkind to each other, and forgetful of each other's wants—association, on the broadest foundation of enlarged benevolence, became necessary; because men abused the gifts conferred by a beneficent Providence, and used them only for the advancement of the most selfish purposes—it was imperatively demanded that a strict conservative principle should be established, through the agency of which mankind would be made to act like beings born for a higher destiny than that of earth, and brought to feel and to realize that they are brethren, by a common law of nature, and that they should be friends, by the practice of those kindly charities by which our condition only can be blessed, and on earth made a very heaven!

In a word, the Order of Odd-Fellows has been established to carry out three cardinal principles of human happiness—"Friendship, Love and Truth." Had mankind acted in accordance with these maxims, Odd-Fellowship would have been unnecessary. But the reverse has been the case.—The friendship of the world is but a fable—its love but a dream, and its truth but a shallow pretense. The wise and good have seen, and deplored the evil and sought the remedy. It is found in the institution of our Order, one of the lights of the age. It seeks to inspire its members with a love for each other—to imbue their hearts with a feeling of the most expanded charity and universal philanthropy, and bids them go forth among men, and sow the seeds of kindness and love. Thus our Lodge-rooms are made the schools of virtue, and we go thence to the broad theater of the outer world, to practice what we learn within our holy temples. Can such an institution fail in its mission?

ODD-FELLOWS HALL, NEW YORK.

It will be seen by the following circular, that this magnificent building will soon be ready for occupancy. We shall shortly give a full description of it.

Office of the Board of Managers of the Odd-Fellows' Hall Association of the City of New York,
December 11, 1848.

The Board of Managers are gratified in being enabled to announce to the Lodges disposed to occupy apartments in the new Hall, that at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the 15th day of January next, the Board will proceed to decide on applications for Lodge Rooms, on the principles announced in the circular of February 16th, 1848, viz: "The Lodge having the largest subscription for stock in the Hall, to have the first choice of room and night of meeting for its own body, at the terms fixed; the Lodge having the next largest subscription, to have the next choice; and so on with all subscribing Lodges that desire to occupy premises in the Hall. Where the subscription of two or more Lodges are equal, choice among them will be determined by lot. After subscribing Lodges are accommodated, should there be an excess of tenements, they may be let to non-subscribing Lodges. In all cases the Board reserves the right of refusing a lease where the good of the Order may require it."

To enable Lodges to learn in ample time their several relative positions on the stock list, a statement is herewith submitted, showing the same at this date.

Since the issue of the last circular, to meet the increased demand for accommodation, the plan of building has been to some extent modified, by which

an additional Lodge Room has been constructed, and ample provision made for the meeting of six Lodges each night.

The finishing and decorations of the room are now in rapid progress, and it is expected that before the time of allotment, they will be in such condition as to enable Lodges to make satisfactory selection.

Three of the rooms are expected to be in readiness for occupancy in February; and the remainder before the first of May, ensuing.

By the accompanying statement of terms, &c., it will be seen that no two rooms are to be fitted up in the same style, it being the desire of the management to gratify every taste, and afford an agreeable variety in the finish of the apartments.

In the last circular it was announced that the number of shares of Hall Stock remaining unsubscribed, was eighteen hundred and seventy-one; since which time there have been nine hundred and seventeen shares taken; leaving nine hundred and fifty-four shares of the capital stock not yet subscribed for, as exhibited in the appended statement. The smallness of this balance of untaken shares will admonish Lodges desirous of securing an early choice of "Lodge Room and night of meeting," of an immediate enlargement of their subscriptions; as the hour of commencing the allotment will alone terminate the period of qualifying for prior choice. And for the purpose of affording them full opportunity, individual subscription will, meanwhile, be discouraged by every proper means.

In all cases, leases will be given for a term of years, under wholesome reservation, for the general interest of the Order.

By order,

JOHN A. KENNEDY, *President.*

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, *Secretary.*

TERMS OF RENTAL FOR LODGES, &c.

Each Lodge will be provided with a Lodge Room, an Ante-Chamber, a Preparation Room, and such Committee Rooms as are in connection therewith, one night in each week; also, in turn with other tenant bodies, four Committee Rooms and one Grievance Committee Room, located in the second story; also, in common with other tenant bodies, one Reception Room, which will also be used as a Post Office for the bodies of the Order in this and the adjoining counties; the whole to be furnished, lighted, heated, and kept in good order. Access to Croton Water and Water Closets on each floor.

Corinthian (N. W.) room, 3d story, per annum, \$250
Egyptian (N. E.) room, 3d story, " 220
Gothic (N. E.) room, 4th story, " 200
Antique (S. E.) Room, 3d story, " 185
Elizabethan (S. E. room,) 3d story, " 175
Doric (S. E.) room, 4th story, " 165

STATEMENT OF SHARES HELD BY CITY LODGES.

400 shares held by No. 11,	
250 " " " " 22,	
150 " " " " 14,	
108 " " " " 107,	
100 " " " " 30, 49, 68,	
60 " " " " 38, 64,	
56 " " " " 117,	
58 " " " " 9,	
52 " " " " 10, Degree Lodge, No. 1,	
51 " " " " 13, 350,	[349,
50 " " " " 1, 23, 84, 48, 47, 60, 78, 340,	
30 " " " " 150, Degree Lodge, No. 6,	
25 " " " " 28, 35, 158, 113,	
20 " " " " 4, 20, 36, 43, 78, 140,	
12 " " " " 40,	[389,
10 " " " " 12, 58, 84, 87, 151, 177, 253,	
5 " " " " 129.	

STATEMENT OF STOCK SUBSCRIPTION.

Subscriptions under contract to builders, to be issued at final payment,	170 shares.
do in progress of payment,	1846 "
do paid up, and full stock issued,	4080 "
Open for subscription,	954 "
Total Capital,	7000 shares.

COHOKTON LODGE, NO. 213.

Whereas, We believe the Constitution submitted by the G. L. of the U. S. to the G. L. of the State of N. Y., was taken up by that G. L. at its November session, 1847, and as directed by the G. L. of the U. S., was at that session amended and adopted, and forthwith became the legal Constitution of the G. L. of the State of N. Y.; and whereas, said Constitution, styled the New Constitution, was recognized by this Lodge, and by a large majority of our sister Lodges in this State, as the truly legal and binding Constitution existing in said State; and whereas, we believe that the legal continuance has not been impaired by the subsequent action of any of the officers or Lodges working under and by virtue of said New Constitution, but that it is still binding upon us. Therefore,

Resolved, That the decision of the G. L. of the U. S., restoring the Old Constitution after the New Constitution had been legally adopted, being utterly destructive to all the powers heretofore vested in State Grand Lodges, and to all the rights of a State jurisdiction, is not binding upon us as a Lodge, and that we will sustain the Grand Lodge of the State of N. Y. working under the New Constitution, in maintaining its independence of autocratic despotism, and that we will yield to it a firm and steady support.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to those members of the G. L. of the U. S. who supported and defended our organization, and also to G. M. D. P. Barnard and G. Representatives John W. Dwinelle and Theodore Dimon, for their zeal and faithfulness in executing the trusts committed to their hands.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to transmit a copy of the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions to each Lodge in this district, and to the legal and Constitutional G. L. of this State.

Passed by Cohokton Lodge, No. 213, at a regular meeting, December 15, 1848.

DUTIES OF ODD-FELLOWS.

EXTRACT FROM BRO. VAN WINKLE'S ADDRESS, Before Adelphi Lodge, Clarksburg, Va.

"But, brethren of the Order, this is but one of the many influences scattered round you to confirm your good intentions, and to dissuade you from what is wrong. Need I ask whether, in your estimation, the Order is worth preserving in its purity? If it is, much depends upon every individual connected with it, to shield it from reproach, and to illustrate in his own case the advantages it is calculated to confer. Your mere adhesion to it imposes an obligation, more comprehensive than any formal pledge or promise, to maintain its integrity and uphold its usefulness. Its prosperity, even its continued existence, must depend upon the faithfulness of its members individually; and, therefore, every brother should feel himself deputed, like certain officers of the Roman Republic, "to see that it takes no harm." His first duty will evidently be to watch narrowly, that his own conduct conforms to the principles of the Order. This must not be mere outward conformity, but he must strive so to educate his heart, that benevolence and sincerity become its leading impulses, and integral parts of its character, exemplified every where and to all. He must also watch the character and conduct of his brother in every concern of Odd-Fellowship; not with the desire of finding faults and imperfections—not as a spy seeking to discover errors and infirmities that he may expose them—but as the truest friend, deprecating, yet watching for, the appearance of the plague spot, that he may bring the remedy ere the disease becomes too deeply rooted in the system. It is, as you know, the duty of each to warn, to counsel and to remonstrate with an erring brother; and it is not among the least of your privileges, that the truth will be spoken to you in friendship and love, should you wander from the true path. The proper discharge of this duty is most important to the prosperity of the Order, but there is great danger of our entering upon it more to gratify our own censoriousness than because the occasion calls for it. It must therefore be approached with great deliberation, but if satisfied that it is demanded, with equal firmness. Shakespeare, to whom the ways of the human heart seem to have been almost intuitively known, has given a rule upon the subject, which I recommend you to practice when you feel called on to remonstrate with a brother—

"Go to your bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know

That's like [your] brother's fault: if it confess

A natural guiltiness, such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue

Against [your] brother."

"If this rule is acted on, the observation of a brother's conduct, by leading us to scrutinize our own more closely, cannot fail to result in benefit to ourselves.

"It has been no part of my purpose to endeavor to point out the various duties of Odd-Fellows. But I will add, that it is the duty of every brother to watch and to control for good, as far as it is in his power, the Order itself. As a body, it must be consistent, united and vigilant, and must scrupulously confine itself within its proper sphere. It must be prudent, patient and persevering; and must not be diverted from its peculiar mode of operation. It must not forget that its object is not to effect grand and striking results, but to diffuse more widely and certainly the good at which it aims. There is enough in its past history to cheer it on, and to vindicate the course it has hitherto pursued.

May I not, then, in the true spirit of our Fraternity, adjure each brother whom my words can reach, by all we work for and by all we hope, to show his devotion to the good of the Order, by abstaining from every thing that may injure it, and by bringing to its support his best abilities and exertions, and above all, the potent influence of a good example?"

ODD-FELLOWS HALL BURNED.—The Hall of Yazoo Lodge, I. O. O. F., Yazoo City, Miss., was destroyed by fire on the morning of Dec. 1, with all the regalia and furniture of the Lodge. There was no insurance.

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA!!

That the American people are the most impulsive in the world, is strikingly illustrated by the excitement now pervading all classes in relation to the reported riches of our newly acquired territory of California—and the unprecedented zeal with which almost every one possessed of the means to reach the 'golden land,' sets about putting his house in order, making provision for his family (if he have one) during his absence, winding up extensive business in as many days as it would take months under ordinary circumstances, and embarking with light heart and high hopes, for a perilous and tedious voyage to a country 17,000 miles distant by sea, in the hope of either mending a broken fortune, or the building up of one where none ever before existed.

To one of a settled character and placid temperament, this wonderful excitement, generally, of the public mind, is perfectly astonishing,—that men possessed of lucrative business, happy homes, and all the endearments necessary for the enjoyment of life in this world, should be so perfectly carried away by this mania, is beyond our comprehension. It has reached all classes—the merchant and the mechanic—the farmer and the lawyer—and even our staid, sober, philosophizing brothers of the quill, begin to experience mysterious workings of the frigid and phlegmatic feelings which have for years lain buried beneath the dust of some musty manuscript, or kept in submission by some mighty but carefully concealed thought: and ever and anon you hear from the quiet editorial sanctum, the exciting cry of "Ho! for California!"

Then we can imagine to ourselves the phrenzied eye, the dilated cheeks, the firm clenching of the fist, and the sturdy putting down of the foot, as the determination to emigrate to the "Gold Regions" is put beyond any doubt. But, thank Heaven! we are unmoved by it—and are content to take this side of sundown as our abiding place.

Among the thousands who are about leaving us, we have several well-cherished friends, who in times past, have done essential service to literature, and in whose judgments we place much confidence. We allude to JONAS WINCHESTER, Esq., former publisher of the *New World*, and *Golden Rule*; CALEB LYON, of Lyonsdale, the eminent oriental scholar and poet; JAMES B. DEVOE, Esq., former editor and publisher of the *Daily American Patriot*, and DANIEL NORCROSS, Esq., of Philadelphia—the able correspondent of the *Golden Rule* from that city.

These gentlemen sailed in the ship Tarolinta, on the 6th inst., and carry out with them a complete set of machinery for washing gold, provisions for 18 months, tents and camp equipage, tests, assaying and smelting apparatus, and in fact every article necessary for the rapid prosecution of gathering the gold dust of California, and the sustenance of their corporeal bodies. We particularly commend these gentlemen to the courtesies of the Californians, in general, and the whole world in particular.

Animated, as we know them to be, by the most indomitable perseverance, talents, and energy of character, we cannot for a moment doubt, that if wealth and distinction is to be acquired in the territory to which they are wending their way, they are just the men to succeed. We wish them every success.

TWENTY students of Wesleyan University are suspended because they attended a cotillon party.

LETTER FROM LITTLE DELAWARE.

NEWARK, Dec. 29, 1848.

DEAR EDITOR: When this epistle reaches your reverend hands, it will be already the year of our Lord 1849; '48, with its bloody revolutions and royal slaughters, will have passed away, but its memory will remain in history as the greatest epoch of popular movements in Europe, and of the progress of liberal ideas. You see that I am once more retired from the noisy world, but alas! only for a few days. Less happy than our friend J. J. Rousseau, I have not been able yet to find another island of Saint Pierre, or the Hermitage. Nevertheless, when I can run away awhile from the dirty streets of New York, to this humble cottage, I feel a degree of happiness. I wish I could remain here all my life; I love the country and a retired existence. I think as the learned Solomon, that "better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith," than CHICKENS AND ROAST TURKEYS in a house full of politics, bigotry and sacrifices. The windows of my bed room open toward the East, and at sunrise I kneel like the inhabitant of the American forest before that great symbol of Divinity, and worship Almighty God in his wonderful works.

I left the city of Gotham on the elegant and beautiful steamboat John Potter, of the Camden railroad company. It would be enough to say that this line is under the administration of Mr. Bliss, a most accomplished gentleman. The proprietors of this line spare neither expense nor labor to make it the most comfortable road for traveling in the United States. Neither the cars nor the steamboat John Potter are surpassed by those of any other company; and you may know all the comforts of this convenient line when you have the misfortune to travel on the Baltimore road. God spare you and your friends from the seats and cars of this company. As a proof of what I tell you, last Sunday, leaving Philadelphia for Newark, Del., I was condemned to a seat in a kind of surgical arm-chair, which seems to have been used in some hospital in the Quaker city. I wished to be again on the Camden line, sitting on those comfortable elastic cushions, covered with velvet and damask; but I must be short at present, on this subject. I shall consecrate to it a larger space in my letters on America.

I shall speak to you awhile of little Delaware—of what I have seen, heard and done since my arrival at Mr. Joseph T.'s house. Last Sunday night we were awakened by the unexpected visit of a couple. It was a bride just blessed by some divine, who came, with her husband, to ask refuge and lodging under Mr. T.'s roof. It was a most stormy night—the horse would go no further, and the Miss *missed* was desirous of finding some lodging; in a word, all was revolution in our house, and Mr. T., known here as a generous and fine fellow, offered his own room, which was accepted, and the couple retired to sleep together, I think, for the first time in their life. But the most interesting part of their conjugal difficulties was previous to their marriage. Early in the morning, they left their native place, some twenty miles from Newark, in search of a clergyman. They had already traveled six hours, without finding any reverend who would unite them in *legitimate* bonds, not that there are no clergymen in Delaware, (on the contrary, there are too many,) but because it was necessary to obtain a license from New Castle; and as the young lady decided not to return home unmarried, she advised her *beau* to pass into Pennsylvania, where laws are cheaper and more liberal. But the horse, who was a native of Delaware, and proud of his country, would not cross the boundary on that day, and in spite of the thousand curses of his master, and his many whippings, he would not go an inch further, and they were obliged to leave Jack, and to accept another horse from Mr. T. Thus they passed into Pennsylvania; but all was not over yet. Here two clergymen, refused to marry them, saying that they never did such things on Sunday! Mr. T., who is so generous and kind to young people on these occasions, and it be-

ing about midnight, said he would try another minister, who, for five dollars, would marry them two or three times. Thanks to Mr. T., they were blessed by a Methodist charge, and sent forth as husband and wife. The bride, who resembles a Russian grenadier, is a damsel of five and thirty winters; as to Mr. S., if he is not quite as old as his wife, he is at least more stupid, as he had the boldness to tell his *moitie*, before every one, that he married her in spite of another *gail*, whom he loved much.

We had a concert at Newark on Christmas day. Mr. Millar, a fine vocalist, and an excellent professor of calligraphy, gave a musical *soiree* at the Washington Hotel to a crowded house. He was assisted by other eminent musicians, and has become the lion of the girls of this State. He has formed several classes for singing and writing. Every one who is acquainted with him, wish a good success to Mr. Millar of New York.

G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

LECTURES IN LODGES.

NEW BRUNSWICK, December 16, 1848.

DEAR SIR: The members of Algonquin Lodge No. 71, I. O. of O. F. of this city, having determined upon a course of lectures, for their mutual benefit and pleasure, before the Lodge, at stated intervals during the winter; and the services of some of their members having been procured for that purpose, the first of the course was delivered on Friday evening last, being the anniversary of the institution of the Lodge. The address was delivered by N. G. ABRAHAM V. SCHENCK, Esq. The subject was the reason and the objection of the Institution of Odd-Fellowship; the benefit resulting from it in a benevolent and social point of view; and a rational consideration of the different objections urged against it.

It was an elegant and powerful effort, and kept the large and brilliant audience in fixed attention for an hour. The subject was chosen, I understand, by the speaker, by request, it being considered the most appropriate for the occasion.

The Lodge-room is a perfect gem as regards neatness and comfort; and being brilliantly lighted for the occasion, presented a very fine appearance. Mr. Schenck's address made an evident impression upon the audience; and the continuance of these lectures on the plan proposed, leaving to the speakers the choice of their own subjects, will have a tendency to give the Institution a higher position in the estimation of our citizens, and overcome what little prejudice there may exist against it.

This is a very fine Lodge—the members being of the very heart and sinew of our citizens; and, although it has been in existence only one year, numbers about eighty members. I will keep you advised as to these lectures. Yours, &c., T.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN BALTIMORE.

HORACE GREELEY'S LECTURE.—The first lecture of the course, before the Maryland Institute, was delivered on Thursday evening last in the Universalist Church. The lecture was listened to by a large and deeply interested audience. Mr. Greeley's manner is earnest and impressive, and his thoughts are bold and original. This was the first opportunity which a Baltimore audience has had of hearing the distinguished lecturer.

THE GOLD FEVER.—There is no visible abatement of this fever. Multitudes are embarking their all in the enterprize. Merchants are ransacking their stores, in order to get together their old goods for shipment to the gold country. Whether there will be a market for all that is thither bound, remains to be seen.

THE HOLIDAYS.—Our city wears quite a holiday aspect. The confectioners, booksellers and print-dealers have rigged out their establishments in the finest style, and have thus made a desperate attempt to take the attention of the younger portion of the community. The streets are thronged with people;

the stores with purchasers. Every one we meet has a present for some expecting loved one. Every face is wreathed with smiles, and all hearts are happy. Christmas day will, we hope, bring a full fruition to the brightest hopes and disappointment to none. Let joy abound.

MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION.—Mayor Stansbury has issued a Proclamation, in which notice is given of his intention to enforce the ordinance relative to the cleansing of the streets, as a preventive of the cholera. He also calls upon the citizens to use every precautionary measure that may tend to abate the virulence of the dreadful scourge, in the event of its visiting the city. It is to be hoped that the recommendations of the Mayor will meet with the most vigilant attention.

THE PRIZE TRAGEDY.—The prize of \$1,000 offered by Edwin Forest, for the best tragedy, was taken by George Miles, Esq., of the Baltimore bar. We are gratified to learn this fact, and regard it as a proof that Baltimore is not without literary talent of the highest order.

JOHN T. MORRIS, Esq.—This gentleman was admitted to the Baltimore bar a few days since, and commences to practice with brilliant prospects. His literary acquirements are of the most thorough and respectable character. He graduated with high honors, several years ago, at Pennsylvania College; since which time he has prosecuted, with unwearied diligence—under the guidance of one of the most eminent lawyers of Maryland—his legal studies. Mr. Morris contributed several years since to one of the literary papers, a series of essays on subjects connected with the ethics and customs of the time—which attracted considerable attention; and evinced that he possessed powers of thoughtful analysis, and a style of expression, such as belong only to the most accomplished writers. His excellent talents, added to his popular manners and engaging address, cannot fail in commending him to an extensive practice. We sincerely wish him abundant success.

OUR STREETS.—The streets need a thorough scraping and cleaning. We have rarely seen them so dirty as now. The good work has been commenced, and will, we hope, be persevered in until there shall be left nothing that can offend.

Theatricals and Amusements.

We regret that the benefit for the Monplaisirs, at the OPERA HOUSE, was not better attended. This is the season of the holidays, and the public are absorbed in their own pastimes and merriments at home.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S Grand Gala Concert was attended by all the fashion and musical taste of the city. It was, from the variety and talent it embraced, a great treat to the dilettanti. The voyage musical, giving illustrations of music in all parts of the world, was a fine specimen of the taste and professional ability of Bochesa, and his execution on the harp was most brilliant and expressive. Both were received with loud applause. Bravos on all sides encircled Madame Bishop.

At the BROADWAY THEATER Miss Adele and Mr. Charles Hohnstock have been the attractions, playing respectively on the violin and piano-forte, and in a style of consummate excellence. The Carnival of Venice, the variations on the themes from "Il Pirati," and Meyer's air Italian, were all admirably given.

At the NATIONAL, J. R. Scott is playing his line of characters to full houses. W. B. Chapman and C. W. Clarke, late of the Park Theater, are added to their excellent stock company.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Mr. Hitchcock keeps up a constant excitement here. Besides an immense number of curiosities and attractions, we find Major Littlefinger, Hales the Giant, Ethiopian Minstrels, Pete Morris the comic singer, and Great Western.

This latter is a genius *en genre*. His new piece, "The Worst of Homestead," is full of fun and humor, and is well worth seeing. The Museum is an innocent place of amusement.

BOWERY.—Herr Driesbach has drawn crowded houses. His control over his noble animals is wonderful, and his performance highly interesting. The Living Statuary abounds in striking effects. Ciocca and Neri are dancing here this week.

BURTON'S.—Various light and amusing pieces have been brought forward at this house, written and played with great spirit and cleverness. After "Where's Barnum?" we have had the "California Gold Mines," with some admirable hits at the present mania. The satire is pointed, and most seasonable. We are to have "Vanity Fair." Thackeray has furnished capital materials.

The Minstrels, one and all, are well attended, and competition stimulates to excellence in this branch of amusement.

THE ZOOLOGICAL HALL contains a display of noble beasts, and of elephants of wonderful sagacity and training.

THE NEW ORLEANS SERENADES.—Of this popular style of entertainment none more deserve favor and patronage. The ballads, arranged by themselves, are sung in good taste, and always with great sweetness and effect. This also applies to their selections from Italian operas, some of which are given with expression and true feeling, and others rendered irresistibly comic. The parodies are full of humor, not being coarse or overwrought. As a fair specimen of the above, we would mention "Oh! Sally White," from Don Pasquale, and the "Banks of Old Tar River." The burlesque of the Italian opera is admirable. Faults and extravagance of manner on the stage are happily hit off, and the music rendered with an effect rarely surpassed. The vocal powers of several of the company we have already noticed, which are of a high order. But in addition, we have the bones capably played, a banjo without an equal, and a violin of which too much cannot be said in praise. The whole presents great attractions for an evening's entertainment.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAIL-ROAD.—This work is now completed. The cars passed over it for the first time on the 25th ult. We now have a direct railroad communication with Boston, and the success of this road must be immense. Much credit is due Robert Schuyler, Esq., the President of the company, for his vigorous prosecution of the work. The Harlem road, under his administration, is going ahead admirably, and is fast rising in value. The depot of the New Haven road is to be in Canal street.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON TRAVEL.—During the winter season, everybody, of course, will go by the way of Stonington. The two boats on that line now are safe and strong, and their officers are skillful and prudent. Captains Howes and Stone are known to everybody. Messrs. Walker, Morse, and McConcklin are unequalled in their various departments. This is unquestionably the route to Boston.

BEAL'S \$1 DAGUERRIAN SALOON.—Those of our readers who desire an elegant daguerreotype of themselves or friends, are advised to call on Bro. Beals. He thoroughly understands the art, and his pictures are of unparalleled elegance. Remember his place is 183 Broadway, over Milhew's drug store. Call and see him.

JAMES McALLISTER'S MEDICAL DEPOT, where one can find a remedy for every disease, is at 141 Fulton-st., New York. See advertisement.

We learn by the Rondout Courier that the navigation on the Hudson and Delaware Canal was suspended on the 16th ult. There had been up to the 4th of November 412,500 tons of coal brought down this Canal.

COAL MINE IN WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—Several weeks since, a Mr. Fuller, of the town of Weston, in Middlesex county, discovered, on a part of his farm, what he takes to be good evidence of the existence of a coal mine somewhere in that vicinity. In digging a trench, pieces of coal were thrown up, which proved to be of that description called bituminous. Probably coal was never used or carried to that region, and many think that a coal mine might be found there. It is stated by some, that several years ago, a person, while digging in this same place, threw up lumps of coal of fifteen or twenty pounds weight, which, upon being broken, burnt as freely as Cannel coal.

POPULATION OF CLEVELAND.—This beautiful city of the lakes, we see by the annual census for the year 1848, taken in October, continues its steady and somewhat rapid growth. The number of males is reported at 7,076, of females 6,583; total, 13,659, to which 575 are added for the "ten acre lots," (eastern liberty) making the whole number of inhabitants 14,234. The number of colored people in this city is put at 184.

NOBLE MUNIFICENCE.—Mr. James Robb, of New Orleans, has purchased Power's world-renowned statue of the Greek Slave, and has placed it on exhibition in that city—the entire proceeds of its exhibition to be appropriated to the relief of the destitute widows of the city.

It is estimated that there are now 27,343 white children, between the ages of four and twenty-one, in the public schools of Cincinnati. The net increase in number for the year 1840 has been 5,372.

THE CRADLE OF TEARS.—The Chinese word for eyelid is eminently beautiful, signifying the cradle of tears.

Two hundred and twenty-five English emigrants, who profess the Mormon faith, lately arrived at St. Louis, and destined for Salt Lake. It is said that between three and four hundred more are on their way from Liverpool.

THERE is a vast copper mine in Bristol, Ct., says the Hartford Whig, which is now worked by two hundred operatives. In the month of August, eighty-two thousand barrels of ore were shipped to the great metropolis.

Of the 6100 sailors who man the American navy, 960 are native Americans; the rest are chiefly composed of Irish and English emigrants.

MAJOR NOAH says that an invoice of cigars has arrived in New York, which sells at \$1000 per thousand—a dollar a piece. They ought to be "some!"

SQUARE YEAR.—This year is the square of '43. We have not had a square year since 1764, and another will not occur until 1986. If every body will square up this year what a glorious time we shall have.

THE Liverpool Times says: "While the Americans have 600 or 700 ships engaged in whaling, the number of the English vessels is reduced to 17! The Americans, by some mode or other, have quite superseded us in this adventurous but profitable business."

THE total number of cases of cholera in Great Britain, since the first was reported, amounts to 1,215—the victims to 610; the recoveries have been 220, while 375 remain under treatment, or the result not stated.

THE population of Arkansas, by the Governor's estimate, is 300,000, which will give it three, in place of one member of Congress, in the next apportionment.

CHEAP BREAD.—A farmer in Genesee county, N. Y., states that his whole last year's crop of corn cost him but nine cents and three quarters a bushel, including the interest on the value of the land.

HARD OX.—The train from Boston to Salem ran against an ox the other night, which jarred the cars considerably, like a heavy sea striking a ship, but did no damage—the ox walking off with great dignity and composure.

THE town of Harper's Ferry was illuminated on the 17th, and the highest mountain top, about 800 feet above the village, was lighted up with an immense bonfire, and fireworks were let off from a convenient point. What for?

ETYMOLOGY OF CALIFORNIA.—We are informed by Professor Noodlekranz, that California comes from two old Indian words—*Kali*, gold, and *fern-a-who*, don't you wish you may get it.

FROM the recent report of the Post Master General we learn that 1309 new post offices were established during the last year, and 296 discontinued; giving a net increase of 1018.

THE misery in Ireland is very great. The cholera there is not increasing.

Scenes in the French Revolution.

ST. AMARANTHE.

From "Heroic Women of the French Revolution," a New Work recently published in London.

In one of the most sumptuous hotels in the center of Paris, recently built by the opulent philosopher Helvetius, lived a young woman of incomparable beauty, if she had not had a daughter of sixteen as beautiful and seducing as herself. This female called herself Madame de Sainte Amaranthe. Although she was said to be the widow of a gentleman slain in the affair of the 5th and 6th of October, while defending the door of the queen, at Versailles, and, though she affected the externals, the tone, and luxury of high life, a mystery and doubt hung over this woman, her origin, and habits, which caused opinion to float between admiration for her beauty, respect for her misfortunes, and the ambiguity of her position. Her house, attractive in so many ways, had assembled, by taste for the arts, play, and pleasure, from the commencement of the revolution, the eminent men of all factions: Royalists, Constituents, Orleanists, Girondins, successively. Mirabeau, Sieyès, Péthion, Chapelier, Buzot, Louvet, Vergniaud, had in turn frequented it. The graces of Madame de Sainte Amaranthe, and the seduction of her mind, had effaced all clouds in her vicinity, and filled up the abysses between their opinions.

She preserved, nevertheless, an ostensible attachment for the hopes and memories of royalty. She was allied with the royalists of the ancient aristocracy, and in her saloons she preserved the portraits of the king and queen, without much mystery. She did not disguise her veneration for those proscribed images of a better time. The prestige of her charms seemed to remove all danger from her, and nature defended her from the scaffold.

A young man of the extinct court, son of M. de Sartines, minister of police in Paris, had just married the daughter of Madame de Sainte Amaranthe. M. de Sartines had formed an intimacy with an actress of the Italian Theater, Mademoiselle Grandmaison. Although abandoned by her lover, this young actress still wrote to him. She informed him of the progress or suspension of the terror. Sartines, much touched with such constancy, came from time to time to Paris. He there saw his old friend in secret, and learned from her the political secrets. Mademoiselle Grandmaison picked them up from Frial, an actor at the same theater, a fiery patriot, and friend of Robespierre.

The hopes of clemency, conceived at the moment of the proclamation of the Supreme Being, had been a snare in which the royalists, the suspected, and the proscribed, were pleased to let themselves be taken. They conversed everywhere about the omnipotence of the new Cromwell, or new monk, of his attempts to quench the religious persecutions, of his wishes to abolish the scaffold, of his genius to reconstruct order, and of the leaning to royalty, or for the restoration of royalty, which they imagined in him. The scattered remains of the religious and royalist party consoled themselves by these dreams. The popularity of Robespierre was greater, perhaps, at this moment, in the party of the victims, than in the party of the executioners. Madame de Sainte Amaranthe was dazzled by it. She wished to return to Paris, and re-open her house to feasts and pleasure in the midst of general mourning. She trusted to the genius of Robespierre; she burned with the desire of knowing him, seducing him, and drawing him over to her opinions. In vain Mademoiselle Grandmaison, trembling for her lover, wrote to M. de Sartines, that the moment was sinister, that the committees and Robespierre were at variance, that the axe of the guillotine was suspended between a hoped-for mitigation and a more active terror. Madame de Sainte Amaranthe listened to nothing but her illusions. She hurried away her daughter, her son-in-law, and a child of fifteen, her son, to Paris.

There she was more and more confirmed, by

the conversation of some friends, in the dispositions she attributed to the triumvir. Undoubtedly, these very dispositions were insinuated in her by the agents of Robespierre, for he was seeking at this time to bring everything to his name; even royalists, by the currents of hope. M. de Quesvremont, formerly a dependant of the house of Orleans, and now intriguing for the friendship of Robespierre, caused Madame de Sainte Amaranthe to partake of his enthusiasm for the predestined man, as he said, who was only waiting the hour when his designs should be ripe, and who was only granting to terror what he was not yet permitted to take away from it. Fanatical disciple of Catherine Théos,* M. de Quesvremont spoke to Madame de Sainte Amaranthe of the new worship as of a profound conception of the restorer of order. He also inspired herself, her daughter, and her son-in-law, with the desire of getting initiated themselves. "It was," said he, "an act which would inspire confidence in Robespierre." A Marquise de Chastenaïs, an ardent royalist, and more ardent adept of the *Mère de Dieu*, finished Madame de Sainte Amaranthe's determination for this adoption. Sartines, his mother-in-law, and his wife were introduced, by night, into the loft of the *Mère de Dieu*. These two Sainte Amaranthes, handsome royalists, received upon their forehead the kiss of peace from the infirm sybil, which was to be so soon for them the kiss of death. Whether the condescension of these two young women really was a pledge in the eyes of Robespierre,—whether his mind was penetrated with the desire and pride of seeing the two most celebrated beauties of Paris bow themselves before his genius,—whether he wished to hold out, through them, a bait to the proscribed parties to attach them to the regular order which he meditated,—he consented to an interview with his two admirers. Frial, theater-man and common friend, conducted Robespierre to Madame de Sainte Amaranthe's. He was there received as dictator, who consents to let his designs be anticipated. He was seated at her table in the middle of a circle of guests chosen by himself. He breathed of enthusiasm. He let himself be gently blamed for the excesses he had suffered too long. He spoke as a man who would turn upon the real criminals that guillotine which was still striking so many innocents. He opened his designs, to let hope shine in. Whether through the indiscretion of his host, or the infidelity of the guests, the committee of general safety got scent of these interviews and these demi-confidences. Vadier had already introduced one of his agents, Senart, into the meetings of the *Mère de Dieu*, to observe there the thoughts, and to note down the principal adepts. Vadier knew that Robespierre was her idol, and supposed him her instigator. He suspected him, since the 26th of Prairial, of wishing to draw the people to him by superstitions, and to caress the superior class by presages of clemency. Vadier wished to catch Robespierre at once in ridicule and in treason. He dared not find fault directly with a name which repelled suspicion, and which disconcerted aggression; but he hoped indirectly to pour upon this name a ridicule which would reflect upon his power. It was, at most, a daring enterprise to show at once to the Convention that the friends of Robespierre were not pure, and that his followers were not inviolable.

The committee of general safety, secretly agreeing with the majority of the committee of public safety, and with the conspirators of the Tallen reunion, ordered the arrest of Catherine Théos and her principal adepts. The committees ordered, at the same time, the arrest of the Marquise de Chastenaïs, of M. de Quesvremont, of M. de Sartines, and all the family of Sainte Amaranthe, without excepting the son, who was scarcely sixteen. They also arrested Mademoiselle Grandmaison and her servant Biret. They resolved to confound all these accusations, strangers to one another, in the grand indictment that Elie Lacoste was drawing up against L'Admiral and Cecile Renault, under the generic and vague name of foreign conspiracy. Vadier had been charged with drawing up the previous report

* A fanatical old woman, who pretended to second sight, and allied herself to the Virgin Mary. Strange to say, she had formed a sect, in which repute said that Robespierre was initiated.

against the sect of Catherine Théos. They had referred it to the malignity of this old man to give to the puerilities of Don Gerle* the dark colors of a conspiracy, and a varnish of ridicule which would stain even the name of Robespierre.

The name which everybody knew to be at the bottom of this affair was to be so much the more visible as it would be less expressed by Vadier. Robespierre had felt the blow advance; but the dagger was enveloped in respect. He could not openly take the defense of these sectarians, at a moment when they accused him of wishing to revive the superstitions, to sanctify his dictatorship. He had tried his utmost to get the reading of the report of Vadier to the Convention adjourned, under pretext of contempt. Vadier had been inflexible. He had found it necessary to undergo, in silence, the sarcasms of the reporter, the smiles of the auditory, and the malicious insinuations against his part of Mahomet. Ridicule had but slightly touched this terrible name, suspicion had thrown its shadow over its incorruptibility. The friends of Robespierre had felt it. They confidently advised him to beware of Vadier—a sort of Brutus, feigning churlishness to disguise hatred. "Do all you can," wrote Payan to Robespierre, "to diminish, in the eyes of opinion, the importance which they wish to give to the affair of Catherine Théos, and to convince the people it is only a childish juggle, which deserves but the laughter and contempt of serious men." In fine, soon after, Elie Lacoste made a report of the decree, which proposed to send to the revolutionary tribunal all the accused. They saw there, joined to the assassin L'Admiral and to Cecile Renault, the father, mother, and even the brothers of that young girl; M. de Sartines; Madame de Sainte Amaranthe; Madame de Sartines' daughter; her son, who had not arrived at the age of crime; MM. de Laval-Montmorency; de Rohan-Rochefort; the Prince de St. Maurice; MM. de Sombreuil, father and son, who had escaped the assassins of September; M. de Pons; Michonis, municipal of the Temple, guilty of compassion and decency towards the captive princesses; Madame de Lamartinière, widow of Epréménil; and, lastly, the actress Grandmaison, punished for the love of Sartines, and even the servant of this actress, punished for attachment to her mistress. They added to these sixty accused persons the porter of the house where L'Admiral had attempted to assassinate Collot-d'Herbois, and the wife of the porter,—both guilty, said the accuser, of not having been sufficiently transported with joy, when the assassin was arrested.

Robespierre, on hearing the names of Madame de Sainte Amaranthe and her family, was silent. He was afraid of appearing to protect the counter-revolutionists. He well knew it was his name they were striking at; but he timidly withdrew this name, not to appear struck himself—deplorable situation of men, who take popularity instead of conscience, as arbiters of their policy! They cover themselves with the body of innocent victims, instead of shielding themselves with their own intrepidity.

These sixty-two pretended accomplices saw each other, for the first time, before the Tribunal. L'Admiral was firm; Cecile Renault, genuine and affecting. She asked pardon of her father, her mother, and her brothers, for having drawn them, by her volatile conduct, into the appearance of a crime she had never conceived. She affirmed, before her death, that her pretended project of assassination was only curiosity to see a tyrant.

The Montmorencies, the Rohans, the Sombreuils, preserved the dignity of their innocence and their names. They did not belie the nobility of their blood before death. They died as their ancestors fought.

Madame de Sainte Amaranthe fainted away in the arms of her children. Sartines, in passing before Mademoiselle Grandmaison, bathed the hands of the actress with his tears. He begged of her to pardon him the death into which her attachment for him had drawn her. His wife surpassed her years by her resignation, and her beauty by her tenderness. She rejoiced to die with mother, husband, and brother. She pressed

* Another superstitious enthusiast and prophet.

them by turns in her arms. She did not even repulse Mademoiselle Grandmaison, whom a cruel fate had associated in their misfortune. All jealousy and distance disappeared before death. The dying form but one family.

In order to strike the eyes of the people with a greater appearance of criminality, they had, for the first time since Charlotte Corday, put on all the condemned the red woollen chemise costume of assassins. An escort of cavalry, and some guns loaded with grape, preceded and followed the *cortège*, which was formed by eight tumbrils. In the first, they had made Madame de Sainte Amaranthe and Madame d'Epréménil take their seats on the front bench; and on the second were Madame de Sartines and Mademoiselle Grandmaison, two victims of one affection. In the next cart came M. de Sartines and his young brother-in-law, M. de Sombreuil and his son. The three others carried along, with the Montmorencies and the Rohans, the poor and faithful servant of Mademoiselle Grandmaison; who wept not for himself, he said, but for his mistress. The march was slow, the scaffold distant, the sky vernal, the crowd enormous. All eyes were centred on that group of female heads, so soon to be struck off. The warm reflection of the red gown set off the whiteness of their necks and the beauty of their complexions. The multitude were enchanted with the splendor of the charms about to be extinguished. The victims exchanged sad smiles, words in whispers, and looks of mutual commiseration. L'Admiral was indignant, lamenting over the fate of his so-called accomplices. "Not one," he exclaimed, "not one knew of my design; I wished alone to avenge humanity." Then turning towards Cecile Renault, who was praying with fervor, "You wished to see a tyrant: well, then, look—there are hundreds beneath you."

The march lasted three hours. The most obscure were put to death first; then Cecile Renault, Mademoiselle Grandmaison, L'Admiral, Madame d'Epréménil, the gentlemen of the ancient monarchy, and the young St. Amaranthe. His mother and sister saw the decapitated body tossed into the basket: their turn approached; the mother and daughter embraced, with one long, last kiss, which the executioner interrupted—the head of the daughter joined that of her young brother. Madame de Sainte Amaranthe died last but one; Sartines the last. During three-quarters of an hour's torture, he had seen the heads of his mistress, his brother-in-law—loved like a son—and his mother-in-law, and his wife fall. He was dead already, in all his feelings here below, long before the fatal knife touched him.

[This cowardice in Robespierre, who, for fear of risking his position, suffered them to die, did not save him. When does cowardice save a man? His weakness—his enemies knew they were striking him secretly—inflamed their hopes, and led to those concerted attacks which overthrew him. Had no other demerit attached to his name, this base abandonment of so many innocents who depended on him, was crime enough to condemn him.]

TO MAKE A MATCH.—Catch a young gentleman and lady in good condition:—let the gentleman be green and the lady tender. Place them at the dinner-table, and baste the gentleman with a good quantity of wine. While he is soaking, stick in a word now and then about Miss; this will help to make them boil. When he begins to change color and turn red, take him into the drawing room, set him and the lady side by side, stuff them with sweet cakes, and strong green tea. Then place them at the piano, and blow the flame till the lady sings; when you hear the gentlemen sigh, it is time to remove them, as they are warm enough. Now put them by themselves in a corner of the room, or on a sofa, and there let them simmer together for the rest of the evening. This sort of game is not cooked at one dressing, but if repeated two or three times, care being taken to keep them together as much as convenient, they will be ready for matrimony whenever they are wanted.

N. B.—After marriage they will require looking to now and then, as they are apt to become sour.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN?—"Halloo, you man with a pail and frock," said a British officer, as he brought his fiery horse to a stand in front of Gov. Chittenden's dwelling, "can you inform me whether his honor, the Governor of Vermont, resides here?"

"He does," was the response of the man, still wending his way to the pig sty.

"Is his honor at home?" continued the man of spurs.

"Most certainly," replied the man of the frock. "Take my horse by the bit then," said the officer, "I have business to transact with your master."

Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted and made his way to the door, and gave the pannel several hearty raps with the butt of his whip—for he it known in those days of republican simplicity, knockers and bells, like servants, were in but little use. The good dame answered the summons in person: and having seated the officer and ascertained his desire to see the Governor, departed to inform her husband of the guest's arrival; but on ascertaining that the officer had made a hitching post of her husband, she immediately returned and informed him that the Governor was engaged in the yard, and could not very well wait upon him and his horse at the same time! The predicament of the officer can be better imagined than described.

IRISH MODE OF SHEEP STEALING.—A fellow named Terence M'Manus, having been arrested for sheep stealing, wrote the following to a friend: "As we wished to have some mutton with our turnips for supper, we went to Squire Carrell, who had more sheep than his neighbors. They were very wild, and the pasture very large, and we were obliged to take a new way to entice them by force to come near us, and as this may be of some service for you to no, I think it my duty to tell you of it. Pat Dougan an me rapped ourselves up in hay, and as the sheep came round to ate it we cut their throats; but a sarch being made, five hind quarters belonging to two of 'em was found in my cabin."

"I had rather not take a horn with you," said the loafer to the mad bull—but he insisted upon treating him to two, and the loafer got quite high.

Publisher's Notices.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS in this city, Brooklyn and Williamsburg, who do not receive their papers regularly and seasonably, are requested to give immediate notice at the Office. *No Carrier is authorized to receive payment in advance*, unless bringing a receipt signed by the Publisher or authorized Clerk in the Office. All Subscribers not paying in advance to the Office will be charged *five cents* per week, payable to the Carriers. Our friends who wish the Gazette and Rule from the commencement of the New and Enlarged Volume, will oblige us by handing in their names at the earliest moment. The edition will be limited, and early attention is necessary to prevent disappointment.

LOCAL AGENTS.

OUR thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for collecting and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our journal shall be worthy the support of *Odd-Fellows* from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that each one will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

WE take pleasure in announcing the following gentlemen—*Brothers of the Order*—as the authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, who have been appointed within the last three months, and we expect they will exert themselves, with those who have been longer in the field, in advancing our interests, making their returns promptly every week, in an accurate and careful manner, giving us notice of any of our Subscribers who may fail to receive their paper regularly, noting removals and discontinuances, &c. Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD, Bro. ISAAC P. BALDWIN, HRY L. BROUGHTON, L. W. ALDRICH, CHAS. H. HARRISON, HORACE LAMB.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1849.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

CIRCULATION TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND!

SINCE the combination, in July, 1848, of the two papers, the only ones in New-York devoted to the high and beautiful aims of Odd Fellowship and Literature, the united journal has been crowned with the brightest success. It enjoys a vast circulation among families as well as among brothers of the Order, and is universally accepted as the most excellent Family Journal in the country. The proprietors, though well contented with the position which their efforts have attained, are nevertheless resolved to achieve still more, and to reach an eminence beyond competition. They will accordingly spare no labor and expense during the coming year, to place The Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule at the

HEAD OF ALL THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

With this aim in view, the Editor and Publisher have made arrangements with many contributors of acknowledged talent and reputation to impart deep and various interest to their columns, so that they shall be quoted from and commended by the best critics of the country.

The noble and excellent Order of Odd-Fellows has become so extended and well known on account of its benevolent deeds and unflinching devotion to the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth," that it now numbers men of all trades and professions, the young, the middle aged and the old. Our paper shall be so diversified as not only to suit and gratify all these, but to please wives, sisters, mothers and children, and thus be esteemed

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE UNION.

The domain, both of Reality and Fiction, Fact and Fancy will be explored, and their choicest treasures gathered for our readers. Original Tales and Poems from the most popular authors—selections from the ablest Foreign Periodicals, just Criticisms on Books, account of Discoveries in Science and the Arts, Intelligence from all parts of the World, Essays on the Topics of the Day, PROCEEDINGS OF THE LODGES AND ALL THE NEWS RELATING TO ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA AND EUROPE, will form the staple of each and every number. We shall commence the New Volume in January

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED FORM.

Which will give our patrons a much greater quantity of READING MATTER, besides enabling us to offer each week a more pleasing variety. We therefore say to each of our present readers,

Renew your Subscriptions for 1849.

And we ask every other lover of good reading, whether belonging to the Order or not, to add a new name to our extensive list, being resolved that "The Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule," shall have a permanent, as well as standing interest and value, so that each bound volume shall be

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J. R. CRAMPTON, Publisher,
No. 44 Ann-street, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

In Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y., on the 18th ult., by the Rev. D. Harrington, Bro. JULIUS L. DEWEY, of Manchester Lodge No. 312, I. O. O. F., to Miss LORENA B., daughter of RUSSEL STODDARD, all of Manchester.

In Truxton, on the afternoon of the 12th ult., by the Rev. E. D. Reed, Bro. WM. DALRYMPLE, of Homer, Cr. Sec. of Homer Lodge No. 280, to Miss MARY E. LOOMIS, daughter of OLIVER M. SHEDD, Esq., of the former place.

DEATHS.

December 29, Bro. WILLIAM SOMMERS, of Island City Lodge No. 331. Bro. Sommers was a worthy man and an excellent Odd-Fellow.

At Phelps, N. Y., Dec. 8, Bro. OLIVER S. ROAT, aged 26 years.

GAHONTO LODGE No. 314, I. O. of O. F.—Pittston, Penn., Dec. 19, 1848—NOTICE.—The brethren of the Order will please take notice that persons calling themselves Clement Butler and William N. Newcomb, are not, and never were, members of this Lodge. This notice is given in consequence of information received by this Lodge that they have solicited and obtained aid by representing themselves as members of this Lodge. So far as this Lodge is concerned, they are impostors. By order of the Lodge.
EPH. JOHNSON, Sec.

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in the United States of America, are now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country. Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S. 101 Forsyth-st. New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st.

Facts and Scraps.

VALUABLE INVENTIONS.—We understand that the Rev. Charles Brooks, of Boston, has communicated to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences three plans—one by which the hours of time may be struck, at the same instant, on every public bell in the city, and in every private dwelling; another, by which the alarm of fire may be given at the same moment, throughout the city, and the place of the fire indicated at each of the engine houses simultaneously. A third plan is one by which all the lamps in the streets may be lighted or extinguished together, at any given moment.—[Journal.]

PIGEON EXPRESS.—We are requested by the agent of the British and North America mail steamships to state, that hereafter no carrier pigeons will be allowed on board these ships, for the purpose of expressing any news on the approach of the vessels. This order has resulted from a correspondence with the proprietors of the line, who are disposed to afford every facility in their power for the dispatch of intelligence for the public, and who feel bound to exclude the method alluded to, from its liability to abuse, and the impossibility of giving similar privileges to all who may have an equal right to demand them.—[Boston Post.]

A MR. START, of Smyrna, says the Delaware Gazette, has made an improvement in manufacturing wagons, which will certainly be a great advantage to the farmer, inasmuch as it will effect a great saving in labor. The bed of the wagon is placed on small rollers, fixed in the frame work on which it rests, and in front is a fixture for a lever, by which a lad can run the wagon-bed back, and shoot its contents on the ground.

CANAL TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—We see, by the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, that the English house of Manning & Mackintosh have obtained control of the Mexican route to the Pacific, at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and already commenced preliminary operations for making the canal.

JUSTICE TO MEXICO.—The Newport News is informed by a friend lately from the battle-field of Palo Alto, that, though the battle had been fought nearly two and a half years, there was a line of bones extending more than a mile across the field, and about fifteen feet wide, as true as a line could be drawn, where the Mexicans stood in the contest, proving the steady valor with which the Mexican soldiers sustained the deadly storm of iron and lead from the American troops.

THE CHEAPEST WAY TO CHINA.—It is said that the cheapest way to China from London is via America. A passage from England to China now costs nearly \$600. By the American route, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, passengers can be conveyed from London to China for \$400, and the trip, with our improvements in steam navigation and a better road over the Isthmus, may be made in thirty-five days, beating the English mail twenty-five days.

THE INHABITANTS of the south of France, Savoy, and a part of Italy, live almost exclusively on chestnuts during fall and the early part of winter, making them into bread and puddings in place of flour. Nuts abound in vegetable oil, and of course in carbon, and also in glutine and fibrine, three of the most important elements required for sustaining life. Yet they should be dried or cooked.

NEW YORK has two hundred and thirty-eight places of worship; Episcopal, forty-two; Baptist, thirty-eight; Presbyterian, thirty-four; Methodist Episcopal, thirty-one; Roman Catholic, eighteen; Dutch Reformed, sixteen; Jew's Synagogues, ten; Congregational, nine; Universalist, six; Lutheran, five; Unitarian, two, &c.

A HIGH compliment has been paid to our gallant navy by the German Confederation, in selecting Commodore Parker, and Commanders Dupont, Buchanan and Barton to organize their new marine force.

PENNSYLVANIA COAL TRADE.—There was transported over the Reading Railroad, during the week ending Nov. 30, 22,142 tons of coal. The whole amount carried over the road during the year, up to Nov. 30, is 1,164,288 tons.

A MAN was lately brought before a magistrate, charged with stealing a dead sheep; the magistrate dismissed the complaint, observing that there was no such thing, as when a sheep died, it became mutton.

CALIFORNIA wine, brought by the new Mexican Minister to Washington, is pronounced equal, if not superior, to the best sherry.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved **CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP**, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. of O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 236.

Original Miscellany.

TO MY FRIEND, W. D. SNOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY O. RUSSELL CLARKE.

From what Antarctic, or forbidden shore,
Was this thy frigid name transported hence?
No doubt it came from overhead of you;
But who may claim the cold inheritance?
Perchance some Royal Russian was its sire,
Or berry-fed Kamtschadale (what a word!)
Some sunless, bleak Siberian by his fire,
Or lone Laplander, lean and thickly furred;
It matters little tho' what shiv'ring race
Or ice-clad zone may claim the honor first,
Since he who wears it last, by Fortune nurs't,
May boast a gen'rous heart—a comely face.
Faultless in rhyme! in checkers surer still!
My subject melts—as all such subjects will!

F A M E .

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY ALLIE VERNON.

EDWARD RAINSFORD lay at the feet of his gentle bride, while she sang in low, sweet strains, her dark eyes gleaming with love, true passionate love, the while:

"I am thine, and thine for ever
Care and woe can part us never,
Thine to share thy joy and gladness,
Thine to kiss away thy sadness
Love's bright flowers around me twine,
For I'm thine, and *only* thine.

Thou art mine, art thou not dearest?
Best beloved, kindest and nearest,
Thine to look upon and bless me,
In my hours of grief caress me
As I'm thine and *only* thine,
Thou art mine, and *only* mine."

'Thine, aye, thine for ever, my own sweet one,' passionately exclaimed the young man, as she bent and pressed her warm lips to his noble brow. 'Though grief cloud thy bright face, though sorrow cast its shadows upon thee, but *that can never be*,' he continued, as he drew her close to his heart; 'this bosom shall ever be thy home, this arm ever shield thee. And thou shalt win *Fame*, my own dear Eva.' A shade of sadness passed over the young bride's face, but Edward noticed it not. His dark eyes lighted

with enthusiasm, his whole face beaming with the proud dreams he cherished, he went on. 'Yes, thou shalt be famed, dearest, and when the world bows down in homage to the being whose magic thoughts and beautiful sentiments thrill their souls, I can call thee mine. There is that within thee that can bring thee *glory*. Thou art not of the same cold nature as others of this dull earth, thou art gifted with a *heavenly* power. The world shall *feel* it, shall *know* it, shall bow down to thee, my beautiful one; thy fair brow shall be encircled by the laureate wreath. Thou wilt strive for *my* sake,' he continued in a calmer tone, as he noticed the sad expression that lingered on her sweet face, 'thou wilt win *Fame*.'

'*I will*,' was Eva's reply, but her tone was sad as the sigh of a fading flower.

'And now farwell, sweet one, for a while. Be glad and joyous, little one, while I am absent. I will return ere long and claim another song from those dear lips,' and he bent, as he spoke, and pressed his lips fondly to her own, and then left her.

Edward Rainsford spoke truly when he said his bride was unlike the cold hearted beings of this world. A creature more beautiful, more angelic cannot be imagined. Her hair, brown in the shade and gold in the sun, fell in rich masses almost to her tiny feet. Her eyes, large, soft, and dreamy, save when strangely lighted up by some passionate feeling, were shaded by long black lashes, which rested upon a cheek pure as the stainless snow. Her mouth, oh! more than beautiful, spoke all the emotions that swayed her, now scornful, now firm, now decked with smiles of joy, or serenely calm and sweet. Eva was a being to be worshiped, for her mind was as heavenly as her person. The spirit of poetry filled her soul, and animated her young heart, and ever and anon she poured forth her feelings in witching strains that enchanted all who listened to them. She loved, nay *more* than loved, her husband. He was young, handsome and wealthy, and possessed a heart as affectionate as her own, but pride was mingled with the love he cherished for his young bride.

'Methought I should cast aside all thoughts of *fame*, and dream only of love and *happiness*,' murmured Eva, as Rainsford left her apartment. 'Why, why did he strive to awake the fiend am-

bition in my soul? But his wish shall be gratified. He shall have cause to be proud of her he has taken to his bosom. For his sake I will win the laurel wreath.' But even as she spoke she pressed her small hand tightly upon her burning brow, as though she felt a painful weight there. 'Alas! why was not Edward Rainsford satisfied that his wife was beautiful, talented and admired? Why did he destroy her gladsome dreams and fairy visions by awakening longings in her soul for that which destroys peace and tranquillity—*Fame*!'

'Eva, dearest, 'tis past the midnight hour. Nay, my own one, listen to me. Your cheek is pale, your eyes gleam with a strange wild light. Come, dear one, leave your desk.'

The only answer Rainsford received was an impatient movement of the head, as his wife bent over her manuscript again. But as he turned away in an agony of spirit, she looked up with a sweet, sad smile, and said, 'Only a few moments, Edward, and I shall be with you.' A few moments! Morning's pale light found Eva still at her task. She had won her way to the highest pinnacle of fame. She had been flattered, lauded, *universally* admired; but still she toiled on. Her husband, he who worshiped her, had awakened the demon in her soul, but he had not the power to bid it rest again. His dreams had been realized; his proud wishes gratified, but the hue of health had fled from the face of his once joyous, light-hearted Eva. Night after night found her writing, still writing. The soft dreamy expression forsook her large dark eyes, and in its place gleamed an unnatural brilliancy. Eva was fading as a beautiful flower that rears its head high above its companions, yet is the first to die.

Edward Rainsford stood by the side of her who had been all the world to him—his earthly idol, his richest treasure. The same sweet light that beamed upon her joyous face when first she sung to him, his young and blooming bride, lingered there again, but her cheek was paler than the pure lilies that were lying beside her in her coffin. Her coffin? Ay, Eva the famed, the beautiful, was dead.

With crushed heart and clouded brow the husband cursed the ambition that prompted him thus to sacrifice his loved one, and as he wildly pressed his lips to the marble brow, he murmured,

'Ere long I will be with thee, my prized, my cherished Eva.'

He spoke truly, for but a few short months passed by, and they laid the husband in the grave where the wife already slumbered.

French Nouvelle.

A LION IN LOVE.*

BY FREDERIC SOULIE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE GAZETTE AND RULE.

CHAPTER III.

UP to this moment, notwithstanding the solicitations of Prosper Gobillon and of Mr. Laloiné, Sterné had resolved, *in petto*, not to remain a moment after the ceremony of signing at the church. All Lise's grace, all her beauty, though they engrossed his thoughts, had not tempted him to encounter the tedium of a wedding in humble life; for he was perfectly well aware that it could lead to nothing more than his admiring for a few hours longer, this beautiful being.

But it seemed to him that Lise's phrase conveyed a sort of leave of absence; he thought, and rightly enough, that it was not *he* who was about to get rid of an encumbrance, and was unwilling to suffer himself to be thus dismissed; he therefore said in reply to Lise:

'I experience no annoyance, mademoiselle, in the performance of an act which was requested of me by Prosper, and which appears to have been acceptable to him; if it has not been equally so to others, the fault lies not with me, but with your brother-in-law, who alone should be blamed for my presence here.'

Again was Lise secretly vexed at having drawn upon herself this retort, spoken in a tone politely serious, and to which she had no chance of replying, for Léonce immediately bowed to her and retired to a corner of the vestry. Lise concealed herself among her youthful companions, without paying any attention to their tattle; she was wholly wrapt in thought, when another young girl touched her elbow, saying:

'Do look!'

She did look, and saw Léonce signing his name.

'He has taken off his glove!' added her companion, exultingly, as if to congratulate Lise upon the success of the lesson she had given the handsome Marquis.

Léonce, who had overheard the remark, lifted his looks to Lise, and caught her eye, which seemed uneasy.

Lise felt, as if by an indescribable instinct, that something was going on between her and that young man that was not exactly proper; and when it came to her turn to sign, her eyes were suffused with tears, her hand trembled, and when her mother, who was near her, asked her what was the matter:

'Oh, nothing, nothing,' said she; 'tis only fancy,—and taking advantage of her mother's alarm she caught hold of her arm:

'Take me into your coach, marmama,' cried she in the tone of a child that is frightened and asks for protection.

'Come, come, my poor Lise,' cried her mother, kissing her and leading her to a corner. While the greybeards of the party gave each other a knowing wink, the younger portion knew not what to make of it, and Léonce said to himself:

'I shall most certainly return to the dinner and the ball.'

All the party withdrew, and Lise looked at Sterné as he got into his carriage. His coachman, ashamed of having so long been in the low company of hacks, began to make his horses rear and plunge as if they were going to break everything to pieces, and then drove off with rapidity. Lise heaved a deep sigh, and going into a coach, she, for the first time that morning, felt at ease, and began to talk about the handsome dress she was to wear that evening. But in the midst of this important discussion, she suddenly carried her hand to her neck.

'God heavens! I have lost my locket,' exclaimed she; 'I had it on, I am sure.'

'Perhaps you dropped it at the mayor's office; perhaps in church, perhaps in some coach.'

'Ah,' cried Lise, 'I only hope it is not in Mr. Sterné's carriage.'

'Why so?' asked her mother; 'he will find it and bring it back.'

'He is coming back, then?'

'He promised he would.'

Lise made no further remark, but she became sad and silent, and thought that her dress, with which she had at first been so delighted, could not be as handsome as she imagined. But she was neither of an age nor a temper for such thoughts to trouble her for any length of time, and she had no sooner reached home than she discarded all such foolish fears, saying to herself:

'Ah! no, no! this day I am resolved to be gay,' and without being obliged to have recourse to any profound reasoning on the subject, she laid aside all thoughts of the handsome marquis, resolving to amuse herself under his very eyes, just as if he were like any other young man.

As for Léonce, as soon as he was alone, he hesitated about returning to the wedding, when he perceived on the carriage seat, a small golden locket attached to a hair chain. This locket exactly resembled in shape the golden plate on Lise's ring. Like the ring, it bore a motto, and this motto was:

'Have the will, and you have the power.'

What! a young girl from St. Martin's Street dares to assume for her motto that Will is Power, and he, lion as he is, had not resolution enough either to will or to do.

'By heavens!' thought he, 'I have the will, and I shall have the power.' And as the clock struck six he alighted at the Blue Dial.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN he reached there, no one had as yet arrived except the bridegroom and Mr. Laloiné, who came to hasten the arrangements for the wedding dinner. At first Prosper wished to leave Sterné in company with Mr. Laloiné; but Léonce begged them so earnestly to take no notice of him, that they both went about their business.

He was, therefore, left alone in the saloon adjacent to the great banquetting hall, while Mr. Laloiné and his son-in-law went to give a look at the ball-room. But, it will be asked, can this be Léonce Sterné you are talking of; the lion, who knows so well all the advantage to be derived from a late entrance, who makes his appearance before the dinner hour, like a shop-boy, or a man of letters invited by some great lord? Yes, indeed, it is Léonce Sterné, and the most untameable of his species, too; and do you know what he is doing during the absence of the guests? Why, he walks around the table, reading the name on each card, in order to know where he will be seated; and having ascertained that he has been placed between Madam Laloiné and some strange lady, he changes the place of his name, and substitutes it for that of Mr. Tirlot, in order to be seated by the side of Lise.

As success atones for the worst actions, and almost for ridiculous ones, Léonce was in the right, for he succeeded.

All the guests are assembled; they salute each other, and converse together; it is time to order up the dinner. That duty devolves upon Gobillon, while M. Laloiné is obliged to remain in the parlor to welcome the guests. But no doubt Lise must be inquisitive; she will probably wish to know where her seat is, and she will be surprised when she finds it out. The lion, therefore, frosts himself at the door opening into the dining hall, well knowing that Lise would not venture to pass by him; and when she arrived with her mother and her sister, Madam Laloiné said very gravely to Sterné:

'How! already here, Monsieur le Marquis?'

And he replied, looking at Lise:

'It is enough to have committed one fault today.'

Lise, who had come there exulting and happy, felt the reproach, and retired in vexation to a corner of the room. Never had any one spoiled her pleasure so perseveringly as M. de Sterné had done, and for so little reason.

Léonce appeared to her intolerable; and when it was time to take a seat at the table, a very amusing little comedy was enacted. Léonce, who knew very well where his place was, went up to it and stationed himself behind his chair, while Lise was looking about for hers on the opposite side.

'There, there!' cried Prosper to her, pointing to the side where Léonce was standing, and whom he was surprised to find in a range with his finger's end.

Prosper exchanged looks with M. Laloiné, who pursed up his mouth, as much as to say: 'My son-in-law is a fool.'

On the other hand, Madam Laloiné, who had depended upon the company of the Marquis, stood aghast at the sight of M. Tirlot, who, proud of the post of honor which had been assigned him, took possession of it with a triumphant air.

Lise kept advancing timidly, not knowing what course to pursue, for she had noticed the whole of this imperceptible dialogue of looks. As for Léonce, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, he saw nothing, paid no attention to any thing, and appeared totally unconscious of what was going on.

However, this awkwardness was put an end to, for he heard M. Laloiné say to his daughter: 'Come, Lise, why don't you take your seat?'

The tone with which these words were spoken, argued a forced resignation to the consequences of Gobillon's bad management, and Léonce was convinced that every one blamed Prosper for what had happened. But when he removed his chair to make room for Lise, she bowed to him so very dryly that he saw at once she was well aware that her brother-in-law was innocent of the fault.

After the very first words he spoke, Léonce perceived that Lise was resolved to answer him only in monosyllables; but he had full two hours before him, and that was more time than was necessary for him to get the better of her resolution.

In the first place, he gave the young girl a chance to recover her usual temper, and to resume her self-possession; for which purpose, he took no further notice of her. But he was all attention to the fat gentleman who was seated on her other hand, and who was no other than the respectable grocer who had taken him to task upon the sugar question.

Sterné bravely resumed the debate, which had to be carried on either before or behind the young girl, but always in such a manner that she did not lose a single word of it. It was enough to tire the patience even of a Deputy. At length, Lise could not help showing her impatience by sundry very significant starts. But Sterné was inexorable; to such a pitch of enthusiasm did he work himself and his adversary, on the subject of trade and importation, that M. Laloiné, who saw them discussing it so hotly, said:

'What are you talking about, gentlemen?'

'About the beet-root and sugar-cane,' said Lise, with a vexed air.

'Ha!' cried M. Laloiné; and, satisfied with the propriety of such a conversation, he paid no further attention to it.

But he was wrong; for, just then, Léonce, thinking it high time to commence his attack, said to his antagonist:

'Really, sir, I am afraid that our conversation must have proved very tiresome to the young lady; we will resume it hereafter.'

'Very willingly,' said the other, who perceived that he had allowed the whole of the first course to pass off without partaking of anything, and who was anxious to make up for lost time.

Lise, however, made no remark, and the fat grocer added, after swallowing a mouthful:

'Your mother is very right, Mademoiselle Lise, to say that men have lost all gallantry. Here are two of us, seated on either side of a young beauty, and we have nothing more interesting to talk about than molasses, instead of whispering to her a parcel of sweet things. There is some excuse for me, who am the father of a family; I have forgotten all about such things; but this young gentleman must have a lot of them at your service.'

'Come, sir, say something pretty to the ladies,' thought Léonce, who, not knowing what to say to her, and perceiving her pouting with some disdain, offered to fill her glass.

She accepted his offer, thanked him, and there the conversation stopped.

'Upon my word,' thought the lion, 'I am as

*Continued from page 7.

stupid as a flag-stone. I am sure Mr. Tirlot would behave more creditably than I do.'

He made an attempt; it was a desperate, though common-place one; it was necessary that he should talk about himself, in order to occupy her thoughts, and he said:

'Really, mademoiselle, I am very unfortunate.'

'In what respect, sir?'

'It is but twice that I have had the honor of seeing you, and I have already managed to incur your displeasure, three or four times.'

'Mine, sir!' said Lise, with a look of astonishment.

'Yours, madam. First, by arriving too late this morning; then, at the mayor's office, by not taking off my glove; and here, again, perhaps,' added he, in a lower tone, 'by coming too soon, and by—'

Bravo, noble lion! by not trying to be too cunning, you have succeeded better this time. Lise had, in fact, understood his meaning.

'Well, and by—' echoed she, fixing her eyes upon him.

'And,' added Léonce, with the truthful expression of a young man, 'by cheating M. Tirlot out of his seat!'

Lise colored, but the blush was accompanied by a smile.

In the first place, she had guessed rightly, and that was flattering to her; and in the second, the Marquis had played a regular school-boy's trick, in order to get a seat near her, and that was no less flattering. But this time she had some grounds for alarm; for, what object could the handsome marquis have in view in trying to get near her? The smile had scarce parted her lips, when it vanished, and was succeeded by a lively confusion.

Lise was too pure-minded to suspect that he harbored any sinister plans; but as she was a young girl in humble life, and he one of the white kids of the aristocracy, she said to herself, 'He is trying to make sport of me;' and she thereupon assumed an air that was very prim and demure.

'You see,' said Leonoe, 'it is evident that I have displeased you.'

'Oh, sir,' replied she, 'you or Mr. Tirlot are all one to me.'

Leonoe winced; the equation was not very complimentary, and he added rather impertinently:

'I rather think not.'

'Ah, indeed,' said Lise who began too think him too self-sufficient.

'Surely I do,' replied Leonoe, skillfully extricating himself from the dangerous pass. 'I am sure you would prefer Mr. Tirlot.'

Lise made no answer.

'He is one of your relations, is he not?' asked Leonoe.

'No, sir.'

'A friend of yours, perhaps?'

'No, sir.'

'A friend of Prosper's, then?'

'Yes, sir.'

'So much the better; there will be some compensation, then; and Prosper's friend Sterny will be tolerated for the sake of his friend Tirlot.'

'Oh,' said Lise, 'you are not a friend of Prosper's.'

'And why not? I like him very well.'

'Oh, that makes no difference.'

'I am ready at all times to serve him.'

'I don't doubt it; but that is not what I mean.'

'And I think he is sincerely attached to us.'

'Of that I am certain,' said Lise; 'nevertheless you know very well that you are not friends.'

'But what makes you think so?'

'Because,' said Lise, 'you are the Marquis de Sterny, and he is Prosper Gobillou, dealer in feathers.'

'That is very wrong what you say, Mademoiselle,' said Leonoe, with a liberal air.

'Why is it wrong?'

'Is it not tantamount to saying that my title makes me proud, disdainful, perhaps impertinent?'

'Ah, sir.'

'It is as much to say that I am unable to appreciate the honor and integrity of those who have not a similar title; it is almost enough to make me regret that I was born in a high station,

as if, in the days we live in, every one was not valued according to his merit and his works.'

Ah! lion, master-lion, what has become of the distinguishing attributes of your species? How! there you are giving utterance to sentiments worthy of the columns of the Constitutional, or the hero of a melo-drama—and in a serious tone, too!—oh! that your friends were but present to enjoy a hearty laugh at your expense, in which you would readily join if could only see yourself as you are. But you are actually serious in what you say?

And Lise replied affectionately, 'I thank you in Prosper's name for what you have said; he would have been gratified to hear it.'

'Oh, Prosper has long known me; we have been boys together: and he is not like you; he does not consider me a dandy, a lion.'

'What is the meaning of that, a lion?' asked Lise with a laugh.

'Why,' replied Sterny, 'it is a name given to those young men of the world who think they display their wit by sneering at everything, who pretend to despise all that does not appertain to their society, and whose chief occupation consists in idling away their time.'

The lion was forswearing his companion and his creed.

'Ah,' said Lise, 'I apprehend your meaning; but I beg you to believe that I had not so poor an opinion of you, Monsieur le Marquis.'

'Not quite so good an opinion of me; but still not a favorable one.'

'I can't say—I don't know,' said she hesitatingly.

'Oh, you owe me an answer; say what opinion have you of me?'

Lise still hesitated, but at length said, looking the lion full in the face with an expression of childish malice:

'Well, I will tell you if you will tell me why you took Mr. Tirlot's seat.'

Leonoe was puzzled; his answer might be decisive. He was lucky enough to think of a foolish answer and he gave it.

'I don't know,' said he.

Lise burst into such a fit of laughter that all the company turned to look at her.

'What's the matter, Lise? what's the matter, Mademoiselle?' were the questions asked from all quarters of the room.

'It is,' said Lise, 'because the Marquis—'

'Oh!' said Leonoe in a low tone to her, fearful that she was going to speak of the trick he had been playing, 'do not betray me.'

'What's the matter?' was re-echoed on all sides.

'Oh, nothing,' said she, moderating her laughter; 'it was merely a thought that struck me.'

'Why, Lise!' said her mother, with a frown that implied a whole lecture.

'Let her laugh as much as she pleases,' said Mr. Laloin; 'it is nothing more than natural at her age. The time will soon come when she will be serious enough.'

The time was come already. Lise felt that she had gone too far, when Leonoe whispered to her:

'I thank you for having kept our secret.'

'What secret, sir?'

'That of my stratagem to get a seat near you.'

'It was not worth taking so much trouble about,' said she, coldly.

'And yet it cost me a great deal of trouble,' said Leonoe.

And he forthwith proceeded to give her a graphic and amusing account of the manner in which he effected his stratagem, and of his alarm whenever he heard a noise at the door. Lise looked to him half laughing, half angry, and then asked:

'And you did all this without knowing why?'

'Oh, yes, I do know why, though,' said Leonoe with some emotion.

'Indeed!' cried Lise.

'Yes, but I dare not tell it you.'

'Not to me?'

'No, not to you.'

'You are trifling with me, Monsieur le Marquis.'

'If I tell it to you, will you be offended with me?'

'Why,' answered Lise, 'that is more than I can tell; it will depend very much on what you are going to say. Oh, never mind, I don't care about hearing what it was.'

Then it was clear that she knew all about it. But that was not what the lion wanted: he wanted to speak if it were only to be listened to; he therefore began in a whisper:

'You must know that this evening—'

'There, there,' cried Lise, interrupting him quickly, 'Mr. Tirlot is going to sing.'

'He is very ridiculous, that gentleman,' said Leonoe, very much vexed at finding himself cut short just as he fancied himself on the point of making a declaration of love.

'Ridiculous!' repeated Lise, with a dignified air, 'and why so, Monsieur le Marquis?'

Leonoe saw his fault; he had unconsciously relapsed into lion-hood; and, again embarrassed, he answered abruptly:

'I don't like Mr. Tirlot.'

'Why so?'

'I have a spite against him.'

'But for what reason?'

Leonoe laughed at himself, and getting clear as well as he could of the difficulty in which he had involved himself, he replied:

'In the first place, because he is groomsman, and because he had a right to offer you his arm this morning.'

'That right did not avail him much, I think,' said Lise smiling.

'In the second place, because he was given a seat next to you.'

'And he kept his seat very well,' said Lise in the same tone.

'And lastly, because he will dance the first quadrille with you.'

'Alas!' said Lise, 'he forgot to engage me.'

'Then I will dance with you in his stead.'

'How! you in his stead?'

'Oh,' said Leonoe with a frank gaiety, 'I am resolved to cheat him out of everything; and if I were close enough to him, I would slip away his plate and drink his wine.'

'Ah! that poor Mr. Tirlot!' cried Lise with true confidence.

'We dance the first quadrille together, don't we?'

'Since it is so settled,' said Lise.

'Poor Mr. Tirlot!' cried Sterny, carried away by the success of his gaiety, 'I should like to even cut him out of his song.'

'That would be difficult,' said Lise, 'for there he is going to begin.'

'Never mind,' whispered Sterny to her, 'I shall contest the palm with him.'

'You will?'

'You shall see.'

Mr. Tirlot began; there were four verses, which were defective neither in quantity nor in rhyme, and which celebrated:

- 1st. Madam Laloin;
- 2d. Monsieur Laloin;
- 3d. Miss Laloin, now Mrs. Gobillou;
- 4th. Gobillou.

Every one had a share.

The song was received with acclamation, and the most touching transports. Mr. Tirlot was triumphant; Lise felt some emotion, she applauded him and was sorry that she was going to deprive him of the first quadrille.

But Sterny was in a happy vein; he touched Lise gently on the elbow, and whispered to her,

'Say that I am going to sing too.'

Lise rose, held forth her pretty hand, and every one was silent, expecting her to favor them with some new song. But when she bespoke silence for the marquis, there were cries of astonishment and congratulations for his amiability.

Sterny was playing a desperate game: he might be ridiculous even for those people—he was so in his own eyes, and he felt it. He rushed headlong upon the danger in order to hasten the catastrophe.

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' said he, 'it is not a song, but some verses that seem wanting to complete the witty production of Mr. Tirlot.'

Mr. Tirlot bowed.

'Listen! let's have it!' came from all sides.

Sterny began to sing with almost as much

confidence as Mr. Tirlot himself, first addressing Mr. and Madam Laloiné.

'The right divine, vouchsafed to few below,
'To fill the measure of another's joy,
Can warm the heart with a celestial glow,
And wrap the soul in bliss without alloy.'

'This night by you most surely is possessed,'
(Pointing to Prosper Gobillon and his bride,)

'Since we behold this young and happy pair,
Whose mutual ardor you have fondly blessed,
Whose present bliss has been your chiefest care.'

(To Mr. and Madam Laloiné.)

'Your heavenly task is not quite yet achieved,'

(Turning to Lise,)

'For on seeing Lise it must be still confessed,
There lives, if this fond heart can be believed,
One mortal to be most supremely blest.'

Oh, lion! extempore verses from you, and at a wedding among shopkeepers! Ah, lion, how cheap you make yourself. Poor lion!

Léonce had no time to think of the consequences; for he had hardly ended his song when the whole table shook with applause, bravos, clapping of hands and stamping of feet. Lise, who was quite taken by surprise, concealed her blushes by inclining her head; Madam Laloiné, with tears in her eyes, rose from her seat to go and kiss her daughter, saying:

'That's true, Mr. Tirlot, you had forgotten my Lise.'

Mr. Laloiné, much moved, came in for his share in these embraces, and holding out his hand to Léonce, said with deep feeling:

'I thank you, monsieur le marquis, thank you, thank you.'

Then the mother thanked him, and he was congratulated on all sides. This created a momentary uproar, during which every one had risen from the table, while Gobillon cried out:

'To the ball room! There is already company in it.'

Léonce offered Lise his arm; she took it, but he felt that her hand trembled.

She experienced some confusion and awkwardness, but she appeared neither sad nor out of humor.

'Did I displease you with my song, too?' asked Léonce.

'Oh, no,' answered she gently, 'it gave pleasure to my father and my mother.'

'And to you?'

'I—I think it was very pretty,' said she with downcast eyes.

She then quietly disengaged her arm to go up to some of her young friends who were already in the ball-room, whom Mr. and Madam Laloiné had welcomed, and to whom they were explaining the cause of the enthusiastic applause which had shaken the Blue Dial to its very foundations.

'Is it true,' said the young girls, crowding round Lise, 'is it true that the handsome marquis sang some verses about you.'

Had this question been asked in an affectionate manner, Lise would probably have denied it; but the phrase '*handsome marquis*,' was spoken so enviously that she replied with some affectation:

'Yes, it is true.'

'It seems you have made a conquest of him,' said one who was very ugly.

'And no doubt he has made a conquest of you?' said another.

'Who knows?' answered Lise, who began to think her young friends very impertinent.

'For my part,' said a third, 'I intend to be engaged the whole evening, so as to be able to refuse to dance with him.'

'You needn't take that trouble,' said the ugly one; 'those white kids never dance.'

'Pardon me, young ladies, they do, sometimes,' said Stern who had approached them unseen, from behind a group of men. He offered his hand to Lise, saying with an air of profound respect:

'I hope, mademoiselle, that you have not forgotten your promise to me for the first quadrille?'

'No, sir, no,' answered Lise holding out her hand to him.

That hand still trembled!

The music struck up the signal bars, and Stern and Lise took their places.

Lise was beautiful—beautiful as we imagine the angels to be, with the saint-like serenity of innocence, and the blissful repose of candor.

Her beauty had dazzled Stern, and he had long contemplated it, merely as an agreeable sight, and as an admirable attribute that exalted, as it were, the human form, by investing it with so much splendor and grace.

But at this moment, Lise, trembling by his side, seemed to him far more beautiful than ever. Her countenance—so pure!—wore an indescribable expression of happiness, of fear, and of surprise. The heart of this young girl experienced an unwanted emotion which at once delighted and alarmed her. Her bosom had throbbled with a strange pulsation, as if some portion of her being had hitherto remained dormant, and was now just starting into life.

The Creator has twice endowed woman with this unspeakable emotion: when she first finds that she is beloved, and when she first discovers that she is a mother. But no pencil can paint, no pen describe the tremulous ecstasy that irradiated the features of Lise; and Stern, while gazing on her, underwent its thrilling influence without being able to account for the singular fascination he experienced. He tried to speak to her, and his voice failed him; she attempted to answer, and hers died away.

Thus passed the whole of that quadrille between them, and it was not until he was leading her to her seat that he remembered that he was about to be separated from her; he therefore whispered:

'Do you waltz, Miss Lise?'

'Oh, no, sir, no,' said she with a motion of the head, which plainly meant that waltzing was a pleasure beyond her hopes, as a young girl.

'In that case, I must solicit the honor of your hand for another quadrille,' said Léonce.

'I am engaged for a great many,' said Lise; 'but . . . but mamma said I might dance the gallopade.'

'Shall it be the gallop, then?'

'Yes,' said Lise, 'the first. But, in the meantime you will dance with others, will you not?'

'With you alone!'

'With my sister, at least,—I beg of you,' said Lise in an uneasy and supplicating tone.

'With the bride?' said Léonce, 'you are right, and I thank you for reminding me of my duty.'

'And I thank you for consenting to perform it,' said Lise with a sweet smile of intelligence.

Léonce left her with her mother and withdrew to another room. In spite of himself, he felt happy. Happy! and why so? Because he had ruffled the peace of mind of that young girl!—A pitiful triumph indeed for a man before whose lion eye had quailed these women, the boldest of their sex, who were accustomed to laugh at everything, and to dare everything, even to brave scandal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFICALLY OBSCURE.—The late Dr. Wilson, senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, though a very grave man himself, was fond of quizzing and puzzling the country folks who came to inquire after their relatives and friends in the college. One day seeing a man standing in the court, with a letter in his hand gaping and staring about, and not knowing where to go, he walked to him gravely and inquired what he wanted. The man answered: 'Sir can you tell me where I may find Dr. Delaunoy?' 'Yes,' said the doctor; 'do you see the building before you?' 'Yes.' 'Then crucify this quadrangle, and take the diameter of the plot beyond it, enter the opening before you, and ascend the ligneous grades; then turn to your left, and you will find him either peripatounding in his cubicle, dormitating in his lectory, or periscopounding through his fenestra.' The poor man, who understood nothing of all this, and not remembering one word but the last, said, 'And pray, sir, what is the fenestra?' To which the doctor replied: 'It is an orifice in an edifice to admit luminous particles.' 'Oh! thank you,' said the poor fellow, and walked off more perplexed than before.

A gentleman meeting an old friend, whom he had not seen for a long time, congratulated him on coming into possession of a large landed estate. 'There was such a report,' replied the other, 'but you may depend that it was quite groundless.'

Original Poetry.

ISADORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

BY REV. BRO. NELSON BROWN.

FATE has doomed us now to part;
Yet with thee I leave my heart.

Isadore, Isadore—
Bleeding heart!—and ever thine,
And thy soul must be its shrine,
Evermore, evermore.

Vain, ah! vain, is our regret
That on earth we ever met,
Isadore, Isadore—
Yet in blissful memory
Our full love shall ever be.
Evermore, evermore.

Like a gentle star of night,
Like a ray of holy light,
Isadore, Isadore,
Shall that memory ever seem;
Mid life's darkness it shall beam,
Evermore, evermore.

Hope's bright star with us has set—
(Thy sweet eyes with tears are wet,
Isadore, Isadore—)
Let us lift our thoughts on high;
Let us still in Heaven rely,
Evermore, evermore.

Fate has doomed us now to part—
Keep, oh, keep my bleeding heart,
Isadore, Isadore—
Let us kneel and humbly pray
Heaven to guide us on our way,
Evermore, evermore.

Solemn as a fun'ral knell,
Soon will sound the last farewell,
Isadore, Isadore—
O'er the wild and foaming sea
Where I go—remember me
Evermore, evermore.

Once again, before we part;
Lip to lip, and heart to heart,
Isadore, Isadore—
Wild the rapture!—but 'tis past—
Now farewell!—it is the last,
Evermore, evermore!

HOWLETT PLACE, JAN., 1849.

ETHICS IN RHYMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

BY KATE WARE.

"All can do good"—each talent given
Is but a charge received from Heaven
For some good use; and each one must
Return with interest full that trust.

Ye who have wealth, 'tis but a loan,
God never meant it all your own;
He gave it you, not to abuse,
But, for some purpose good, to use.

Look round and see the poor who need
Your kindly care,—them clothe and feed,
Relieve their wants, and let it be
Done with fraternal sympathy.

Pause when you see a child of shame,
And try the wanderer to reclaim.
Christ did not hesitate to win
The erring Magdalen from sin.

He who's the Son of God by birth
Was ne'er an idler while on earth;
And He has said, "whatever ye
Do in my name ye do for me."

English Magazine Literature.

THE YOUNG QUEEN AND HER LOVERS.

A LEGEND OF OLD SPAIN.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

AMONG Spain's earlier prose romances, whose name, like that of her plays and ballads, may truly be termed 'legion,' to say nothing of the lavish chronicles of her kings—so abounding in that most chivalrous and pugnacious of all European lands—we occasionally meet with a story which, while it strikes the fancy, lays claim to much of the interest as well as the tone of the gravity belong to a narrative of real events. One or two of the incidents, likewise, seem to bear so curiously upon the more modern young Andromache—the fight of princely men for the honor of a Spanish sovereign's hand—that we are compelled to give it royal precedence in our new invasion of the great storehouse of novel adventures and most wild national exploits.

Be it known, then, agreeably to the ingenious, if not altogether veracious record of our anonymous chronicler, that there once flourished a young princess of surpassing beauty, and the enviable heiress to all the states—how few or many we are left to conjecture—not then under the absolute dominion of that dreaded race of fiery eastern zealots, the ferocious and terrible Moor. The royal father of the fair Adeliza, who had resisted his enemies rather by ruse and stratagem, and by exciting the different chiefs and races against each other, than by any bold and open feats of arms, left her, from that very policy in which he was so wily a master, in an extremely dangerous position at the early age of ten years.

In such circumstances, and left under the guardianship of a still young and imperious mother—though empowered to contract a marriage at the age of fourteen with any prince or noble subject considered fully capable of defending her rights—there was perhaps more to be dreaded from the fierce competition of native daring and arrogance to compass royal favors, than even from the power of her swarthy and bigoted adversaries. Then the intrigues of the queen-mother, unlike those of her deceased consort, were calculated to embroil friends rather than enemies, and she was far too intent upon her own ambitious views and love of sensual pleasures to consult the real welfare of her royal daughter. Thus her heartless policy, instead of giving strength to her cause, tended to corrupt as well as to rule her. It was the surest means of perpetuating her own influence over the conflicting parties as they succeeded each other, whichever of them might succeed in gaining the ascendant. Her own pleasure and love of plunder were the actuating motives which, by the power of example, spread themselves through all classes and departments of the state, and, opening fresh inroads to the most wily foreign enemy, split the best defenders of the throne into the most deadly factions, which wasted their native dominions, in preference to attacking those of the enemy.

Such destructive and abandoned conduct, nevertheless, could not prevent several brave and determined suitors making their appearance when the fair heiress had barely attained her thirteenth year. Instead of discouraging their views the false queen, or, more properly speaking, step-mother, looked forward to intrigue, quarrels, and the early disposal of her daughter's hand, as a fresh source of her evil influence and means of obtaining a decided and irresistible power over the mind and will of the youthful queen. First among the brave accomplished chiefs who aspired to seize the prize, and to become the sire of a new and splendid dynasty, was a young noble of unsullied blood and worth, but neither wealthy nor of the highest family and titles. But his other qualifications were unexceptionable, especially in the eyes of a young, artless, and gentle girl, queen though she were; for the exploits of Don Estevan de Zuniga were equalled only by the lofty qualities of his mind, the graces

of his person, and the rare captivation of his manners. Need we add that he was not without competitors, who vied with and hated him in proportion to his superior deserts, and most of all because the royal and beautiful Adeliza could not behold him with feelings of indifference. The most formidable of these rivals was Juan, the young King of Portugal, a prince of warlike character, who, sooner than resign the hope of a double sceptre, graced with the charms of so fair a bride, would dare to enforce his pretensions with the sword. Next to him ranked a young noble of high family, of distinguished bravery and worth, but considerably younger than either of his two more powerful rivals, having yet scarcely fleshed his maiden sword in the glorious wars against the Moors, and not yet attained his nineteenth year. Boasting higher and purer blood, Don Alfonso de Pacheco saw, with inexpressible feelings of scorn and hate, the evident partiality fast ripening into young passion, with which his lovely sovereign viewed his less high-born, but for all knightly accomplishments, far-renowned opponent.

Nor was Don Estevan himself blind to the lofty fortune, the glorious hopes, the ineffable charm, which opened to his view in the dawning love, the singular favor, evinced by the delight she took in his society; of her whose throne he of all pre-eminently upheld by his dauntless and successful valor. Alike incited by passion and by ambition, he fostered by every art, and fanned the youthful fire, as if to deter all approach, maintaining the advantage of the position he had won with a cautious jealousy and suspicion, which showed at once the extent of his ambition and of his fears. Still less he dreaded the threatening pretensions of the king than the fiery nature of the proud incensed Alfonso, and the secret favors lavished on him, and the open support given to his claim by the intriguing queen-mother. But in his ardent and vigorous mind all obstacles had only the effect of impelling him to bolder and greater enterprises; while in every field, no less than in the joust, in the bull-ring, and in all the most daring and dangerous encounters of the Moorish duel, he saw the proud Alfonso either at his side, or most frequently dashing headlong through the ranks before him, madly eager to snatch from him the palm of glory when just within his grasp.—Though others among the bravest and noblest shrank not from preferring their suit and pressing their claims with reckless hardihood at the feet of the royal beauty, yet they could not conceal from themselves that the grand chance lay between the three more powerful competitors mentioned. Thus they gradually drew aloof, like mere spectators, to observe the issue of the battle, or formed themselves into parties to advocate the superior merits of one or other of the rivals.

It was clear to them as well, that the fiery Alfonso now fast treading on his rival's steps—and often surpassing him in deeds of wild and extraordinary daring, striking terror to the hearts of the invading foe—would not long brook the ripening and avowed love of the young queen for his acknowledged rival. What added to his extreme hate and scorn was the lofty demeanor of Don Estevan, who treated his younger rival's pretensions with marked indifference or silent contempt.

As time wore on, and the success of Don Estevan, now esteemed the guardian of the throne, the jealous rage of the proud Alfonso knew no bounds. The period for the marriage of the young queen, directed by the will of the deceased monarch, was nigh at hand. Don Estevan was received and honored as her future consort; the fair Adeliza's early admiration of her lover had matured into a strong and fixed affection, and on that only point it was in vain that the wily queen mother passionately opposed and protested against it. She at once feared and hated the noble chief who aspired to her daughter's hand, for he had not concealed his opinion of her character and conduct; and she felt, that when elevated to the highest honor and position in the state, her reign of ambition and plunder, if not of pleasure, would be of short duration. Deadly in her resentments, the opposition to her will supported by a powerful party, headed by

Don Estevan, was a blow to her ambition she could not tolerate, she resolved at whatever hazard to maintain her ascendancy, force the inclinations of the young queen, and rid herself by one decided blow of her dreaded enemy. She knew she could rely upon the deep hate fostered by Don Alfonso against his favored rival; but she was aware, also, of his noble and fearless nature, and that he might hesitate to secure the prize he coveted by any foul and unknighly deed. Neither his moral courage nor his qualities to command were equal to those of his competitor; she saw that he feared and hesitated, dreading to brave at once the power of the young queen and of a powerful rival and his party, supported by the people, by the commission of any outrageous act. No time, then, was to be lost; she summoned the indignant noble to a secret council, who, scorning while compelled by his own passions to be in league with her, hurried to the appointment, maddened by a thousand contending emotions.

On observing Don Alfonso's pale and haggard looks—he had just heard of another victory gained by his hated rival—she started at the spectre of disappointed love and ambition which presented itself. Then, far from showing sympathy, she exclaimed, in a voice of fierce concentrated passion:

'Are you a man, and not ashamed to appear thus before me? Go, I despise you, for I see you are already prepared by those submissive lacquy looks to become the puppet and the drudge—the subject of a subject.'

So biting was the tone of contempt, followed by the mocking fiendish laugh in which she thus vented her malignant pleasure, that, seized with sudden surprise, succeeded by an access of jealous rage, the mad Alfonso clapped his hand on his sword, and half drew it from its scabbard.

'Oh, brave knight,' she exclaimed; 'oh, man, ever worthy of thyself, ever fearing to strike thy equal, but ready by siege, or sap, or mine, to make woman thy victim, to kill where thou darest; and where thou darest not, to tyrannise over, to torture, neglect and insult her.'

This had the desired effect; the man was at her mercy; speechless, disarmed, and prepared to do her will; and he humbly craved her pardon. She granted it with a joyous and imperious smile—her sovereign pleasure was gratified. She had but to speak, and he was at her feet.

'You goad me to madness,' exclaimed Alfonso; 'spare me, I cannot bear your scorn! Speak, what can I do to escape it, and compass love and ambition?'

'Remove the obstacle, ere too late; there are a thousand ways where there is one will; if you love power—the hand of a queen—are you afraid to venture?'

'By heavens, no! Speak, shall I kill him?'

'You have said it,' she replied, with the coolest manner, 'not I; but it were better to act than to say. Yet if he die, why need it be by your hand? May not people die without any one divining the cause of death? How natural it is to die.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the noble youth, 'I comprehend you. Poison—the dagger—secret treason. Never, while I bear a sword, will I so dishonor myself, even for love and ambition—how much less for an enemy whom my soul abhors.'

'Then let him live and wed his pretty sovereign, and teach thee how to obey him.'

'Those words are his death-warrant,' replied the incensed chief; 'he or I will cease to exist within the hour; but one or both will fall with honor in open field.'

'Right,' returned the other; 'fools pass on and are punished. Embroil the world for a girl and a rival, when one quiet sign would remove every obstacle.'

'Thanks!' exclaimed the now really grateful youth; 'your highness has brought the matter to a crisis; it shall be done, but not in the mode you insinuate.'

'Beware! he has a sword. I cannot afford to lose you. You are very dear; at least you know you are useful to me.'

'That doubt,' returned the fiery soldier, 'at once decides me. You shall soon behold this sword stained with our arch-enemy's life blood—or see me no more.'

With these words, spite of her affected efforts to detain him, he rushed forth to seek the life of him who, as a chief and a soldier, he was bound to obey.

Well aware that should Don Estevan fall he would be compelled to take to flight, the first thing he did was to provide for his safety and support during a temporary banishment. He at once dispatched all his personal and available property, money, jewels, &c., to the nearest border town to await his arrival, and compelled to cross the frontier into France.

Then having arranged the most pressing of his worldly affairs, and provided for his friends and numerous dependents, he coolly proceeded towards the residence of his detested rival.

It was time; for the royal nuptials, unknown to him, had been already fixed upon; they were to be celebrated on the very day that he was himself destined to resume his command in a distant province. The appointment was just made. Of this, too, he heard upon his way; and almost the ensuing minute stood confronting the very being on whom his thousand imaginary causes of wrong were now concentrated.

The favored lover would have passed on with a smile, half scorn, half pity, which rendered the other speechless with rage and jealousy. He could only draw, and beckon to his laughing foe to do the same.

'Forbear!' cried Don Estevan, 'I do not wish to kill you. I have no cause to wish you ill; besides, you are younger, less experienced; I am yet your chief in war; you ought to obey me. Sheathe your sword, and spare your life.'

'Ah, craven villain! Low-born, presumptuous as you are, dare you pity me? Thou tremble for thy own vile life. Seducer! traitor! draw, or I will slay thee where thou stand'st.'

'What! art thou so tired of thy life, boy?' exclaimed Don Estevan; 'yet I will only punish thee by winning thy sword and granting thy life. Now, then!'

'And at it they indeed went,' says the chronicler, 'with right good will; the one attacking, the other parrying, with the skill of expert swordsmen, such as they were.' In the mad heat and fury of his onset, Don Alfonso, not yet cool enough to guard, almost beat down that of his brave opponent. The wish of the latter, who esteemed him for his many proofs of reckless daring and good service in the field, and felt for his extreme youth, was really to spare him, and became the cause of his own destruction. Acting coolly and cautiously on the defensive, he allowed Don Alfonso to exhaust the wild vigor of his attack, without once drawing blood, when, assuming the offensive, he succeeded in wounding him in the arm, and was making an admirable feint, so as to disarm him at the next pass, when his foot, slipping over the blood of his now faint, retreating foe, he fell forward, and ere he could recover himself the rapier of Don Alfonso had passed through and through him. Nay, he continued to stab his hated rival after death, as if his deadly rage and jealousy could never be satiated; and he stamped upon the quivering limbs, losing all sense of knightly honor, nor feeling that he had really committed the act of an assassin, owing his triumph to an accident, and thus involuntarily fulfilling the injunctions of the cruel queen-mother to take his foe at secret advantage. As his extreme rage abated, and he gazed on the noble features of the dead, a strange misgiving of the kind came over him; a strange and nameless terror at the idea of having stained his own fame, though no one saw, no one could know the unknighly deed of so stabbing a foeman on the ground, and at his mercy, and he felt, too, in consequence of that foe's own generous wish to save him. All flashed upon him like the sudden light of heaven upon a dark scene of murder—and he trembled. In the very hour of victory, in the fixed giant grasp of gratified love and ambition, he blushed for shame, and groaned in the remorse of his dishonored spirit, as he bore his dripping sword to gratify the cruel eyes of the queen-mother.

'Joy! joy!' she exclaimed; 'but you, too, bleed.'

'Would to God!' exclaimed the wretched man, 'that it were all my blood, or that I had shed his more fairly. You are too well obeyed.'

'Fool! you look like the vanquished, not the victor. But is he dead—quite dead?'

'He will trouble no one but myself more in this world,' he answered, sadly. 'Alas! I forgot it was he who first taught me the way to victory—who guided my youth—who encouraged, promoted, ay, and now I recall it, more than once shielded me in the hour of peril; the very mirror of our knighthood, the throne's guardian, and the glory of our land. Madman! what have I done!' and he sighed, and spoke, as if unconscious of another's presence.

'Are you a man to win a queen and throne?' exclaimed the queen mother with scorn. 'Away! you are in no mood to reap the fruits of victory; you must consult your safety for a time, and leave me to act for you.'

'You are right,' he replied, starting, as if out of a horrid dream. 'I will away to France; this ground will not bear—this air will stifle me; he will haunt my steps in battle; but there I can again face death, and love it.'

And he who had dreamed to crown all his hopes by a deed of blood, became a wanderer, self-banished, before he had heart even to challenge his fallen rival's place and fortune. He knew that he had been guilty of a base ungrateful act; it made him a coward; and, as if to fly from himself, he fled.

CHAPTER II.

THE fall of the consort-elect, the favorite alike of chiefs, soldiers, and people, was not an event to be concealed, even from her destined most to suffer by it in the loss of one whom she loved with all the enthusiasm of her country—whom she looked up to as the great champion of her crown. But the indignation of the sovereign equalled the keen sorrow of the woman, and perhaps enabled her to sustain the cruel blow, which, deprived of the power of retributive punishment, might have produced a fatal effect. As it was, she gave way to a degree of poignant grief and despair, that made all most faithfully attached to her tremble for her life. Her enemies were elated; they were freed from the two chiefs whom they most feared, and prepared to recover all the strong places of which they had been deprived. The friends of Don Estevan, likewise, supported by the people, cried aloud for vengeance; the author of the foul assassination, as it was denounced, was known, and his guilt attested by his flight. A heavy price was put upon the head of the traitor; every means of discovering his retreat, and bringing him to punishment, was adopted, but still without effect. Since his sudden flight he had never once been seen nor heard of, either in Spain or France, and many concluded that he had been set upon by robbers—entered the service of the Moors—nay, in his rage of disappointed love and ambition, perhaps put a period to his own days.

As time flew, and the grief of the young queen became somewhat mitigated—though not the desire of revenge, which for such an offense never yet slept in a royal bosom—she adopted other and more effectual means. It was made a public decree that the man who should bring the assassin of her betrothed lover, dead or alive, from that hour became the partner of her throne and bed—a resolution which proved that, however a first love may be ineffaceable, there reigns a yet stronger passion in woman's breast. Vengeance for outraged love and power at once has no rival.

It is astonishing what a degree of energy and activity this singular decree infused into all the authorities, chiefs, magistrates, soldiers, police—all but the women were quickly upon the alert—till there was hardly a hole or corner of all Europe that escaped a search. More time elapsed, but no traitor Don Alfonso turned up. Assuredly had he not adopted a most ingenious disguise, passing under the name of Pedro of Arragon, and little dreaming then of becoming the founder of a dynasty, he must have been captured a hundred times, and equivalent to being hanged, drawn, and quartered, shot to death, as a vile renegade traitor, in the back.

By means of previously transferring the property to which we have alluded, Don Pedro—we must now call him—contrived to live in comparative ease and affluence for a Spanish refugee.

While thus picking his teeth for about six years, and watching the course of events, the old Moors were making terrific inroads upon the conquests before wrested from them by the brave cavaliers. Since their disappearance there had been a sad lack of true knightly spirits "without fear or reproach;" the sudden loss of two such chiefs, and the advantage taken of it by the enemy, having so cowed all minds, that to believe a cotemporary chronicler, "there hardly appeared a single true knight in Spain for the space of those six years. Nor was this the worst of all, for presuming upon the defenseless state of the young queen—she was hardly yet more than twenty—the jealous and ambitious lover of her dominions, her neighbor—King of Portugal, resolved to lay siege to her in her capital, and extend his sovereign power over all Spain—as fast, at least, as it was unoccupied by the Moors. Embassies, and presents, and prayers, had proved alike vain, and his chief rivals being removed, he conceived he had a paramount right both to the young queen and to the country, and consequently a right royal right 'to do what he would with his own.'

At all events, King Juan raised a most formidable power, that especially for one so fat and lazy, who had never wielded lance since his father chased out the Moors, made both Christians and infidels marvel at the new prodigy, and what might be about to happen. Sitting down before old Toledo, then Spain's capital—and he occupied a large seat—there he quietly waited, till, by dint of low diet and cutting off every lady-like comfort whatever, the fair prey should fall into his own huge maw of its own accord.

But true to Don Estevan's memory, the young queen was resolved rather to die than to surrender at discretion to such an uncourteous lover. In reply to his repeated summons she issued her former decree, adding, that he must first go and bring her the head of Don Alfonso before she could consent to accept him as her consort, and raise him to a Spanish throne. But at length, as provisions ran short, and she began to experience all the 'désagrémens' of a real siege, she conceived such an invincible dislike to that style of making love and to the barbarian lover, as to wish and pray that some one would come to raise the siege, though it might be the hated Don Alfonso himself. Nay, a visit from the Moors would have been almost welcome, if to free her from the persecution of so uncourteous a neighbor, who, besides, being horribly fat and ugly, had a hateful knack of imprisoning his wives, and, worse than Bluebeard, never permitting them to consult their taste except in the choice of a bowl, a dagger, or a bowstring.

Now, in this dilemma, it so fell out that the false Don Pedro, who had full leisure to observe the progress of affairs, was sieged with a lively compassion on hearing the sufferings of his sovereign lady and the invasion of his native land. Having expiated his crimes by a painful pilgrimage on foot to the Holy Land, and laid many a villainous Paynim low, love and ambition began to reanimate his breast. With the same fervor of soul which first plunged him into misfortune, he was resolved to show what a single spirit could achieve in a great cause, when spurred on by desire of fame and honor. To effect the deliverance of the fair sovereign he still adored before he appeared in his real character, was his favorite project. Nor could he easily be recognised. He had increased in stature, had suffered his beard to grow to an enormous length, and looked at least twenty years older. He appeared half Mahometan and half Frenchman, speaking the French tongue with fluency, and adopting the costume of a French officer. He had amassed considerable wealth by his two years' campaigns in the East, and, with the aid of some nobles and princes of his adopted land, succeeded in equipping a fine army, composed of the adventurers of different nations, the head of which he rapidly crossed the Pyrenees. Advancing by forced marches towards Toledo, he sent forth scouts, followed by flying columns, to give notice to the besieged town that succor was at hand. Upon taking up a position within a league's distance from the Portuguese power, he dispatched a letter by a winged messenger—then most frequently employed in emergencies

of love and war—a carrier-pigeon, belonging to the queen's palace. This letter contained a request to know the sovereign's will, and whether she would grant him a commission to attack the king's army and raise the siege, and, as matters seemed rather pressing, by the return of the pigeon-post. Imagine the delight of the beleaguered young beauty, when she just began to despair of saving her honor and her crown. In reply she assured 'the gallant cavalier that, whoever he might be, he appeared to her an angel of light; and the sooner he became the destroying angel of the rude invader and his army, the better she should be pleased.' Don Pedro, equally gratified, set about this agreeable task with the most consummate skill and prudence. His metamorphosis as a chief had been complete; he was now, after his experience with the wily soldans of Asia, one of the most cool and calculating of commanders; and, instead of rushing headlong at once into all kinds of peril, he began, the better to mask his real object, by negotiating, and offering almost submissive terms to the fat king. The ruse took; the conditions were all but signed, when Don Pedro secretly conveyed to the queen his resolution of attacking on the ensuing day, conjuring her to let the garrison at the same time make a spirited sortie. Accordingly, ere daylight broke, the trumpets sounded, the tambours beat, and with the speed of light the simultaneous onset was commenced, and the terrified king and his slumbering camp found themselves enclosed between two fires; all was rout and confusion, and death confronted his victims in whatever direction they sought to fly. The insults and sufferings borne by the queen were amply avenged; and in the din and havoc that ensued, it was impossible that so fat and unwieldy a personage as the king should escape. Besides, it was a point of honor with Don Pedro to capture him, and to present him as a '*bonne bouche*,' in order to ingratiate himself once more with his fair sovereign. So he carried his royal captive, bound in golden chains—at his own special prayer not to appear as a vulgar prisoner—into the presence of the victorious queen, to sue in another form—no longer dictating dishonor at the point of the sword, but an abject slave and prisoner. Who shall depict the grateful rapture of the liberated sovereign lady at the sight of her heroic deliverer? Far from recognising him as the assassin of her beloved Don Estevan, she lavished upon him every expression of praise and honor that a beautiful woman, just set free from the impending maw of an immense ogre, may be conceived capable of. The happy victor, on his side, assuming the name and character of a French noble of high rank, was careful to foster this agreeable delusion till he should be in a position to declare himself without risking her dreaded displeasure. The claims of the Sieur Bertrand de Lys (so he styled himself then) being so irresistible, he was at once advanced to the highest post in the kingdom, and finally made generalissimo of the queen's armies. With the ransom of King Juan he equipped a splendid host, recovered all the royal possessions, and carried terror into the most puissant strongholds and fastnesses of the invading Moors. Having subsequently leisure to play the courtier, he improved the occasion so well, that it soon became evident, had he only brought with him the head of the traitor Alfonso, the fair Adeliza would have felt little objection to comply with the terms of her own decree.

The impression likewise made by the young queen upon the noble Bertrand could not be disguised even from herself. In this difficulty she had recourse to her former governess, a person of distinguished merit—for happily the queen-mother had taken her departure, or rather eloped after the obese and burly monarch, who, as he was foiled in obtaining the daughter and a new kingdom, revenged himself by marrying the mother, imprisoning, and finally dispatching her on a very distant mission—an honor she had by no means coveted. The sage lady of the bed-chamber, considering the solution of so knotty a point too much, as well as dangerous, for a single person, prudently summoned a council of matrons to confer upon the most eligible steps to be pursued, and how to relieve her majesty from her vow to wed only the avenger of her lost

lover. Need we say what was the result; that spite of consulting books of saints and codes of laws applicable to the question, they were still inclined 'to lean to mercy's side,' nay, advised the queen to wed her liberator without delay. Still the the vow, strengthened by the public decree, would not permit the sovereign lady to view the subject in so pleasant a light; and the royal confessor, not having yet received sufficient reasons for going over to the lady-majority, confirmed her majesty in her religious and conscientious scruples. What was to be done? Here was a pretty 'imbroglio' of things, of questions of intricacy, and wheels within wheels, sufficient to employ the wit of popes, synods, and casuists of every school for two or three centuries to come. What a pity, then, that Don Alfonso—he is about to appear under his old name, though in a new character—should so rudely cut the Gordian knot, which, by closer raveling, might have furnished ages with rich scholastic efforts and most ingenious theories of solution. Having been delicately made aware, through at least a thousand public channels, of the important nature of their private deliberations, he no longer hesitated; but inviting himself to the next privy council, at which the queen herself presided, bolder than a Clodius at the Mysteries, he thus boldly and openly addressed them:

'Most royal and adorable Adeliza, and all you noble and gentle dames, you are well aware, by bitter experience, how, for the space of six years there has not been seen a knight worthy of the name throughout all Spain; how the Moors have wasted and plundered, and even the Portuguese invaded and insulted our country. This was the will of God for the wickedness of the people, and of one most of all which now has been fully and thoroughly expiated. You know, likewise, how I rescued your majesty and my country at the last hour, not only from one, but from two most vindictive and potent enemies. I brought you a king in chains, and the heads of fifty Moorish chiefs, which now decorate the walls and temples of our beloved capital. But though such services may be thought to merit the highest and most glorious guerdon that a sovereign lady can confer upon a subject, yet far, my adored queen and noble ladies, be the thoughts of that subject from advising his sovereign lady to violate the lady vow she has uttered—to speak a lie and recall a public decree which pledged her hand and throne to the man of knightly order who should lay before her the head of him who slew in duel the famed and honored chief Don Estevan de Runiga. Let no such disloyal wish stain the breast of a loyal subject; rather let me adjure my royal mistress, by every bond of truth and honor, to adhere most firmly to a vow so taken, and to fulfil to the very least condition, in letter and in spirit, the full meaning of that decree in favor of the happy man who shall lay at her feet the head of the long banished and unhappy Don Alfonso. Here is the happy man who alone has succeeded in accomplishing the feat—in fulfilling all your wishes—I have brought you the hated head of the traitor. I lay it lowly at my sweet and ever-loved and adored sovereign's feet, to await her dread pleasure for weal or for woe. Strike, if it be your royal will,' he cried, presenting his sword, and baring his breast scarred with wounds, 'but let me perish by your own hand. Do you hesitate? Do you weep? Then, on the faith of your own vow and dread decree, I claim that hand. Oh, believe me, it was only the excess of my passion for you—to be first and greatest, as I have proved, in my power to serve you, defend you, and strike terror to your enemies—that stinging me into madness, led me to commit a deed which I ceased not to deplore, and have more than expiated by suffering and remorse.'

The queen had loved before she recognised Don Alfonso, and it is not difficult to surmise the rest.

'I was reduced to despair,' she replied; 'you rescued me from infamy, and my kingdom from destruction; you have won me fairly in the open field, and you have complied moreover with the strictest terms of the decree—you have brought me the head of Don Alfonso—I still see it at my feet. I am bound by my vow, and am yours now and for ever.'

Selected Poetry.

THE LUXURY OF LUXURIES.

BY W. HURTON.

Go, thou, and wipe away the tear which dims the widow's eye
Be a father to the fatherless, and still the orphan's sigh;
Help thou thy brother in distress with open hand and heart;
But do thou this when seen by none, save him who dwells apart.

Rejoice with those of spirit glad, upraise the drooping head,
And to the wretched let thy words bring back the hope long fled;

Forgive us as thou wouldst be forgiven, and for thy fellows
Be happy in the happiness thou canst to others give. [Live
These are the heavenly luxuries the poorest can enjoy;
These are the blissful banquets of which men never cloy.
Rich and poor, old and young, know this as ye should—
The luxury of luxuries is that of doing good!

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

HERE is a little golden tress
Of soft, unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time has dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet, still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling springs;
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh, sunny tress, the joyous brow
Where thou didst lightly wave,
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave;
That cheek is of its bloom bereft,
That eye no more is gay;
Of all thy beauties thou art left
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very morn,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years, and yet it seems too soon
To let this heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still, within my mind,
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice a prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung:
Her life, 'twas like a half-blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even,
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opens the gates of Heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms to the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then, I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet, when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears;
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But tears are on its lustre—there,
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who, then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?

Extracts from *New Works*.

MAUCAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CROMWELL'S PURITAN ARMY.

THE army which now became supreme in the state was an army very different from any that has since been seen among us. At present the pay of the common soldier is not such as to seduce any but the humble class of English laborers from their calling. A barrier almost impassable separates him from the commissioned officer. The great majority of those who rise high in the service rise by purchase. So numerous and extensive are the remote dependencies of England, that every man who enlists in the line must expect to pass many years in exile, and some years in climates unfavorable to the health and vigor of the European race. The army of the Long Parliament was raised for home service. The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people; and, if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to attain high commands. The ranks were accordingly composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude. These persons, sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect, had been induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by the love of novelty and license, not by the arts of recruiting officers, but by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction and promotion. The boast of the soldiers, as we find it recorded in their solemn resolutions, was, that they had not been forced into the service, nor had enlisted chiefly for the sake of lucre, that they were no janissaries, but freeborn Englishmen, who had, of their own accord, put their lives in jeopardy for the liberties and religion of England, and whose right and duty it was to watch over the welfare of the nation which they had saved.

A force thus composed might, without injury to its efficiency, be indulged in some liberties which, if allowed to any other troops, would have proved subversive of all discipline. In general, soldiers who should form themselves into political clubs, elect delegates, and pass resolutions on high questions of state, would soon break loose from all control, would cease to form an army, and would become the worst and most dangerous of mobs. Nor would it be safe, in our time, to tolerate in any regiment religious meetings, at which a corporal, versed in Scripture, should lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, and admonish a backsliding major. But such was the intelligence, the gravity, and the self-command of the warriors whom Cromwell had trained, that in their camp a political organization and a religious organization could exist, without destroying military organization. The same men who, off duty, were noted as demagogues and field preachers, were distinguished by steadiness, by the spirit of order, and by prompt obedience on watch, on drill, and on the field of battle.

In war, this strange force was irresistible. The stubborn courage, characteristic of the English people, was, by the system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated. Other leaders have maintained order as strict. Other leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal as ardent. But in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the wild fanaticism of crusaders. From the time when the army was remodeled, to the time when the army was disbanded, it never found, either in the British Islands, or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against three-fold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence.

Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier, when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy; and the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride, when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.

But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous royalists that, in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen; and that, during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceful citizen and the honor of women were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant-girl complained of the rough gallantry of the redecoats. Not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths. But a Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin and Child were painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell. One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to restrain his pikemen and dragoons from invading, by main force, the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the language of that time, were not savory; and too many of our cathedrals still bear the marks of the hatred with which those stern spirits regarded every vestige of Popery.

MONMOUTH.

CHARLES, while a wanderer on the continent, had fallen in at the Hague with Lucy Walters, a Welsh girl of great beauty, but of weak understanding, and dissolute manners. She became his mistress, and presented him with a son. A suspicious lover might have had his doubts; for the lady had several admirers, and was not supposed to be cruel to any. Charles, however, readily took her word, and poured forth, on little James Crofts, as the boy was then called, an overflowing fondness, such as seemed hardly to belong to that easy, but cool and careless nature. Soon after the Restoration, the young favorite, who had learned in France the exercises then considered necessary to a fine gentleman, made his appearance at Whitehall. He was lodged in the palace, attended by pages, and permitted to enjoy several distinctions which had until then been confined to princes of the blood-royal. He was married, while still in tender youth, to Anne Scott, heiress of the noble House of Buccleuch. He took her name, and received with her hand possession of her ample domains. The estate which he acquired by this match was popularly estimated at not less than ten thousand pounds a year. Titles, and favors more substantial than titles, were lavished on him. He was made Duke of Monmouth in England, Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland, a Knight of the Garter, Master of the Horse, Commander of the first troop of Life Guards, Chief Justice of Eyre south of Trent, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. Nor did he appear to the public unworthy of his high fortunes. His countenance was eminently handsome and engaging, his temper sweet, his manners polite and affable. Though a libertine, he won the hearts of the Puritans. Though he was known to have been privy to the shameful attack on Sir John Coventry, he easily obtained the forgiveness of the country party. Even austere moralists owned that, in such a court strict conjugal fidelity was scarcely to be expected from one who, while a child, had been married to another child. Even patriots were willing to excuse a headstrong boy for visiting with immoderate vengeance an insult offered to his father. And soon the stain left by loose amours and midnight brawls was effaced by honorable exploits. When Charles and Lewis united their forces against Holland, Monmouth commanded the English auxiliaries, who were sent

to the Continent, and approved himself a gallant soldier, and a not unintelligent officer. On his return he found himself one of the most popular men in the kingdom. Nothing was withheld from him but the crown: nor did even the crown seem to be absolutely beyond his reach. The distinction which had most injudiciously been made between him and the highest nobles had produced evil consequences. When a boy he had been invited to put on his hat in the presence chamber, while Howards and Seymours stood uncovered around him. When foreign princes died, he had mourned for them in a long purple cloak, which no other subject, except the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, was permitted to wear. It was natural that these things should lead him to regard himself as a legitimate prince of the house of Stuart. Charles, even at a ripe age was devoted to his pleasures and regardless of his dignity. It could hardly be thought incredible that he should at twenty, have gone through the form of espousing a lady whose beauty had fascinated him, and who was not to be won on easier terms. While Monmouth was still a child, and while the Duke of York still passed for a Protestant, it was rumored throughout the country, and even in circles which ought to have been well informed that the king had made Lucy Walters his wife, and that, if every one had his right, her son would be Prince of Wales. Much was said of a certain black box, which, according to the vulgar belief, contained the contract of marriage. When Monmouth had returned from the Low Countries with a high character for valor and conduct, when the Duke of York was known to be a member of a church detested by a great majority of the nation, this idle story became important. For it there was not the slightest evidence. Against it there was the solemn asseveration of the king, made before his council, and by his order communicated to his people. But the multitude, always fond of romantic adventures, drank in eagerly the tale of the secret espousals and the black box. Some chiefs of the opposition acted on this occasion as they acted with respect to the more odious fable of Oates, and countenanced a story which they must have despised. The interest which the populace took in him whom they regarded as the champion of true religion, and the rightful heir of the British throne, was kept up by every artifice. When Monmouth arrived in London at midnight, the watchmen were ordered by the magistrates to proclaim the joyful event through the streets of the city; the windows were illuminated; churches were opened; and a merry peal rose from all the steeples. When he traveled, he was everywhere received with not less pomp, and with far more enthusiasm, than had been displayed when kings had made progress through the realm. He was escorted from mansion to mansion by long cavalcades of armed gentlemen and yeomen. Cities poured forth their whole population to receive him. Electors thronged round him, to assure him that their votes were at his disposal. To such a height were his pretensions carried, that he not only exhibited on his escutcheon the lions of England and the lilies of France, without the baton sinister under which, according to the law of heraldry, they were debruised in token of his illegitimate birth, but ventured to touch for the king's evil. At the same time he neglected no art of condescension by which the love of the multitude could be conciliated. He stood godfather to the children of the peasantry, mingled in every rustic sport, wrestled, played at quarterstaff, and won footraces in his boots against fleet runners in shoes.

☞ A person in a public company accusing the Irish nation of being the most unpolished in the world, was answered mildly by an Irish gentleman that 'it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish meet with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth.'

☞ 'Ho! Gold Diggers,' is the head of a long California article in one of our exchange papers. Some of them, we guess, will find it necessary, when they reach the land of promise to hoe corn.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1849.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND—TREATMENT OF THE FALLEN.

THERE is published in Boston, a monthly periodical called the "*Prisoner's Friend*." It is conducted by Rev. Charles Spear, an eminent and unwearied philanthropist. We refer to this periodical now, and in this place, for the purpose of offering some remarks on the important object it proposes to accomplish. It cannot be denied that much might be done for the improvement of criminals by mild and judicious measures; and in many instances, we doubt not, they might be reclaimed. "*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy*," is a saying uttered by the Infinite Wisdom, and yet how little is it regarded by society in its treatment of those who have fallen from virtue, but who are nevertheless struggling upward toward the pure light of Heaven, and longing for the communion of the good.

To a man or woman—young or old—who has overstepped the bounds of prudence, or the strict line of innocence, society holds out no inducements to virtue, no motives for repentance. It first brands its victims, then degrades them to the dust, and then—*what* then? It hurls them into the pit of hell! Read the history of crimes in this or other countries, and what is it but the history of the struggles of poor, broken and despairing hearts?—hearts which might have been ennobled with the brightest virtues, but which society has bound to sin with a chain as inexorable as fate.

A youth of tender age for some petty crime is sent to prison. He had been virtuously educated, and innocence and happiness were the companions of his early life. But temptations assailed him, and he fell, without perhaps being conscious of the nature of his acts. In the solitude of his prison he comes to himself. A golden vision of virtue and happiness visits him in his dungeon. He feels all his loss, sheds those tears angels rejoice at, and which they bend down to kiss away, and resolves, when he regains his freedom, to bring back those radiant hours, by the practice of a virtue so lofty, that all the world will see it, and confess it. The day, the great day of his expectations at length comes. The prison doors roll upon their hinges, a pure sky arches over him in loving embrace, and sympathizing Nature invites him forth. He stands free in the world. O, never before had the sun appeared to him so brilliant and fair, never were the heavens so serene and balmy, and never did the sweet summer winds, which played upon his blanched and sunken cheek, seem to him so soft, so fragrant, so invigorating. A firm resolution of virtue sat on his brow, hope shone in his eyes, joy sang in his heart. With gentle visions floating before him, he hastens to the home where he was nurtured, to the companions of his childhood. His home stands there still, his companions are there—all as ever? No; O, God, no! Rejected from the embraces of the one, and expelled from the society of the other, he now learns that he is damned for ever—a cast-away, a thing of pollution, worthy to be met only with withering scorn, or to be ground into the dust, or crushed as a worm. Repulsed, where he had reason to expect sympathy and

encouragement, he flies, in horrible despair, from the presence of his former associates, and only two alternatives, terrible alternatives, are possible to him now—he may die alone, and broken-hearted, or, seeking the companionship of thieves and robbers, and sinking deeper and deeper in guilt, he may perish on the scaffold a MURDERER! And for all this is Society responsible. Even his blood, guilty as he is, will, like that of Abel, call unto God for vengeance. He wished to reform, he aspired to virtue, and to a life of honesty, and with a contrite spirit and honorable hope, he worked his way upward, through sorrow and tears, toward the gates of Heaven; but the world, cruel and faithless closed the doors against him, and hurled him down again into that abyss, from which he had well nigh escaped.

This picture is no fancy sketch—would to God it was—it is the literal history of two-thirds of our criminals. They are made what they are by the unchristian policy of Society. If it be a crime to injure the temporal interests of men, to trespass on their rights and privileges, how much more criminal is it to discourage a repentant soul—to drive back the returning prodigal to his degradation, his husks and his despair. O, far better would it be for us, to be cast into the sea with a mill-stone hanged about our necks, than so terribly to disappoint a crushed and suffering, but heaven-aspiring Soul. Let Society show mercy here, let the wealthy and powerful give their countenance and support to these poor victims of sin, who wish to reform, and thousands will be redeemed and made happy, who now, having no inducements to reform, are running swiftly to perdition.

THE CALIFORNIANS.

IN our last we made mention of several of our friends who are on the point of leaving us for the Golden West. J. Winchester, Esq., Daniel Norcross, Esq., Caleb Lyon, Esq., and J. B. Devoe, Esq., have long been associated with us in various relations. May peace and plenty attend them. To-day we add another name to this list of pilgrims to the land of gold. We speak of Dr. James Ashley, formerly one of the proprietors, and assistant editors of this journal. He goes out as surgeon of the Apollo. He is a gentleman of great industry, enterprise and perseverance, and being a well-instructed and judicious physician, will no doubt reap a rich harvest in California. The Doctor takes out with him a large assortment of medicines, complete sets of surgical instruments, in short, every thing requisite to combat the numerous diseases of that climate with success.

Dr. Ashley is accompanied by another of our friends, S. G. Colby, Esq., of the firm of A. Travers & Co., Maiden Lane, New-York. Once more, we wish all these fortune-seekers success, and dismiss them with our sincerest benedictions.

NEW YORK FINANCES.—From Governor Fish's message, we learn that the public debt of New York on the 30th September last, was \$23,087,238 63, including \$1,233,905 60, of contingent liability. The revenues of the State for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1848, were \$3,833,954 40, of which \$3,204,707 16, were from the canals. The payments during the fiscal year were—to the Canal Debt Sinking Fund, \$1,800,000; to the General Debt Sinking Fund, \$350,000; to defray the necessary expenses of Government, \$200,000; expenses of collecting tolls and keeping the canals in repair, \$355,850 64; total, \$2,705,850 64, leaving a surplus of nearly \$500,000 for the Erie Canal Enlargement, &c.

MARRIAGE.

THE great ties, by which society is held together, are love and marriage. These are the germ and the fruit of human happiness and misery—at least they form in a society constituted like ours a woman's destiny in life. In a former article, we alluded to the mode in which matrimonial alliances are conducted abroad. The choice is left to the parents and guardians—inclination is little consulted—love in the incipient stage of wedded life is almost unknown. The parties make solemn vows, and assume responsibilities; duty yields obedience, but the heart is withheld.

With us it is widely different. Woman, in her holiest development, is unshackled—she rushes into the arena of the world with all her inexperience and glow of feeling round her—she is the mistress of her actions, and, what is a higher privilege, she wields her own affections. There is no one to dictate the charms she shall wear—she is the artificer of her own fortunes: she selects for herself.—What is the result under the two systems? Are marriages happier here than in Europe? At the first glance, one would decide that they are. Universal opinion so decides. But, on a near view into the subject, it is doubtful whether this freedom of choice may not sometimes lead to abuse; whether young heads have the cool judgment of old ones; whether the impulses of passion, the warmth of imagination, and the caprices of a youthful fancy, are to be trusted in so important a transaction of life. In short, whether parents, who are supposed to have the interest and happiness of their children at heart, who have more experience, tact and knowledge of the world, and who are far safer negotiators, are not better arbiters of their children's destiny than themselves, as far as marriage is concerned?

We know that among us we have seen on our side—the current of opinion is all the other way. Yet, we are constrained to say, that after a long survey, there seems to us as many ill-assorted and injudicious marriages among us as in European society. The heart adapts itself to its position, its views and impulses arise materially from it, and its hopes and aspirations are bounded by it. And, if abroad, so much is not anticipated or hoped for, if life is not pictured with so many blessings in the married state, perhaps less disappointment is apt to ensue, and more solid happiness is often experienced.

We shall pursue this subject farther. We have to remark, in closing this article, that there is a compensation in the moral as well as the physical world, and that human happiness is much the same in civilized and refined life in all countries, though the customs are variant, and the institutions by which they are modded differ so widely.

THE CHOLERA.—There is now no cholera in New York. Its disappearance, however, should not cause us to relax any of our sanitary precautions, for it will undoubtedly reappear, with the warm weather. Lodges should prepare for it by husbanding their resources.

REMOVAL OF THE CAPITAL.—The Herald of Sunday contained an article advocating the removal of the seat of government from Washington to Cincinnati, and offers certain reasons for the removal, which, we think, quite unsatisfactory. The seat of government ought unquestionably to be removed from Washington, but not to Cincinnati. New York is the metropolis of the country, and should be the capital. The chief city of a country ought always to be the capital, otherwise the capital has no moral power or influence.

THE BACHELOR'S HEBREW BENEVOLENT LOAN ASSOCIATION.—A ball in aid of this association took place on Tuesday evening last, at the rooms of the Chinese Museum. It was attended by the beauty and fashion of the city.

NEW CONSTITUTION FOR SUBORDINATES.

THE following is the New Constitution for Subordinate Lodges recently adopted by the R. W. Grand Lodge of New-York. It is now in force. We believe the Standing Resolutions have all been abrogated.

PREAMBLE.

For the purpose of effecting uniformity in the administration of the privileges, honors, and benefits of the Order within this jurisdiction, THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK, (acting under a valid, unreclaimed Charter from the Grand Lodge of the United States, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows,) the supreme tribunal of Odd-Fellowship within its limits, without whose sanction and control no Lodge can exist, ordains the following Articles as the Constitution of Subordinate Lodges:

ARTICLE I.

This Lodge shall be constituted by at least FIVE members, including one qualified to preside at its meetings, and shall be hailed and entitled — LODGE, No. —, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the State of New-York, and shall possess the full powers and privileges of a Subordinate Lodge, holding a legal, unreclaimed Charter, duly granted and formally presented by the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York.

ARTICLE II.—OF MEMBERSHIP.

FIRST SECTION.—ADMISSIONS, ETC.

Clause 1.—No candidate shall be proposed or initiated unless he be a free white male, of sound health, of good moral character, of the age of twenty-one years, and a believer in a Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of the Universe: He must be a resident of this State, and actually reside within this county, and shall pay a fee of not less than — dollars.

Clause 2.—The name of a person offered for initiation must be proposed at a regular meeting by a member, in writing, stating his age, residence, and business; which must be entered on the record, and the subject referred to three brothers for investigation, who shall report at the succeeding regular meeting, when the candidate shall be balloted for, with ball ballots, and if not more than two black balls appear against him, he shall be elected, but if three or more appear, he shall be rejected, and so declared.

Clause 3.—A Brother of the Order wishing to become a member, shall present his card from the Lodge of which he was formerly a member, which shall be referred to a committee of three, and in other respects disposed of as provided by Clause 2, for other applicants; and on being admitted shall pay a sum of not less than one dollar.

Clause 4.—An Ancient Odd-Fellow, whose card is out of date, or may have been satisfactorily ascertained to be lost, can be admitted by referring his application to a committee, and and disposing of it in other respects as is provided for other applicants in the foregoing Clauses, and on his paying into the Lodge Fund a sum not less than five dollars.

Clause 5.—When a candidate for initiation has been rejected, notice thereof shall be sent without delay to all the Lodges in the same and adjoining counties; and no person so rejected in this or any other Lodge, shall be again balloted for during the space of six months.

Clause 6.—No suspended or expelled member of the Order can be received in membership in this Lodge.

Clause 7.—Any member of this Lodge having been regularly expelled or suspended indefinitely, may be reinstated to his former condition, by being duly proposed therefor, at a regular meeting, by a member, and his case referred to a committee of three brethren, who shall report at the next regular meeting, when, if two-thirds of the members present are in favor of the reinstatement, it shall be made; *Provided*, that in the case of an expelled member, the vote for reinstatement shall not be final until approved by the Grand Lodge.

Clause 8.—No proposition for membership can

be withdrawn after it has been referred to a committee. Nor can an unfavorable ballot be reconsidered under any circumstance; but a new ballot may, at any time previous to the admission of the candidate, be ordered by the Lodge where the former one has been favorable.

SECOND SECTION.—CONTRIBUTIONS AND BENEFITS.

Clause 1.—The regular contributions to the Lodge Fund shall not be at a less rate than six and a quarter cents per week, to be determined by the By-Laws, as well as the amount for Education Fund and Funeral Tax; and the Lodge shall suspend all members who neglect or refuse payment, of the sums so determined for twelve months; *Provided*, nevertheless, any member who may be in the Naval Service of the United States, or engaged in the Commercial Marine sailing to foreign ports, shall be allowed twelve months in addition to the time above specified.

Clause 2.—Every bona-fide member, who shall be qualified as required by the By-Laws, shall, in case of sickness or disability, be entitled to and receive such weekly benefit as may be fixed by law, from the funds of the Lodge.

Clause 3.—In case of the death of a Brother, who shall be qualified as provided in Clause 2, there shall be allowed from the Lodge, a sum not less than thirty dollars, to defray the expense of burial, which shall be paid over without delay to the deceased Brother's nearest of kin. In the absence of competent relations, the Noble Grand shall take charge of the funeral, and render an account of the disbursements.

Clause 4.—On the demise of the wife of a Brother, qualified as provided by Clause 2, he shall be entitled to a sum not less than fifteen dollars, for the purpose of assisting in the funeral expenses.

THIRD SECTION.—PENALTIES.

Clause 1.—Any member who shall violate any of the principles of the Order, or offend against these Articles or By-Laws, shall be subject to be fined, reprimanded, suspended, or expelled, as the By-Laws may direct, ancient usage require, or the Lodge determine.

Clause 2.—Any member being convicted of heinous offense against the laws of the land; or of habitual drunkenness; or of feigning himself sick, with a view to abuse the benevolent intentions of the Order, shall be expelled.

Clause 3.—Any member who shall be concerned in organizing, or shall give countenance and support to, or shall visit any Lodge in the State of New-York, purporting to be Odd-Fellows, and not possessing a legal, unreclaimed, and valid Charter, duly granted and presented, or confirmed by the Grand Lodge, shall be deemed unworthy of fellowship; and such Brother, upon satisfactory proof, shall be suspended or expelled, at the option of the Lodge. Any Brother so suspended or expelled, shall not be reinstated, unless the Grand Lodge assents thereto. Nor shall any person who has been in membership in any spurious or illegal Lodge, be received as a member, without the consent of the Grand Lodge.

Clause 4.—Any member who shall expose or exhibit any of the emblems of the Order as a sign, in connection with his business, shall be suspended or expelled, as the Lodge may determine.

FOURTH SECTION.—TRIAL, ETC.

Clause 1.—Every member shall be entitled to a fair trial for any offense involving reprimand, suspension, (except for nonpayment of dues,) or expulsion; but no member of this Lodge shall be put upon trial unless charges duly specifying his offense, so as fully to set forth the nature thereof, and enable him to prepare for his defense, shall be preferred to the Lodge, in writing, by a Brother of the Order, in good standing.

Clause 2.—When charges have been preferred against a brother in proper manner, the complaint involved shall be referred to a committee of five members, who shall, if possible, be chosen from among the peers of the accused; such committee shall, with as little delay as the case will admit, summon the parties and try the case, they shall keep full minutes of the evidences, and their proceedings, and report the same to

the Lodge, with their decision on the charges. Should such decision be one of acquittal, it shall be final without other action on the part of the Lodge. Should the decision be one of conviction, the committee shall also determine what punishment to recommend the Lodge to inflict; and should a specific penalty be provided by law for the offense, they shall report the same, or should the determination be in favor of the expulsion or suspension of the member, they shall submit a resolution for the purpose to the Lodge for action.

Clause 3.—When a committee, provided for in Clause 2, shall have reported adversely to the accused, the Lodge shall fix a time, not less than two weeks distant, at which to take final action on concurring in the report, and adopting the recommendation or resolution of the committee, of which time ample notice shall be given to the accused. At the time appointed the Lodge may proceed to consider the matter whether the accused be present or not; but the accused shall not be present when any vote is taken affecting the report and recommendation or resolution of the committee.

Clause 4.—When the Lodge proceeds to consider the report and recommendation or resolution of the committee provided for by Clause 2, it shall first determine the following question: 'Will the Lodge concur in the decision of the committee?' Should this question be sustained by a majority of the members present, it shall be adopted; and then the question of penalty, as submitted by the committee, will be before the Lodge. If a specific penalty be provided by law for the offense, the N. G. shall enforce it: otherwise, the Lodge will decide on the penalty in the following form: 'Will the Lodge adopt the resolution submitted by the committee?' During the consideration of this question, the Lodge is fully competent to amend the resolution by reducing the penalty, but in no case can it increase the same, except by substituting expulsion for suspension. The vote on the expulsion or suspension of a member shall be taken by ballot—two-thirds of the qualified members present voting in favor of the resolution, it shall be adopted.

Clause 5.—Any Brother feeling aggrieved by the decision of the Lodge against him in any matter of grievance, or by the deprivation of a right, honor, privilege or benefit, may claim a review of the proceedings had in his case by a committee of Past Grands; and if the award of such committee of Past Grands should be rejected by the Lodge, such brother has an appeal to the Grand Lodge, as provided by Article IV, of the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge.

Clause 6.—When any matter of grievance between brothers shall be brought before the Lodge, it shall be referred as is provided for charges in Clause 2. Such committee shall summon the parties, and examine and determine the matter in question, and if no appeal be taken from their decision to the Lodge, it shall be final without the action of the Lodge.

Clause 7.—When the decision of a committee appointed under Clause 6, shall not be satisfactory to all parties, either of those interested shall have the privilege of an appeal to the Lodge; and at the time appointed for trying the appeal, the committee shall present to the Lodge in writing, the grounds on which their decision was founded, and the parties shall have the privilege of being heard before the Lodge; and the Lodge shall determine the correctness of the decision of the committee by a majority of the votes present.

Clause 8.—If an accused member refuse or neglect to stand trial, when duly summoned, the committee shall report him guilty of contempt of the Lodge, which report shall be conclusive, and the punishment shall be expulsion.

Clause 9.—Any brother having been suspended or expelled, notice thereof shall be sent to all the Lodges, Degree Lodges, and Subordinate Encampments in this and the adjoining countie

ARTICLE III.—OF OFFICERS.

FIRST SECTION.—ELECTIVE AND APPOINTED OFFICERS.

Clause 1. The Elective Officers of the Lodge shall consist of N. G., V. G., Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall serve a regular term each,

However, when deemed necessary, the Lodge may elect a Permanent Secretary, in addition, to serve twelve months.

Clause 2. The Appointed Officers shall consist of W. C., O. G., I. G., R. S. N. G., L. S. N. G., R. S. V. G., L. S. V. G., and R. and L. S. S., who shall serve a regular term each; and the Lodge may appoint at its option a Chaplain for a similar term.

SECOND SECTION.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duties of the various officers shall be as laid down in the charges of their office, and as specified by these Articles and the By-Laws of the Lodge.

THIRD SECTION.—ELECTION, ETC.

Clause 1.—No brother shall be eligible to the chair of N. G. unless he has served a regular term as V. G. Nor shall any brother be eligible as V. G. unless he has served twenty-six weeks in some inferior office, other than the offices of Permanent Secretary and Chaplain.

Clause 2.—All Elective and Appointed Officers shall have attained to the Scarlet degree previous to installation.

Clause 3.—Nominations for the Elective Officers shall be made only at the two meetings immediately preceding those of the elections, except when the nominees for an office all decline.

Clause 4.—No past Elective Officer shall be qualified to be a candidate for the office past when other nominations are before the Lodge unless he has been one full term out of such office, except the Treasurer and Permanent Secretary.

Clause 5.—Officers shall be elected at the last regular meeting in each term, and shall be installed at the first meeting in the succeeding one.

Clause 6.—Any officer absenting himself for three successive meetings, his seat may be declared vacant by a two-thirds vote of the Lodge; all vacancies shall be forthwith filled in the manner of the former selection, to serve the residue of the term: Officers so serving shall be entitled to the full honors of the term.

ARTICLE IV.—TERMS AND RETURNS.

FIRST SECTION.—TERMS.

Regular semi-annual terms shall commence on the first regular meetings of July and January only, and all terms shall end on the day on which the succeeding ones commence.

SECOND SECTION.—RETURNS.

Clause 1.—It shall be the duty of the last past officers to prepare and forward to the Grand Lodge, immediately, the result of the elections, and a regular report of the work of the term, including the names of those initiated—admitted by card—rejected—withdrawn by card—suspended or expelled, and the cause thereof—re-instated—and deceased—together with the number of certificates for degrees granted—the whole number in membership—the amount of receipts—and the result of the election of officers, and their residence, accompanied by whatever amount may be due the Grand Lodge on any account.

Clause 2.—It shall also be the duty of the Lodge to forward to the Grand Lodge, in like manner, up to the first day of July, annually, a full return of the members of the Lodge, ranked according to the degrees attained, and a statement of the number of Brothers relieved by the Lodge in the past year, the number of widowed families relieved, the number Brothers buried, with the amount of moneys applied to each of these purposes, designating the amount paid for the education of orphans.

THIRD SECTION.—PENALTY AND FORFEITURE.

Should this Lodge fail to make its returns as required by the Second Section of this Article, and deliver the same to the District Deputy Grand Master, or to the Grand Secretary, within two weeks after the installation of its officers, it shall forfeit and pay to the Grand Lodge the sum of five dollars; and until such delivery, it will forfeit and pay the further sum of five dollars per week thereafter. And should this Lodge continue to fail in making its returns for the period of one year, it shall thereby forfeit its

Charter and become extinct; and it shall become the duty of the last installed officers to transmit or surrender to the Grand Secretary (or such other Brother as may be appointed by the Grand Lodge to receive them,) the Charter, books, papers, furniture, and funds of the Lodge.

ARTICLE V.—DEGREES.

FIRST SECTION.—ELEGIBILITY FOR DEGREES.

Brothers who have been in membership one month, shall be eligible to Degrees; but shall not be elected to more than three Degrees at the same meeting, unless a dispensation be obtained therefor from the Grand Master, or his Deputy for the District.

SECOND SECTION.—ELECTION TO DEGREES.

Clause 1.—Applications for election to the White, Pink, Royal Blue, Green, or Scarlet Degrees, shall be accompanied with the amount of fees required therefor, which shall not be less than one dollar each, for the Lodge fund, and twenty-five cents each for the Degree fee; the latter to be paid over to the Degree Lodge or the officer conferring the same, on the return of the certificate.

Clause 2.—Such applications shall be presented to the Lodge when opened in that order of business, if such be provided for; if not, then in the order of new business, when the Lodge shall forthwith open in the Degrees applied for, beginning at the lowest; and if a majority of the brethren of the Degree of the Lodge by a ballot, authorize the same, a certificate shall be given to the applicant, addressed to a Degree Lodge, or officer authorized to confer Degrees, in the following form:

I. O. of O. F.

— Lodge, No. —, of N. Y.

— day of —, 18—.

To — Degree Lodge No. —

This is to certify, that Brother — is a member of this Lodge, and has duly applied for the — Degree, and has been authorized by a ballot of the brethren of the said Degree of his Lodge to receive the same.

[I. s.] In testimony whereof, witness our hands and the seal of our Lodge.

—, N. G.

Attest: —, Secretary.

ARTICLE VI.—AMENDMENTS, &c.

FIRST SECTION.—AMENDMENT.

Clause 1.—When any doubt arises of the true meaning of any part of these Articles, it shall be determined by the Grand Lodge.

Clause 2.—Neither these Articles, nor any part thereof, shall be altered, amended, suspended, or annulled, except on motion made in Grand Lodge, and adopted by the Representatives of a majority of the Lodges present.

SECOND SECTION.—BY-LAWS.

This Lodge shall be fully invested with power to adopt such By-Laws, Rules of Order, and Resolutions from time to time, as may be deemed expedient, provided, they do not in anywise contravene any part of these Articles, the Laws and Constitution of the Grand Lodge, or the principles of the Order.

MISS JANE STUART, ARTIST, 20 EAST 14TH ST.—We have seen many portraits painted by Miss Jane Stuart, a daughter of the celebrated Gilbert Stuart, so well known by the great works of art he has left behind him. Miss Stuart has, in her profession as an artist, the advantage, besides inheriting much of the talent of her father, of having benefited by his instructions. She has attained a high degree of excellence, and her portraits are distinguished by their striking likeness, their correct drawing, their admirable coloring, and, more particularly, by their flesh tone, which she has carefully studied, and which is always true to nature. She has pursued her profession heretofore at Newport. She has now opened her rooms as above in this city, and we most cordially recommend her to the patronage of our friends. We have to add, that Miss Stuart met with great success during last winter in this city.

MANY articles are crowded out for want of room.

ADDRESS OF D. D. GRAND MASTER MORSE.

On the occasion of the installation of the officers of Algonquin Lodge, No. 71, New Brunswick, N. J.

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS: I have often heard Algonquin Lodge spoken of in terms of high commendation. Your hall is fitted up and arranged with a scrupulous regard to taste, beauty and convenience. You have unquestionably felt a laudable pride in doing the work of the Order with promptness and correctness in every minutiae. Perhaps you have aimed, from the commencement of this new Lodge, at making it one of the best—the model Lodge of the State. Such a high aim is indeed commendable, and certainly within your reach. As far as external appearances go toward such an object, you have done well. On this point, I will not offer a word.

I consider it appropriate, however, at this time, to call your attention for a few moments, to the grand object—the great purpose—the high, the supreme mission of Odd-Fellowship. Have you sufficiently thought of this subject? Strive as a Lodge, strive as individuals, for the attainment of this grand object, and in proportion as you succeed, you will in reality excel.

What, then, is the grand object of Odd-Fellowship? Is it to relieve each other in the struggles and trials incident to human life? If either of you ever thought that such was the main object of Odd-Fellowship, you had scarcely crossed its threshold, ere you was taught to undeceive yourself. To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, to bury the dead, and educate the orphan, are imperative duties enjoined by Odd-Fellowship; but these daily ministrations are but a tithe of the intrinsic virtues of our beloved Order. There will not be a dissenting opinion when I affirm the grand object of Odd-Fellowship to be, to lead man to the cultivation of the true fraternal relation designed by the Great Author of his being; to teach him the doctrine of human equality; to teach him to behold in every man, from the monarch on his throne to the beggar in his rags, the image of God, and the evidence of human equality; to recognise all men as brethren, and to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him.

Such is the high aim of Odd-Fellowship. That it has already accomplished much in this great work, I fully believe. The world, however, was not made in a day; large bodies move slowly; the progress of nations must of necessity be gradual; we have every reason for encouragement and rejoicing, if, through Him “in whom alone we live, move, and have our being,” a little has been accomplished in so great, so divine a work as that contemplated by Odd-Fellowship.

Throughout earth's wide domain, changes are occurring, revolutions transpiring, of the greatest importance to humanity. Monarchs are dethroned, or totter upon their thrones. Usurpation—the one-man power, everywhere trembles with fear of overthrow. The sovereign people assert their rights, and endeavor to attain their true position; and as a consequence, new doors are opened for the admission of truth—of God's word, which is truth.

To the bringing forward of the recent changes, and struggles for liberty in Europe, in France especially, I doubt not that the so-called secret societies, the Free-Masons, Illuminati and others, have contributed in no small degree. Not by encouraging conspiracy, or exciting to revolution; but by acknowledging the great truth of human brotherhood; by cultivating the doctrine of human equality—a doctrine which finds deep root in the human heart—a doctrine enjoined by God himself, when he commanded us to love our neighbors as ourselves.

Our own happy, prosperous, and peaceful nation, but a few months since was involved in war—a war deplored by the great majority of the nation, and still deeply deplored and lamented by the widows and orphans, and near and dear relatives of the gallant officers and soldiers who were sacrificed on the battle-fields of Mexico.

What are, what will be the results of this war?

A vast territory on the Pacific has become ours by undisputed sovereignty. It has been discovered that extensive deposits of gold exist there. Thousands upon thousands are flocking thither from all parts of the United States and other countries, with the expectation of making their fortunes in a short space of time. Our commerce in the Pacific has suddenly received an extraordinary impetus. The long talked of, and much wished for, more direct and easy communication with the Pacific, by means of steam power, is on the eve of accomplishment. Our great and powerful nation is about to exercise a greatly increased, and most potent influence upon surrounding nations and the world. We have great reason to hope that this influence will be eminently good; that truth will be disseminated, and the condition of nations, less advanced than our own, greatly improved. We have also to fear, in connection with this subject, the deleterious influence of love of gold—the love of money, which is the root of all evil.

The present era, then, is an important and interesting one; especially so to this nation. One which will be regarded with deep interest by all lovers of human improvement; by all who seek progress and the elevation of human character; by all who endeavor to cultivate and promulge Friendship, Love and Truth; by all good and true Odd-Fellows.

The Order of Odd-Fellows has an especial reason for taking a deep interest in the recent movement toward the newly discovered El Dorado. A large proportion of those who have departed, and are about to depart for this great field of enterprise, are members of the Order. These members are probably about to be placed in circumstances requiring a more signal and active exercise of the high offices of Odd-Fellowship than any in which they have heretofore been placed.

During a long and perilous voyage, and in a country as yet devoid of definite laws and established forms of government; where avarice, selfishness and deprivation are likely to exist in no slight degree, and where so much depends upon the character and influence of those who first enter this new field of enterprise, they will be doubly called upon to exercise toward each other, and toward all, brotherly kindness; and always as individuals, and as a class, to cast their influence in favor of justice, forbearance, peace, unity and equality.

In contributing their quota to the mighty influence to be exerted by this new movement, they have a mission to perform in accordance with the teachings they have received from the Order. They are to be the representatives of Odd-Fellowship in the heterogeneous community which will be formed in California.

It will be the duty, and the high privileges of Lodges, in taking leave of California—destined brothers, to give them such counsel, and to hold such communication with them as circumstances indicate, and as will place vividly before their minds the great truths and high principles sought to be inculcated by the Order, and which should govern them in their new position.

Suppose the mission of Odd-Fellowship to be accomplished, when man shall understand the true relation to his fellow, which was designed by the Great Author of his being, and shall act upon the great principle of Universal Love, which goes behind all distinctions, recognises all men as brethren, and bids us do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. What then will be the state of society? Persecution, fraud, illiberality, oppression, and all the social evils that afflict mankind, and disturb the general harmony, and which all issue from a pervading selfishness, will be done away. Man's eyes will be opened to the fact that his own comfort and welfare are interwoven with the well-being of the great aggregate of men. The state of society will be changed, and its millennial glory appear. For such a great and glorious event, the daily and hourly prayers of Christendom are offered up in the words taught by Christ himself: "Thy kingdom come—thy will be done on earth as

it is in heaven." How such events will be brought about, we are not taught; but if we judge the future by the past, if we judge from experience, we shall come to the conclusion that they will not be brought about without the use of means. Hence, it is the important duty of Christians to add to their prayers diligent study and action, in regard to the means necessary to bring about the fundamental changes in existing forms and ceremonies, which must take place previous to this second advent, which will eclipse the first, as did the Mosaic ritual excel the patriarchal. In this work do I believe Odd-Fellowship to be engaged. Indeed, it is professedly so.

But while holding up to your view the chief aim of our Order, I would not be understood as undervaluing in any way, the ministrations of Odd-Fellowship, which I referred to, viz: visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, &c.; for we are told that, when the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, and shall sit upon the throne of his glory; and all nations shall be gathered before him, and he shall separate them one from another. Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat—I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink—I was a stranger, and ye took me in—naked, and ye clothed me—sick, and ye visited me—in prison, and ye came unto me—for inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." These kindly offices, therefore, have a most exalted character, even to be the title to Christ's kingdom. Yet while Odd-Fellowship performs these offices among its members, its chief aim is to lead all men to the knowledge of their true relations, so that the performance of such duties may follow as the natural result.

Let us always bear in mind, as a fundamental principle of conduct, the law of divine wisdom and love, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you;" having our hearts warmed with the love which, St. Paul says, is forbearing, obliging, not envious, not arrogant, is not proud, is not rude, or selfish, or irritable, or slanderous, has pleasure in truth, and not falsehood, is content with all, confides in all, trusts to all, bears with all. The highest rank, the profoundest learning, are, without this, nothing; the greatest performances and accomplishments in literature and science, without it, are vain as a jingling cymbal. So mote it be.

FINE ARTS AND TAILORING.

It will appear impossible to many of our readers that on the corner of Cherry and Catherine streets, there is the largest tailoring establishment, not only in the United States, but in the world, where more than one thousand five hundred persons find a respectable and profitable daily living, and are better compensated than by many who herald, "wanted, 500 or 600 sewers." This large establishment, which is an ornament to our city, belongs to four brothers, who transact business under the name of H. & D. H. Brooks & Co., and with their father have occupied this site for more than thirty years. The lower part of this house is kept for sailors' clothes; other rooms contain garments for mechanics and laborers, and the upper part forms an immense depot for the most elegant and well-cut clothes, far superior to those made in Paris and London. What is great and imposing at the first sight, as you ascend the staircase, is the quantity of clerks that you meet, all of a genteel appearance; here any one, even the most difficult gentleman, will find cutters and sewers who will make for him, at the shortest notice, a coat that will suit his taste.

But we were not aware, at least in New York, that fine arts could go together with a tailoring establishment. We have visited Florence and Rome, and we saw in those famous places some simple shops decorated with frescos of the best Italian painters; yet Messrs. Brooks are certainly the first

Americans who have introduced this beautiful specimen of art in a goods store in the United States. From the clerks' hall, we were taken to the room of fashion, of beauty, and of fresco painting, where Parisian looking-glasses, gilded chandeliers, and twenty tables, *a la renaissance*, form a fine ornament to the decorated walls. This modern temple of Italian painting is embellished with frescos executed by the skillful and artistical pencil of Signors Molini and Allegri, the best fresco painters in our country. The various scenes represented on the walls, recalled to our memory the fine views of Venice and Genoa, with the majestic far sight of the blue Italian sea, and the delightful terraces, which are to be found only in the palaces on the Mediterranean shores. We were pleased that Signors Molini and Allegri had succeeded in introducing fine arts, not only in the temples of God and the Muses, as at the Astor Place Theater, but also in a commercial place; and we wish that other merchants would follow the example of Messrs Brooks, and use the artistical talent of these two Italian painters. In this elegant room there is a staircase which, like an amphitheater, takes the visiter on a gallery around the hall, where he can cast a glance on the immense depot of summer clothes. We desire a good success to Messrs. Brooks, and we hope to see Molini and Allegri produce a revival in our city in the beautiful art of Italian fresco painting.

THE NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—Of all the avenues of travel which modern enterprise and science have opened to this great metropolis, none is more important or more tending to results than this extended work. It is now a successful operation, and notwithstanding the obstructions which a rival corporation have thrown in its way, it is thronged beyond the accommodations it offers. It is evident that, for the facilities and conveniences it affords, for its security at a season when travelers are subjected to heavy gales on the sound, from the many towns through which it passes, it must be the preferable winter route—and in summer, it will divide the travel with those who like the variety of land and water, who have business at the east, and who are lovers of picturesque and agreeable scenery. It opens, also, the avenue of trade and travel, through an extensive country on the north as well as the east, and will be highly productive of beneficial results to New York. Mr. Schuyler, who is the President of this Company, is himself a guaranty for its success. Under his management and control, many of the railroad stocks which had become greatly depressed, and some in a ruinous state, have been resuscitated and become flourishing. And to his energy, experience and good judgment, we may look in this instance for the advancement of the interest of stockholders, and the accommodation of the public. We shall treat in another number more in detail on this subject, as to the advantages of this route; and the objects which it has in view, as a connecting link to a widely extended, fertile and wealthy country.

NEW YORK.—The Legislature of New York met in Albany, on Tuesday the 2d inst. In the Senate, Lieut. Gov. Patterson took the chair as President. The Assembly was organized by the election of A. K. Hadley, of Rensselaer, as Speaker, and P. B. Prindle as Clerk. Gov. Fish, who was installed into office on Monday, 1st inst., sent in his first message at 12 o'clock on Tuesday. It is decidedly the shortest (and therefore the most sensible) message from a Governor of this State within our recollection. It occupies between four and five columns of our small dailies.

COMMON SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.—There are in this State 10,821 Common School Districts, in which 775,728 children were taught during the past year. The capital of the School Fund is \$2,211,475. The amount paid to teachers during 1848, was \$1,106,628. With such facts before us, there is small danger of our free institutions ever being overturned.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, December 23, 1848.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: It has been sometime since I had the pleasure of holding a converse with the Order through your invaluable periodical, "The Gazette and Rule."

I am pleased to see the improvement which you speak of in your paper—a feature which the Order, if they support themselves, are in honor bound to support—which has dignified the Fraternity, and made it honorable, and thus has the greatest claim upon every Odd-Fellow.

We are on the eve of Christmas, the day among all other days that stands the most transcendently related to that great state dispensation which brought the love of heaven down to earth—a season of good cheer and hilarity—a renewing of old associations and reminiscences.

With the annual election in our Grand Lodge you have been already apprised. Our G. M. and D. G. M., without any disparagement of other affairs, I think I may safely say, are the most devoted men belonging to this jurisdiction. Any Grand Lodge having such a "Stuart" for G. M. and so "Rich" an one for D. G. M., need never fear of success. They have been baptized in the purer days of the Order, in its most virgin font—they are the Boanerges of the Order here. Like Atlas of old, who was fabled as supporting the globe on his shoulder, so they, with one or two others, uphold the entire superstructure of Odd-Fellowship in this District; give it life and character, and are ever blowing in its dying nostrils new breath of life. The supporters of the Order here find themselves, as Gen. Washington was once, between two fires—that of his enemy and his friends. There is a great deal of opposition here from without, and more dangerous enemies within. For instance, we have in our particular Lodge No. 16, some 150 or 200 members, and yet we have the whole heat and burthen divided among some 10 to 20—and the case of my own Lodge is not an isolated one. Members are being suspended on all hands for non-payment of dues. Some NEVER attend, and those that do wish they were out again—for the purpose, I suppose, of gadding about the hotels, at the Faro, Billiards, bowling saloons or drinking-houses—always restive when in the retreat of Odd-Fellows.

The period for semi-annual elections has again rolled around, and there is a little more "business in hand" than there is on customary occasions.

The Grand Master has all his installing officers selected, and the business will be done in "ample" and "full" form.

In the matter of elections, the greatest judgment should be exercised—a due regard should be had to qualification as well as merit. Much depends on the official standing of a Lodge.

Yours in F. L. and T., T. W. J.

MAGNOLIA LODGE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It gives us pleasure to be able to say that this Lodge has been re-instated. The majority in favor of the legitimate Grand Lodge was even greater than we before stated it to be. D. P. Barnard, Grand Master of the New Constitution party, Issachar Reed, G. Patriarch of the illegal G. Encampment, and T. A. Ward, G. Treasurer of Mr. Barnard's G. Lodge, are members of Magnolia Lodge. The two latter gentlemen were present when the Lodge voted to return. Nassau Lodge, also of Brooklyn, has been re-instated. There are now only two Lodges in the District of Kings—Fulton and Eagle—which recognise the New Constitution party. So, gradually, all the wanderers are returning.

ISLAND CITY LODGE, No. 331, NEW YORK.—On Tuesday evening last, the following officers were installed for the ensuing term: Aug. C. L. Arnold, N. G.; R. Mowbray, V. G.; Wm. Torboss, Sec.; G. W. Underwood, Treas. This Lodge is little more than a year old, and numbers nearly 90 members. It commences the year with very flattering prospects.

A REMARKABLE FACT; OR A MAGAZINE WITH SOMETHING IN'T.—There are few events, in these days of startling circumstances, which more clearly indicate the transition state, or mark the absolute progress of the times, than the issue of a very neat and beautiful periodical, bearing the name of "THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART." It is published by S. B. Brittan, No. 235 Broadway, and edited by that gentleman in connection with Prof. N. Brittan and Mrs. F. D. Green—the gifted Fanny Green whom our readers will remember as one of our contributors. If enterprise, industry and genius can make a thing go, it is pretty evident that this will not stand still.

Here the scholar will find familiar truths in a new and more agreeable light, and those who would become scholars, may learn many valuable things with small expense, either of time or money. The first Department contains systematic readings in the physical sciences generally. In the Literary Department we find several beautiful poems, biographical sketches, history, letters, &c.; and in the second number, the first act of a new drama entitled SAUL. It is from the sacred history, and is worth the price of the year's subscription—only one dollar—to say nothing of the history of the arts, Letters from a Hollow Tree, and translations of Demonstee's letters on Mythology—each of which is a series of papers full of vivacity, truthfulness and originality of conception, such as will hardly be found in any other place. While reading the articles in this work, we could not forbear wishing that they had a self-multiplying and self-diffusive power, that they might fertilize some of our many waste places. Here is indeed a work for the PEOPLE. It will suit the mechanic, the artizan, the scholar, the teacher and the man of taste. It cannot be otherwise than greatly popular, and those who examine it for themselves, will at once discover that there is no work better calculated to administer to the pleasures and necessities of the times, than the "Young People's Journal."

☞ "THE FLAG OF OUR UNION," comes before us this week, decked with an entirely new suit. It is refreshing, in these days of small type, and eye destroying print, to meet with a specimen of typography, truly artistical in every point, and we feel sure that its readers will duly appreciate it. The superior typographical appearance of this excellent family paper is only equaled by its contents, which are contributed by Park Benjamin, A. J. H. Duganne, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, T. S. Arthur, Lieut. Murray, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged literary reputation. A \$1000 prize story commences with the new year, and the general contents of the paper are such as must insure to the publisher a rich return for his enterprise.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, TROY, N. Y.—This splendid house having been enlarged and newly furnished, has passed into the hands of Bro. R. D. McDonald, who is now sole proprietor. The hotel is situated at the Eastern, Western, and Saratoga Railroads, and is a few steps from the steamboat landing. We have been at this excellent hotel, and know its merit, and therefore recommend it to all our friends who may chance to travel that way.

TO PREVENT CHOLERA.—It seems to be universally admitted that constant cheerfulness and good humor are among the best preventatives of this disease. Gentlemen who shave themselves, will be much aided in promoting this desirable attainment, by purchasing one of Chapman's best razor strops, with a supply of his shaving cream, with which, even on these cold mornings, the shaving operation is a rich treat.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.—This beautiful mezzotint Engraving, by Doney, has just been published by E. Anthony, 205 Broadway. The price is \$1.60, not half its value. It is a work of superior excellence.

Theatricals and Amusements.

THE amusements for the holidays have been characterised by their usual variety; but it must be acknowledged that there is at our theaters more than the usual talent at this season. The competition is great, and the stock companies here are, in general, composed of a high order of dramatic ability. Ordinary actors will not draw. Light vaudevilles, and satires on prevailing manners are in vogue, and very clever they are, too; and they require very clever acting. Such are found at the Olympic and at Burton's. The Bowery is full of that kind of attraction which always delights its patrons. It abounds in scenic displays and gorgeous effects—in stock plays of a sentimental cast, and in the humor elicited by the farces of the day. Its stock company is excellent, and must be so to meet the public taste.

At the BROADWAY THEATER, is Andrew's splendid drama of the "Count of Monte Cristo," got up with great magnificence, as to scenery and costume, and with great tact as to stage effect. Lester has sustained the leading character, Edmond Dantes, in a manner which has added to his high and well merited reputation. He has shown great versatility of talents, and powers of a high order. The piece abounds in interest.

At the BOWERY, to Miss Wemyss, a clever and pretty actress, has succeeded a new historical drama, styled Boadicea, and a most brilliant and gorgeous piece it is, abounding in military displays, combats, processions and tableaux truly superb and picturesque. It will draw immensely.

At BURTON'S, Dombey and Son, California Gold Mines, and the new farce of Slasher and Crasher; the latter admirably played, and full of humor. This house maintains its popularity and success.

THE NATIONAL.—Many of the best actors of the Park are here; among others, Chapman and Clarke, both excellent. Wacousta, an interesting drama, has a run here this week, and a variety of popular pieces. It is filled nightly.

At the OLYMPIC, are Slasher and Crasher, and the Invisible Prince, which are given in Mitchell's best style. He is always catering to hit the popular vein.

NEW ORLEANS SERENADERS.—These artists have gone to the Society Library Rooms, after having delighted the society in the opera vicinity. They merit all patronage and success. They are good actors, good musicians, and possess a rich fund of chaste humor.

At the MUSEUM, are Mr. Hales, the English giant, and a prodigy greater than Tom Thumb, in Major Littlefinger. Great Western, too, the Yankee comedian, is there. The burlesque opera of the Sleep Walker is full of amusement and cleverness.

Of the CHINESE MUSEUM, we shall speak in our next.

A HEALTHY CITY.—Our neighboring City of Brooklyn, in whose prosperity we take a deep interest, enjoys the enviable reputation of being one of the healthiest places in the Union. With a population little short of 100,000, the deaths for the week ending December 30, 1848, amounted to only twenty-six! We doubt whether any other city can show so small a bill of mortality in so large a number of inhabitants.

SELLING OFF.—Our friend J. W. Brown, of 111 and 113 William-street, corner of John, offers his entire stock of new and desirable woollen and cotton hosiery, comforters, shirts and drawers, at a large discount, to close the business previous to Feb. 1, (after which date his store is to let). A rare chance is offered to dealers in such goods.

DEATH OF A NABOB.—Peter C. Brooks, said to be the richest man in New England, and reputed to be worth ten millions, died in Boston on the 2d instant, aged 81.

Choice Miscellany.

COMMON THINGS.

The sunshine is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
Out on the lonely sea;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew-drops, on the summer morn,
Sparkle upon the grass;
The village children brush them off
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarch's crowns
More beautiful than they;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
Beside the cottage-door;
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones!

NAMES; WHAT'S IN THEM.

NAMES are as old as man himself. The first man had a name, and the last man will have one also. But the first names were individual names only. Family names, or surnames, are of later origin. Some say that family names only date from the Crusades. There may be some truth in this. That is, they may have begun to be universally used by all ranks and classes about that time. But we find traces of them among the Greeks and Romans, and other ancient nations. Thus the family of the Gracchi—Caius Gracchus and Tiberius Gracchus, the family of the Cæsars, &c., show that great families, possessed of landed property and civil rank and power, distinguished themselves and preserved their genealogy in this manner. And the very laws of the Republic divided the citizens into *gentes* and *familie*, or races and families, for the sake of distinction.

In Greece the family names are less perceptible, although we find there also the Heracidae and Eumolpidae, &c. But the great names of Greece, like Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle, come down to us as names of individuals, without any surname attached to them. Whereas, the illustrious Romans, such as Cicero, Virgil, and Cæsar, are known by more names than one, as Marcus Tullius Cicero, Publius Virgilius Maro, Caius Julius Cæsar. Therefore Cicero is sometimes called Tully, and Virgil is sometimes called Maro, and the month of July was named after Cæsar.

Farther back than Greece in the stream of time there are no traces whatever of family names, unless we regard in this light the old Jewish predilection for calling men by the name of some illustrious ancestor, or the names of the father, as in Arabia to this day. David was often called the son of Jesse, and the descendants of David very naturally reminded the world of their origin by calling themselves children of David. The father's name was the substitute for the surname, as James the son of Alphaeus, Simon son of Jonas. But in later times, when Greece and Rome had penetrated with their philosophical, political, and social habits and customs the principal portions of the civilized world, surnames began to be common even among the Jews, as Simon surnamed Peter, Judas surnamed Iecariot; though we are not aware that there is any evidence to prove that these surnames were family names transmitted by descent, but merely additional names for individual distinction. Such hereditary names, however, must have been common enough for

some time previous, as in the case of the Macbean family.

It is, however, probably true in the main, that the use of surnames as a universal custom in Europe takes its date from the period of the Crusades, as until that time it seems to have been only local and partial.

All names had, originally, a meaning, and the farther back we go the more meaning they have. The Jewish names are peculiarly expressive: Abraham means the father of many nations; Isaac means laughter, for his mother laughed when she was told that she would have a son at ninety years of age; Jacob means a deceiver, because he cheated his brother out of his birth-right; David means beloved, and the character which he enjoyed of being a man after God's own heart seems like a play upon the meaning of the word; Solomon means peace or peaceable. There was peace in his day. He was a type of the Prince of Peace. Such names look prophetic, or the individuals seem to have been chosen to office in part for the names which they bore. Many have founded on this fact an objection to the truth of the history, because the name was given in youth, before the character and destiny of the individual was realized. But less ancient and less suspicious names than those are sometimes prophetic. Thus Cæsar's name, a family name, means one who has been born by the Cæsarean operation. This was the mode of Julius Cæsar's birth after the death of his mother, and he is the head of the Cæsar family. But his father was a Cæsar as well as himself. The name also seems very expressive of the Roman Imperial Power, which attempted to give birth to a universal reign of peace by cutting with the sword, as if to force out life from a dead subject unable to bear it. Napoleon means the Lion of the Thicket. Three thousand years ago a prophecy said, "The Lion is come up from the thicket, the Destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way." The Lion of the Thicket, therefore, has long been identical with a great conqueror. A modern critic of the sceptical school might infer from this that there was no such man as Napoleon; that the name is imaginary, or assumed after his advent to power.

Rome is a most appropriate and prophetic name for a city. It means strength, physical force; the very force employed by the city both in her political and ecclesiastical government to obtain the ascendancy over the world. She was also called *Valentia* by the Romans. This was the secret or ineffable name of the city, which no private Roman was permitted to pronounce, lest an enemy should discover it, and employ divination or sorcery against it. *Valentia* has the same meaning as *Rome*. It means might and power. What wonder was it that might and power should rule the world. The destiny of Rome is the destiny of her name. Jerusalem, the prophetic name of the Capitol of the Universal Kingdom of Peace, means the habitation of peace. The name of the capital of the Kingdom of Peace, therefore, must be Jerusalem, wheresoever it be placed. The French, or Franks, are Freemen, or Socialists, by name, and they have taken the lead in the furtherance of a system of liberal and equal government in the civilized world. German means the Universal man, and no name can be better appropriated, for Germany represents every species of government and system that can be imagined. It contains an empire, kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms, electorates, republics, and free cities; and its ideas are as multifarious and heterogeneous as its forms of government. It is a miniature of the world. No nation better deserves the name of *Alle-man*, or *All-man*, than this; and this had received it long before its destiny was so developed as to render it appropriate. England is the name of the land of the Angles or Angeli, the messengers, or couriers, or travelers or merchants; for merchants are travelers among the nations. This also is very appropriate, and this name belonged to that country long before its destiny could have been anticipated. Ireland is very expressive of wrath and misery; for though the *ire* is supposed to have been once *ier*, holy or sacred, it makes little difference, since holy lands are notoriously subject to become lands of curse for a season, though reserved

for a splendid deliverance at the end of that ordeal of wrath to which they are mysteriously doomed.

That some names are good and some bad, some fortunate and some unfortunate, has been believed by men in all ages of the world, but superstition has misled men upon this subject as upon a thousand others. Mothers are always more influenced by traditionary notions than fathers, and maternal fear has often refused to impose a name upon a child for no other reason than this, that the last of her kin who bore it was unfortunate, died in youth, came to a violent end, or dragged out a life of painful suffering amid poverty and infirmity. Fathers are not without this superstition, and prosperous names are generally chosen in preference to unfortunate ones. Perhaps it is even from a superstitious desire of combining the luck of a great variety of names, or neutralising the bad luck of one by the good luck of another, that princes and princesses, like the Duchess de Montpensier's infant daughter, are supplied with a score of names, like so many charms against evil planets and wicked spirits, at the baptismal font. But even the popes themselves, who choose their own names, notwithstanding their infallibility, have never been able to distinguish the best from the worst. John was evidently a favorite among the popes for a long time, and yet it was a most unlucky one. There is no greatness attached to it on the Papal throne, but much baseness, and at last deposition in the twenty-third of the list. Twenty-three Johns among the popes, beside Pope Joan! and not a single James, nor even a Peter, though they all profess to be the successors of Peter. What could be the cause of this preference? It was severely punished. With few exceptions, their reigns were very short, only a year or two, and now we are not likely ever to have another, for the last Pope John was deposed more than four hundred years ago. Gregories are lucky on the papal throne. Gregory the Great and Gregory the Seventh may be called the founders of the papacy; and Gregory the thirtieth was the reformer of the calendar, the new style, which goes by the name of the Gregorian Calendar. It is an appropriate name, the shepherd of the flock, without much pretensions. John means the grace of God, and the Pope Johns have been particularly remarkable for the want of that grace.

William seems a remarkable name on the English throne. The founder of the monarchy and aristocracy was William the Conqueror; the founder of the Protestant constitution was William the Third; and William the Fourth, the sailor king, was the leader of modern reform, which is likely to prove as remarkable an epoch as any which has preceded it. No other names among the English sovereigns can boast of a triple celebrity equal to this in marking the epochs of English history.—[Family Herald.]

THE MODEL ACTRESS.

SHE rises very early. Her first thought is to look at the newspaper, and see if her name is mentioned in the criticism of the new piece. Not a word! She dresses very quickly, and takes her breakfast standing, studying her new "part" all the while. At ten, she is in the theater, in a black atmosphere, ruled with long white lines of daylight, pouring down from the different skylights. The whole place is redolent of cobwebs, orange-peel, and the stale smoke of last night's blue-fire. She attends the reading of a new play. She then listens to the "cutting" of the new piece, and proceeds to the rehearsal of it. Her "part" is clipped to two lines: still, she does not murmur, but is secretly thankful it is not taken out altogether. She waits behind the scenes, lingering about the musty corridors till one o'clock, when there is a general rehearsal of the grand new burlesque. The managers, however, does not arrive till two—then the properties are not ready, the daubs of scenes are not set, the stage-manager has "just stepped round the corner," (a delicate figure for the public-house, very popular in theaters,) and the young author is flirting in front with one of the ballet-girls. At last, the rehearsal begins. Each dance is repeated two or three times, the military ones especially; and the author is very proud about his jokes, and will not have them murdered. This makes it four o'clock before the rehearsal is over. The actress rushes up stairs to see

about her dress: this is a matter of great importance, and half an hour soon flies before the looking-glass. As she is running out of the theater, she is called back by the musical conductor, "to try over her song quietly by herself." So she leaves the theater almost as the box-keepers are coming into it, too lucky if she is not detained at the door by a loud cry of, "Ladies and gents, the last act, if you please, once more." She gets away, however, before the big chandelier is lighted, astonished to find the sun is shining in the streets.

She runs home, and sinks in an arm-chair quite worn and spiritless. The dinner is cold; she has no appetite; she longs to sleep, but is afraid to lie down. Besides, she has not a moment to lose. She has to get perfect in her new part, to try on her new dress, (she dresses and undresses about ten times a day,) to arrange her hair, sew some ribbons on her cap, and be at the theater again a little before seven.

Then the business of her day commences. She is an empress in the first piece, blazing with mock diamonds, drinking "property" champagne, and giving away millions of tin roubles. She is a saucy maid in the farce, with her gay cap, boxing her mistresses' ears, and being kissed, alternately, by the smart groom, the young Captain, the old Uncle, and the Yorkshire coachman. She is the Fairy Barleysugarina in the last piece, and has to dance, and sing negro songs, and fight a grand sword-combat for ten minutes, and to dress up in hussar, Amazonian, and policeman's clothes; besides being suspended by a rope in the last scene. It is full one o'clock before the performances are over. She has to undress and dress again, and to see the stage-manager before going, probably to be reprimanded for her petticoats not being short enough. She gets home between one and two. It is too late for supper. The beer is flat; the fire is out; and she is too glad to get into bed. She is in a hurry to sleep, and yet cannot. The "bravos" keep ringing in her ears, and the manager's reprimand worries her. She lays awake, thinking of to-morrow, for there is generally a "call" at ten, and she is afraid of not being up, so that sleep comes slowly to her heavy eyelids.

This is the life of the Model Actress in the summer time. It is not pleasant, then; but it is worse in the winter. The hot-house then is changed into an ice-well. The stage, with its numerous side-scenes, traps, and staircases, is one immense collection of draughts, as if they had been put there purposely, like those in a chemist's shop, to benefit the doctors. The little fire in the green-room is blocked up by big men, in low necks and fleshings, just as cold as herself. She shivers in a corner, with an old shawl round her shoulders. She has a cough, probably; and a thin gauze dress, with spangles, is not the best thing to cure it. It rains, perhaps, but she must brave it. She has no shillings to bargain for cabs. The Fairy Barleysugarina thinks herself well off if she has a pair of clogs and an umbrella; and bleat, indeed, if she gets a lift, half-way home, in some Gisel's Brougham.

This is the daily life of the Model Actress throughout the year. She is not married, and it is a blessing for her. How could she nurse a crying child when she got home? How could she attend to a baby at rehearsal, or rock the cradle at the wings? A husband, too, would only be in the way at a theater; and she is never at home. Her lot is bitter enough without any such additional anxieties. Her whole time and thoughts must be devoted to the "house" where she is engaged.

She cannot always call the Sunday her own. She has frequently to attend at the theater "after Divine service." Her only holiday is Passion-week, and then she gets no salary; and the same when the theater is closed, by the caprice of the Mosaic manager, on account of "bad business." Her only chance of existence then, is to "star" at the Grecian Saloon, or, when it comes to the worst, to take the round of the musical public-houses, and collect what she can.

Sometimes she goes into the country, and joins a "circuit" in some far-off county. Her prospects do not brighten with the change. Her salary becomes a chance—in town it was, at least, a certainty. The receipts are generally divided among the company, and the women do not invariably get the largest share. She comes back poorer in purse than ever.

And what is her salary in town? Some twenty to thirty shillings a week; and this again is at the mercy of that despotic tyrant, the stage-manager. It is perilled, also, by the loss of her good looks. Each night's illness, likewise, is deducted on the Saturday. But, somehow, the Model Actress is never fined—she never misses a rehearsal—she never keeps the stage waiting—and, most luckily for her, is rarely ill. She not only lives on her salary, but finds her shoes, stockings, and numerous articles of dress, out of it. Sometimes, too, she supports an old mother. "Impossible! absurd!" cries the reader, but it is true, nevertheless. "Then she

falls?" Perhaps she does—but more frequently she doesn't. And if the Actress does fall a victim, shouldn't we rather pity than condemn her? Look to her wants—look to her temptations!—vanity being by no means the weakest among them.

How she lives is a mystery! How she can appear gay, and laugh, in the evening, after the cares and fatigues of the whole day, is a mystery still greater!

How she can go on for years running backward and forward, from morning to night, from night to all but morning, in such a dreary, hopeless *cul-de-sac*, it is impossible to tell! But it is not altogether hopeless with the Model Actress. Hope is the secret of her existence—it is the talisman that lifts her over the sharp flints and stones of her career. She struggles valiantly, believing in her heart that one day she will be a Mrs. Siddons, or a Mrs. Nisbett. Without this charm, she could not act. She has little sources of pleasure, also, unknown to us. A bouquet thrown to her makes her happy for a week. Two or three little paragraphs of praise in a paper—a smile, a kind word, or a look of encouragement, from Mr. Macready or the manager—two or three little compliments dropt in her ear by some great man about the theater, are enjoyments that she never forgets. And then the applause! Each round is as good as a day in the country to her, and an "encore" puts her in good humor for a week; and a lucky hit in a small part throws such a glorious sunshine over her path, making her future appear so bright, that she has no eyes for the gloom about her. These are the simple enjoyments that frequently turn the REALMS OF DESPAIR into the BOWELS OF BLISS in the dingy scenes of the life of the MODEL ACTRESS.

A DUTCHMAN, up at Schaghticoke, by the name of Kendrick, had a son by the name of Jacob, or Yaupy, as the Dutch usually call it, with whose education he had taken much pains, instructing him in all the rudiments of good breeding, &c., until he became satisfied that his boy Yaupy was a perfect pattern of obedience and good manners; and he took every occasion to show off Yaupy's accomplishments, and sound his praise among his neighbors. He said that "Yaupy had more larnin' den most all the boys in de school; he can read all trough despelling-pook, and spell all trough all reading-pooks, and could tell all de pictures in de pig Bible."

Kendrick was visited one day by his dominie, who called to inquire into the state of his moral and religious affairs, and to give instruction to his family. Kendrick, thinking it a good opportunity to show off his paragon of a son, and wishing at the same time to be kind and civil to his dominie, called out to his boy in an adjoining room:

"Yaupy, you go down in de cellar and draw de tominie a bitcher of citer; but—"

"Go to the devil, father," said Yaupy, "and draw the cider yourself; you know where it is as well as I do."

This was rather a stumper to poor Kendrick; but, being unwilling that his dominie should go away with an unfavorable impression of Yaupy's manners, undertook to apologize for him.

"Tominie," said he, "dat is von of de pest little poy I ever seed in my life, but he has got a very pad cold now!"—[Sunday Atlas.]

THE majority of readers seem to think that nothing can be more easy or pleasant than to edit a paper; but of all the different employments by which men make their bread and butter, there is none, we firmly believe, that so taxes the mind, time, temper, and flesh, as that of editing a paper. There is none that requires a nicer tact, a sounder judgment, a more constant application, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. Whoever succeeds tolerably well as an editor, is something more than an ordinary mad, let his cotemporaries say or think of him as they will.

THERE is a very singular circumstance in Shelby county, Texas, of a well that has been burning about twelve months, at the former residence of Judge Lusk. It does not give a very agreeable feeling to the visitor; for it is neither sublime nor beautiful; but from the deep rumbling noise that is heard—the sulphurous smell, and the dark cloud of smoke that is continually rising, a beholder is forcibly convinced that there is actually fire and brimstone in the subterranean regions.

A MAN with an enormous large mouth, called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instrument, and was about to commence operations, the man of mouth began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got it to a most frightful extent. "Stay, sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand on the outside."

"I WONDER what makes my eyes so weak?" said a loafer to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

Publisher's Notices.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS in this city, Brooklyn and Williamsburg, who do not receive their papers regularly and seasonably, are requested to give immediate notice at the Office. No Carrier is authorized to receive payment in advance, unless bringing a receipt signed by the Publisher or authorized Clerk in the Office. All Subscribers not paying in advance to the Office will be charged *five cents* per week, payable to the Carriers. Our friends who wish the Gazette and Rule from the commencement of the New and Enlarged Volume, will oblige us by handing in their names at the earliest moment. The edition will be limited, and early attention is necessary to prevent disappointment.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

WE take pleasure in announcing the following gentlemen—*Brothers of the Order*—as the authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, who have been appointed within the last three months, and we expect they will exert themselves, with those who have been longer in the field, in advancing our interests, making their returns promptly every week, in an accurate and careful manner, giving us notice of any of our Subscribers who may fail to receive their paper regularly, noting removals and discontinuances, &c.
Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD, Bro. ISAAC P. BALDWIN,
H'RY L. BROUGHTON, L. W. ALDRICH,
CHAS. H. HARRISON, HORACE LAMB

LOCAL AGENTS.

OUR thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for collecting and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our journal shall be worthy the support of *Odd-Fellows* from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that each one will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1849.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

CIRCULATION TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND!

SINCE the combination, in July, 1848, of the two papers, the only ones in New-York devoted to the high and beautiful aims of *Odd Fellowship* and Literature, the united journal has been crowned with the brightest success. It enjoys a vast circulation among families as well as among brothers of the Order, and is universally accepted as the most excellent Family Journal in the country. The proprietors, though well contented with the position which their efforts have attained, are nevertheless resolved to achieve still more, and to reach an eminence beyond competition. They will accordingly spare no labor and expense during the coming year, to place The Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule at the

HEAD OF ALL THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

With this aim in view, the Editor and Publisher have made arrangements with many contributors of acknowledged talent and reputation to impart deep and various interest to their columns, so that they shall be quoted from and commended by the best critics of the country.

The noble and excellent Order of *Odd-Fellows* has become so extended and well known on account of its benevolent deeds and unflinching devotion to the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth," that it now numbers men of all trades and professions, the young, the middle aged and the old. Our paper shall be so diversified as not only to suit and gratify all these, but to please wives, sisters, mothers and children, and thus be esteemed

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE UNION.

The domain, both of Reality and Fiction, Fact and Fancy will be explored, and their choicest treasures gathered for our readers. Original Tales and Poems from the most popular authors—selections from the ablest Foreign Periodicals, just Criticisms on Books, account of Discoveries in Science and the Arts, Intelligence from all parts of the World, Essays on the Topics of the Day, PROCEEDINGS OF THE LODGES AND ALL THE NEWS RELATING TO *ODD-FELLOWSHIP* IN AMERICA AND EUROPE, will form the staple of each and every number. We shall commence the New Volume in January

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Which will give our patrons a much greater QUANTITY OF READING MATTER, besides enabling us to offer each week a more pleasing variety. We therefore say to each of our present readers,

Renew your Subscriptions for 1849.

And we ask every other lover of good reading, whether belonging to the Order or not, to add a new name to our extensive list, being resolved that "The Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule," shall have a permanent, as well as standing interest and value, so that each bound volume shall be

A PRIZE FOR EVERY LIBRARY,

And also a welcome visitor to every Lady's drawing room.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. Bills of all the solvent Banks in the Union received at par. J. R. CRAMPTON, Publisher, No. 44 Ann-street, N. Y.

MR. ETHAN SPIKE'S FIRST ICE CREAM IN PORTLAND.—I puts my hands into my pockets, an' walks into a shop kinder careless, and says to a chap standin' behind the counter, "Do you keep any ice creams here?" "Yes, sir," says he, "how much'll you have?" I considered a minit, says I, "A pint, sir." The young feller's face swelled out—"Did you say a pint, sir?" "Sartin," says I; "but p'rhaps you don't retail, so I don't mind takin' a quart." Wall, the feller handed me the stuff as perlit as could be. Wall, I tasted a mouthful, an' found it cool as the north side o' Bethel hill in January. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but, jest then I seed the confectioner chap grinnin', which riz my spunk. Gall smash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white-liver'd monkey think I'm afeard—I'll eat the plaguey stuff if it freezes my inards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinn'd a bear or whipp'd a wild cat, but I went it. I eat the whole in about a minit. Wall, in about a quarter of an hour I began to feel kinder gripy, an' kept on feelin' no better very fast, till at last, the chap as gin me the cream, who had been lookin' on snickerin', says he to me, "Mister," says he, "what ails yer?" "Ails me!" says I, "that ere stuff o' your'n is freezin' up my daylight," says I. "You eat too much," says he. "I tell yer I didn't!" screamed I, "I know what's a nuff and what's too much without askin' you, an' if you don't leave off snickerin' I'll spile your face." He cottoned right down, an' said he didn't mean any hurt, an' asked me if I hadn't better take some gin. So I took a purty good horn, an' left. "I haint," said Mr. Spike, in conclusion, "I haint bin to Portland since, but if I live to be as old as Mathusalem, I shall never forget that all-fired ice cream."—[Boston Messenger.

A DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.—"It would be a comfortable thing if I knowed just where I was bound for. Up street's got mixed with down street, and there's no such thing as cross-streets at all. The moon's cross-eyed, and keeps winkin' and blinkin' as if she had her eyes full of Macaboy. Now, what am I to do? If I stand still there's a very pleasant chance of going to sleep standing. If I go to stir, hang me if I know which way I am travelin'."

THERE are cares and troubles enough in the married state, without the aggravation of bad temper.

A SPLENDID WEEKLY.

THE Contents of this week's number of the Flag of our Union, presents an unusual array of talent and highly interesting reading. The articles are entirely original, as follows:—The commencement of the thousand dollar prize tale, by Edgar W. Davies, entitled "The Knight of the Silver Cross," filling eight large columns, and beautifully illustrated; "A Sonnet," on the Statue of Shakespeare as seen after the burning of the Park Theatre, New York, by Park Benjamin; "To the Mermaid in the Boston Museum," a poem, by Mary; "The New Year's Gift, or the Turquoise Bracelet," a prose sketch, by Lieut. Murray; "An Epic Poem," by Almy; "The Forced Bride," a poem, by Geo. P. Barnham; "The New Year's Eve, or the Disgrace," a prose sketch, by Calvin Porter; "The Wrecked at Sea," a poem, by M. M. Ballou; "The Knight of the Golden Plume," a prose sketch, by Fred Hunter; "The Gentle Word," a poetic gem, by Frances S. Osgood; "The Inconvenience of having a military acquaintance," a humorous sketch, by the Old 'Un; "Getting into the Wrong Shop," a laughable story, by the Young 'Un; "The Toiler's Hope," a poem, by Augustine J. H. Duganne; "Love in Age," a poem, by the Green Mountain Bard; "Foreign Correspondence No. 1," a letter from Paris, by M. E. Dana; "Happy New Year," a poem, by Evelyn; "Bad Luck! Bad Luck!" a prose sketch, by T. S. Arthur; "The Mother," a poem, by C. H. M.; "Twilight," a poem, by A. W. Dorsey; "Midnight," a poem, by Henry May; "Love and Reason," a poem, by F. H. M. Adding to this editorials, original gems, a full and complete digest of news and gossip of the day, and the public will see that the first number of the new volume of the Flag is rich in original matter. Single copies, Five Cents; \$2.00 per annum; three copies, \$5.00. S. FRENCH, Publisher, 293 Broadway, New York

DECEMBER REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (11 Wall street) has issued, during the month of December, 1848, one hundred and eighty-nine new Policies, viz:

To Merchants and Traders	64	To Mechanics	28
" Clerks	22	" Manufacturers	21
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JOS. L. LORD, Agent. JAMES STEWART, M.D., Medical Examiner. (Residence, Abingdon Square,) is at the office daily, from 2 to 3 o'clock. 1m236

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in the United States of America, are now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country. Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S. 101 Forsyth-st. New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 245 Broome-st. 228:tf.

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CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING. J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over *One Thousand Dollars.*

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No. 220 North 2d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m.

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To the I. O. O. F. and the public in general. The subscriber, I. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City. I. J. CRISWELL'S, No. 293 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia. 1y:mov 9.

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M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia,
Costumes, Tents, Crooks, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New York aug.26:tf.

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A SPLENDID assortment of Gold and Silver Duplex, Patent Lever, Anchor Escapement, Lepine and Vertical Watches, select'd from the best manufactured in Europe, which will be warranted perfect time-keepers. Also, some new patterns of Gold Chains, Seals, Keys, do do do Gold Pencil Cases and Pens. do do do Thimbles, Rings, Pins, &c. do do do Bracelets with Stones. do do do Silver Forks and Spoons.

All the above articles will be sold at the lowest prices and warranted to be equal to the best made in the city. MOTT BROTHERS, Importers of Fine Watches, 2 Nassau-street, opposite the Custom House.

P. S. Clocks and Watches cleaned and repaired in the very best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction. 9:28:1

GRAND MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICE,

NO. 127 CHAMBER-STREET NEW-YORK.
FOR the Treatment of all Diseases in Men,
Women and Children; whether Acute or Chronic; whether Local or General—whether Scrofulous, Syphilitic, or Epidemic—or all Maladies belonging to the line of Medicine and Surgery.

I. Cases of all kinds will be examined every day in the week from 7 o'clock A. M. till 7 P. M. Sundays excepted.

II. No CHARGE made for EXAMINATIONS, or for our OPINION in any case.

III. Patients will find our examinations unlike those of any others which they have ever known or heard, and if we do not tell them more about their case, without their telling us any history of their disease, than they have ever known or learned before by their own observation, or that of any of their Doctors, we advise them not to submit to our treatment.

IV. All that Class of Diseases in which delicate and sensitive persons are exposed, by most Doctors, to Surgical and bloody operations, and to means and treatment which burn and torture, and confine the patient to the sick bed, are treated at this office without pain, exposure or confinement.

V. Patients will be convinced beyond all doubt, by our Examinations and Treatment, that their diseases in most, and the worst cases, originated in their childhood, or were inherited from their parents, or arose from a great variety of causes, which neither they nor their doctors ever imagined—and though they may seem to have a dozen different diseases, that in nearly every case they all spring from one root or cause, and will be driven out together by very simple means.

VI. Those Diseases of certain parts of the human system, which are almost universally treated in the first state with Balsam of Copaiba, Capsules, Cubes; by Injections of Nitrate of Silver, Borax, Alum, Sugar of Lead Water—Yellow or Black washes; with Blue or Mercurial and other Ointments; with Bougies, Catheters or Syringes—or in the second state, with Calomel, Blue Pill, Red Precipitate for Corrosive Sublimates; with Hydriodate of Potash, Sarsaparilla Syrup, and other like slops—we say before heaven and earth, that by such treatment and such means, as are generally used, we know and can demonstrate, that these diseases have never been and can never be healed. They deceive the patient—they drive the disease into the system, and to other and more important parts—they produce Strictures, Callouses, Piles, Abscesses, Ulcers, Fistulas, Catarrhs, Dropsies, Rheumatic pains, Diseases of the Bones, of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Throat and whole system; and either render the whole life of the patient miserable, or hurry him to a premature grave.

Without using any of these Quackish, Ruinous and Swindling remedies, we promise to every curable case we treat, a permanent and radical CURE FOR LIFE by very simple medicine, which is without taste or smell—which neither purges or vomits—nor hinders from business—nor exposes the patient in any way whatever, and which is only to be taken every other night. We can furnish patients with References to Terrible Cases which have been carried out of the Broadway Hospitals as incurable, to die, whom we have raised from the gates of the grave, after all other means have been used in vain.

VII. Knowing, as we do, that most Medicines in the hands of Apothecaries and Druggists are adulterated, and for various other reasons are not to be relied on; we have, therefore established a **CHEMICAL LABORATORY**, where we manufacture all our Medicines—for this reason we can warrant that our medicines shall do all that we promise in every case.

VIII. In every case in which we promise a cure, if we fail to effect this, the money paid for medicine will be returned.

To all who wish we will furnish names and residence of patients in the city and country, whom we have treated for all forms of disease, who will give them all the facts in their case—the nature, extent, and duration of their sickness, and the success of our treatment.

We therefore invite all sufferers however afflicted, or however hopeless their case may appear, to give us a trial—put our knowledge to the test in an Examination of their case—it will cost them nothing—and they will find beyond doubt that ninety-nine cases out of a hundred which are called Consumption, Spinal disease, Cancer in the Womb, or elsewhere, &c., &c., are totally mistaken—there being nothing of the kind. This we have demonstrated in hundreds of cases.

NEVER DESPAIR till you have given our Remedies and Treatment an honest trial.

All DR. BEACH'S BOOKS AND MEDICINES for sale at this office. JAMES McALLISTER & Co. Proprietors, 3m235 No. 127 Chambers-st. New-York.

NO CURE NO PAY.

DR. CULLEN'S Indian Vegetable Remedy, warranted to cure or the money returned. This medicine is prepared from an Indian receipt obtained from one of them in the Far West. Those who have been familiar with the Indians, know that they can and do cure certain diseases without the knowledge of Mercury or Balsam. The afflicted have now an opportunity of being cured without the danger of Mercury, or the unpleasant use of Balsam. This medicine is pleasant to the taste, and leaves no smell on the breath.

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JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

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"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY J. R. CRAMPTON, AT NO. 44 ANN-STREET, TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 3.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 237.

Original Poetry.

I CALL TO THEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY ALLIE VERNON.

By all the vows that thou hast ever breathed,
By all our joyous and most happy hours,
By Love's pure bond that once for us was wreathed
With brightsome gems and rich and fragrant
flow'rs,

I call to thee.

By all our dreams, our wild and beauteous dreams,
By all our burning kisses, fond and true;
By the remembrance of Hope's glowing beams,
That o'er our early days a radiance threw,
I call to thee.

By all the cares we've borne—by all our fears,
By all our visions of Futurity;
By all our woes and joys—our smiles and tears,
By all the passion thou hast sworn to me,
I call to thee.

By all thy hopes of mercy upon high,
By all thy hopes of peace and rest below,
And by that strange mysterious spirit-tie
That binds our hearts wherever ye may go,
I call to thee.

TO C.....

"Weeping may endure for a night, but Joy cometh in the morning."

Though thy path in life looks dreary,
Do not harbor sorrow;
Though thy drooping soul is weary,
Hope for a happier morrow;
Though the storm-clouds darkly lower,
Look forward still for a brighter hour.

The heaviest storm must pass away,
The sky grow more serene,
And lovelier then is the sun's bright ray,
For the clouds that have passed between:
When past the gloom of Sorrow's night,
Joy's radiant beams will shine more bright.

But should life's roses perish,
Hope's visions fade away,
Should the dreams you fondly cherish,
Fade like the evening ray,
Still faith can look beyond the tomb,
Where Affection's flowers live in changeless bloom.

MARY.

LINES.

"The Memory of the Past is a Sigh."

Like the sweet melody which faintly lingers
Upon the wind-harps strings at close of day,
When gently touch'd by evening's dewy fingers,
It breathes a low and melancholy lay—

So thy calm voice of sympathy me seemeth—
And when its magic spell around me cast,
My spirit in its cloister'd silence dreameth,
And vaguely blends the Future with the Past.
But vain such dreams! for pain my bosom thrilleth,
And mournful memories around me move—
E'en friendship's alchemy no balm distilleth
To soothe the irremediable wound of love!

Oh! well thou know'st this truth; for thou hast taken
The draught which leaves such bitterness behind;
Thou e'en in life's glad spring hast idly wasted
Feeling's sweet perfume on the unconscious wind.
Alas! alas! Passion to soon exhaileth
The early freshness of the heart's young flowers;
We water'd them with tears, but nought availeth,
They wither on, through all life's later hours.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

O! THERE ye glitter, far and wide,
High in the shaded vault of Heaven;
As moonbeams sparkle in the tide,
When by a gentle zephyr driven;
And there ye glide, from time to time,
Thro' space unmeasured in the skies,
Revolving in your course sublime,
Like jewels of resplendent dyes.
Do happy spirits unconfined,
In bands exulting visit ye?
They only can your boundaries find,
And traverse their immensity:
Could I on eagle's pinions soar
Unto your palest sphere of light,
Still myriads would ascend before,
In distant splendor on my sight.
What order, and what concord too,
In ye, did your Creator show;
Tho' from this earth's degenerate view,
Ye all in mix'd confusion glow!
As ye each other's rays excel
In brighter beams of ambient light,
So will the blest in glory dwell,
Array'd in robes divinely bright;
But in their crowns of happiness,
Will more resplendent gems appear,
Than ye, that grace the dark abyss
From night to night—from year to year.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 4, 1848.

E. H.

French Novelle.

A LION IN LOVE.*

BY FREDERIC SOULIE.

CHAPTER V.

It would have been useless to ask Leonce why he felt happy; he would have been unable to answer the question; for this emotion was as new to him as to Lise, and he thought neither of analysing nor resisting it. He felt happy as he was, he looked upon everything with an indulgent eye, and if he now and then perceived a want of refinement in the manner of those around him, he found in them a degree of sincerity which alarmed him,—those good people seemed to enjoy themselves heartily.

He endeavored to keep away from the room where Lise was; but, spite of himself, he was attracted toward it, and glanced his eye between two men who were standing in the door.

Lise was dancing, but she was not thinking of the figures; she either kept her eyes down-cast, or cast around the room a quick and furtive glance.

Whom could she be seeking?

Leonce was afraid that it might not be himself; but when he perceived that since he had taken his station at the door, she seemed no longer in search of any one, he experienced a sensation of rapture so exquisite, that he, in turn, was ashamed at the keenness of his emotion.

This alarm could not be allied to uncertainty in the heart of Léonce, as it was in that of Lise; he called himself to account for what he experienced, and blushed for himself.

'Come, come,' said he to himself 'I am playing the child and making a fool of myself. Their adulterated wines have got into my head; I'm drunk, the devil take me if I'm not; it can't be otherwise.'

And to satisfy himself that he was not a man to be overcome by the feelings of a boy, he set about watching Lise.

Lise was dancing with a handsome young man, as handsome as the lion himself; remarkable for his elegant simplicity of dress, and who was speaking to his partner with perfect ease, on subjects that were doubtless sufficiently interesting for her to listen to with attention, and well enough expressed to elicit from her some marks of assent.

At sight of this, a total revolution took place in the lion's heart; he drew a comparison between himself and some one else; for instance, with a dealer in cotton goods, and he was fain to confess that nothing insured his superiority over such a man.

* Continued from page —.

Léonce experienced a much more cruel disappointment, when he saw Lise's face so tranquil and so happy. Poor child! all her happiness consisted in having caught Léonce's eye fixed on her, and in experiencing therefore, a degree of joy and pride and rapture that no longer alarmed her, since he was not at her side, and since the tone of his voice no longer made her timid.

A strange doubt penetrated the heart of Stern: 'What if this artless being should turn out to be a mere coquette of the counter?'

'Ah, really, you are too ambitious, my beauty; you are pretty, but your views are too extravagant!'

As, with such thoughts in his mind, he looked at Lise, his face assumed an expression of arrogance and disdain, and the sweet creature having glanced at him at that moment, was so astonished at seeing him gaze upon her thus, that she turned pale, and her eyes, riveted on his, seemed to say:

'What is the matter? what have I done to you?'

And thereupon she no longer listened to her partner, and made three blunders in dancing.

Léonce saw all this, and wished to ascertain whether she was not merely acting a part. He would not let it be said that a man like himself was the dupe of a designing flirt.

Accordingly, when the dance was over, he assumed his most natural air, the most indifferent and most lion-like, and, coming up to Lise and her mother, he said to Madame Laloin, but without looking at Lise:

'I have many apologies to make for my neglect, madam. As I was returning home, I found in my carriage this locket and hair-chain; they doubtless belong to some one of your guests, and I had forgotten to return them to you.'

At the words 'some one of your guests,' Lise looked at Léonce, as if to say: 'Did you not know they were mine?'

Madame Laloin thanked Léonce, and said to Lise:

'You see I was right, when I said that the marquis would bring them back to you.'

'Ah, they belong to mademoiselle?' said Léonce, coldly, handing the trinket with a supercilious air.

'Yes, sir,' said Lise, extending her hand to receive it, and looking at Léonce, as much as to say: 'Have I my right senses?'

Léonce handed it to her with the tips of his fingers.

'Give it to me,' said her mother, 'and let me fasten it round your neck.'

'Not just now, mamma,' said Lise, with a degree of impatience, which she could hardly repress.

She wrapped it in her handkerchief, which she strained in her clasped hand.

Lise was pale, her hands trembled.

Léonce was satisfied with his experiment, and resumed with an affectation of politeness:

'Mademoiselle Lise has not, I hope, forgotten that she promised to be my partner in the first gallop?'

'I know not,' answered Lise, painfully, 'if mamma has no objection—'

'With the Marquis? certainly not,' said Madame Laloin.

The band struck up the first bars of a galopade.

Lise gave her hand to Léonce; they rose and walked round the room, while the crowd was clearing the way for the dancers.

'Why,' said Stern to her, 'did you refuse to put on your pretty chain and locket?'

'Oh, pretty!' said she with an effort, 'you do not mean what you say; but I think a great deal of it.'

'It is a souvenir, I suppose?'

'Ah, yes!' answered she, with uplifted eyes; 'it is an excellent souvenir!'

'And the motto inscribed on it reminds you of it, no doubt?'

'Yes, Monsieur le Marquis,' replied Lise, with a sweet dignity.

'Have the will, and you have the power, says that motto.'

'Yes, sir, we can do all we are resolved to do,' replied Lise with a sigh she was unable totally to repress.

'It requires great confidence in the strength of one's resolution to adopt such a motto,' added Léonce.

'Thus far, that confidence has never betrayed me, and I trust it never will,' replied Lise with extreme emotion.

'Do you stand in need of it?'

'We do not dance, sir,' said Lise.

Léonce entwined one arm round the waist of the beautiful girl, and took hold of the hand with which she still clasped her talisman.

Thus they danced together, heartedly gazing on her, she with downcast eyes and serious countenance.

On a sudden, a tear rose to Lise's eye, trembled on its lashes, and trickled slowly down her cheek. Léonce experienced a thrill of pain, and, leading her into an adjoining room in which were some card tables, he said to her:

'I have offended you, mademoiselle?'

'No, sir, no.'

'But why then are you in tears?'

'I am not in tears, sir.'

'Hear me, mademoiselle,' cried Léonce in a tone of sincere frankness; 'I know not what I may have said or done to wound you, but if such, unfortunately, has been the case, I beg your pardon, and protest that any intention of the kind was far from my heart.'

'Lise looked at him attentively, and answered him with a sad smile:

'Oh, sir, I beg of you, pay no attention to what I say or do. The truth is, that when a child, I was always so feeble and delicate, that all my faults were permitted to remain uncorrected; and among them is to be found a degree of sensibility which is very foolish, very ridiculous.'

'But in what way have I wounded this sensibility?'

'Do not inquire, sir; let us proceed with our dancing; I am not angry with you for it. I assure you I am not,' added she with a nervous motion and an expression of pain.

They ended their galop, and Léonce once more left Lise by the side of her mother.

Mr. Tirlot almost immediately afterwards came forward to claim the hand of Lise; but she said, with a tone of gentle entreaty:

'Not just now, Mr. Tirlot; I am quite unwell. I am very nervous; I suffer greatly; I am very cold.'

Stern looked at her; she was pale, and her lips trembled with a convulsive vibration.

Her mother, at sight of this, appeared quite alarmed, and whispered to her:

'Come, come with me, my darling.'

'Yes, mamma,' said she, falteringly.

And she slowly left the room, leaning upon her mother's arm.

'But what is the matter with her?' asked Léonce of Mr. Tirlot.

'Oh, good Lord!' said the latter in a tone of sincere pity, 'the old complaint! Those terrible palpitations of the heart; the least fatigue is injurious to her, and a violent emotion would be enough to kill her.'

'Kill her!' was the mental response of Léonce, 'and I who can say? Perhaps when I looked upon her so disdainfully, when I so stupidly returned that trinket which I knew could belong to no one but herself, and which she never asked for, knowing that it was in my possession; perhaps I cruelly hurt the delicate feelings of a heart that was gaily enjoying her girlish triumphs. Ah! poor, poor child! If I were only sure that it is so. My stupidity and brutality have been too shameful!'

Léonce was angry with himself. It might be all pleasant enough to trifle with the vanity of some silly prude of a shop-girl, but to unnecessarily wound the tender sensibilities of a beautiful being, whose sincerity, ingenuousness and worth were sufficiently attested by the affection of those who surrounded her; it was odious! Léonce confessed that he was guilty, inhuman, brutal; he was in a rage with himself. It was, therefore, with unfeigned interest, that he remained in company with several others, watching at the door of the room in which Lise had taken refuge with her mother.

The young girl presently returned, still pale indeed, but calm and serene:

She encountered the agitated looks of Léonce, and gently placing one hand upon her bosom, she pointed out to Léonce the golden trinket, which she now wore, and her gesture implied: 'We can, what we resolve.'

The smile that accompanied this action was so full of resignation and sweetness that Léonce was deeply affected by it.

She had suffered—greatly suffered, and doubtless both for him, and through him.

Stern could have wished to entreat her forgiveness, on his bended knee and with a prostrate heart, that she might be sensible of the humiliation and the grief he felt for having afflicted her.

Lise was seated by her mother's side, and, as she was to dance no more that evening, Léonce had no pretext for approaching her for her sake alone. He was ill at ease. The crowd annoyed him; not that he looked upon them as a collection of droll caricatures, in which light he probably would have viewed them the day before, but they seemed a barrier to the feelings of his heart. At that moment, he would have been glad to be able to cry aloud, and would willingly have given vent to tears.

This feeling was so intense that he was on the point of withdrawing.

But to go, without offering his apologies and the tribute of his repentance to the feeble and delicate creature, of whose sufferings he had been the cause, was out of the question. Advancing toward Mrs. Laloin, and speaking with a serious air:

'Madam,' said he, 'had I been merely an invited guest, I might have allowed myself to withdraw without paying you my respects; but I was a witness on the part of Prosper, and I beg you to accept my thanks for having admitted into your family a worthy man, whom I might almost call a relation of my own.'

'I thank you, sir,' said Mrs. Laloin, greatly moved, while Lise kept looking at Léonce with a sweet rapture. 'I thank you, for it can only be your regard for Prosper which has prompted you to make use of language so flattering to humble people like ourselves.'

'I speak sincerely, madam,' said Léonce, 'and I entreat you to believe in the heartfelt respect I entertain for yourself as well as every member of your family.'

So saying, he turned toward Lise, and bowed profoundly, but without lifting his eyes to hers; he could not, therefore, perceive the radiant look that illumined her countenance, but he noticed an involuntary motion of her hand, as if she had been on the point of taking his, to thank him.

He then withdrew, without trusting himself with a look at Lise, it was not until he had reached the opposite end of the room, that he turned toward her. Her hand was resting upon her bosom, and she was looking at him, he fixed his eyes on hers. Lise did not turn away her gaze; for a long time they thus looked at one another, both forgetting where they were, both feeling as if they could read each other's hearts. Mrs. Laloin spoke to her daughter, Lise seemed to awake from a dream; but before she turned to reply to her mother, a gentle motion of her head expressed to Léonce:

'Farewell!' and 'thank you!'

Away went the lion; he was out of his senses, perfectly crazy; he tried to laugh at himself, but could not succeed.

The image of Lise, so candid and so pure, rose incessantly before him, exclaiming:

'Infatuated man! why treat me as you have treated me? Why sneer at all that you have found good, holy and exquisite in my nature, as you have sneered at my joy?'

CHAPTER VI.

NEVER was man more at a loss than Stern to find some suitable pretext for seeing Lise again. In the language he had addressed to Mrs. Laloin, he had taken, as it were, final leave of a family, which formed no part of his society, and with which it was impossible for him to keep up an intercourse without exciting its surprise. Strictly speaking, he could pay them a visit of etiquette, but that was the utmost he could pretend to. It is true, he thought

of meeting Lise at church, but in an age so little remarkable for piety as ours, it is not very surprising that a man like Leonce should rather wish to be excused from such a profanation.

He might meet Lise at Prosper's; but going to Prosper's house was just as bad as calling at Mr. Laloin's.

However, during several days, and without coming to any settled conclusion as to the nature of his hopes, Leonce broke through all his habits of life—he took a walk in the garden of the Tuileries.

'It is the usual walk of the Parisian citizen,' said he to himself, and he thought it just likely that he might there meet Lise.

That same evening, he went to three or four of the minor theaters, which, as he fancied, must be the favorite resort of the shopkeepers of the Rue St. Denis; but all he gained by it was the bore of the thing. It was the season for the exhibition of paintings, there he met all the world, except Lise.

'Really,' said he to himself, 'this is mere folly. What are my hopes? I have none, and I don't want to have any.'

He repeated this to himself day after day, and every day his yearning desire to behold Lise became more intense; when one morning, (it was not quite ten o'clock, but he was already up and dressed; for on that day he was to go to a stupendous breakfast at Marly, to be followed by the decision of a most eccentric wager, the whole to conclude with a crashing supper and furious play,) his valet handed him a card. It was Prosper's.

'Prosper!' exclaimed Stern; 'let him come in—show him up.'

But, Monsieur le Count,—I told him you were out!

'Out!' cries Stern in a rage; 'how dare you to take such liberties with my friends? who told you to say I was out?'

'Why, Monsieur le Count, I thought—'

Stern was raving mad.

'Stupid fool!' cried he.

'But the gentleman can hardly have reached the foot of the staircase.'

'Go after him; beg him to come back;—run!—fly!'

No sooner was the servant gone than Stern was conscious of his excitement. In fact, his hands trembled, and he experienced a suffocating sensation. He found time to recover himself while his valet was running after Prosper, and compelling him, in a measure, to return; Leonce could, therefore, accost him with perfect calmness.

'I beg your pardon, my dear Prosper,' said Stern to him, 'if I have made you return; but I wished you to know that it was not by my orders that you were told that I was not at home to you.'

'Ah, Monsieur le Marquis, it is I who regret having disturbed you.'

'Had you really disturbed me, Prosper, I should have told you so, without ceremony; but hearing that I was not at home, you might have thought that I was unwilling to see you, which certainly is not the case.'

He then added, laughingly:

'We are not quite so important as we are said to be, or as we appear, thanks to the conduct of our servant. But take a seat, Prosper.'

'Thank you, Monsieur le Marquis;—the fault was partly mine, for I was not very pressing in my inquiries. I am paying some wedding visits with my wife. She is below, in the carriage with my mother-in-law and Lise, and I have but little time to spare. We are to meet a party at the Railroad Depot, to go to St. Germain on a pleasure excursion.'

'Ah!' said Stern, 'are the ladies below? It would have been kind in them had they done me the honor to walk up.'

'Ah, Monsieur le Marquis!' cried Prosper.

This exclamation clearly implied: 'They dared not, because you are a nobleman; and they ought not, because you are single, and have a reputation for gallantry.'

'Nonsense!' replied Stern; 'do present my respects to them, will you? But, now I think of it, I was just going out; I'll step down to their carriage;—come along!'

And without waiting for Prosper's answer, he took his hat, and went down. His carriage was under the arching; and when Stern made his appearance, his coachman set his horses a prancing, at the same time crying out to the driver of Prosper's hackney coach to clear the way. At the window of this coach, appeared an angel face, intently gazing upon Stern's splendid carriage. At sight of Stern who, followed by Prosper, was advancing towards it, the face drew back. It was Lise. Leonce approached, caused the coach door to be opened for him, and, standing on the steps, he bowed to Mrs. Laloin, to Prosper's wife, and to Lise, who occupied the back seat, while Mr. Laloin and Mr. Tirlot, the groomsmen, were seated opposite them. The presence of this young man, in the midst of Prosper's family, irritated Stern: He was a suitor, most probably. However, Leonce was as self-possessed as possible, while he addressed Mrs. Laloin:

'I was unwilling, madam, to lose the opportunity of repeating my thanks to you for Prosper's happiness; and, had I not been deterred by the fear of being importunate, I should have called on you to offer my father's acknowledgments.'

'Your father's?' said Mr. Laloin.

'Yes, sir,' replied Stern; 'it was my father whom I represented at Prosper's wedding, and it was my duty to render him an account of the mission with which he had charged me. I spoke to him of the honorable alliance which his godson had contracted, and he replied by desiring me to thank you in his name.'

There was not a solitary word of truth in this little statement; but it was expressed with such gracefulness of manner, that the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Laloin were swelled within them. In the meantime Léonce had scarcely dared to look at Lise; he had not ventured to speak to her. Having nothing further to add, he was about to retire, saying:

'I know that you have many visits to pay, and I must, therefore, take my leave.'

'Oh, not we, but Prosper and his wife; and we have accompanied them, because it would have been a loss of too much time had he been obliged to come back for us in St. Denis-street.'

'And you are going to remain in this carriage, during two long hours, crowded as you are!' said Stern, struck with a luminous idea. 'Ah! Prosper shows a want of consideration for you, ladies. Really, if I might presume, I would advise Mr. and Mrs. Laloin to walk up to my rooms. Prosper might call for you: it is but a five minutes walk from here to the railroad.'

Mr. Laloin and his wife at first declined, but with a degree of constraint that clearly proved their readiness to accept the offer from any one but a Marquis of Stern. Luckily, Mrs. Laloin, despite her forty-four years of age, had her share of female curiosity: she was the first to accede to the request, Mr. Laloin alighted; so did Mrs. Laloin; but neither Lise nor Mr. Tirlot moved a step. This was not what Stern was after.

'And Mademoiselle Lise?' said he.

'Oh!' replied she with a somewhat malicious smile, 'now we have plenty of room.'

'And you, sir?' said Mrs. Laloin, speaking to the groomsmen. 'I?' said the latter with a sulky air, 'I was not asked.'

The idle humor of this person availed Stern much more than the exercise of his own skill. Mrs. Laloin reflected that, while Prosper and his wife would be paying a visit, Lise and Mr. Tirlot would be left alone in the coach. Of course she knew her daughter, and the groomsmen too, well enough to feel perfectly safe in the event of such a contingency; but it struck her that he might have had an eye to that same event, and, like a prudent mother, she was unwilling that he should have taken this advantage without her consent; she therefore said to Lise, in a tone, the dryness of which was intended rather for Mr. Tirlot than her daughter:

'Come down, Lise.'

Lise obeyed with a little pout of displeasure, apparently, but in reality with a sweet rapture at heart, for she was far more anxious than her mother to enter the dwelling of the handsome marquis,—the fearful lair of the proud lion.

An Oriental Tale.

THE SERPENT-CHARMER OF CASHMERE.

A Tale of Hindoostan.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."
Romans, chap. xii, verse 21.

THE soft mists of early dawn were rolling gradually, like a draped curtain, from the gigantic summits of the Indian Caucasus—that vast mountainous chain whose snow-crowned heights are as a magnificent frame-work to one of the loveliest pictures of God's creation in Nature's architecture—the enchanting valley of Cashmere. Already was the rising sun mirrored in the numerous rivulets, that like little paths of silver intersected the luxuriant verdure of the smiling plains, or as occasionally broken into natural cascades, scattering bright showers like fairy gems over water-loving lotus-flowers of rich and varied bloom. Beautifully were these objects of sun-light and florid loveliness here and there diversified by the long dark shadows of stately trees peculiar to oriental vegetation, as the broad-leaved mango, the graceful seringat, and picturesque cotton-tree, twined their luscious fruit and perfumed blossoms, with the groves consecrated to idolatrous worship, and receptacles of many a pagan shrine. And these are, also, the umbrageous resorts of the innumerable gay-plumaged natives of the genial clime. Here the clamorous paraquette sways itself in restless motion, and the magnificent cockatoo rears his gilded crest; wild peacocks proudly display the dazzling splendor of their iris-shaded trains in the glowing sunshine, and little exquisitely-tinted lorries flash among the rustling verdure as though in emulative beauty; while myriads of glittering insects flit past, to mingle in the bright joyous confusion like sparks of many-colored fires, and the gorgeous broad-winged butterfly of the East sports among the varied flowers, as though their blooming tints were rising with their breathing incense to the fair sky above them. Here also behold, in its peerless majestic beauty, the wondrous tree, type of its great Creator, extending far and wide its beneficent universal shelter of ever-verdant, self-producing, continuous arcades, lengthening vistas of hope and joy, bounty never ending, and life eternal. Hail to thee, fair pride of the East, glory of Nature, and emblem of God's unfailing mercies, all hail to thee, glorious banyan!* Though now but the receptacle of insensate idols and pagan worshippers, though but too oft the scene of superstitious rites and self-sought penance, oft art thou the haunt of the mildly-meditative and pious in intent, and powerful is thy silent eloquence, when uniting all men as brethren beneath that universal, never-failing shelter—the favor of the one only God of all creation.

It was at the delightful and invigorating hour already described that the beautiful valley of Cashmere, so justly designated the "Paradise of India," was contemplated in much of congenial spirit by one whom lowly state and long familiarity with the many charming objects indigenous to the locality and clime might have caused to behold them with indifference; but Cosron, while deficient in the cultivation of powers that might have enabled him to descend upon the surrounding objects with the eloquence of erudition, was yet fully instructed by the sensibilities of Nature

* So many experienced and intelligent travelers have favored the public with accounts of this wonderful and delightful tree, that further detail may, perhaps, be deemed superfluous. Having, however, been thus alluded to, it seems to demand more particular mention, for which we beg to refer to "Miller's Geographical History" nearly as follows:—"The Banyan Tree, or Traveler's Friend, is found in all parts of India, and seems to be peculiar to the province of Bengal. It well merits description. The principal body grows to a great bulk, some of its branches springing horizontally from the trunk; from these, small twigs, shooting downwards perpendicularly and taking root, form other bodies, which, like pillars, support the arms from which they sprang; thus one tree produces twenty or thirty bodies, covering a space of ground sufficient to shelter a regiment. Neither this or any other of the Indian trees are divested of their leaves at any season of the year, and it is beneath these trees, but particularly the wondrous banyan, that the Brahmans place their images of worship."

to appreciate her charms as they deserved; and to prove the heart not less eloquent for the silence of the lips. That the heart of our simple Cashmerian peasant was eloquent in a right spirit will, we trust, notwithstanding its trials and conflicts in store, ultimately become manifest. He had just stepped from the threshold of his humble tenement of bamboo and palm leaves, and as a pious Hindoo proceeded to perform his ablutions in one of the consecrated streams. While he is thus devoutly occupied, therefore, we will proceed to introduce him more particularly. Cosron was of the tribe recognized as the *soodars*, or laborers,* and according to the custom of the Hindoos, pursued the occupation of his forefathers, who had all in succession been humble *gopas* (herdsmen) of the valley. He had, also, for some time past, taken delight in a practice much resorted to by those of lowly grade in many parts of India, the occasion of which, profitable to the individual, and imperative in a general sense, seems to be one of the most frightful drawbacks on the many luxuries of a tropical climate: it will be at once perceived that we allude to the variety and plentitude of disgusting and dangerous reptiles so frequently encountered; proving literally, as well as metaphorically, how the serpent still glides among the flowers of this life's fairest Eden. Cosron, then, was what in India is known as a serpent-charmer,† and by the well-chosen and judiciously-employed music of his rustic pipe, could at any time excite the reptile to the display of its dancing-like evolutions, that secured the beholder thereof from danger. So expert had he become in this exhibition of his dominion over the venomous tribe as to have acquired a reputation considerably exalting him above all others of this strange but too oft-required calling, even in the most guarded and costly dwellings; and if Cosron found it productive of gain, his popularity in this respect rendered it equally gratifying to his ambition. Thus for some time had he prospered when, suddenly, one Daara, an individual of his own caste and calling, appeared as competitor for this singularly-won distinction; for Daara was no less a wondrous serpent-charmer, and would roam proudly through the towns and villages with nearly a dozen of these terrible captives of his skill wreathing their glittering spotted folds about his person in disgusting sinuosity and terrific beauty.

Thus had Cosron frequently exhibited before him, while others had been content to convey their dangerous property in the usual covered baskets; for none had presumed to compete with Cosron, the wondrous serpent-charmer of Cashmere. But now this Daara had come among them, and the great serpent exhibitions of Cosron were of course no longer a novelty; no longer did he overhear whispered the flattering suggestion that he certainly must be familiar with some *debta* (devil,) and no doubt could subdue the world if he chose to take the trouble. He was now no more than any other serpent-charmer—at all events he was only a *soodar* (they had none thought of this circumstance before, which is the same under all reverses of fortune, I believe.) From all this it was evident that greatest of all calamities to a Hindoo—namely, loss of *caste*, had certainly lost much of his consequence, which in some parts of the world might be considered nearly as great a misfortune; he felt, therefore, duly mortified by his rival's success; he became uneasy—unhappy—

py—I am afraid I must add—sinful; for Cosron was a pious Hindoo, and though an idolater, sedulous in his *puja* (worship,) and faithful in all it had been permitted him to know: furthermore, his heart was good, his disposition kind and gentle. Both now were sorely tried; for he thought of Daara, the intruder on the wide field of his triumphs, the robber of his justly-acquired fame; and they were evil thoughts, and he wished evil wishes towards his rival, as revealing in wild imaginings of terrible things that might happen should his vast collection of serpents—Alas! poor irritated Cosron, serpents more formidable than any thou had yet encountered, were instilling their destructive poison, spite of the harmony of thy better nature! But the competition did not at last rest wholly with the principal actors therein; partisans were aroused for each, and though Daara unquestionably stood conspicuous for some extraordinary and novel feats, and his control over the gliding monsters in their terrible beauty demanded unqualified applause; some there were who, reviewing the former skill and courage so often evinced by Cosron, caused memory to re-echo the sweet magic of those strains that had drawn forth the lurking peril in their dwellings to, perchance, save some dear and precious life. Thus the claims of the rival serpent-charmers at length became a subject of extreme interest, resulting in a determination to make public exhibition of their individual ability, to which the competitors themselves assenting, a certain day was named, public announcement thereof was made, and the excitement speedily became universal. And now the appointed day was drawing near, yet the gloom that had possessed Cosron, ever since the appearance of his triumphant rival, seemed to be unmitigated.

The radiating manifestation of the Hindoo's god had already become the smiling *Vishnu* of the West,* and the *soodar* acknowledged the reflection of those sacred beams, in the consecrated river at his feet, with reverence due, ere the gloomy reign of the destroying *Siva* should commence with the shadows of night; this duty performed, reclining upon the mat, beneath the palm-leaved veranda of his hut, he soon became absorbed in profound meditation. But not the sweet quietism, the entrancing calm was his as when the mild lustre of the sunset hour is wont to be reflected by the bosom of content. He gazed sullenly upon the numerous serpent skins decorating his dwelling, as trophies of his skill. 'And can Daara,' he pondered, 'can he bring so many proofs of having freed from danger, perchance from death, the path of the wanderer and unwary, that Cosron must now rove from village unto village forgotten and uncared for? without even so much as recognition in token of past service for the once so admired serpent-charmer? Alas! the music that hath soothed a savage and base reptile, discourseth vainly unto hearts it so oft hath set at rest; for lo! the presence of Cosron, that was wont to be desired, even as a draught from the sacred waters of the Ganges in the hour of death,† is become as the pillar of the mighty *Siva*‡ level with the dust of the earth! What avails it that my birth was pronounced to be in a fortunate hour? that my rice-fields flourish, and my herds are thriving; and that even to crown my good fortune in all things my fair wife, my incomparable Parayata,§ beauteous as the sacred flower from which she hath been named, is as the moon unto the stars even among the all-excelling daughters of Cashmere?|| and that I love her so

entirely as to desire no other wives?¶ *Vishnu* be praised! I am content with one: cheerfully does she grind the corn, and bear the pitcher to the sacred fountain: and 'twas in the hour of good fortune when first I touched her gentle hand, across the holy table in her father's house.††

It was as thus absorbed in his sullen broodings, Cosron contemplated the skin of a huge and dangerous serpent, distinguished as the *cobra de capello* (hooded snake,) his control of which had so oft excited admiration as left him without competitor, till the appearance of the detested Daara in the valley. Mechanically he raised to his lips the rustic flageolet that was suspended from his waist. Languidly he breathed the simple, well-remembered strain, when suddenly he becomes awed—horror-struck—and drops the instrument with the most unqualified amazement, as by degrees he perceives the skin inflated, glowing in all the native brilliancy of its colors, and breathing with renewed existence! Wreathing, bending itself in its usual dancing-like evolutions, it advances towards the now silent musician, who springing from his seat at this unexpected prodigy had fascinated in his turn, remained with eyes of distended gaze, unable to retreat. 'Great Bramah! he mentally ejaculated, as strange bewildering thoughts flashed through his brain, 'Great Bramah! is this a precursor of thy last *Avatar*,‡‡ or is it the transmigration of some unhappy spirit, as penance for its evil deeds, into yon dreadful form? And now the strange hood-like excrescence near the creature's head expanded itself wider—wider—the semblance of a human countenance within became each moment more distinct!§ and at length a voice, strange and unearthly, thus addressed the astonished *Soodar*:

'Cosron, thou art unjustly treated: thy services are forgotten, and thy only need is that of ingratitude: this thou must avenge, and by the destruction of him who hath been the author of thy reverse of fortune. Nay, start not: know that I am an emissary of *Siva*, the Destroyer; and therefore assumed his favorite form, that of the great serpent *Kaliya*,|| in which he first obtained rule, and hath continued to rule the children of the dust from the beginning, for millions to obey—many, unconscious that they are serving him, and who love to boast of their freedom from his sway. But though *Siva* is despotic, and still glories to wound the heel of *Krishna*¶ he well knoweth a time will come, when it shall be raised to bruise his head!*** and thinkest thou, *Soodar*, he will not struggle—fiercely struggle, to maintain his empire? I tell thee there will be warfare that will shake the multifarious heavens of the children of the dust, and earth in its remotest centre! for the staff of *Siva* is broken, and his fall is near at hand. But thou, oh! Cos-

much distinguished for their beauty and accomplishments; and are frequently purchased by the omrahs, and other men of high station, on that account.

* Polygamy is universally allowed among the Hindoos; with the exception of the Brahmans and Banians.

† The bride and bridegroom meeting at her father's house, a table is placed between them, across which their hands are joined, while the Brahmin or priest, covering their heads with a cloth, bestows his benediction.

‡ *Avatar*, or incarnation of the deity: of which the Hindoos believe several have already occurred at different periods, and are still in expectation of the tenth and last *Avatar*, which, they say, is to prove the destruction of evil, and the restoration of all things to the primitive state of perfection, in the one Creator of all things, who will then reign over the whole earth.

§ The cobra de capello, or hooded snake, (coluber naja,) called by the Indians the *naag* or *nagoo*, is a large and beautiful serpent; it is called the hooded snake, from having a curious hood near the head, which contracts or enlarges at pleasure.—M'Leod's "Voyage of the Alceste."

|| Millar, in describing this snake, further affirms, that when dancing or otherwise excited, it opens this hood and discloses the semblance of a human face.

¶ *Krishna* overcame the serpent *Kaliya*; but was wounded in the combat.—See "Ward's Hindoo Mythology," vol. i., pp. 138 to 140.

‡‡ *Krishna*, the Indian Apollo, is one of the *Avatars* of the Hindoo creed. It must be acknowledged that the history of *Krishna*, however interlarded with the fantastic imagery of Hindoo Mythology, bears an undeniable resemblance to the Divine mission of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ: upon which subject Mr. Maurice affords much interesting detail in his "Antiquities of Hindoostan," together with a translation from the *Bhagavat Puraan* and the *Mahabharat*, vol. ii., pp. 323 to 479.

*** We beg leave to direct the reader's attention to the following remarkable attestation of M. Sonnerat in his "Voyage aux Indes," that in the temple of *Vishnu*, dedicated to this incarnation, *Krishna* is represented with his body encircled by a cobra de capello which rises his foot: while in another picture he is painted as dancing on the head of this same monster. His followers have commonly these two pictures in their houses. The plates, No. 60 and 62, of Meor's "Hindoo Pantheon," also corroborate the above, as representing *Krishna* treading on the serpent's head.

* *Soodar*, or labourer, signifies the fourth tribe or caste of Hindoos, which is typified, being sprung from the feet of *Brahma*, thereby implying the menial situation of those belonging to it. According to the Hindoo or Gentoo code, the first in dignity are the Brahmans, as having figuratively sprung from the head of *Brahma*: the second class, the *shetris* (the military,) from his heart, as denoting courage; the *bee*—i. e. trader—from his stomach, as providing the necessities of life.

† "The dancing snakes, which are carried in baskets throughout Hindoostan, procure a maintenance for a set of people who play a few simple notes on the flute, with which the snakes seem much delighted, and keep time by a graceful motion of the head, erecting about half their length from the ground, and following the music with gentle curves, like the undulating lines of a swan's neck. It is a well-attested fact, that when a house is infested with these snakes, the musicians are sent for, who, by playing on a flageolet, find out their hiding-places and charm them to their destruction, for no sooner do the snakes hear the music than they come softly from their retreat, and are easily taken. If when the music ceases they are not immediately covered in the basket, the spectators are liable to fatal results."—See M'Leod's "Voyage of the Alceste."

* The Sun, when in the East, is called *Brahma*, only from noon till evening; while in the West, *Vishnu*; at night, *Siva*—Seeley's "Travels to Elora," page 165.

† "The Ganges is in such esteem among the Indians that it is worshipped as a god; and happy is the man that can procure any of its water to drink before he dies."—Millar's Geography, page 77.

‡ "A famous stone pillar, named *Siva's* walking-staff, held in high veneration by the Hindoos. This pillar stood originally in one of the Hindoo temples which were destroyed by Aurungzeb. It was a very beautiful shaft of one stone, forty feet high, and covered with exquisite carving. Respecting this pillar, a tradition had long prevailed among the Hindoos that it was gradually sinking in the ground; that it had been twice the visible height it then showed; and that when its summit was level with the earth, all nations were to be of one caste! and the religion of *Brahma* have an end."—Bishop Heber's Travels, vol. i., p. 490.

§ Parayata is the name of a most fragrant flower, said to grow in one of the many heavens of the Hindoos.—Sherwood's "Indian Pilgrim."

|| The women of Cashmere are of European complexion;

ron, so oft hast rendered to him thy willing tribute of discontent, and murmuring envy of thy rival's fame, and wishes for his downfall, that Siva feels impelled thereby to reward thy allegiance by recognizing thy claim on his assistance; which I now come empowered to bestow, and which will enable thee to destroy, not only the skill of thy rival, but also himself shouldst thou so employ it. Know, oh! thou who so wildest to serve the mighty Siva, that I am the serpent of the sacred cave of *Elephanti*;^{*} and that my arrowy tongue, which I now drop at thy feet, is fraught with poison, the most death-dealing of our kind, and that its slightest touch will unsuspected immolate the receiver thereof, and leave the field of thy ambition unimpeded as before, for the distinction thou dost covet, together with its attendant consequences of wealth and worldly honors.' Cosron, as he listened, felt as there were strange fires shooting through every vein; the spirit of malignity—a desire to inflict pain, to witness agony, swelled his heart with horrid joy: nevertheless he was conscious of an undercurrent of contrary feeling; as a somewhat of pity—of remorse—appeared to struggle for pre-eminence, and rendered thought a perfect chaos. Suddenly it seemed as though a faint shriek met his ear, succeeded by the well-known music of some passing serpent-charmer: there was also a rustling—a hissing, as of serpents, not far distant—the shriek—a female's, was repeated, and Cosron, startled by this combination of agitating sounds at length *awoke* from what had been but a troubled dream! The smile of Vishnu had long time faded in the west; the calm moon-beam of 'lesser light' was already reflected in the sacred stream, and glancing among the broad green leaves and golden fruit of the surrounding mango-groves. For a short space the Hindoo gazed, bewildered by the recent wanderings of his excited fancy, and scarce able to believe them such: yet all familiar objects appeared the same, and the skin of the enormous hooded-serpent opposite, hung lifeless as before. Impressed with the past he yet rejoiced that his better nature triumphed with the awakened vigor of his mental faculties; though still was he moody and galled, as remembering the acknowledged pre-eminence of Daara. Rising from his mat, he advanced to glance round from the verandah;—suddenly he starts back with a sort of bewildering horror—for there at his foot lies the poisoned arrow of his so recent dream! Was it possible? Had it, then, *not* been a dream?—and where was the mysterious apparition? All without represented Nature in her calm loveliness as before, he had slept: but not for the poor tempted one, thus owning the newly-awakened conflict within his own breast: for spite of his resentful feelings, and their base incentive, the guardians of the worthy were still attracted towards their charge, by that portion of their nature that remained struggling for ascendancy. But now his vision seemed renewed in all its former force: again he seemed to behold the strange serpent apparition—and to hear the voice of evil counsel, justifying his sense of injury in the person of the new and successful serpent-charmer. Cosron took up the death-dealing implement, so mysteriously placed within his reach; it appeared to be the virulent part of a serpent's tongue; and though but a mere lifeless portion of the formidable reptile, that accident might have caused being there, amid the collection of any one of his pursuit, the Soodar, by no means deficient in the superstitions of a Pagan, believed it still to be endowed with the dangerous attributes of its living nature, and with much agitation concealed it within the folds of his girdle. And again the music was heard—but much nearer, and evidently approaching his hut; while Cosron could perceive in the cloudless moon-beam, a bright elongated mass of verdant gold, waving and soft-

* This celebrated cave, justly distinguished as one of the most interesting antiquities of India, is situated in an island near Bombay; and is said to derive its name from the statue of an elephant hewn out of the solid rock, so life-like in appearance as to deceive the spectator within a hundred yards' distance. The interior of this remarkable cave is said to be most elaborately wrought and sculptured, to a vast extent, with figures and devices, symbolical of the Hindoo religion for ages past; and, according to Fitzclarence's Journal, "the deadly cobra capello is by analogy placed in the hands of the destroying power in the famous *Trimurti* there represented." For his very particular description, see his work above quoted, page 393.

ly gliding among the long cusa-grass that rustled as before; this was an object familiar to the serpent charmer, well understood; but the music—nearer, still nearer, it sounded; and concealed by the shelving form of the verandah, soon Cosron discerned also him, the source of the evil by which he was tormented. It was Daara himself evidently luring the dreadful reptile to its destruction, unconscious that his own was near, as on—on still he slowly came till within the shadow of the broad plantain immediately before the door of Cosron's hut. And the arm was raised—yet Daara passed on with his quiet melody, and passed unharmed; for at that moment the shriek was repeated, succeeded by the approach of light rapid footsteps—a small, soft hand is placed on that uplifted arm—a voice—a dear, well-known voice, salutes the ear of Cosron; it is that of Parayata, his well beloved Parayata, who, her long dark hair dishevelled over her shoulders, and her fair cheek wan with terror now falls upon his neck. 'The serpent! the dreadful serpent! Vishnu be praised! my husband, thy music hath saved me.' For Daara was now out of sight; and his melody, that the serpent had followed, could no longer be heard. Keen was the remorseful pang that assailed the heart of Cosron, as the truth flashed upon his comprehension. With averted looks, and in hurried tones, he replied, 'It was not my music, Parayata; it was—' He ceased abruptly; for how could he add, 'it was his whom I was on the point of destroying, and from the basest feeling.' Humbled, in his gratitude for the interposition of Providence, the Soodar stood awhile, trembling and abashed, before the power he had supplicated, ere sleep wove the troubled dream, that had left the impress of so much evil. At length recovering from his confusion, 'Thou art safe,' exclaimed Cosron, embracing his still trembling wife. 'Thou art safe, my Parayata, and though not by aid of mine, yet I ought to be thankful.' 'It was my good fortune, dear Cosron,' replied Parayata, 'that some passing serpent-charmer crossed my path, and by his well-timed music hath been my preserver. Again I say, praise be unto Vishnu!' 'Truly do I echo thy praise, my Parayata: and it is but a brief space since I rendered him the homage due. And ought I then to serve his foe?' added the Hindoo within himself. Snatching the late mysterious gift from its concealment, he hurried it to a distance without his dwelling. And then Cosron felt as though relieved from some terrible burden: he gazed tenderly on his lovely Parayata; he caressed his infant boy, his little Baaboo, a four-year old prattler; he became unembarrassed, as was his usual wont—he became cheerful—he seemed to be contented with his lot. A few more days had elapsed; and though in most parts of India serpent-charmers are more or less in requisition, nothing remarkable had been heard of either of the competitors, beyond the general and increasing excitement of expectation, as the day of the public display of their individual skill drew near. 'I will at least prepare for the strange contest,' thought the serpent-charmer, approaching the receptacle of his living collection. At that moment, his little son came bounding towards him, 'Father—father,' exclaimed the child, 'old Webbanee, the cotton weaver, gave me this that he found in the mango-grove: he laughed and said, 'There take it to your father; when he sets all his snakes dancing perhaps he can bring it to life; for, by the flute of Krishna I think Daara could.' On hearing this innocent jesting repeated by his child, the medium of such unequivocal preference for his rival, the envy of Cosron was revived in all its former vigor; though he fain would have disowned the feeling, even to himself. Placing his hand caressingly upon the head of little Baaboo, he took the object presented to him, and immediately started with superstitious horror, as recognizing the mysterious gift of his dream, and which he had cast from him but a few nights past! Irritated by galling recollections, he hastily concealed it once more within the folds of his girdle: while apparently intent on examining the place of his danger-fraught possession. 'Dear father, said the child, coaxingly, 'make the great snake dance; for he was too well accustomed to the exhibition to enter-

tain any fears, and would clap his little hands with delight, and even dare to touch them, when under the powerful influence of the melody. The 'great snake' of little Baaboo's admiration, was accordingly set at liberty, together with many others of the terrible collection, and all, immediately fascinated by the usual means employed, commenced their dancing-like movements. How beautiful though terrible the sight! How wondrous the power by which the monsters were controlled, as slowly, gracefully winding and writhing with each other, the ever-varying gold and verdant tints of their spotted skins glowing in the bright sun-beam, like the passions of earth, regulated by the harmony of reason, to reflect the light and glory of Heaven! This took place on the very margin of the consecrated stream flowing immediately before the entrance of the serpent-charmer's hut. All at once, some unexpected combination was produced, of more than usual attraction, causing the child, in ecstasy of admiration, to bound upward, and accidentally coming in forcible contact with his father's arm; the instrument was struck from his hand—it fell into the stream, and was instantly lost to view! The means of protection were no longer in force, for the spell was broken. Of this the unfortunate serpent-charmer, but too well aware caught his shrieking child to his breast in an agony of terror and despair! Surrounded by so many of the death-dealing reptiles, whither could he turn? A horrible fate appeared inevitable! Already the monsters, missing the enchaining sounds, began to erect themselves with hissing ire, as preparing to dart upon their victims! 'Lost! lost! my child!' with the infant's terrified cries, were the only sounds heard—yet—no, no, not the *only* sounds—hark! Oh, great Vishnu! a sound, sweet, mellifluous, and soothing, proceeds from the adjacent grove; it is that of another flute, breathed by another musician! it is the well-known melody of the serpent-charmers! the monsters hear it also, and as though by magic influence resume their former ecstatic evolutions; and while the spell continues Cosron well knows that there is safety in approaching them: placing his terrified infant on the ground, he therefore hastens to cover the snakes in their baskets, while under the influence of the music: though fearing each moment that from some accidental cause it might cease ere he had thus secured them. Under such apprehension, the agitated Soodar called to the unseen musician, in the name of the great Vishnu! to continue for awhile. The serpents at length replaced in their baskets, and the danger past, Cosron looked around him to observe that again it was the hour of sunset—beautiful, all-glorious sunset! that bids farewell with smiles and promise of bright eternal day, happier than ever yet hath gladdened this earth of temptation and of trial, of sorrow, yet also—of blessed hope! The Soodar, true to his faith, bent o'er the consecrated stream at this hallowed hour—yet did he pause; for how dared he render homage unto the *Preserver* with the gift of the *Destroyer* still lying near his heart? Snatching the detested implement from its concealment, like another Khrisna, he crushed it in the dust beneath his foot, till quite immolated.—'Twas then with the lightened heart of a clear conscience, that according to the prescribed forms of his creed, the Soodar thrice bathed his brow in the waters of the sun-lit stream, which being confluent with a branch of the Indus,* was rendered sacred to its Hindoo worshippers; while now, as contemplating the reflection of the receding orb in those bright waters, he rejoiced in the yet brighter one of his own repentant bosom. Presently a slight movement near caused him to turn his head, and he encountered Daara, the rival serpent-charmer! still holding in his hand the rustic pipe of his profession; thus disclosing from whence the recent aid had so opportunely proceeded. 'I also,' said Daara, 'would fain render homage unto the great Vishnu at this sacred hour. Meet is it that I should: for in a dream was I not long since warned of pursuing danger in a serpent's tongue: but

* "Called also *Sind*: the word *Indus* being probably from the names of Hind and Sind belonging to two sons of Ham, son of Noah, the *Suttya* of Hindoo chronology, and mentioned as a favored personage, who, with only seven others, was preserved in an ark during a general deluge."—See Mr. Seely's Travels, page 201.

which through the favor of the Divine Preserver, I have hitherto escaped.' 'I have been no less favored, good brother, couldst thou know,' replied Cosron, almost shedding tears of joy, 'and of this shalt thou be further informed, when we meet in presence of the multitude assembled to witness our expected display of serpent-charming. To thee, oh Daara, am I indebted, not for my own life only, but for that of my wife—my child—he ceased abruptly from excess of emotion. 'To me!' exclaimed Daara. 'Surely we have scarce met before; and are known to each other more by repute than sight: even now, I surmised not thine to be the voice urging me to continue my strains, on the abrupt ceasing of a serpent's flute; and though I well guessed the danger—' 'The danger is past now, Daara, replied Cosron, with significant expression. 'We soon shall meet before the world, in exhibition of our individual skill: yet, notwithstanding our opposing interests, we shall meet as friends, and thou, Daara, shalt acknowledge that Cosron hath controlled serpents—mighty monsters, perchance unknown to thee.' 'It may indeed prove so, my brother,' observed Daara, with composure. 'I protest I envy thee not; and we shall meet in friendship as thou sayest, even as we now part.' 'Doubt it not; doubt it not, good brother,' exclaimed Cosron, 'my pipe hath fallen from my hand, to be carried away by the stream; but I have learnt that there is a harmony more sweet and durable within the reach of all, and so fare thee well, brother.'

'Twas thus parted the rival serpent-charmers: the following day was that announced for the curious and novel exhibition: and Cosron, after the performance of the accustomed *pūja* of all pious Hindoos, on the lotus-fringed banks of the sacred river, proceeded early in a course extending for some leagues beneath the far-extending shelter of the Banyan, towards the most cultivated part of that beautifully valley, in all parts so richly cultivated by the liberal hand of Nature. The part to which the Soodar now bent his steps, was the chosen resort of several noble omrahs, and other persons of distinction; who were fain to make it their refuge from the required shackles of state, and the busy turmoil of the world in which their rank compelled them to move.* Now, amid these stately edifices, that notwithstanding their professed seclusion were in most instances conspicuous for the display of wealth and luxury surrounding them, arose the quiet habitation of a learned Pandit,† who was in himself its most glorious ornament, as being a gem of learning and vast attainments, rendering him precious unto others, as his native virtues and true piety caused him to find that treasure in himself 'Earth cannot give, nor take away.' Such was the learned and truly wise Pandit *Mah Satarah*; a name which in Hindostanee is literally translated, Great Star, and which he fully justified.

The years of this estimable man had been many; he had lived to prove life a blessing equally to those around him as to himself; and the venerable gifts of Time hung about him, like the well-earned trophies of a mighty conqueror, honoring the worth they cannot dignify. Of the *Musnavi* sect, or worshipers of the 'One great Invisible,' *Mah Satarah* had learned to survey Nature in all her varied phases, to trace each in its essence, unto the Eternal cause, the immutable source, as rays of the one vast mind, pervading all—manifested in all—to be comprehended alone by the creature he formed for his glory, and recipient thereof; the only shrine of his worship on earth, *Man*—in the beginning, the image of his brightness, in whom he hath breathed a living soul—life of his own life!—light of his own light!—the divine unquenchable spark of his own Immortality! In all parts of the habitable globe, notwithstanding the multifarious contrarieties of tongues, customs, prejudices, and opposing doctrines of the spiritual Babel, man stands everywhere a reasoning, reflecting, responsible being, for elevated natures

to become liberalized and wakened to rational conviction: thus had *Mah Satarah*, a seeker after truth, adopted many notions which occasionally startled his numerous disciples. He feared not publicly to decry the opinions promulgated of *Chunar Fort*,* boldly asserting the locality of *stipulated periods*, as being inconsistent with the omnipresence of Divine protection.

It was in the midst of such discussions that he was wont reverently to advert to the beautifully-expressive symbol of the 'Great Invisible' in the sacred cave at *Elora*,† the mention of which would cause his auditors to simultaneously bow their heads. Well was it for the venerable Pandit that his own unblemished reputation combined with his elevated position to raise him above reproach: since he had been known to have once risked scandal, by administering to a fainting *Pariah* a draught of water from his own sacred hand!—nay, more, that he had boldly endeavored to justify the impure act, by certain passages from a strange Shaster belonging to some Christian *Feringhees*;‡ he would also, when discoursing of the holy *Trimurti*§ call attention to many portions of the Sanscrit, alluding to their *final annihilation*,|| an assertion by which he greatly amazed some of his auditory; insomuch that many, although with free access to those sacred records, and staunch professors of their creed, were, like those of more enlightened shores, far too deeply engrossed by their 'farms' and their 'merchandise,' to be very solicitous upon the subject, and some perhaps not even cognisant of the authority quoted; proving thereby *idol-worship* to be by no means peculiar to any part of this deteriorated earth; and that in truth if the industrious missionaries of Great Britain were to remain at home, they would find ample grounds for their pious labors: nevertheless, we wish the hearty 'God speed,' that must ever attend the 'zealous in good works.'

* In *Chunar Fort*, in the province of Bengal, is a place supposed by the Hindoos to be the most holy in all India, and thus spoken of by Bishop Heber in his "Journal" vol. i. page 408:—"Colonel Robertson called for a key, and unlocked a very rusty iron door, in a very rugged and ancient wall, said he would show me the most holy place in all India. Taking off his hat, he led the way into a small square court, overshadowed by an old *Peepul* tree, which grew from the rock on one side, and from one of the branches of which hung a small silver bell: under it was a large slab of black marble; and opposite, on the walls, a rudely-carved rose enclosed in a triangle. No image was visible; but some Sepoys who followed us in, fell on their knees, and kissed the dust in the neighborhood of the stone, and rubbed their foreheads with it. On this stone, Colonel Alexander said, the Hindoos all believe that the Almighty is seated personally, though invisibly, for nine hours every day; removing for the other three hours to *Benares*. On this account is the generally-received notion, that *Chunar* can never be taken by an enemy but between the hours of six and nine in the morning! Even here, the seriously reflecting Hindoo rejects all outward symbols as the supposed actual presence of the Deity."

† There is no idol in front of the great altar in the temple of *Kurii*, at *Elora*. A Brahmin, speaking of this altar, exclaimed, in nearly the words of our poet, "Him first, Him last, Him midst, Him without end." He rejected all ideas of assimilating *Budha*, (or *Brahma*) with the "Eternal God," who, he said, was "One alone, without beginning, without end; and that the circular altar was his emblem."—Seeley's "Travels to Elora," page 73.

‡ The term of *Feringhees* (or Frank) is applied indiscriminately to all Europeans in the East, of whatever religious profession.

§ *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Mah-Jeva*, the three Hindoo deities, were perhaps originally personifications of the *Creating*, *Preserving*, and *Destructing*, or, as it may be understood, the *Re-producing* power of the Supreme Being.

|| The following is, on the authority of Sir William Jones, an extract from the *Yog Vashisti*, a very ancient composition in Sanscrit:—"Brahma, Vishnu, and Mah-deva, notwithstanding their exalted dignity, fall into the jaws of non-existence."

In spite of the quaintness, and (if permitted the expression) flippancy of the above, we cannot but at once perceive its coincidence with the Sacred page, declaring the ultimate dissolution of "all things created" when He, the uncreated, shall be "all in all." There is in the same learned authority a note upon the subject, so finely illustrative, and so pithy in detail, that we cannot forbear the infringement of our allotted space, by the following extract:—"You are not to consider *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, or *Mah-deva*, and other incorporate beings, as the Deity; although they have each the denomination of *deva*, or divine; these are all *created*; while the Supreme Being is without beginning or end; unformed, and uncreated—worship and adore him. The worship which is paid to inferior deities, and the representations of them proceeds from this: mankind in general are more affected by appearances than realities; the former they comprehend, but the latter are difficult to be understood: thus, learned tutors first place figures before their pupils, that their minds may become composed and conducted by degrees, to the essential Unity, who survives the annihilation; when the *Devas*, and all created existence, are dissolved and absorbed into his essence."—Sir William Jones's *Life*, page 363.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT]

A Constantinople letter of the 14th ultimo says that the Cholera, which first made its appearance in that city in October, 1847, and lasted till September last, has carried off 3011 of the inhabitants—viz: 698 Turks, 63 Europeans, 622 Greeks, 841 Armenians, 364 Jews, and 3 Copts.

Choice Miscellany.

STANZA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY C. RUSSELL CLARKE.

A TENDER, unobtrusive hour,
This fading twilight seems to me,
As over mountain, vale and lea
It starts, and with a magic power,
Enveils the beauties of the earth,
'Till darkness' guise comes o'er the scene
To linger, till the brow serene
Of jocund Day beams light and mirth.
Fond Mem'ry plumes her pinions bright,
And soars above the fickle stream
Of by-gone years, whose waters seem
To glisten 'neath a mellow light.
So may they sparkle evermore,
Till lost upon Death's sullen shore.

THE FATHERLESS.

SPEAK softly to the fatherless!
And check the harsh reply
That sends the crimson to the cheek,
The tear-drop to the eye.
They have the weight of loneliness
In this rude world, to bear;
Then gently raise the fallen bud,
The drooping flowret spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless!
The lowliest of their band,
God keepeth, as the waters,
In the hollow of his hand.
'Tis sad to see life's evening sun
Go down in sorrow's shroud,
But sadder still when morning's dawn
Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!
Ye may have power to wile
Their hearts from sudden memory,
By the magic of a smile!
Deal gently with these little ones—
Be pitiful—and He,
The friend and father of us all,
Shall gently deal with thee!

THE LOST PURSE.

NEXT to the forfeiture of credit, perhaps, one of the least pardonable of crimes in a commercial country is a breach of contract, or a falsified promise, so closely related to what is usually termed sharp practice, and very properly regarded as no venial offence. It is one, however, not so easily detected, and still less frequently amenable to the laws, depending for the most part, on the skill or the penetration of the magistrate to unravel, and to place it in such a light as to bring conviction to the most dubious; to catch, in short, the real culprit, in his own net.

In the days of Italy's ducal splendor and commercial prosperity, there occurred in Mantua a notable instance of this kind, of which the details were so amusing, and the 'lex talionis' so adroitly applied by the judge, to the no small edification of the court and the public, as to obtain for him in that behalf an almost Solomonian renown. This judge was no other than Francesco de Gonzaga then Duke of Mantua, celebrated as much for his love of justice as for his feat of arms, and delighting for that reason, when at peace, to be his own lord chancellor, and preside in the judgment seat, conformably with the old and revered custom of his noblest predecessors.

Once, while thus laudably employed, it fell out that a Greek merchant of Corfu, of extensive traffic, very wealthy, but of most penurious habits, met with the greatest calamity that can possibly befall a man so circumstanced—he lost his purse! What a fate! When after scouring half Italy, driving the hardest bargains, and levying contributions heavier than of war itself upon all 'manner of men,' foreigners and country-men alike, and just settling down in his pleasant villa in the neighborhood, to lose his purse!

* According to Millar, this charming locality, termed the "Paradise of India," has been usually the resort of the Moguls in the sultry season; whither they have retired with their courts; as also many persons of distinction.—See his "System of Geography," page 80.

† A Pandit is a learned Brahmin: a man of deep theological research and great literary eminence.

What were all his other ninety-nine safe invested treasures to that, his 'one lost sheep,' over which he truly mourned with all a miser-shepherd's love.

What added to his chagrin, it formed the proceeds of a pretty little bargain by which he had made at least forty gold crowns more than he had at all expected, or had a right to expect, and loved them for that very reason with a more singular and intense affection. Now, alas! he would be compelled to sacrifice those beloved, closely driven forty, to have the least chance of ever again beholding their no less valuable companions. And oh, when he reached home, when he doubted, when he searched, when the truth gradually broke, then flashed upon him in its full wrath, what agonies did he not endure. No smuggling culprit, enveloped in seven-fold shields of silks, satins, and cigars, ever underwent so rough a handling as he voluntarily inflicted on himself, but not with the success attending the officer of justice.

'Yes it was all safe but a few hours before; he had only transacted one or two minor little bargains subsequently, and strange that he could not recall how, when, or where, his beloved had left his side—his hope, his joy, had, perhaps, departed for ever—ever—ever!'

As he pronounced the last words, he struck his forehead in a fit of despair, cursed his carelessness and folly in not having strapped and locked his treasure round his body, as he most usually did; and, as a memento for the future, was very nearly, like the Irishman who tore his bank-notes to revenge himself on the firm, about to lay violent hands upon himself. That just sentence, however, being a true miser-trader of Corfu, M. Philos Phulos, with a humane regard for self to which he was ever alive, soon commuted for running like a maniac over every step he had before gone, inquiring of every person and at every place whether a certain red purse of large dimensions, containing four hundred and upward of gold crowns, had been seen, left, stolen, or stolen away without its master's knowledge or consent? The messenger who first drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night looked like a mere dolt compared to the rich trader's expression of horror, as he received a killing negative to every fresh demand. Scarcely one could recognise him for the same man, so great was the effect of the sudden loss of a comparative trifle upon his grasping and avaricious heart—for soul he had none. He seemed to have lost all presence of mind, and he was afraid of flying to the aid of the police lest that should entail a further expense upon—a loss.

At length, finding that all his efforts to recover possession without venturing something were in vain, he resolved, in his dismay, to apply to the last resort—to the supreme head of the state in the high seat of justice itself. So wild and haggard were his looks that all made way for him, in the idea that some most fearful and public calamity had just occurred, with which he was about to astound the ears of the court. There was quite a sensation. Judge, advocate, panel, prisoners, and spectators, were alike terror-stricken at the hueless, spectral appearance of the well known wealthy trader, now the most wretched, miserly spectacle ever beheld. All became horrid expectant silence and dumb show—you might have heard a pin drop; and when rushing forward toward the very judgment-seat, taking precedence of everybody and everything he exclaimed, in most lugubrious tone:

'Oh, my lord, my lord—I have lost—lost my purse.'

The contrast was so ludicrous, that all with the longest faces possible, anticipating some fatal tidings, burst into one loud and most unanimous laugh.

'Your purse, man,' re-echoed the judge, who had conceived that the enemy must be at the gates; 'is that all? I am truly rejoiced.'

'Rejoiced! Grazia di Dio! four hundred crowns!'

'Four hundred!' exclaimed the duke, 'what a trifle; what is that to you? Why not proclaim the loss and a handsome reward at once?'

'A handsome reward! Oh, heavens! must I?'

'I see you hate the very idea; but there is no remedy; say at once fifty crowns.'

'Fifty! Diavoli! No, no, say five, or less.' 'Then you will never see your money. Who would be at the trouble—or, rather, not punish your avarice, and give it to the poor?'

'God forbid—God forbid!' replied the wretch in a tone that filled all his hearers with disgust.

'Now,' exclaimed the duke indignantly, 'let the public crier proclaim forty crowns reward.'

'Ah! I beseech your excellency to have some mercy; not forty, say ten, or less.'

This was uttered with so ludicrous a contortion of visage, that a fresh peal of laughter resounded through the court.

'Away with your 'less'!' retorted the duke; 'it shall be more. Let the crier call fifty crowns as a reward for whoever—'

'Then let it be forty,' interrupted the miser, 'as your excellency first said, or say less.'

'Oh, that 'less,' replied the Duke: 'say I again, and it shall be more, for it could never be made so little as thy own soul.'

Scarcely had the public crier proceeded to comply with the ducal mandate by the proclamation of fifty from without, before there appeared, escorted by two of the city sergeants, an aged woman; a poor widow, and a sister of charity belonging to one of the neighboring monasteries. She had just picked up the lost treasure, and was already on her way to the court for the purpose of restoring it to the owner before the reward had been proclaimed. Seizing upon this circumstance with the eagerness of a drowning man, the wily trader, shouting to the public crier to stop, asked the poor old lady if she had brought it in consequence of hearing the proclamation of a reward.

'No, I had already found it, and wished to restore it to the owner; I had heard of no reward.'

'Then it is mine; my own, my own purse thou good worthy woman,' exclaimed the miser, in a rapture, 'but I will be as good as my word, and you shall have five crowns, you shall,' and he looked around with an air of assumed generosity and magnanimity, as if he had performed something little less than a miracle; and indeed it would have been most miraculous on any other occasion in him.

'Not so fast, not so fast,' interrupted the good duke; 'bring the purse to me, and let the honest woman come nearer, and stand by the kind merchant while we count her out his fifty crowns.'

The horror of the trader suddenly hurled from the pinnacle of his hopes, was too great for speech; but his contortions to the delight of the beholders, bore witness to the self-inflicted torments of his miserly heart.

'Are you in easy circumstances, madam?' inquired the duke with marked politeness.

'I am a poor afflicted woman, my lord; a widow, and have only what I obtain with my own hands, and the help of my daughter, by sewing for the sisters' convent hard by.'

'But you will now have a dowry for your daughter,' replied the duke, 'out of the good merchant's purse, and can marry her well. Come before me, signor,' he added, 'and empty your purse upon the table.'

Making a virtue of necessity, the sorrowful miser complied; the pieces were counted, when to the no little astonishment of all, the trader, with a cry of dismay, began to wring his hands.

'How is this, you wicked woman?' he exclaimed; 'there are thirty good Venetian ducats wanting here, which I had forgotten; you must have stolen them; oh, you wretch.'

The poor creature, charged thus suddenly, could not utter a word. She blushed, she stammered, then turned pale, and many there were who, at those guilty signs, began to take the side of the merchant, and adjudged her guilty of theft. Not so the able judge; he saw through the snare at once, and turned the tables upon the wily trader in a mode he did not expect.

Still taking singular pleasure, as much as he possessed ability in exposing the tricks and frauds of double-dealing appellants, and which induced him so often to preside, he waited patiently to see how the poor creature would contrive to defend herself; and was delighted to find her simple honesty more than a match for grasping avarice itself.

'May it please your excellency,' she began,

after a long pause, 'having had the whole of the money in my power, if I were wicked enough to take part, why should I not rather have taken the whole? There was no one present to prevent me, and yet I brought the purse as I found it, unopened hither. You say that I have robbed you of thirty ducats, and I call heaven to witness, standing here before your excellency, as I hoped to be saved, that I have not touched a single zechin. Let him prove it only, and I invoke the severest punishment you can inflict on my head. Nay, I tried not once to open it.'

'I believe you,' replied the duke, casting a terrible and indignant glance at the real culprit; you deserve to lose all your money, and were you one of our own subjects, I know not, if I would not hang you by the neck like a dog, and a very mischievous dog as you are. But, perhaps, such short punishment would be too great mercy; you deserve to linger in torments; in all the torments of vile disappointed avarice; as you shall do. To that monstrous vice you wish to add notorious breach of faith; but you have enough to answer for already, I dare be bound. I shall not farther indulge your demon taste, but step in to protect you from your worst enemy—from yourself. Now, sir, why did you not make mention of the thirty ducats in the first instance with the four hundred crowns?'

'It quite escaped me in my fright,' exclaimed the terrified wretch, for he saw that his excellency's blood was up; that he was in downright earnest.

'What!' continued the duke, would you attempt to persuade us, madman, that your memory was so bad, and that you are so regardless of money, that you could not retain the idea of thirty ducats when you had so vivid a recollection of four hundred crowns? No, you will never catch old birds with that chaff, though you may turn to high usurious interest the simplicity and credulity of your weaker and poorer fellow creatures. But there are bounds to fraud and usury as to everything else. When men grow wanton and reckless in their wily greed and oppression, it is high time to put a drag chain upon their movements. One thing,' continued the duke, imitating the old trader's voice to perfection; for with all sounder accomplishments he was an admirable mimic; 'one thing my dear sir, according to your own showing, is perfectly patent, and you deserve a rogue's patent for it, namely a halter, that this same purse is none of yours, and that thou art a base coveter of some or other of thy neighbor's goods. Thou sayest thy purse contained ducats, and this hath none. This purse belongs to me, for my recollection is better than yours, and I now recall to mind that one of my own people this very morning lost a purse of this size and color, and containing exactly four hundred crowns. So it must needs be that it is one and the same. And now, having a presumed right at least to dispose of it, I beg to present it to you, my good madam, and, with this further hundred added to it, you may be enabled to give your daughter a portion for her marriage. And I have that opinion of your integrity, madam, that if you should find another purse, the purse described by our unfortunate client here, in which, along with the crowns, there are thirty ducats, you will restore it to him, and I dare say he will be most happy to pay you the fifty crowns already proclaimed as a reward.'

The poor old widow—though we should no longer say poor—gratefully thanked his excellency especially for his good opinion of her, adding, as a little cold comfort to the dismayed miser, that she should consider herself very happy indeed to find it, and would promise to return it to him without making any claim on his liberality whatsoever.

The bare suggestion, though all empty air, or recovering something without paying anything, seemed to carry consolation to the disconsolate miser's breast; and the humorous manner in which he thanked the good old lady elicited another burst of laughter at his expense, which upset the mock gravity of the rather eccentric, but able and penetrating ducal judge himself.

MODELS of Morse's Electrical Telegraph are sold in England as toys.

Biographical Sketch.

SKETCH OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE news of the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the French Republic will naturally excite some curiosity in regard to his history and public character. Hitherto he has only been known through the foolish affairs at Strasbourg and Boulogne, his published works, notwithstanding the merits claimed for them by his adherents, having failed to enlarge his reputation. His life has, nevertheless, been somewhat eventful, and he does not lack the advantages of varied fortune and severe experience. Whether he has profited by them, remains to be seen. From such hasty materials as we could procure, we have arranged the following brief notice of his history.

Charles Louis Napoleon, son of Louis, ex-King of Holland, was born in Paris on the 20th of April, 1808. His god-parents were the Emperor and Maria Louisa, and during his childhood he was an especial favorite of the former. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, he stood beside him on the Champ de Mars, and when embraced by him for the last time, at Malmesbury, the young Louis, then a boy of seven years, wished to follow him at all hazards. When the family was banished from France, his mother removed to Augsburg, where he received a good German education. He was afterwards taken to Switzerland, where he obtained the right of citizenship, and commenced a course of military studies. After the July Revolution, by which he was a second time proscribed from France, he visited Italy in company with his brother, and in 1831 took part in a popular insurrection against the Pope. This movement failed, but he succeeded in making his escape, and, his brother dying at Forli the same year, he visited England, and afterward returned to Switzerland, where, for two or three years, he contented himself with writing political and military works, which do not appear to have been extensively read. The death of the Duke of Reichstadt, in 1832, gave a new impulse to his ambitious hopes. His first revolutionary attempt, at Strasbourg, in October, 1836, completely failed, but after a short imprisonment in Paris, he was sent to this country. The illness of his mother occasioned his return the following year, and after a visit to Switzerland he took up his residence in England until his second attempt at Boulogne, in 1840.

In this affair several of his followers were killed, and he was himself taken and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Ham. The particulars of his escape in May, 1846, after an incarceration of six years, are well known. From that time until the end of September last, when he was returned as a Deputy to the National Assembly from the Department of the Seine, he has resided in England. A late London journal, in describing his mode of life, gives the following not very flattering account:

"He was unscrupulous in contracting obligations which were wholly beyond his means of repayment; and his most serious pursuit was the study of alchemy, by which he expected to arrive at the discovery of the philosopher's stone. So vigorously did he prosecute this exploded science, at a house which he had fitted up as a laboratory at Camberwell, and so firm was his faith in the charlatan empiric, whom he employed to aid him in transmuting the baser metals into gold, that he is said to have actually appropriated his revenues in anticipation, and to have devoted the first milliard of his gains in the payment of the national debt of France, in order to acquire thus an imperial throne by purchase!"

The large majority by which he was elected a representative astonished every one, and gave his followers the first encouragement to bring forth his name as a candidate for the Presidency. To defeat the acknowledged Republican party, he received also the support of the Legitimists and the Orleanists, and those combined influences have elected him by an immense majority. The rest must be left to Time and fate.

Psychological Phenomena.

SLEEP-WALKERS.

A BUTCHER'S boy about sixteen years old apparently in perfect health, after dozing a few moments in his chair, suddenly started up and began to employ himself about his usual avocations. He had saddled and mounted his horse, and it was with the greatest difficulty that those around him could remove him from the saddle and carry him within doors. While he was held in the chair by force, he continued violently in the act of kicking, whipping and spurring. His observations regarding orders from his master's customers, and the payment at the turnpike gate, were seemingly rational. The eyes, when opened were perfectly sensible to light. It appears that flagellation even had no effect in restoring the patient to a proper sense of his condition. The pulse in this case was one hundred and thirty, full and hard; on the abstraction of thirty ounces of blood it sank to eighty, and *diaphoresis* ensued. After laboring under this frenzy for the space of an hour, he became sensible; was astonished at what he was told had happened, and stated that he recollected nothing subsequent to his having fetched some water and moved from one chair to another, which indeed he had done, immediately before his delirium came on.

"In the monastery of —, this story was told to a party of Alpine travelers, to beguile one winter's evening:

"A melancholy nobleman of Italy, Signor Augustus, walked generally at the waning of the moon. The walk was always preceded by his lying on his back with his eyes fixed and open. At this time the beatings of his heart were scarcely susceptible. During this state he noticed none of his companions around him: but if any noise was made by them, his steps were hurried and agitated, and if the noise was increased, a sort of maniacal state was induced. In his sleep he would saddle and mount his horse, he would listen at a key-hole if he heard noises in another room, and, if he entered his billiard room, he would seem to be playing with the cue. On returning to his bed, he usually slept for ten hours after his walk. Tickling would always arouse him.

In a Gazette of Augsburg, I have read this sad story. "Dresden was the theatre of a melancholy spectacle on the 20th ult. As early as seven in the evening a female was seen walking on the roof of one of the loftiest houses in the city, apparently occupied in preparing some ornaments as a Christmas present. The house stood, as it were, alone, being much higher than those adjoining it, and to draw her from her perilous situation was impossible. Thousands of spectators had assembled in the streets. It was discovered to be a handsome girl, nineteen years of age, the daughter of a master baker, possessing a small independence bequeathed to her by her mother. She continued her terrific promenade for hours, at times setting on the parapet and dressing her hair. The police came to the spot, and various means of preservation were resorted to. In a few minutes the street was thickly strewn with straw, and beds called for from the house but the heartless father, influenced by the girl's stepmother, refused. Nets were suspended from the balcony of the first floor, and the neighbors fastened sheets to their windows. All this time the poor girl was walking in perfect unconsciousness, sometimes gazing towards the moon, and at others singing or talking to herself. Some persons succeeded in getting on the roof but dared not approach her, for fear of the consequences if they awoke her. Towards eleven o'clock she approached the very verge of the parapet, leaned forward, and gazed upon the multitude beneath. Every one felt that the moment of the catastrophe had arrived. She rose up, however, and returned calmly to the window by which she had got out. When she saw there were lights in the room, she uttered a piercing shriek, which was re-echoed by thousands, below, and fell dead into the street."

Scraps from Skandinavia.

BALDER'S HILL.—Not far from the village Tune, in the district of Roskilde, is the mountain in which Balder is reported to have been buried. Saxo asserts, that once when several countrymen, under the guidance of a professor of the black art, went to this hill for the purpose of digging up a treasure, it seemed to them, when most busied at the work, that a foam-flood, with much noise, was precipitating itself down from the top of the hill; whereupon, in the greatest terror, they cast away their spades, and each sought for safety in flight.

HANEBIERG.—In the parish of East Lyum, in Slesvig, is a hight called Hanebjerg, and not far from it is a fairy-moss. A young peasant once lay down upon this moss, and slept so long, that he awoke very late at night, when he heard around him the most enchanting music, and, looking up, he perceived two fairy maidens, who skipped and danced about, and asked him, in the meantime, several questions, in order to make him speak; but he knew well that there would be danger in doing so, and was silent. Then suddenly changing their manner, they sung in menacing tones:

This instant rise and speak to us,
Thou young and handsome swain,
Or we with knives thy breast will rip,
And cut thy heart in twain.

He was much terrified when he heard this, and was just going to speak; but a cock at that moment crowed from the top of the neighboring hill, and the fairies immediately vanished; from which circumstances the hill is called Hanebjerg, (Cock's hill.)

THE SHOPKEEPER OF AALBORG.—Once when a raging fire broke out in the town of Aalborg, and the flames had just seized the warehouse of a shopkeeper, so that his whole property was on the point of being consumed, he snatched his weights and measures from the counter, and, with these in his hand, he hurried into the middle of the street, crying, 'In case, O God! I have ever with weight and measure robbed and cheated any one, then let the fire consume my house; but if I have always acted with probity and integrity, preserve then my goods, and dwelling.' And no sooner had he said this than the fire died away, and his house escaped. He caused this inscription to be placed over his door, 'I was on the brink of a precipice, but I did not fall down. Anno 1663, d. 11 Augusti.'

THE SEAL.—It is a common belief in Ferroe, that the seal every ninth night casts off its skin, assumes a human shape, and dances and amuses itself after the human fashion, until it resumes its skin, and becomes a seal again. It chanced once that a man passed by while this was taking place, and when he saw the skin he took it up and hid it. When the seal, who was a female, could not find her skin to creep into, she was obliged to continue in her human shape; and, as she was comely to look at, the same man made her his wife, had several children by her, and lived with her very comfortably. But, after the lapse of a long time, the woman found her concealed skin, and could do then nothing less than creep into it, and become a seal again.

A WITTY KNAVE.—A fellow who claimed acquaintanceship with almost every gaoler of the kingdom, went into a shop on Ludgate-hill to purchase some lace, when he told the shopman that a piece that reached from one of his ears to the other would serve him. Having accordingly made the agreement with the man of tape, he began to measure, observing 'that one of his ears was nailed to the pillory at Bristol.'

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.—A man is thirty years old before he has any settled thoughts of his fortune—it is not completed before fifty. He falls to building in his old age, and dies by the time his house is in a condition to be painted and glazed.—Bruyere.

James has written 43, and Bulwer 20 novels.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1849.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMMA OF WARSAW.—A package has been ready for this lady for several weeks, but we know not how to forward it. Will she inform us how we can get it to her?

Miss E. B.—The Philozatheans are an Order of Lady Odd-Fellows, a society calculated to do much good. Information regarding them may be had by addressing Miss EMELINE GARDNER, No. 101 Forsyth street, New-York. Here is the form of application for a Charter:

The undersigned Ladies being desirous of availing ourselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at —, in the County of —, and State of —, to be called — Association No. —. The amount for Charter Fee, &c., are herewith remitted. Respectfully submitted,
Date. In Friendship, Love and Truth.

THIS IS THE SEASON FOR CHARITY

Yes, this is the season for charity. The cold weather of the last three or four weeks must have been severely felt by the poor, especially in our large cities. Every where do we meet the sons and daughters of misfortune, and every where do they call upon us for help. How many thousands during the few past weeks have been reduced to the last extremity of want. Sick and despairing fathers, with no resources, dying in the midst of starving children! Widowed mothers shivering in garrets or cellars, toiling from earliest morning light, till the latest evening hour, to obtain a scanty supply of bread for their suffering little ones! Orphans, and those more unfortunate than orphans, the children of drunken parents, deprived of all the joys of home, the comforts and security which ought always to surround childhood and youth, driven by their despair and misery, by cold and hunger, to the practice of criminal trades!

These are real pictures, and one need go but a few steps from the place where we are now writing, to see them all, in all the blackness of their coloring! From the heart of our city, a mighty voice of suffering comes up, and seems to say, "In Christ's name, brothers, a little charity." And are we not their brethren?—are they not ours? Hath not "God made of one blood all nations of men to dwell together on the face of the earth?" "True, most true!" all are ready to say, but, alas! how few are ready to acknowledge this in practice. The fortunate classes of society have ever been prone to pass by the poor and suffering, like the priest and Levite, without pity, without affording relief, to the disgrace of their profession as Christians, and their dignity as men.

Remember, O you, who dwell in palaces of marble or granite—you who sit on soft couches and by warm fires, remember what a debt you owe to him from whom you have received these distinctions. Remember that He has imposed on you the sublime duty of charity. Remember too, that an everlasting and terrible curse will rest on you and yours, if you are false to that sacred duty.

"Think how for good or evil an endless chain pervades our human being, of which each of us is a link, and that the strong might have lifted up the bowed down and weak, and averted much of the guilt and misery of the world. Here in our midst and all around us, is a field for nobler work than ever called the warrior to battle, in which the poorest may be a missionary bearing something of good in his heart, on his tongue, or in his hands. Think kindly of the poor, they are our brothers."

And to you of the "mystic tie," allow us to say, be ministers of charity. Seek out the humble, the poor, the miserable, and kindle the fires of hope and comfort on their desolate hearths. Be protectors of the lone widow and those who have none to help them, fathers to the fatherless, eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and then, in that day which is coming to all, a voice sweeter than the music of the spheres, will say to you, "Come, ye BELOVED of the Father—for I was hungry ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was thirsty and ye gave me to drink, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me. Come, ascend to your reward!"

THE PROSPECTS OF THE ORDER.

THERE never was a time when the Order of Odd-Fellows could reckon on the future with more security, and with fairer prospects of success than the present. It appears that there are now about thirteen hundred Lodges in the United States, and nearly one hundred and fifty thousand contributing members. Notwithstanding the difficulties in the State of New-York, and the unfortunate division consequent thereon, the Order has been steadily advancing, and has lost none of its energy—none of its power to combat selfishness and want, and to carry comfort and peace, and security to its members.

The prosperity of the fraternity is to be attributed mainly to the peculiarity of its organization. The first lesson an Odd-Fellow is taught is that of obedience to the laws of the constituted authorities. The idea of UNITY is the very ground and basis of the Order, and this unity is secured by reverence of and obedience to the supreme head of the Order. Odd-Fellows should remember this, and not be tempted by local or individual considerations to lay a sacrilegious hand upon this bond of our unity.

The mission of Odd-Fellowship is not yet half achieved. Even here, it has just commenced its works of beneficence and charity. Not only, therefore, among us has it a great labor to perform, but a new and immense sphere of operation opens before it, in the gold-sprinkled territory of the west. In the Sandwich Islands there are already Lodges, and we do not doubt that society there is much improved by its influence. It has also planted its foot in Oregon, and is at this moment penetrating California. At San Francisco, Lodges will be instituted directly. Masonic Lodges, we believe, are already in operation there, and in the absence of civil law, the influence of these two kindred Orders must be exceedingly salutary.

Before the next session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, we expect to have reports from Oregon, the Sandwich Islands and California, regarding the extension of Odd-Fellowship in those regions.

The future, therefore, is bright and clear, and our association will be glorified by new victories obtained over the selfishness and misery of the world.

CHE-QUE-UK LODGE No. —, has recently been instituted at the flourishing village of Valparaiso, Indiana, and the following brothers elected officers: J. Lomax, N. G.; E. Ellis Campbell, V. G.; John Deming, Sec.; Robert G. Flint, Treas. The name of this Lodge, as will be seen, is of Indian origin, and has a very beautiful significance. In the Potawatamie language it means VERY GOOD, and our hope is, that the Lodge, individually and collectively, will never be "any thing else." Any thing that is very good, must succeed.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE OGDENSBURG LODGE No. 273

On a Public Occasion, at Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.—Dec. 1, 1848.

BY CHARLES THOMAS POOLER.

Published in the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, by a unanimous vote of the members of the Lodge before whom it was delivered. O. ROBINS, Sec.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OFFICERS AND BROS. OF THE LODGE: Who is my neighbor? The priest has passed by on the other side. The Levite has turned and looked upon the dying man, and unmoved by the sight of his bleeding wounds, untouched by the plaintive sound of his dying moans, departed, leaving him to die unseen, unwept, unpitied and alone. The Samaritan traveller, journeying from a strange land, an enemy in nation, as he rides along the hostile road, catches at the low, faint sound of sorrow, and moved by the natural impulses of a generous heart, hastens to the spot, beholds the sufferer, dresses his wounds, conveys him to a comfortable abode, watches with him through the live long night with a brother's care, and in the morning pays his bill and leaves him a *benefit*.

Here, Brothers, is the first practical illustration of the principles of Odd-Fellowship, of which we have authentic record. And the deed comes down to us as worthy the notice of Heaven. The simple fact, that a man did as he would be done by, and that too, in an instance of the most extreme and aggravated suffering, that might well have moved the sympathies even of a strong heart, was so remarkable, so wonderful, so noble, and so worthy, that the Savior, ay, God himself, cited it as the fit, full and perfect illustration of his own divine precept enjoined upon man: "*Love thy neighbor as thyself.*" This is the soul of Odd-Fellowship. Its nature, its objects and its duties, have this extent—no more.

We profess no Utopian scheme that has for its object a revolution in society, and the establishment of a new social fabric, that will restore a lost paradise to the inhabitants of earth. We do not claim to have a balm for every sorrow; we do not profess to have invented or discovered a system of organization that proves a universal panacea for the alleviation of all human suffering; nor that we are wielding an omnipotent hand of benevolence, capable of wiping the tears from all faces. Nor do we profess to stand at the head of all other associations in the accomplishment of good, and the exertion of kindly influences, operating upon the heart of man, enlivening his sympathies, reclaiming and recalling him to the acknowledgment and fulfilment of all of his primitive obligations to his Creator and to his fellows. It is religion alone, whose institution is the church, directed by him who governs the universe and knows the secret workings of the soul, that regulates the heart and qualifies man for the discharge of *all duty*. But we do profess and claim to be an institution, which as a means of administering mutual aid to its members when in sickness and distress, and of extending charity to others, places us at par with every other benevolent association of our country, and entitles us not only to their respect, but to the patronage of their favor and gratitude, for by relieving our own members, we enable them to extend their aid elsewhere, and thus to widen the field of charity and multiply the happy subjects of its kindly offices.

Friendship, Love and Truth, is the motto of our union, and its triple sentiment pervades the great heart of its organization, directing every pulse in its practical operations. "*Love thy neighbor as thyself,*" is the great corner stone upon which the noble structure of our Order has arisen, out of the dark chaos of man's sordid passions, and now stands, peering to the very skies, a monument of Benevolence, built upon the tomb of Selfishness. It stands, like an eternal city set upon a hill, shining by the light of its works, whose beneficent rays, flung out upon the darkness of a world of surrounding sorrow, have already lit up the hearts of suffering

thousands with bright, grateful joy; and, like the primal hues of the bow of promise, emblems of eternal truth and goodness, glimmering in the tears upon the orphan's cheek, have transformed them to sparkling gems, fit for the courts of heaven, and which shall adorn the rewarding crown of glory that awaits the head of every good Odd-Fellow.

And that we may the better contemplate the true objects of our institution, and the better define the duties and obligations it imposes upon each of its members, let us for a few moments glance at the past—let us spread out before us the great map of human society, as it was at the time that Odd-Fellowship first began to be known and reckoned among the social organizations of our own country. Were we, as from a lofty eminence, to look abroad upon the varied landscape of human nature, and contemplate only the darker side of the picture, outlined by the hand of sin, and shaded by the black and malignant passions of the human heart, with its vales of woe, and its mountains of sorrow—its rivers of tears, and its fountains of grief—its inhabitants, the gaunt, grim visage of poverty, leering through his ragged lattice—disease, with his fevered lips, and his long fingers, clutching at the heart-strings, and severing the brittle threads of life—blear-eyed intemperance, rolling upon his couch of straw, and writhing in the agonies of delirium tremens—murder, with his red hand, rioting in the blood of innocence; and the whole scene dimmed with the smoke that comes curling, black and poisonous, from the dens of infamy, we might exclaim, “Verily, this is the valley of the shadow of death.” Dark indeed, and overdrawn might seem the picture. And yet its scenes are all exhibited in living realities, and its characters, alas! too faithfully represented in the great drama of human society.

But the picture has its redeeming features. Thickly dotted over its surface, are the bright stars of human associations, emanating from the great source of love and mercy, the cross, their light relieves the map with a brighter, more heavenly shade.

The simple existence of these numerous, almost numberless associations, into which the whole family of mankind is so interwoven as to form a complete net-work of society, is a sufficient argument for the social nature of man. The objects they have in view, afford the most indubitable evidence of his fallen nature, his weak and helpless condition when isolated and alone, and the necessity of assistance in reformation. And the success which has attended their labors, the change which they have wrought in communities, and the world at large, the elevation they have given to man's moral nature, and the happiness and blessings which they have scattered, even into the remotest corners of human degradation and misery, would, if enumerated, form the most powerful and unanswerable sermon that could be preached in favor of their great practical utility.

Each has its own legitimate objects—its peculiar, requisite qualifications for individual membership, its duties, laws, penalties, and its particular mode of operation; but all have the same great, ultimate end in view—individual benefit, and the future “good and welfare” of mankind.

The Christian church, the great orthodox, requires of its members a simple belief in Deity, the Bible, and the Savior. Its subdivisions, under their various appropriate names, require still more of their members; each must subscribe to particular doctrines of faith, become obedient to a particular mode of church government, and live, speak and act under certain restrictions, to overstep which is reprehensible and sinful. These are the most exalted associations ever founded upon the earth; their objects, the highest that can here be attained or conceived—the preparation of fallen man for the presence and society of his God.

The temperance charity is more extensive than the church, because it requires but a single qualification, abstinence from intoxicating drinks, which every individual may at pleasure pos-

sess. Here the Christian and the impenitents, the infidel and the minister of God, meet upon common ground, and join their efforts for the reformation of the inebriate and the amelioration of the condition of the millions who have been bound down with an iron servitude, to debasing appetite, by the tyrant alcohol. And yet, no objection is raised against the temperance society, because of its heterogeneous membership! No one disputes the salutary effect of its mighty renovating influence, because the preachers of the gospel and the unrepentant sinners are yoked together, and tugging shoulder to shoulder, at its wheel! And no one reasonably questions the fact that their united efforts have accomplished more for the cause during the last twenty years, than the church could have done in centuries.

The benevolent institutions for the blind, the deaf, the deaf and dumb, and the insane, which characterize and elevate our nation above all others of the globe, have each and all their appropriate objects. Their fields of labor, and their own requisite qualifications for membership. And yet, notwithstanding the successful operations of all these glorious institutions; notwithstanding the state, the church, the asylums, and individual charities have performed their office work, still there has existed a mighty void of unalleviated suffering yet to be filled, ere the sum of general human comfort and happiness be complete.

Alms-house charity extends to none but sworn and legalized paupers. And, notwithstanding its ostensible professions, the practical charity of the church seldom reaches beyond the limits of its own pale, and sometimes even the remotest corners of that respond only with the echoes of unanswered want. The asylums, from their very nature and objects, can extend their aid to none but the blind, the mute and the maniac. The duty of the temperance society is discharged upon the drunkard, the moment he has drained his last cup; its objects end upon him, where his abstinence begins. All have done their office work, and *well!* and yet the sighs of sorrow and the woe, are not all hushed. The orphans' cries and the widows' moans, have not all been soothed to grateful silence by the kindly tones of benevolence and the caressing hand of sympathy. The poor man could secure himself against the loss of property by fire, but not against the loss of health, by disease or accident. This, from a cursory view, seems to have been the condition of society. And all along the great highway of life, journeying from the cradle to the grave, strewn here and there by the wayside, might be seen the wounded, and the sick, and the suffering; their groans unanswered, and their wants unattended.

The first passes by on the other side; and the Levite, though he turns and looks, shrugs up his shoulders, as if to suppress the rising sympathies of his yielding heart, and passes by on the other side! The widowed mother, by her tearful prayers; the orphan by his tattered garb, and his famished form; the sick man, mingling the groans of his sufferings with the clamoring murmurs of his starving children, as they cluster shivering around the dying embers of a meagre hearth, all speak in a trembling tone of sorrowing thunder in their appeals to the world for a Samaritan! And do they speak in vain? No! he comes; he comes clad in the regalia and bearing the ensigns of Odd-Fellowship: *love thy neighbor as thyself*; the soul of his precept and the voice of his practice. In the mottoes of his banners, visit the sick, bury the dead, relieve the widow, and educate the orphan, ye read it! This is Odd Fellowship; its objects, of a two-fold nature, preventive, and restorative in their application. The former guards or secures its members against the unhappiness, the suffering, and even the want and wretchedness to which they are liable to be reduced by sickness or misfortunes, were they not the subjects of the benefits of the Order. The latter restores the wife and children of a deceased brother, as nearly as possible to that

temporal comfort and enjoyment, of which they have been deprived by the death of a husband and father, and places within the means of the orphan the opportunities of obtaining an education sufficient for an honorable discharge of all the ordinary business transactions in life, and the maintaining of a respectable and useful position in society.

As universal in its extension as the application of its cardinal precept, “Love thy neighbor as thyself,” the field of its labors is the world! It gleams over the mighty field of human suffering, where the other associations which we have enumerated have reaped, and carried off the isolated sheaves to which they were limited by the condition of their services.

Untrammelled and unblinded by the mists and fogs of sectarianism—unrestricted by the idle bickerings of politics and religion—unfettered by the silken purse-strings and gaudy trappings of an inflated aristocracy—unchoked by the vaunting babblings of pedantry—the privileges, blessings and benefits of its membership are freely proffered to all. The farmer and the merchant, the mechanic and the professional man, here meet upon common ground, with a common interest, for a common object—the mutual benefit of each other, and the good and welfare of the Order.

We, like the other associations we have mentioned, have our conditions of membership, our laws, and method of practical operation. But they are less restrictive, and more universal in their application. They are such, and such only, as the wisdom of the venerable pioneers of Odd-Fellowship foresaw, and the successful experience of years have proved, to be essential to its existence, and the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good to its members, and to society at large.

Thus much for the nature of Odd-Fellowship, and now what are its duties? Does it create any new relations between man and his fellow, differing from those established by his Creator? Does it enjoin any new precepts, or establish and enforce any other than the primary obligations between himself and his fellow? I answer, none! “*All men are created free and equal*,” “*Do as you would be done by*,” and “*Love thy neighbor as thyself*,” are immutable truths and precepts, which were as binding upon man before the flood, as they are to-night—as binding upon him before as after his initiation into our Order. Their author was God, and he fixed the extent and duration of their application. And had they been duly heeded, the world had now no need of Odd-Fellowship! But man has wandered from duty. Selfishness and an unhallowed ambition, have usurped the human heart, become the prime movers to thought and action, dictated a new and more convenient code of moral obligations, covered up or effaced the old landmarks of duty, and established a new “code of procedure,” for the attainment of their desired ends—wealth and the self-aggrandizement of popular favor and distinction. These have steeled the heart against another's woe, and too often put to an everlasting sleep its better sympathies, implanted there to act as the faithful monitors to deeds of benevolence and mercy. Odd-Fellowship takes its candidate back to a careful survey of these old landmarks of duty, points out to him the lines from which he may have wandered, and holds out to him the benefits and blessings that will inevitably reward their practical recognition, and if he then voluntarily bind himself to their faithful discharge, he becomes an Odd-Fellow. Thus the bond of Odd-Fellowship is simply a voluntary pledge to the Order to recognize and discharge, at all times, an original duty, contained in the injunction, “*Love thy neighbor as thyself*,” which pledge, when given, places him upon his honor as a man, under a new, but secondary obligation to the Lodge, for its faithful fulfilment.

And yet, we have our opponents! One of the futile objections urged against our Order, is, that its benefits are confined to its own members. Well, be it even so. When they will point us to a single association in the wide world, whose benefits are

not thus limited, and which buries its dead, provides for the support of its widows, and the education of its orphans, *then*, and not till then, shall we deem this accusation worthy a considerate answer. But are its charities thus limited? Let the grateful responses of the sufferers by the destructive fires in our cities relieved by the contributions of our Lodges, let a voice from the vessel that was chartered by Odd-Fellowship, and freighted with its bread for the starving millions in Ireland, answer the question.

It is also urged that our meetings are private, with the sweeping assertion, that no good can result from the secret session of a body of men, who are unwilling to have their transactions pass the ordeal of scrutiny by the public eye. Verily, with such logic might Satan and his legion host condemn the doings of high Heaven, because themselves are refused admission into its holy courts! Premises of ignorance can only lead to conclusions false and blind. The brightest legislative bodies of the country, who hold in trust the nation's weal—the church, in all its branches, which professes to have in charge, the eternal interests of immortal souls, have each and all their secret sessions, when in their wisdom, they believe that their own, and the welfare of society enjoin secrecy upon their transactions. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the criterion, given by inspiration to man, by which he may sit in judgment upon the works of his fellows, and by this, and this alone, Odd-Fellows are willing have their institution passed upon by the world.

And though we would not boast our good works, for the sake of winning popular favor, yet as the utility of our institution is sometimes questioned by our opponents, it may not be out of place here to mention the results of the workings of Odd-Fellowship for a single year. The report of the G. L. of the U. S., which is the aggregate of the reports and returns from each of the Subordinate Lodges in the States, certified by their respective officers and seals, may be implicitly relied upon for the truth and correctness of its statements. This annual report for the year ending June 30, 1847, shows that at that time there were 1,892 Lodges in the United States; the whole number of contributing members, 118,961; 82,794 were initiated during the year, and 421 expelled. The revenue, or receipts, for that year, were \$888,606. The number of brothers relieved was 16,762, to whom was paid as benefits, \$227,850; number of widowed families relieved, 1,476, to whom was paid \$81,184; number of brothers buried, 896, for which was paid, \$86,385; amount paid for the education of orphans, \$6,822; making the total amount paid for relief during that year, \$802,248.

Thus works the institution which has been so often denounced by the prejudiced and ignorant, as having a demoralizing tendency, and productive of no good whatever. But thanks to Him, who sustains every good cause through the darkest hour, a brighter day has dawned upon Odd-Fellowship.

The prayers and blessings ascending to heaven, from the altars of twenty thousand grateful hearts, last year relieved by its benefits, now invoking prosperity to our Order, shall not all remain unanswered. Alone, by the light of the low dying ember,

While sweet on her bosom her infant has slept,
On many a lone night, in her desolate chamber,
The widow, in sorrow and hunger, has wept.

False friends at the breath of misfortune, departed,
When most there was needed their kindness and care;

The Priest and the Levite—alone, broken-hearted,
Had left her, to weep and to pray in despair.

But hope, though it set in darkness and sorrow,
The spirit of love will its portals unbar;
Again it hath dawned, with a heavenly morrow,
And high in meridian gleams its bright star.

Lo! gladdens the heart of the sorrowing mother,
Her orphans, in hunger, no longer shall cry,
In Friendship and Love, the Samaritan brother
Hath come to her aid; for he passeth not by.

Mothers, wives, sisters and friends, most cordially do we welcome you here to-night. To you, to your sympathy, to your countenance, and to your influence are we greatly indebted for the success that has, thus far, attended our institution. And yet we have to admit that your rejected claims for membership with us, form an objection to our Order, which, from its nature, is worthy of a careful and candid consideration. If Odd Fellowship be what it professes, an institution of benevolence, and the asylum of the suffering, the abode of charity, where kindness and sympathy hold their soothing sway, why is woman, "the last at the feet of the Cross and the first at the door of the tomb," excluded from its councils? Why is she, who, in every enlightened age, has, from the very nature of her endowments, kindness, affection and tender sympathies, ever been regarded as the representative of the principles upon which our Order is founded, why is she who is so eminently qualified to carry out its principles, denied even the privilege of its membership?

These are questions which, at first, would appear to admit of none but an unreasonable and an untruthful answer. And yet there is an answer, which, I doubt not, all whom I have the honor to address, will, with me, deem not only plausible but correct, and, consequently, satisfactory. And, paradoxical as it may seem, that answer is found in the fact of her pre-eminent qualifications! The objects of Odd Fellowship, as we have seen, are to bring man back to primitive duties from which he has wandered.

Woman has never thus wandered from these primitive obligations. The befitting scenes of her life have been in a milder sphere. Shut out from all the rough and sterner duties of the business transactions of the world; by the customs and usages of society protected and secured from the baleful influences of traffic and gain, the rivalry of political, and the glory of military ambition, her heart remains uncalled, unhardened by the thousand influences to which man is exposed, and that have made him an apt and devoted pupil in the iron-hearted school of selfishness and sordid avarice.

True as the magnet to the pole is woman's sympathy to the voice of duty. And as the silken fibres of the Æolian harp respond with a soothing sound to the gentlest zephyr's sigh, so do the chords of that most mysterious of all instruments, a woman's heart, ever and quick to respond to the faintest sigh of sorrow. She never, like the Levite, looks upon suffering, and passes by on the other side. Here we have the reason why it were useless for her to become an Odd Fellow. She is accomplishing, and with an equal efficiency, the same objects out of the Lodge, and that we are within it. And we as good Odd Fellows, ever grateful for her influence in our favor, and for her presence at our public exercises, are sworn by our very pledge to profit by her example, in the discharge of every duty enjoined in the precept, "love thy neighbor as thyself."

We have remarked that Odd-Fellowship recognizes no distinctions, and is no respecter of persons. This is the nature, and as far as possible the letter of its Constitution. It is true, that political and religious distinctions have never yet obtained the pass-word for admission into the Lodge-room. It never will, if all the influences which are brought to bear upon human nature in the outer world, warping the judgment with prejudice, and swerving the will with self-interest, could as readily be thrown off at the threshold of the ante-room. But there have been growing proofs in the history of the G. Lodge, that this is not the case. The interest and prosperity of Subordinate Lodges have also suffered detriment from the same causes. It has been well, though perhaps quaintly remarked, that every paradise is the abode of a devil. In other words, every human institution, however sacred its objects, however noble and elevated its character, and however well disposed in the outset, sincere and zealous are its members, it has an evil genius with-

in itself to contend with, which, if it do not ultimately defeat the objects of the institution, by destroying the unity and harmony of its operations, will, nevertheless, do much to retard its progress, to circumscribe its influence, and limit the happy results that would otherwise have followed.

Brothers: I am wholly unacquainted with the history of the worthy Lodge which I have the honor, this evening, briefly to address. I know not, and so far as the delicacy of speaking against the evils to which I allude, is concerned, I care not whether they have shown themselves here; yet for the welfare of your Lodge, whose interests I shall ever regard and defend, I hope they never may, and from what I have learned of your present prosperous condition, I trust they never have.

I allude to the evils of selfishness, and a petty ambition which sometimes seeks the emolument of office, and, aided or seconded by an out-of-the-Lodge aristocracy, will, if fostered, sacrifice "good and welfare" for personal aggrandizement. This is the greatest evil with which any association ever yet had to contend. It springs from a desire or principle, as deeply implanted in the soul, as the hopes of its own immortality; and unless most cautiously and strenuously guarded against by every member, it will, at times, turn his feet from the path of duty, to tread upon forbidden ground, with motives widely foreign to those that directed his hand when he penned his signature to the Constitution. Let it be remembered that there never yet was a body of men associated together for purposes of benevolence, reformation, or social welfare, but that each of its members joined the compact with a direct sacrifice or compromise of some personal or pecuniary interest.

And as long as this liberality of sentiment, this love for the scheme, predominates over every motive of selfishness, so long will success attend the operations of that body, independent of external or foreign causes that may militate against it.

Practical Odd Fellowship, therefore, requires of its members, in and out of the Lodge room, a full free, unreserved, unqualified sacrifice of self upon the altar of "good and welfare." And as long as every heart that throbs beneath the regalia of an Odd Fellow, beats with this generous, noble sentiment, so long will our emblem of unity and strength the bundle of rods, bound by the triple ties of our motto, Friendship, Love, and Truth, have a living illustration, mighty against every foreign foe, and powerful in its own success and continued prosperity.

ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY.

A MEETING was held on Wednesday evening last, at National Hall, for the purpose of considering the plan proposed by Bro. Ralph of Empire Lodge. We most cordially approve of the project, and shall advert to it in detail, hereafter. Meanwhile, we give the following communication:

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.
New-York, Dec. 4, 1848.

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS: The undersigned respectfully offer for your consideration, the following plan for the formation of a Library, to be located in this city, and known as the "Odd-Fellows' Library."

The Order in New-York city, Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, number near, if not fully, sixteen thousand, and the advantages to be derived from a well-selected Library are great and many.

It is proposed that a tax of ONE CENT PER WEEK be levied on the membership as above, for which sum each Odd-Fellow becomes a member of the library. By the weekly tax of one cent, (supposing there are 16,000 members) the sum of \$8,320 would be raised annually, which could be devoted to the purchase of books, &c., deducting, of course, the current expenses, such as librarians, rents, &c.

By this course, in a few years, a library could be established which would be a credit and a benefit to our Order.

The income would be annually increasing, and a portion of the receipts, after paying the incidental expenses, could be devoted to the purchase of philosophical and other apparatus, and also engage the services of the most eminent talent in the country,

so that a *course of Lectures* could be given annually, on such subjects as would most likely interest the members, and to which they and their families would be entitled to free admission.

A *Reading Room* could also be established, on the tables of which the sojourning brother would find the current literature of the day.

The income of the institution being large, the best works on all subjects could be obtained, so that in a few years, the library alone would be an inducement for the brightest minds of our country to seek admission within the portals of our Order.

Its cheapness, (fifty-two cents annually,) will at once, recommend it to every person, for no one can at present become a member of a library under 2 or \$3 per annum.

The tax could be collected by the Permanent Secretary when the brethren pay their dues, and paid over to such officers as a library committee may designate.

Yours in F. L. and T.
EDWIN S. RALPHS.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES.

Resolved, That we recommend the foregoing plan of P. G. Ralphs of this Lodge, to the earnest consideration of our sister Lodges.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to confer with similar committees from other Lodges.

JOHN CARTER, N. G.

G. W. SCHRAMM, Secretary, Empire Lodge No. 64, I. O. O. F.

An adjourned meeting, to take into consideration the establishment of an "Odd-Fellows Library," will be held at the Lodge Room, 38 Canal-st., on Wednesday evening, 24th inst., at 7 o'clock.

At the last meeting, the following resolution was passed:

"That the various committees be requested to bring up the subject in their Lodges, and report the number of Brothers who are willing to co-operate in the establishment of said Library."

ON DITS ABOUT OURSELVES.

THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION.—This work, devoted to Odd-Fellowship, Literature, &c., commences a new volume with the current year, and appears in a new and beautiful dress, and much enlarged. The reading matter is mainly original, and is ably written. We only regret that our talented brother who edits it, should sustain the G. L. of the U. S. in the high-handed power usurped by it in attempting to render null and void the New Constitution adopted by the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in this State. With this exception, as an acceptable literary and family paper, it has no superior.

The above is from the Ballston Democrat, a well conducted and interesting journal, which we are happy to number among our exchanges. As to our course in relation to the unhappy controversy in this State, we have only followed what we conscientiously considered our duty. Our brother of the Democrat has his view of the case—we ours; but we will shake hands, brother, for all that. So we wish you a thousand happy new years.

ANOTHER.—The *Cabotville Mirror*, an excellent paper, which we always peruse with pleasure, has the following:

THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION, GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION, published every Saturday, by J. R. Crampton, at 44 Ann-st., New York. Terms, \$2 a year. This is one of the best papers devoted to the spread of the doctrines of Odd-Fellows, and we are glad to witness its new dress and otherwise improved appearance, commencing with 1840. May its shadow never be less.

MAGNOLIA LODGE.—A statement of facts, regarding the re-instatement of this Lodge, has been prepared by a committee of the Lodge, and will appear in our next, being too late for our present issue.

HOMER, N. Y.—Officers elect of Homer Lodge No. 280: Owen Bowen, N. G.; Wm. L. Sherman, V. G.; Geo. B. Sames, Sec.; G. C. Babcock, Treas.; Josiah Patterson, P. S.

Tioughnioga Lodge No. 263: Wm. B. Allen, N. G.; G. K. Stiles, V. G.; R. H. Duel, Sec.; Hosea Ballou, Treas.; J. M. Seaman, P. S.

LIONS OF THE TOWN.—Mr. C. G. Graham, our neighbor at 38 Ann-st., is, in his "Lions of the Town," hurling thunderbolts at the heads of the scoundrels of the city. Beware! Mephistopheles is here, unroofing the houses. He sees all—all.

EXCURSIONS DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

Christmas in Delaware—Debtors' Laws—A Reformed Gambler—Odd-Fellows—J. Bayard Taylor and Italy.

It is Christmas day. It snows. Nature is silent, and dressed in the wintry mantle. All is quiet and dull around me. I hear but the tedious croaking of the crows, flying in search of some miserable prey. The chit-chat here is about weddings, which are in great numbers; and it is difficult to find divines enough to bless the union of the girls and boys of Delaware State. This morning I had the honor of being introduced to a young bride, united last evening in hymen's bands. I asked the fresh spouse how she had passed the night. She informed me that she had not slept, and had a most dreadful headache.

Here in this small State, although the people are civilized and sociable, still there are laws which belong rather to barbarous ages and countries than to a flourishing and beautiful country like this. I mean the "Poor Debtor's Law." If a poor father of a family is indebted for any small amount, the amiable sheriff enters the house, takes possession of all the furniture, and the unfortunate man is deprived of his shelter, and exposed, with his wife and children, to enjoy in the open air the charms of a winter night.

In the small city of Newark, the Odd-Fellows society has a Lodge, and is increasing very rapidly all over the State. It shows that civilization and charity takes the place of bigotry and sectarianism, and in a short time there will be more Lodges here. The Lord be praised.

Mr. Tea is a reformed gambler, although he had "done" but once, and was so much satisfied with the first play, that he left gambling forever. Mr. Tea is a young man of five and twenty. Having lost his father, he dreamed that with eighteen thousand dollars, he could beat all the gamblers in the United States, and with such intention he left, some years ago, his humble farm to accomplish his mission with the *gentlemen* of Philadelphia. Arrived at the hotel, he asked for Mr. Milk, and it happened that he introduced himself to the same person, who introduced himself as Mr. Coffee, and desirous to "do" with him. They retired to a private room, where, after twelve hours of "doing," the young Delawarean lost half of his fortune, not satisfied with having seen the elephant. He was in despair, and thought that there was no more hope of a better future for him. Suicide was his only resource. The old gambler, seeing the despair of this novice, with all the dignity of a clergyman, said, "Young man, I am Mr. Milk, the very person with whom you were so anxious to become acquainted. Although a gambler by profession, I refuse to accept your money, and I am inclined to return it to you, with the condition that you shall 'do' no more. I wish I could return to society as pure as I was some years ago; but that is impossible. Believe me, deceived youth, take your money and go back to your friends, and live happy with your widowed mother." The novice accepted the advice and money, and left the gambling life. He is now a wealthy farmer, and husband of a most lovely and beautiful wife.

From Delaware I passed into Maryland, where I saw the country people far less advanced than in the former State. It was on Sunday when I arrived at Elton, a small town of two or three hundred families, situated in a most charming place on the Elton river. From what I could see and learn, the inhabitants are civil and hospitable, fond of good society, and of foreigners of a respectable appearance. At the Washington Hotel, where I met two charming young ladies, one the daughter of the landlord, Mr. T., and the other a niece, I was told that there was a great revival among the Odd-Fellows, who have three Lodges, and are building another, in order to increase and extend their philanthropic society, as well as to alleviate the miseries of humanity. Should the editor of the Gazette send an agent to Elton, I assure him many new

subscribers in this pleasant town, and to make more proselytes to the noble and charitable institution of Odd-Fellowship.

I left Elton the same day, with the hope of returning there next summer. At Creek Hundred I assisted at a Temperance meeting, held in a tavern. The bar-tender was called to occupy the seat as chairman. He began to show and explain the evils of drinking liquor, and the advantage of swallowing cold water in cold weather, and ended his famous bombast by announcing to his hearers his sacred promise to reform, and to sell no more alcoholic liquors *next year*. The next called to the chair, by unanimous applause, and amid shouts of "hurrah for brandy-water!" was a Baptist clergyman, as red as the children of the Sun, who insisted that a petition should be sent to the Legislature at Dover, to change the name of the memorable river Brandywine to Fresh-water river. He was hissed, and the crowd insisted that he should be put down.

New Year's day! Some years ago I was many thousand miles from Delaware, where this great day is consecrated to the worship of Christ. Here I saw people working in the fields, without any regret for the beginning of the new year, and without any desire to celebrate the circumcision of the chief of their religion. Although I am not very scrupulous in religious matters, I prefer Catholics to Protestants in this way: Catholics have more respect and faith for the mysteries and symbols of the Christian religion. Not being able to find a Church open, I spent new year's day in Pennsylvania, with a respectable and interesting Quaker family.

"Mr. H., I introduce to you Mr. S.," said Mr. T., a fine, humorous fellow.

"How does thee do, S.? art thou from Italy or from Jerusalem?"

"I am from Italy," said I, "and I have been to Jerusalem."

"Is thee a Christian, or a Philosopher?"

"Well, I am between the two."

"Thou art a fine man. Thee belongs to my faith. Are thy father and mother living?"

I passed a most happy day in H.'s family. He has a large farm, and everything in and out of the house shows that there reigns peace, order, love and simplicity. Mr. H. insisted that I should remain longer, but I declined, and went further into Chester county. I passed the rest of my sporting days reading and re-reading J. Bayard Taylor's works; and his travels and poems were more interesting to me, as I was almost in sight of the house where so great a writer was born.

Taylor, like Franklin and Horace Greeley, is born from humble and respectable country people, and has attained with his wonderful talents, the reputation of one of the best modern poets and prose writers. His book on Europe is the most interesting and accurate work about foreign nations, till now, by any American traveler. This young man is a gift to his nation, and an honor to his native State. His literary and political productions are of great value to the *Tribune* and *Saturday Evening Post*, and his editorial articles on foreign policy, are certainly superior to any other papers. Reading his ballads and poems, published lately by Putnam, I see that Taylor, like Lamartine and Byron, speaks of modern Rome as the city of dead empires, and thinks that Rome has been turned by the Popes, into a

"Wreck of the fallen world—

Ghost of the mighty past."

The future, perhaps, will teach my friend Taylor that in Rome all is not death. There is still a volcano, which is destined to burst in the present year, and the time is not far distant when Taylor, with his wonderful genius, shall consecrate some of his poetical and beautiful thoughts to the awakening and resurrection of Rome.

I was surprised to find the Philadelphia Saturday Post in almost every family I visited in different States of the Union. With such contributors as Taylor, and the charming Grace Greenwood, with

its talented editor, Mr. Peterson, this weekly paper will have the largest circulation in America. I shall write you a few more lines of the beauties of traveling on the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad.

G. F. SECCHI DE CANALI.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

FRANCE has elected a President. Louis Napoleon obtained the superiority over Cavaignac, and, having sworn before the National Assembly to maintain the Republic, and to restore to the Government the moral force of which it stood in need, he was proclaimed President of France, with unanimous cries of "*Vive la Republique.*" A Bonaparte is once more at the head of this powerful nation. He has triumphed over his enemies, and his election has surprised even his admirers. He was born in Paris, on the 20th of April, 1808, and had for sponsors the Emperor and Empress of France. The ceremony of his baptism took place two years after his birth, with unusual splendor; yet young, he was exiled from France with his family, and fought in 1831 for the Italian cause. Every one is acquainted with his life, full of adventures and of romantic events. From prisoner of Louis Philippe, he has become the Chief Magistrate of France, while the old king has returned into exile, to learn better that lesson which he had been taught previous to his elevation to the throne of France. Louis Napoleon is called to fulfil, at present, a most important post; and we hope that he may have the power, knowledge and ability to support its requirements.

SPAIN is in a state of disorder—of civil wars—of partial insurrections and conspiracies. Bands of Carlists, headed by the cruel Cabrera, are desolating this unfortunate land. Narvaez is yet Prime Minister, and his first policy was to exile his more powerful enemies. He will be the absolute master of Spain until Christina shall rule over the queen daughter. The Cortes were opened by Isabella in person. She said that she believed a friendly alliance would be established between her kingdom and Great Britain, and declared that all her attempts had proved useless in connection with the emperor of Russia.

ITALY is again on the eve of declaring war against Austria, and everything in that country announces the approaching struggle with the barbarians of the North. In Lombardy, Gen. Radetsky continues to shoot as many liberals as he can find. The people are in the most pitiful and desolate condition; they wait for the neighboring States to march to their salvation. The Croats, who attempted to take Malghera, near Venice, were repulsed by the Venitians, after two fierce and bloody attacks. This heroic republic has received from Genoa a succor of 600,000 francs. In Piedmont, they are making the necessary disposals to renew the war in Lombardy. The ancient retrograde ministry were dismissed, and a democratic and popular one was elected by the people, and sanctioned by the king. The policy of the present government is to establish a national confederacy all over Italy; to proclaim Italy independent and united, and to expel the barbarians of Austria *coute qui coute*. Gioberti, the most talented and popular man in Italy, is president of the council of the Piedmontese ministry, and of the Italian confederacy. He has ordered the troops in Genoa to evacuate the city, and to march to the frontier of Lombardy. At the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies in Turin, the law for the re-union of the Duchies of Piacenza, Parma and Modena, was adopted by the whole Chamber, and Castel S. Giovanni has been fixed as the place where the volunteers of the other States of Italy should assemble. Turning from the North to the South of the Peninsula, we find that the revolution in the Roman States is proceeding with more quietude than might have been anticipated from so excitable a race as the modern Romans. A new deputation has been sent to Pius IX, at Gaeta, and although the king

of Naples endeavored to prevent the deputies being admitted to the Pope, they succeeded, by writing in obtaining an *ultimatum* from the ex-sovereign of Rome. Previous to this there appeared in Rome some chance to enter into a friendly negotiation with the Pontiff; but as soon as the conditions of Pius IX were known to the people, they marched to the capitol, headed by Cicerovacchio. Here Sterbini, one of the new ministers, read in a loud voice the answer of His Holiness; that the present ministry should be dismissed, and the National Guard and Chamber of Deputies be disbanded. The Pope ended his famous *ultimatum* by expressing the wish to suppress the journals! The people and deputies declared unanimously that the Pope had forfeited his temporal power, and Sterbini added that the Pope should be permitted to return to Rome, as Bishop of the Eternal City, and that entrance should be interdicted to all the Cardinals and Prelates. A provisional government was established, and there seems to be no other chance for a Papal restoration, than the armed intervention of the Roman Catholic powers, which we should think that none of them will run the risk of attempting.

NAPLES AND SICILY are in the same hostile position as the past two months. Sicily has refused the humiliating proposals of the tyrant of Naples, and is determined to trust her great cause to her sacred rights, and to the events of a new war. The Sicilians have given proof to the world, since a year of independence, that they are capable of self government, and will never submit themselves to the iron sway of their most odious oppressor. The King and his family are at Gaeta courting the Pope, and Pius IX, in his turn, blesses the soldiers and navy of the assassins of the Sicilians. Well done, Pius IX, you bless the arm of the enemy of your country, and of your own person. *O tempora! O mores!*

HUNGARY has lost several battles with the Austrians, but the country and people are not yet conquered. The fierce Magyar hordes will give more trouble to their enemies, and this war will cost Austria more troops and misery than during the revolutions of the Empire. Nothing certain is known from the seat of war; the skirmishes between the hostile parties are very sanguinary, as we see by the bulletin of the great number of Austrian officers who have been brought in wounded to Vienna.

AUSTRIA is engaged in the hard war with Hungary and is approaching the moment that this power will be called to fight in the plains of Italy. Executions against single individual continues to take place in Vienna; the people of this city are more sentimental than political, and the assassinations and innocent murders of Windischgratz's court martial disgust them more than despotism. The public treasure is reduced to sixty millions of florins and the young Emperor could not obtain a loan of twenty more to pay the expenses of the war, and of the sieges of different cities. The Austrian Deputies at Frankfort have left their seats, as there is no more chance of unity between Austria and the rest of Germany. The Emperor has refused to acknowledge the new German law relating to bills of exchange; to contribute toward the expenses of building a German fleet, one of the most cherished objects of German patriots who shout about the unity of Fatherland.

PRUSSIA seems destined to become the center of German nationality, and the King, who has allowed a liberal constitution to his people, is prepared to put himself at the head of the German nation and proclaim himself chief of the German Empire. The King is prepared for such a result, and his partisans in Frankfort and in other parts of Germany begin to discover, for the first time, that there may be a united Germany independently of Austria. From the last dates we have no news from the unfortunate Poland. The project of uniting this nation in a single kingdom seems to have been rather

the idea of some editor than the allied powers. The Minister of the Interior in Berlin has addressed a circular to the civil and provincial authorities, thanking them for the zealous support they have given the government; and General Wrangel has also published a formal acknowledgment of the contributions of money and provisions sent in for the use of the troops by the citizens of Berlin. The best understanding reigns between the King and the Prussian people.

DENMARK has been the seat of popular insurrections and bloody riots between the troops and the people; in Hadersleben fresh riots have taken place, and the dragoons were attacked by a large number of armed peasants. The people fired upon the soldiers, and after some time the rioters were dispersed.

From Schleswig-Holstein we learn that the Danes have marched 6,000 troops to the island of Alsten, and it appears, in fact, that hostilities between the Danish and German parties are as bitter as ever.

RUSSIA having refused to acknowledge Isabella as the legitimate queen of Spain has given orders to the ambassador to leave Petersburg without obtaining a single interview with the sovereign. The emperor is extremely busy in writing autograph letters, and so sent couriers to the king of Naples, and complains that he cannot offer any physical help to his amiable friend the bloody tyrant of the two Sicilies.

ENGLAND at the present time does not offer any interesting event. There the Chartists continue secretly their plotting, while Ireland dies away in starvation.

EGYPT has a new viceroy, Abba Pasha, a young prince who appears to be very popular with the Egyptian tribes. At Suez about 2000 Bedouins of the desert had assembled of their own accord to make their obeisance to Abba Pasha on his return as ruler of Egypt.

INDIA. The intelligence is not of any particular interest. Two forts of considerable strength have been razed by the royal troops, and Moobray, the chief, was in less favorable position, as regards men and supplies, than he had been for some time past. Mahorajah had marched a body of his troops against Chuttur Singh.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13, 1849.

WITHIN two weeks we have had our elections in the Subordinate Lodges in this State. So far as our city and county are concerned, we have had no difficulty in the whole matter, as near as we can learn. Every thing has gone off smoothly. The V. Gs. assume a new position, and the P. N. Gs. have now a right to enter the Sanctum Sanctorum of the G. L. of the I. O. of O. F. of Pennsylvania. The Subordinate Officers come in their turn, and although the probation is considered by some to be *too long*, still, terms of office must expire, and old incumbents will be rotated into new ones, at the *earliest possible convenience* prescribed by the Constitution. During our election week, every thing passed off well. We can have no difficulties that will either convulse the nation or cause the world to turn upside down. Louis Napoleon has been elected *N. G.* of the *French* nation; he has succeeded to his position through some excitement. *We*, however, who compose the only genuine *fraternity* in the world, elect our presiding officers in the utmost good will, and permit no bar of discord to interfere with the solemnity or dignity of our ballot. So may it ever be.

Mrs. DISKINSON.—This talented and beautiful lady has been playing at Baltimore and Richmond, to crowded and delighted houses. She is one of the best actresses in her line of characters, if not the very best, we have ever seen. Those who witnessed her admirable personations at Niblo's last season, will be right glad to see her here again. We never shall forget her Claude Melnotte, Sir Charles Coldstream, and Tom, the Eton Boy. She is to play an engagement soon in Washington.

Literary Notices.

☞ "THE SCALPEL." This is the name of a journal published and edited by E. H. Dixon, M. D. We have perused the No. before us with pleasure and instruction, and most cordially approve of its object and character. While it exposes quackery, and deals giant-blows on all humbuggery, it asserts that medical science, like all other sciences, is subject to the law of progress. Dr. Dixon treats every subject he touches with ability. We hope all our readers will take this work, and read the article in the Jan. No., entitled, "What do we know of Asiatic Cholera?"

☞ "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for 1849." Philadelphia: L. A. Godey, 118 Chestnut street. We have received the January number of this beautiful periodical, and although it seems difficult to maintain through the whole year such superior merit as is manifest, yet we have never known the proprietor to issue a *decoy* number. Our readers will notice (as is due,) that we attach the epithet beautiful to the work, and not to the January number. All who subscribe may anticipate and realize with each succeeding number, a rich treat, and at the close of the year may possess two elegant volumes, stored with choice gems of literary taste and artistic skill.

The Lady's Dollar Newspaper is also given with the Lady's Book, for \$3 00 per annum.

☞ "FRANKLIN ILLUSTRATED." Harper and Brothers. We have received the first number of this work, valuable to the young and the aged, as affording amusement and instruction to the one, and subject for contemplation for both. All who have read the life of Franklin, (and who has not?) wish to read it again. It is printed on fine paper, and will be finished in eight numbers.

☞ "METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW." We have often spoken of the high merit of this publication. The contents of the Jan. No. are unusually rich. The paper on Channing, and the essay on the word *Sheol*, are exceedingly interesting and instructive.

☞ "THE GREAT HAGGARTY DIAMOND." New York: Harper & Brothers. This is another excellent work from the pen of the talented author of "Vanity Fair." It is full of interest, and deserves an extensive sale.

☞ "SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE." This monthly commences the year under most favorable auspices. The January No. surpasses, in beauty and richness, all its predecessors, and must give satisfaction to the numerous patrons of the work.

A NEW LIGHT.—"In a lecture," says an English paper, "delivered at Crosby Hall, by Mr. Pepper, on the properties and phenomena of magnetism and electricity, the electric light, and the apparatus by which it is produced and regulated, was introduced. The brilliancy of the light is almost beyond what can be conceived of the powers of artificial light—that is, of light produced by scientific means from simple natural causes. It was so vivid as to make the numerous gas-lights by which the hall was illuminated, completely ineffective. Its intensity to those close to it was almost painful, and it was impossible, when the shade or paper screen by which it was surrounded was removed, to look upon it. It is a white or sun-light; there is no yellow tinge, no vapor or smoke, and none of the attendants of light which partake of combustion. The exhibition of this certainly extraordinary light was witnessed by a very crowded company of visitors, who expressed their satisfaction in a marked manner on its merits. The apparatus by which its power is produced and sustained can scarcely be described; it is a piece of mechanism of comparatively simple construction, by which pieces of charcoal, &c., are supplied and adapted; it can only be understood by being seen and inspected. If the generating and regulating powers of this invention can be sustained, and the

expenses attendant upon them kept within reasonable bounds, as the patentees assert they can be, this light will at some period supersede all others; and a statistical account affirms that upwards of £25,000,000 is annually expended in England and Wales, for lighting, an important saving to the public.

THE SEA SERPENT NO FICTION.

We find in a late English paper the following from Capt. M'Quhae in relation to the sea serpent. The Captain speaks like an honest person, and we doubt not, did see some uncommon sea monster. And why should we doubt, after all, the existence of such a being? Surely all the wonders of the deep are not yet laid bare. For our part, we are ready to believe that Capt. M'Quhae did see a sea serpent. The Captain's paper is in reply to Prof. Owen, who ridicules his official report. His comments are as follows:

Professor Owen correctly states that I 'evidently saw a large creature moving rapidly through the water, very different from anything I had before witnessed, neither a whale, a grampus, a great shark, an alligator, nor any other of the larger surface swimming creatures, fallen in with in ordinary voyages. I now assert, neither was it a common seal nor a sea elephant, its great length and its totally differing physiognomy precluded the probability of its being a 'Phoca' of any species. The head was flat, and not a 'capacious vaulted cranium'; nor had it a 'stiff inflexible trunk,' a conclusion to which Professor Owen has jumped, most certainly not justified by the simple statement, that 'no portion of the sixty feet seen by us was used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation.'

It is also assumed that the calculation of the length was made under a strong preconception of the nature of the beast; another conclusion quite the contrary to the fact. It was not until after the great length was developed by its nearest approach to the ship, and until after that most important point had been duly considered and debated, as well as could be in the brief space of time allowed for so doing, that it was pronounced to be a sea serpent by all who saw it, and by all who are accustomed to judge of lengths and breadths of objects in the sea to mistake a real substance and actual living body, coolly and dispassionately contemplated, at so short a distance, too, for the eddy caused by the action of the deeper immersed fins and tail of a rapidly moving gigantic seal raising its head above the surface of the water, as Professor Owen imagines, in quest of its lost iceberg.

The creative powers of the human mind may be very limited. On this occasion they were not called into requisition, my purpose and desire being, throughout, to furnish eminent naturalists, such as the learned Professor, with accurate facts, and not with exaggerated representations, nor to assure him that old Pontoppidan having clothed his sea serpent with a mane could not have suggested the idea of ornamenting the creature seen from the *Dadalus* with a similar appendage, for the simple reason that I had never seen his accounts, or even heard of his sea serpent, until my arrival in London. Some other solution must therefore be found for the very remarkable coincidence between us in that particular, in order to unravel the mystery.

Finally, I deny the existence or the possibility of optical illusion. I adhere to the statements as to form, color, and dimensions, contained in my official report to the Admiralty, and I leave them as data whereupon the learned and scientific may exercise the 'pleasure of imagination' until some fortunate opportunity shall occur of making a closer acquaintance with the 'great unknown'—in the present instance most assuredly no ghost.

THE GOLD FEVER.

ALTHOUGH we have no doubts that the accounts from the gold region, regarding the abundance of the precious metal, are mainly true, we must still be permitted to entertain doubts of the success of all these enterprises—at least of a success equal to the sanguine expectations of those engaged in them. Notwithstanding our wishes to the contrary, we fear the following remarks of Prescott, in his history of the Conquest of Peru, will be found to describe with equal accuracy all these gold speculations. We hope for the best, however.

"But now these promises were realized. It was no longer the golden reports that they were to

trust, but the gold itself which was displayed in such profusion before them. All eyes were now turned toward the West. The broken spendthrift saw in it the quarter where he was to repair his fortunes as speedily as he had ruined them. The merchant, instead of seeking the precious commodities of the East, looked to the opposite direction, and counted on far higher gains, where the common articles of life commanded so exorbitant prices. The cavalier, eager to win both gold and glory at the point of his lance, thought to find a fair field for his prowess on the mountain plains of the Andes. Ferdinand Pizarro found his brother had judged rightly in allowing as many of his comrades as chose to return home, confident that the display of their wealth would draw ten to his banner for every one that quitted it.

"In a short time the cavalier saw himself at the head of one of the most numerous and well appointed armaments, probably, that ever left the shores since the time of Ovando. It was scarcely more fortunate than his. Hardly had Ferdinand put to sea, when a violent tempest fell on the fleet, and compelled him to return to port and refit. At length he crossed the ocean, and reached the little harbor of Nombre de Dios in safety. But no preparations had been made for his coming, and, as he was detained here some time before he could pass the mountains, his company suffered greatly from scarcity of food. In their extremity, the most unwholesome articles were greedily devoured, and many a cavalier spent his little savings to procure himself a miserable subsistence. Disease, as usual, trod closely in the track of famine, and numbers of the unfortunate adventurers, sinking under the unaccustomed heats of the climate, perished on the very threshold of discovery.

"It was the story often repeated in the history of Spanish enterprise. A few, more lucky than the rest, stumbled on some unexpected prize, and hundreds, attracted by their success, pressed forward in the same path. But the rich spoil which lay on the surface had been swept away by the first comers, and those who followed were to win the treasure by long-protracted and painful exertion. Broken in spirit and in fortune, many returned in disgust to their native shores, while others remained where they were, to die in despair. They had thought to dig for gold; but they dug only their graves."

Facts and Scraps.

CURIOSITIES OF THE HOLY LAND.—We have mentioned the arrival at Norfolk last week of the U. S. ship Supply, from the Mediterranean, bringing passenger Lieut. Lynch, commander of the Dead Sea expedition. A report from Lieut. L., who has gone on to Washington, cannot fail to be highly interesting. In the meantime the Norfolk Beacon mentions as among the curiosities brought by him for the government, the following, calculated to excite a degree of interest which seldom attaches to such things:

A number of specimens of the water of the Dead Sea, the river Jordan, and the Pool of Siloam; and fragments of the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed, as a punishment for her disobedience to the command of the Almighty.

In regard to this last, we are informed that the pillar from which it was taken rises nearly 40 feet high, stands exactly in the spot designated by the bible, and that Lieut. Lynch, the commander of the Dead Sea expedition, expresses the confident opinion that it is the representative of what was Lot's wife. We believe it has not been seen before for many centuries. Josephus records its existence.

There are many other curiosities on board the Supply—as an Egyptian mummy, a pair of the cat-tle of Arabia, rosaries made of wood from the holy mount, shells from the shores of the Dead Sea, gazelles, &c.

Ohio exhibits a growth in population since the census of 1848, equivalent to an increase of nearly thirty-five per cent, in eight years, and presents an aggregate at this time, probably, of 2,060,000 inhabitants.

The National Intelligencer contains an exhibit of the improvements in, and the population of Washington city, for the year 1848. There are one hundred and thirty-six houses erected, which makes a total of 5,822 houses in the city.

It is confidently predicted that Jared Sparks will be the successor of Mr. Everett in the Presidency of Harvard College.

Boston during the last nine years just closed has paid into the national treasury in the form of revenue, forty millions of dollars.

SLAVES IN THE NORTHERN STATES.—At the period of taking the last United States census in 1840, the number of slaves in the Northern States was as follows: New Hampshire, 1; Rhode Island, 5; Connecticut, 17; New York, 4; New Jersey, 674; Pennsylvania, 64; Ohio, 3; Indiana, 3; Illinois, 381; Wisconsin, 11; Iowa, 16. In these States slavery had not been totally abolished in 1840, although no new slaves could be introduced. The masters were obliged to sustain such of their slaves as would not, owing to their incapacity for service or other causes, accept their freedom papers.

WONDERFUL PRODUCT.—F. P. Blair, Esq., who wisely deserted the uncertain field of politics for the wholesome one of agriculture, states in the Daily Globe that his Silver Spring farm in Montgomery county, Md., actually now produces 18 barrels of corn to the acre—or 90 bushels. He acknowledges his indebtedness for this result to Mr. E. Stabler's process of renovating worn out lands, as lately set forth in his prize essay in the American Farmer. It is Kentucky's boast to excel all others in this crop, and there ten barrels of corn to the acre is a fair average yield. —[Baltimore Sun.]

ABBREVIATING THE ATLANTIC.—The Boston Transcript, in an article upon the improvement of steam-ships, &c., suggests that the journey by water across the Atlantic might be very materially shortened by departing from those points on the two continents most contiguous to each other. By selecting some port on the western coast of Ireland as a depot, on the one side, and Cape Canso, the most easterly Cape of North America, on the other, a passage could be made which would astonish the whole world by its brevity.

EXTRAORDINARY.—The Memphis Eagle of the 9th says: Messrs. A. B. Shaw & Co. had a cow slaughtered yesterday, in which operation a most extraordinary development was made. In the womb of the cow were found five calves, each one of which was fully as large as a well grown rabbit. This is a positive fact, and as such given to us by the well known and very respectable gentlemen of that firm."

NEW ORLEANS BANKS.—The monthly statement of the New Orleans Banks, made up to the 25th ult., shows that their circulation amounts to \$3,694,012; Deposits, \$889,637; Specie, \$8,481,652. The amount of Foreign and Domestic Exchange due the Banks was \$2,330,40, against \$1,406,733 on the same account, which left \$923,670 for draft in favor of the Banks.

BAPTISTS.—In 1758 this denomination numbered 187 churches. According to the latest returns, they now number in this country about 610,471 communicants, 8,015 churches, and 4,337 ordained ministers.

An officer of the navy, who bought twenty leagues of land, one hundred house lots, and twelve dwellings in California, is ruined by the speculation. He has no tenants, and his property has no value now.

THE CANADAS.—It is supposed that the new census will show the population of Upper Canada to be about 700,000. Lower Canada is estimated to contain nearly 800,000. The former province increases much faster than the latter.

THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.—From the Report of the managing board for the last quarter, it appears that the income for that period amounted to \$32,328 24, and the expenses to \$17,287 10. The number of dwellings now supplied is 18,106.

Each dray in New Orleans, according to a new ordinance, is taxed annually thirty-five dollars. We suppose drays must be a nuisance, and the authorities wish to drive them from the city.

DELAWARE.—The population of this little Tom Thumb State is 80,000. The number of bushels of wheat raised is 410,000. The product of all the agriculture of Delaware is \$2,673,000.

DEBT OF NORTH CAROLINA.—The Governor of the "Old North State," in his late message, sets down the debt of the State at \$500,000.

The length of the telegraphic paper on which the President's message was dotted down, measures seven thousand two hundred feet.

Mrs. Dix.—At the suggestion of this talented and benevolent lady, the North Carolina Legislature are about to establish a lunatic asylum.

The telegraph wires have been suspended over the Kennebec river at Bath, Maine, a distance of 1200 feet, and 180 feet above the water.

A SECOND ULYSSES.—The following scene occurred in the Philadelphia Police Court not long since: An old man, of very acute physiognomy, answered to the name of Jacob Wimont. His clothes looked like they might have been bought second-handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more by the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

Mayor.—What business do you follow, Wimont? Wimont.—Business! None—I'm a traveler.

Mayor.—A vagabond, perhaps. Wimont.—You are not far wrong; travelers and vagabonds are much the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, and the former generally travel without brains.

Mayor.—Where have you traveled? Wimont.—All over this continent.

Mayor.—For what purpose? Wimont.—Observation.

Mayor.—What have you observed? Wimont.—A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at.

Mayor.—Humph! And what do you commend? Wimont.—A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will make short sermons, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue.

Mayor.—What do you censure? Wimont.—A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing, a working man who believes in the sympathies of professional gentlemen, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and the people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to office.

Mayor.—Ahem! And what do you laugh at? Wimont.—I laugh at the man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit.

Mayor.—Oh! I perceive you are an utterer of pithy sentences; now I am about to utter one that will surprise you.

Wimont.—A pithy sentence from your honor would indeed be a matter of astonishment.

Mayor.—My sentence is, that you discontinue traveling for the term of thirty days, while you rest and recruit yourself at Moyamensing.

This retort was a poser, and Mr. Wimont, submitting to the requirements of the vagrant act, retired from the hall of justice without uttering another syllable.

METAMORPHOSIS OF A FASHIONABLE MILLINER.—As the Model Milliner rises in the world, a confusion of tongues, like the Tower of Babel, attends her growing eminence. Her knowledge of English becomes more French every day, until at last her dialect, like the British Channel, belongs to neither England nor France, but is continually running between the two. She talks like Madame Celeste, which makes it very difficult to understand her, unless you have had a course of six private boxes at the Adelphi. A similar metamorphosis takes place in her name and door-plate. Mrs. Todd is changed to Madame Toddee, and her shop is called a *Magazin des Nouveautés*, or, at least, a *Depot*, and circulars inform the curious that Madame Toddee is *de Paris*, (of course) and was the *premiere eleve* of Madame Victorine, and carried off the gold medal at the *Exposition d'Industrie*, for her very superior *jupons hygieniques*. As her fame increases, so does her invisibility. Her *magazin* is vacated for a handsome mansion in some *ci-devant* aristocratic square, where liveried footmen usher you up velvet-carpeted stairs, into saloons and boudoirs with gold-legged chairs and the rosiest ottomans. She only receives the *elite*. She "gives consultations"—is very difficult, however, to consult; and when visited in her *in-cognito*, sends down word "that Madame cannot be disturbed—she is *composing*." —[Model Women.]

PUNCH gives the following outbreak of Mrs. Harris (the Standard,) against Sir Robert Peel, and refers to the paper of the 30th ult., for a verification: "Yah! Who caused all the disturbances in Forrin Parts? Why you, you base creechur; and well may you go and ask Lewis Phillips to spend Christmas with yer; which it's a Merry Christmas I wish yer—over the left—Yah!"

DOMESTIC BLISS.—*Paterfamilias*. "I cannot conceive, my love, what is the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning." *Pet child*. "Oh, no! Papa, dear! I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning!"

XTRAVAGANZA XTRAORDINARY.—Charles X, x king of France, was xtravagantly xtolled, but is exceedingly xecrated. He xhibited xtraordinary xcellence in xigency; he was xemplary in xternals, but xtrinsic on xamination; he was xstatic under xortations, xtrême in xitement, and xtraordinary in xtempore xpression. He was xpatriated for his xcesses, and to xpiate his xtravagance, xisted and xpired in xile.

Publisher's Notices.

BRO. AARON E. HOVEY, P. G., of New-York City, is associated with the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, as general business Agent throughout the United States, and we cheerfully recommend him to our friends, and bespeak for him that reception to which his affability, unexceptionable character and business habits entitle him.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

We take pleasure in announcing the following gentlemen —*Brothers of the Order*—as the authorised Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, who have been appointed within the last three months, and we expect they will exert themselves, with those who have been longer in the field, in advancing our interests, making their returns promptly every week, in an accurate and careful manner, giving us notice of any of our Subscribers who may fail to receive their paper regularly, noting removals and discontinuances, &c. Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD, Bro. ISAAC P. BALDWIN, H'RY L. BROUGHTON, L. W. ALDRICH, CHAS. H. HARRISON, HORACE LAMB

LOCAL AGENTS.

Our thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for collecting and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our journal shall be worthy the support of *Odd-Fellows* from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that each one will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1849.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

CIRCULATION TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND!

SINCE the combination, in July, 1848, of the two papers, the only ones in New-York devoted to the high and beautiful aims of Odd Fellowship and Literature, the united journal has been crowned with the brightest success. It enjoys a vast circulation among families as well as among brothers of the Order, and is universally accepted as the most excellent Family Journal in the country. The proprietors, though well contented with the position which their efforts have attained, are nevertheless resolved to achieve still more, and to reach an eminence beyond competition. They will accordingly spare no labor and expense during the coming year, to place The Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule at the

HEAD OF ALL THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

With this aim in view, the Editor and Publisher have made arrangements with many contributors of acknowledged talent and reputation to impart deep and various interest to their columns, so that they shall be quoted from and commended by the best critics of the country.

The noble and excellent Order of Odd-Fellows has become so extended and well known on account of its benevolent deeds and unflinching devotion to the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth," that it now numbers men of all trades and professions, the young, the middle aged and the old. Our paper shall be so diversified as not only to suit and gratify all these, but to please wives, sisters, mothers and children, and thus be esteemed

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE UNION.

The domain, both of Reality and Fiction, Fact and Fancv will be explored, and their choicest treasures gathered for our readers. Original Tales and Poems from the most popular authors—selections from the ablest Foreign Periodicals, just Criticisms on Books, account of Discoveries in Science and the Arts, Intelligence from all parts of the World, Essays on the Topics of the Day, PROCEEDINGS OF THE LODGES AND ALL THE NEWS RELATING TO ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA AND EUROPE, will form the staple of each and every number. We shall commence the New Volume in January

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED FORM.

Which will give our patrons a much greater QUANTITY OF READING MATTER, besides enabling us to offer each week a more pleasing variety. We therefore say to each of our present readers,

Renew your Subscriptions for 1849.

And we ask every other lover of good reading, whether belonging to the Order or not, to add a new name to our extensive list, being resolved that "The Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule," shall have a permanent, as well as standing interest and value, so that each bound volume shall be

A PRIZE FOR EVERY LIBRARY,

And also a welcome visitor to every Lady's drawing room.

Terms, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. Bills of all the solvent Banks in the Union received at par.

J. R. CRAMPTON, Publisher,

No. 44 Ann-street, N. Y.

The Legislature of New Hampshire have passed a law that joining the Shakers deprives a man of his property. It goes to his wife. If both husband and wife join the society, guardians are appointed to take charge of the property for the benefit of the children. The law provides that children shall not be indentured to the Shakers without the consent of the County Judges, and imposes a heavy fine for secreting children.

In the Montrose market, on Friday week, a seizure was made of a quantity of "sweets," which on analysis, proved to contain 45 per cent of flour, 18 per cent of plaster of Paris, and only 37 per cent of sugar.—[English paper.]

The boundary question, or rather the claim of Texas to nearly two-thirds of New Mexico, bids fair to become very complicated and difficult to adjust.

A SURGEON dentist in Glasgow is said to have successfully employed gutta percha in the form of artificial palates and gums.

FORTUNATE.—The Commercial of Cincinnati says, there is a man in that city who eight years ago was deaf and dumb. He can now hear, talk, read and write.

A YOUNG lady, tried in the State of Alabama for firing a pistol at her false lover, as he was escorting another fair one to church, was acquitted on the ground that there was no malice, but on the contrary, an excess of love.

It is said that cock-fighting was first practised at Rome, 476 B. C., after a victory over the Persians, and was, by the Romans, introduced into Britain.

MEYRICK, in his history of ancient armor, supposes that the word dragon was derived from dragon, "because, mounted on horseback, with lighted match, he seemeth like a fiery dragon."

A CALCULATION gives the statement that Polk's administration cost at the rate of one hundred and forty-five dollars and eighty-five cents per minute.

The city of London has determined to manufacture and consume its own gas, finding the luxury of companies too expensive.

Three boxes of gold dust from Africa arrived at Boston last week.

There were 1050 emigrants arrived at New Orleans on the 21st ult. from Liverpool and Havre.

AGENTS TO GO SOUTH.

ONE or two Agents wanted to visit the Southern Atlantic States. Apply at this Office.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS in this city, Brooklyn and Williamsburg, who do not receive their papers regularly and seasonably, are requested to give immediate notice at the Office. No Carrier is authorized to receive payment in advance, unless bringing a receipt signed by the Publisher or authorized Clerk in the Office. All Subscribers not paying in advance to the Office will be charged five cents per week, payable to the Carriers. Our friends who wish the Gazette and Rule from the commencement of the New and Enlarged Volume, will oblige us by handing in their names at the earliest moment. The edition will be limited, and early attention is necessary to prevent disappointment.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

MRS CATHERINE NEILSON, (Widow of the late P. D. G. Sire Neilson,) has taken a large house, No. 6 South street, 4 doors from Baltimore street, BALTIMORE, for the purpose of carrying on a permanent and transient Boarding House; and she takes this method of informing the members of the Order, and the traveling community, that they will find her house conveniently located, and her table and lodging apartments equal to any in the city of Baltimore. **IF** Prices moderate. 81237

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work. 237

PREMIUM VANILLA TOOTH WASH.

AT the late Fair of the American Institute, the Premium was awarded to the Proprietor for his Vanilla Tooth Wash, as being the best preparation for cleansing and preserving the Teeth, and purifying the breath. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, THOS. MANSON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 30 Eighth Avenue.

Also, for sale by the principal Druggists throughout the city. Liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 3m237

ORDER OF PHILOZATHANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in the United States of America, are now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country. Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S, 101 Forsyth-st. **IF** New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 228:tf.

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.

JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 3m236

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over One Thousand Dollars.

IF Single copies Fifty Cents each; twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y. 1y235

LODGE JEWELS.

ELEAZER AYERS, manufacturer of Jewelry, &c. No. 89 Nassau-st. New-York. Odd-Fellows', Masonic, and Sons of Temperance Jewels made to order. All orders from abroad punctually attended to. 3m235

BERRY & WOODNUTT'S

GREAT CENTRAL OYSTER AND REFRESHMENT SALOON, under the Odd-Fellows' Hall, North-Sixth-street, above Arch, Philadelphia, Pa. 235:tf

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:tf

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN.

VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venitian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235:tf

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE

IN the city to get good Pocket Books, Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Porte Monnaies, Portable Writing Desks, Gold Pens, Chinese Razors, Pocket Knives, specimens of Vegetable Ivory and every article of Perfumery, is at JOHN SIMPSON'S No. 98 Fulton-st., a few doors from William. 235:tf

BARNES & DENNEY.

MANUFACTURERS of Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.

N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts. W. DENNEY. (235:tf) J. BARNES

REGALIA AND JEWELS

MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS, 330 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice. Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 228:tf.

F. W. CORNITH,

HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 2d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.

To the I. O. O. F. and the public in general. The subscriber, J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and House-keeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City. 1y:nov 9. N. B. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia.

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia, Costumes, Tents, Crooks, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New-York. aug.26:tf.

DECEMBER REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (11 Wall street) has issued, during the month of December, 1843, one hundred and eighty-nine new Policies, viz:

To Merchants and Traders	64	To Mechanics	28
" Clerks	22	" Manufacturers	21
" Physicians	5	" Seamen	5
" Clergymen	5	" Publishers and Editors	5
" Lawyers	8	" Sec'y of Insurance Co's	3
" Ladies	6	" Naval Officers	3
" Brokers	4	" Other occupations	8

New Policies issued in December 159

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, President. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secretary. Jos. L. LORD, Agent. JAMES STEWART, M.D., Medical Examiner, (Residence, Abington Square,) is at the office daily, from 2 to 3 o'clock. 1m236

GRAND MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICE, NO. 127 CHAMBER-STREET NEW-YORK.

FOR the Treatment of all Diseases in Men, Women and Children; whether Acute or Chronic; whether Local or General; whether Scrofulous, Syphilitic, or Epidemic—or all Maladies belonging to the line of Medicine and Surgery.

I. Cases of all kinds will be examined every day in the week from 7 o'clock A. M. till 7 P. M. Sundays excepted.

II. No CHARGE made for EXAMINATIONS, or for our OPINION in any case.

III. Patients will find our examinations unlike those of any others which they have ever known or heard, and if we do not tell them more about their case, without their telling us any history of their disease, than they have ever known or learned before by their own observation, or that of any of their Doctors, we advise them not to submit to our treatment.

IV. All that Class of Diseases in which delicate and sensitive persons are exposed, by most Doctors, to Surgical and bloody operations, and to means and treatment which burn and torture, and confine the patient to the sick bed, are treated at this office without pain, exposure or confinement.

V. Patients will be convinced beyond all doubt, by our Examinations and Treatment, that their diseases in most, and the worst cases, originated in their childhood, or were inherited from their parents, or arose from a great variety of causes, which neither they nor their doctors ever imagined—and though they may seem to have a dozen different diseases, that in nearly every case they all spring from one root or cause, and will be driven out together by very simple means.

VI. Those Diseases of certain parts of the human system, which are almost universally treated in the first state with Balsam of Copaiba, Capsules, Cubes; by Injections of Nitrate of Silver, Borax, Alum, Sugar of Lead Water—Yellow or Black washes; with Blue or Mercurial and other Ointments; with Bougies, Catheters or Syringes—or in the second state, with Calomel, Blue Pill, Red Precipitate for Corrosive Sublimite; with Hydriodate of Potash, Sarsaparilla Syrup, and other like slops—we say before heaven and earth, that by such treatment and such means, as are generally used, we know and can demonstrate, that these diseases have never been and can never be healed. They deceive the patient—they drive the disease into the system, and to other and more important parts—they produce Strictures, Callouses, Piles, Abscesses, Ulcers, Fistulas, Catarrhs, Dropsies, Rheumatic pains, Diseases of the Bones, of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Throat and whole system; and either render the whole life of the patient miserable, or hurry him to a premature grave.

Without using any of these Quackish, Ruinous and Swindling remedies, we promise to every curable case we treat, a permanent and radical CURE FOR LIFE by very simple medicine, which is without taste or smell—which neither purges or vomits—nor hinders from business—nor exposes the patient in any way whatever, and which is only to be taken every other night. We can furnish patients with References to Terrible Cases which have been carried out of the Broadway Hospitals as incurable, to die, whom we have raised from the gates of the grave, after all other means have been used in vain.

VII. Knowing, as we do, that most Medicines in the hands of Apothecaries and Druggists are adulterated, and for various other reasons are not to be relied on; we have, therefore, established a CHEMICAL LABORATORY, where we manufacture all our Medicines—for this reason we can warrant that our medicines shall do all that we promise in every case.

VIII. In every case in which we promise a cure, if we fail to effect this, the money paid for medicine will be returned. To all who wish we will furnish names and residence of patients in the city and country, whom we have treated for all forms of disease, who will give them all the facts in their case—the nature, extent, and duration of their sickness, and the success of our treatment.

We therefore invite all sufferers however afflicted, or however hopeless their case may appear, to give us a trial—put our knowledge to the test in an Examination of their case—it will cost them nothing—and they will find beyond doubt that ninety-nine cases out of a hundred which are called Consumption, Spinal disease, Cancer in the Womb, or elsewhere, &c., &c., are totally mistaken—there being nothing of the kind. This we have demonstrated in hundreds of cases.

NEVER DESPAIR till you have given our Remedies and Treatment an honest trial.

All DR. BEACH'S BOOKS AND MEDICINES for sale at this office. JAMES MCALLISTER & Co. Proprietors, No. 127 Chambers-st. New-York. 3m235

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m235

REGALIA IN READING, PA.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished. H. A. LANTZ, 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P. 232:tf.

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 232:tf

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

ASPLENDID assortment of Gold and Silver Duplex, Patent Lever, Anchor Escapement, Lepine and Vertical Watches, selected from the best manufactured in Europe, which will be warranted perfect time-keepers. Also, some new patterns of Gold Chains, Seals, Keys.

do do do Gold Pencil Cases and Pens. do do do Thimbles, Rings, Pins, &c. do do do Bracelets with Stones. do do do Silver Forks and Spoons.

All the above articles will be sold at the lowest prices and warranted to be equal to the best made in the city. MOTT BROTHERS, Importers of Fine Watches, 2 Nassau-street, opposite the Custom House.

P. S. -Clocks and Watches cleaned and repaired in the very best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction. 9c371



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY J. R. CRAMPTON, AT NO. 44 ANN-STREET, TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 4.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 238.

Original Poetry.

EXTRACTS

From the Vision of Faith and Hymns of the Universe.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY REV. BRO. NELSON BROWN.

INVOCATION.

THINE awful Voice and energetic Might
Went forth upon the vast and mystic Deep,
Startling old Chaos from his couch of Night,—
Rousing him from his long and dreamless sleep
To forms of beauty,—each a radiant world,—
Each swift by Thee to its appointed orbit hurled.

Then from thine own mysterious essence came
Thy crowning Work, above all others grand
And glorious—MAN!—a shrine of clay—within a
flame

Of Thee a type. This work shall stand
Amid the rolling cycles of all time
And vast eternity, o'er all the most sublime.

Where mountain waves upon old Ocean dash—
Glowing like liquid amber in the light
Of half-veiled stars. Where echoing thunders crash,
And lightnings gleam athwart the brow of Night—
Where's heard the storm-king's fierce and giant roar,
There art thou, God, in thy sublime and awful
power.

Where spring the tiny seeds to infant life,
And onward thence to ripe and golden grain,—
Where wafts the breeze with golden fragrance rife
From garden flowers, when falls the gentle rain,—
Where warble birds in each green, waving tree,
Gladdening our hearts with their sweet min-
strelsy,—

Where, 'mid green meadows, laughs the merry
stream,

And hill, and dale, and sky, with beauty glow—
There art thou, God, presiding over all,—
There doth thy goodness grateful praises from us
call.

Thou, God, hast written o'er Heaven's boundless
scroll

A starry language, wonderful and bright;
There myriad orbs in awful grandeur roll,
Like flaming chariots in their paths of light;
From the far center to Heaven's sparkling coasts,
Thy guiding force is felt by all the shining hosts.

EDEN VAL, Dec., 1848.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1849.

To my Fellow Citizens of the City of New-York.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
JOHN F. VAN EDEN HOLLERMANN.

REJOICE with me, my friends and brothers,
Ye citizens of great New-York,
The last year pass'd off with the others;
Kind Heaven hath watch'd o'er all His work.
Many of our friends and neighbors
The tyrant Death has grasp'd apace.—
We still are spared.—To Him who spared us,
To God Almighty, give the praise!

Yet not alone that our existence
He has prolonged—but on our land
Many high and precious blessings
Were lavished by His father-hand—
Prosperity, health, harvest, peace—
Yes, everything that gives us joy.
Then to Him let us give our love.
Our heart-felt love, without alloy!

Besides that thus, in plenteous blessing,
His kindness, mercy, He would shower
In pains and dangers, sore distressing.
He was with us at every hour;
Many evils that did threaten,
Were turned away at His command;
His messengers of love, His angels,
They were Columbia's guardian-band.

Frequently, when dire misfortune,
As we esteem'd it, seem'd our lot,
Suddenly our darkness vanished;
Oh, great, beyond all thoughts, is God!
In meekness we ourselves acknowledge
Unworthy of such guidance mild;
Let each of us then prove, henceforward,
A highly favored, grateful child!

Consider, brethren, oh, consider,
How for our country God does act!
Blessed the people that revere Him,
Their lives and homes He will protect.
Beyond the ocean, wars and bloodshed,
Rebellion against power and throne;
Here, rulers, citizens, united,
Each freeman wears the civic crown.

Then all unite, dear sisters, brethren,
Give God the honor to Him due!
Bend, bend the knee in grateful homage,
Each bosom glow with feelings true!
Thank Him for His unbounded kindness,
And pray that, from his Heavens high,
He ever will protect and bless us,
Us, whose Redeemer is His Son.

To close—let none of us omit it,
To pray, with humble, contrite mind,
He us His spirit give—enable us
To live to Him pure—soul-refined!
That he our frequent sins will pardon,
Expunge the wrongs that we have done;
Prepare us "here" for life eternal—
In mercy "there" will take us home!

French Novelle.

A LION IN LOVE.*

BY FREDERIC SOULIE.

As they were going up, Mr. Laloine all at once
recollected that Stern's carriage was waiting:

'But you were going out, sir?'

'Oh!' replied Léonce, 'I have time enough,
I was going to look at a country-seat in the neigh-
borhood of St. Germain; and whether I get
there at noon or a few hours later, makes no dif-
ference to me.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Laloine, 'Prosper told us that
you had a very fine one at Seine-Port.'

'True; but it is not for myself that I am going
to look at this country-seat; it is for my uncle
General R—, who is very partial to a country-
life; but as he has business daily at the War
Department, he wishes to purchase an establish-
ment at St. Germain, in order to be able to leave
it in the morning and to return at night.'

Mr. Laloine was quite satisfied with this ex-
planation, but Lise cast a furtive glance at Léonce,
who could lie glibly enough to deceive the father,
but too awkwardly not to be detected by the
daughter. A trifling circumstance almost im-
mediately afterwards confirmed Lise in her suspi-
cion of the truth. Léonce had shown Mr. and
Mrs. Laloine, as well as Lise, into a parlor, and
forgetting that nothing but a slight drapery se-
parated him from her, he whispered to his valet,
before rejoining the party:

'Go to some publishing office, and procure for
me all the copies of the Public Advertiser you
can obtain.'

Lise overheard this; and when Stern came
in, she looked at him with such provoking
irony, that he knew that his deception was seen
through. But the look conveyed no expression
of displeasure, and it seemed to almost approve
of the stratagem.

Lise had entered Stern's apartments with a
degree of childish curiosity; but she was scarce-
ly in them, before this feeling became more se-
rious, and almost alarmed; but she felt as if tread-
ing upon the precincts of danger. Under those
gorgeous hangings, amid that collection of Da-
mascus weapons, near those shelves showered
over with golden ornaments of exquisite work-
manship; in that alcove, where not an object
seemed intended for female use, she felt ill at
ease, and as if she stood alone in the midst of a
circle of men. It seemed to her that the air she
breathed was less pure than that of her snow-
white chamber, which reached her through the
flowers that fringed her window.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Laloine, they were eager-

* Continued from page 29.

ly engrossed with the beautiful objects that surrounded them. Mrs. Laloiné, especially, examined the shelves with ceaseless astonishment; but she was afraid to touch any of them, and ever and anon she called on Lise to share her admiration. Lise obeyed, but scarce looked at anything; a strange sensation of dread had taken possession of her, and she merely replied in an altered tone:

'Yes, yes, it is all very beautiful.'

Just as Mrs. Laloiné was showing Lise, not as an object of value, but at least as something singular, a small slipper placed among those works of art, and ornaments of bronze, Lise knit her brows, and replied in a tone still more altered than before:

'Yes, it is very pretty.'

Mrs. Laloiné looked at her, and asked with some alarm:

'Are you indisposed?'

'Slightly,' said Lise, placing her hand upon her heart, 'but it will soon be over.'

'Ah!' cried Sterný, 'the air is suffocating here.'

'A glass of sugar and water, with some orange-flower, if you please,' said Mrs. Laloiné with uneasiness; 'excuse me, Monsieur le Marquis.'

Leonce did not ring; he opened a door, entered a room, where he found on a side-board a small waiter on which was what is commonly called a glass of sugar and water, and brought it himself into the parlor.

'Oh, I really must beg your pardon,' said Mrs. Laloiné to him; 'this child is very troublesome.' Mrs. Laloiné prepared the beverage, and Lise took it; her hand trembled. When she had done drinking, and before depositing the glass upon the table, she noticed two letters engraved upon it, after the Bohemian style; these letters were repeated upon all the crystal pieces on the waiter. They were an A and a C. They could not therefore, refer to Leonce. He perceived this scrutiny, and taking the glass out of Lise's hand, he said with an air of sadness, and with an accent the emotion of which, startled her:

'It is my mother's cipher, mademoiselle.'

She raised her eyes to his; he was evidently much moved by this recollection, for he placed the glass upon the waiter, saying in a low tone:

'How strange!'

'What is strange?' inquired Mrs. Laloiné.

'Oh, madam,' said he, 'excuse this emotion. Four years ago, when at Nuremberg, I had this glass made for my mother; I returned to France with a joyful heart, for I knew that even this slight attention would give her pleasure. She had died the night before my arrival, suddenly, as if struck by lightning. I have kept this glass in memory of her. No one has ever made use of it until this day. I cannot say why, but the circumstance awakened most painful feelings in my mind.'

Mrs. Laloiné was silent; but Lise looked at Sterný with a delicious thrill of joy.

'Your mother died very young, did she not?' said Mrs. Laloiné.

'Too soon for me, madame; she was so noble, so excellent, so beautiful! I must show you her portrait; it is in my chamber. Come, madam, come; and you too, mademoiselle, I beseech you. I wish you to know my mother.'

They entered the chamber, and looked at the picture: it was a master-piece of painting, representing a master-piece of beauty.

'Was I not right to say she was beautiful?' said Sterný.

'Beautiful indeed!' said Lise in soft accents, with her hands clasped before that image, as if she were contemplating the Holy Virgin.

'Here is my father's portrait,' said Sterný to Mr. Laloiné.

The husband and wife turned to examine it; but Lise remained rooted to the spot, opposite the picture of Madame Sterný, whose countenance seemed animated by a sweet and benevolent smile. Lise heaved a deep sigh. It seemed to her that a woman with so angelic a face must have bequeathed to her son some portion of the charming purity of soul which beamed in her countenance. They quitted the chamber, and when Lise returned to the parlor, her heart was relieved, and almost happy.

The examination was resumed, and Lise found

the slipper; this slipper sorely puzzled her; but it was no easy matter to inquire into the origin of it. However, an opportunity for this soon presented itself. When he came round to a certain table, Sterný had to explain the value of some objects, that were placed upon it: such a key had been manufactured by Louis XVI, this scent-bottle had belonged to Anne of Austria, that prayer-book to Madame de Maintenon.

'And this slipper?'

'That slipper is mine,' said Sterný laughing.

'How so, yours?' said Mrs. Laloiné.

'Yes,' replied Sterný, 'it relates to one of my youthful follies.'

'Ah!' said Mrs. Laloiné, gravely, as if she feared that the folly alluded to might have been of an equivocal nature.

But Lise felt no apprehension of this kind; something assured her that if any thing improper had been associated with the recollection, Leonce would not have replied with an air of such joyous frankness.

'Perhaps it is Cinderella's slipper,' said Lise with a smile.

'Oh! the story is a very singular one,' said Sterný; 'that slipper turned the head of a real prince, and it was I who wore it.'

'How did that happen?' asked Mr. Laloiné.

'Ah! that would be difficult to explain; but you must know that about ten years ago, I had a little feminine face, and bore a close resemblance to my sister, to whom M. d'Auterres was paying his addresses, and of whose gaiety he was very jealous. My brother-in-law—for he became so in the sequel—is certainly a man of honor, but the least trifle was enough to offend his strict notions of etiquette, and one day he gravely remonstrated with my mother because my sister wore slippers in a room where two or three young men happened to be assembled. Her wearing those slippers had struck M. d'Auterres as a shocking piece of impropriety.'

'One night, during the Carnival, after he had left us, saying that he was going to the ball at the Opera house, I know not what mad idea possessed me to torment him; I dressed myself in girl's clothes, and—in remembrance of his regard for etiquette—instead of shoes, I put on my sister's slippers.'

'Do you say that you have actually worn that slipper?' said Lise with an air of incredulity, and forgetting who it was she spoke to.

'Why, mademoiselle, I could wear it in those days,' replied Sterný with a smile.

Unconsciously she glanced at Leonce's feet, and saw that they were beautifully small.

'How shall I go on?' said he with a degree of embarrassment about equal to her own. 'I reached the Opera house, and having directed some of my friends to pursue me, I rushed into the arms of M. d'Auterres, exclaiming, "save my honor!"'

'D'Auterres turns round, and I then confess to him, tremblingly that I am a young girl, who, in obedience to the dictates of an inexpressible curiosity had escaped from my mother's house to attend the masked ball, that I am frightened, lost undone! So saying I had led M. d'Auterres into a private corner; I sank upon a chair, and while he was moralizing me, asking me, who I was, and swearing to protect me, I put out my foot. He took no notice of it; however, I carried on so, that some one ran against me, and I protested that my foot was crushed. Again I put it forward; it was impossible for him not to take notice of it this time. M. d'Auterres sees the slipper, becomes pale as death, and turning towards me, exclaims:

'Impossible! it cannot be!'

'I then pretended to burst into sobs, and said to him, "Alas! it is too true. Take me back to my mother." He was so thunderstruck, that it was I who led him out of the room, rather than he who assisted me. We got into the coach, and then he seemed to recover his senses sufficiently to admit of his recognising my features without allowing him closely to distinguish them. I tore off my mask, and he exclaimed:

'It is you; yes, it is you, mademoiselle!'

'But a second glance might have destroyed me. I buried my confusion and my tears in my handkerchief, and thus we reached home. It was my mother's reception night, and there was

still some company in the drawing-room. M. d'Auterres caused her to be mysteriously sent for in her chamber, where, I had thrown myself, without saying a word, on a divan, burying my head in one of the cushions to conceal myself. It was then that M. d'Auterres with a most lugubrious and solemn aspect, undertook to impart to my mother the awful news he had in store for her.

'This secret,' said he, shall remain buried in my heart; but you must be sensible that all my prospects and all my hopes are for ever at an end.'

'But what is the meaning of all this?'

'Alas!' resumed he, pointing to me, 'there she is; it was an act of thoughtlessness, of great imprudence; but, your counsels, the salutary example of your virtues—'

'True enough,' said my mother, 'whose domino is that?'

'Ah, madam,' said M. d'Auterres, 'do not overwhelm her with your indignation! I hardly dare to inform you.'

'But what are you?' said the marchioness to me.

'It is I, dear mother,' I replied, in my natural tone of voice.

'You, Leonce!' said my mother laughing; 'Ah, I am not so censorious as to find fault with my son for having gone to a masked ball!'

'Leonce!' cried M. d'Auterres, 'your son!—but where is your daughter?'

'She is in the drawing room.'

'M. d'Auterres was for a moment uncertain how to act, and was accordingly silent. At first he felt inclined to go into a rage, and the look which he darted at me was terrible; but I looked so modest, and my mother seemed so astonished, that he concluded it best to laugh at the joke, and to relate to my mother how he had been mystified.

'She, in turn, was disposed to be angry with M. d'Auterres for having thought that my sister could have behaved so imprudently; but the poor lover repeated over and over again:

'It is all owing to those slippers; and that slipper, so very small—'

'But my daughter, sir—'

'In the name of heaven,' he would say, 'who could have thought it possible for a man to wear those infernal slippers?'

'I assumed a tragic air, and said to him gravely:

'Well, sir, there, take that slipper, and keep it, and if ever more a doubt should arise in your breast respecting my sister, let it remind you of your unjustifiable mistrust.'

'I accept it willingly,' said Mr. d'Auterres.

'And I shall keep the other,' said I; 'I will return it to you the day my sister asks me for it!'

'They have now been married nearly ten years, and M. d'Auterres has never yet dared to tell his wife of the suspicion he once entertained respecting her. I have therefore kept the slipper, which has been the subject of this story.'

Meanwhile the time flew, and Lise having recovered her usual spirits, was examining every thing, like an inquisitive child. At that moment a servant came in, and placed on the table a large bundle of Public Advertisers.

'This is what Monsieur le Marquis sent for,' said he.

'Very well,' said Leonce, throwing them into a corner of some piece of furniture; and going towards Mr. and Mrs. Laloiné, in order to prevent their seeing what it was, he said to them.

'Are you fond of these trifles? I have a collection of them in this cabinet; come and let me show them to you.'

He left the room with Mr. and Mrs. Laloiné, but Lise did not follow them.

Leonce was on a bed of thorns. Fortunately, Mr. Laloiné having perceived some articles carefully placed under a glass cover, inquired what they were.

'Oh, this is very precious,' said Leonce; 'this once belonged to the Emperor!'

At that word, Mr. Laloiné drew himself up to his full height.

'To the Emperor!' he repeated; 'ah! you are a happy man!'

'This snuff-box once belonged him, and he has made use of it.'

'Allow me to look at it,' said Mr. Laloiné, with some tremor in his voice.

Leonce took it from under the crystal globe, and a lucky thought struck him.

'You have been in the army, Mr. Laloiné, have you not?'

'Yes, sir,' said Laloiné with a heavy sigh; 'from 1808 to 1814.'

'Well, sir, such an object, which is no curiosity for me, must have a great value in your opinion; allow me to present you with this snuff-box.'

'Ah, sir, never! I could not think of it.'

'I beg of you.'

This lasted about five minutes, but Mr. Laloiné ended by accepting the gift.

'Lise, Lise!' cried he, going towards the parlor, 'come and see what M. de Sterný has given me.'

Lise came in; she was agitated and trembling, as if she had been committing some evil deed. Sterný took this opportunity of leaving the room. The bundle of papers was scattered about, and one of the number was lying open on an arm-chair. He took it up and examined it. At the tenth line from the top of the page, there was an advertisement, headed: 'For sale—A country-seat near St. Germain.' He stood transfixed with joy; and presently hearing the steps of Mr. and Mrs. Laloiné, he concealed the paper in the breast pocket of his coat.

When Lise made her appearance, she looked triumphant; she cast upon Sterný a look of such gaiety that he knew not what to make of it.

Was it mere chance or childish curiosity that had induced Lise to read the Public Advertiser? Was it in order to be able to act in concert with him that she had done so? Or was it not rather a lesson which she wished to teach him? He again relapsed into a state of painful uncertainty.

Nevertheless he wished to profit by the advantage he had gained, and approaching Mrs. Laloiné, he said in a tone of kindness:

'And you, madam, could I not prevail upon you to accept some trifling memorial of your kind visit?'

Mrs. Laloiné hesitated; but what Sterný offered her was of so little value that it would have been ungracious in her to have refused.

'And Mademoiselle Lise,' continued he, negligently, 'would she condescend . . . ?'

Lise interrupted him quickly:

'Oh, thank you, sir,' said she; 'for my part, I wish for nothing.'

That phrase, 'for my part,' seemed to imply that she was unwilling to accept anything on the score upon which it was offered.

'Really,' said Mr. Laloiné, 'you are too liberal; we look as if we were despoiling you.'

'I thank you, in my daughter's name,' said Mrs. Laloiné; 'it would be taking undue advantage of your generosity.'

Besides,' said Lise unconcernedly, 'all these objects are so handsomely arranged, that they ought to be left in their places.'

'However, there are some,' said Sterný to her with a meaning look, and pointing to the newspapers, 'which acquire an inestimable value by being displaced.'

'Yes,' said Lise, with an attempt at gaiety, 'but it is like the slipper;—we think we see what does not exist.'

A gloom of displeasure crossed Sterný's features; he was silent, and drawing forth the Public Advertiser, he crushed it in his hands and threw it away. Mr. and Mrs. Laloiné, who were busy examining the imperial snuff-box, did not see this movement; but Lise saw it and felt happy; then, her gaiety vanished, and she followed all Sterný's movements with attention. Leonce, once more master of his feelings, showed himself as attentive and obliging towards Mr. and Mrs. Laloiné as he was before this incident happened, but with a slight shade of the nobleman endeavoring to be exquisitely polite. Lise looked at him: she listened to him; he delighted her; he was so elegant, so graceful; as he now appeared to her, he no longer alarmed her; she found him natural.

At length, Mr. Laloiné seemed to grow impatient, and said to Sterný:

'We have disturbed you; the hour appointed, is passed, and you will reach St. Germain when it will be too late.'

'In all probability, I shall not go there to-day,' said Sterný.

'And the fault is ours.'

'No, madame, no,' said Leonce; 'besides, I had forgotten that I had to go to a certain person, at St. Germain, who was to direct me to the house, and I suppose that, by this time, that person has grown tired of waiting for me. It would be useless for me, then, to go there.'

'Oh,' said Lise, hesitatingly, 'I thought that all houses for sale were advertised in the public papers.'

Sterný looked at her; she dropped her eyes. There was something in her heart that impelled her onward against her will, and which made her blush the moment afterwards. But Sterný had understood her, and he exclaimed:

'That is very true; I have by me the very number of the Public Advertiser which contains the direction I am in search of.'

He took the paper, and the conversation turned upon country-seats.

However, Prosper did not return. Mr. and Mrs. Laloiné, who were losing all patience, opened a window, as if by looking after him they could make him come any faster. At that moment Sterný approached Lise, and whispered to her:

'You were cruel to refuse some memorial of me.'

She was silent, but she was agitated.

'Now that you have forgiven me,' said he, 'accept something.'

She had no time to refuse, for her father cried out:

'Here comes Prosper.'

There was no hope for it, now; but just as Mr. Laloiné was taking up his hat, Lise exclaimed:

'There! I have lost the pin that fastened my shawl!'

Sterný ran to his chamber, snatched a pin-cushion that was hanging over the mantel-piece, and returned; but the shawl was already pinned.

'Excuse the trouble we give you,' said Mrs. Laloiné 'but I gave my heedless daughter a pin.'

Sterný threw the cushion on the table with vexation. But Lise drew gently near it, and without looking towards it, she felt for the cushion with her hand, took a pin from it, and fastened it in her shawl. Sterný saw this, and would have kneeled to her had he dared. He was so happy that he felt no further fear, and said:

'Now I think of it, if, instead of going to St. Germain in my carriage, I were to take the cars, I might make up for lost time.'

'That is true,' said Mr. Laloiné.

'Well, allow me to accompany you as far as the rail-road; Prosper will follow us and we will all start together.'

The offer was accepted, and Mr. and Mrs. Laloiné, together with Lise and Sterný, took their seats in the barouche which was in waiting, while Prosper's hack toiled painfully in the rear of the dashing equipage of the lion. Never had Sterný felt so happy in the whole course of his life.

[To be concluded.]

PLOWING WITH ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.—Hundreds of young elephants can be procured at the Straits of Malacca, at from \$50 to \$100 each, admirably suited for work of various kinds, but more especially for plowing. One of these animals will closely plow a full acre of land in a day with the greatest ease to himself; and only requires to be attended by his keeper in addition to the plowman.

Any one visiting Singapore, may see a small elephant, named 'Rajah,' working, daily on the estate of J. Balestier, Esq., American Consul; and, although the animal is only five and a half years old, he will plow his acre of land a day with ease. One man holds the plow, and another, (the keeper,) walks beside the animal and directs him in his duty. The docile little creature obeys every word that is said to him, and will plow all day between the cane rows, without plucking a single cane.—[Wray.]

An Oriental Tale.

THE SERPENT-CHARMER OF CASHMERE.

A Tale of Hindoostan.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."
Romans, chap. xii, verse 21.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The dews of early morning were yet bright upon the grass and rich clustering foliage of the fair vale of Cashmere, when a lowly individual of the Soodar caste craved admission at the ever-readily unfolding gate of the venerable Pundit. His attire and demeanor were that of the common *gopas* of the valley; and some of the same class, passing at the time, observed to each other that they certainly recognized their neighbor, Cosron, the noted serpent-charmer of Cashmere. Meanwhile, his early departure on the morning of the great day of general excitement, in which he was expected to take so conspicuous a part, failed not being attended by the usual result among rustic neighbors; the gentler portion of which wondered and whispered together, imparting their several opinions, as each, her pitcher resting on her shoulder, or the knot of her dark-braided tresses, her white drapery tinged by the cloudless sunshine, combined a picturesque group, resembling the fair women of primeval days on their way to the ancient wells and flower-wreathed fountains of their native clime.

'But tell us, dear Parayata,' began one, 'how the matter chanced. Was it in performing *pūja* that your husband cast his soul-breathing flute into the sacred stream?' 'Alas! no, my sister,' replied the wife of Cosron. 'I grieve to say, it fell by accident. Oh! great Bramah; had it been the holy Gunga!—(Ganges).'
'True,' observed another, of enthusiastic demeanor, 'that had indeed been a blessing. Well know I thy piety, dear sister: and I doubt not wert thou performing *tupseya*, (sacred pilgrimage) thou wouldst cast therein thy dearest treasures: even thy little Baaboo, here, whom thou so lovest; well knowing thou wert thus securing his eternal happiness.' A murmur of approval from the surrounding women, here succeeded, accompanied by much pious bending of heads, and other tokens of corresponding sympathy. Nor was the fair Parayata deficient in this expression: notwithstanding the unconscious child was at the same moment drawn closer to her side. 'Ah! my brave sister,' continued the last speaker, with increasing fervor, 'or to joyfully cast him under the wheels of the great sacrificial car—the renowned *Juggunnathu*!'
Poor Parayata still reverently bowed her head with those of her companions; but this time little Baaboo received a kiss, and when his lovely Hindoo mother again looked up, a tear, not his own, was seen glistening on his infant cheek. And now the fair prattlers revived the original subject of their curiosity; and while some conjectured their worthy neighbor to have resorted to the wise Dervise of the valley, others gravely suggested his having sought some wondrous magician, whose spells and talismans should make the exhibition of his rival not worth a monkey's peep from a palm tree. Time had meanwhile progressed, to collect numerous gay troops from all parts: on they came with all the buoyant excitement of merry country folk; while the mingling of revelry and rural music, dancers bearing garlanded idols decked also with streamers, resembled the festival in honor of *Durga*, Goddess of Nature.† Certainly the announcement that had from the first spread far and wide, had by no means diminished in proportionate interest, and even the distant cities of Delhi and

* This dreadful act, as also that of voluntary drowning in the river Ganges, are among the much-to-be-lamented ceremonies of Hindoo superstition still existing in India.

† Among the numerous Hindoo festivals in honor of these deities, none have been described by travelers, as more splendid and imposing, than that of *Durga*, the Goddess of Nature: in which may be traced the heathen rites of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in worship of their *Flora*, *Pomona*, *Ceres*, &c.—at this day the delight of the holiday-loving rustics of Britain, in their rural welcome of the first of May!

Lahore poured forth their learned pundits, and other grave personages; professedly, as they averred, to seize the opportunity thus afforded for philosophical discussion on the nature of the tortuous race, and their remarkable sensibility to the power of music; many being accompanied by their *vakeels*,* and most intelligent *moonshees*,† for the purpose of taking notes, as occasion might require. There were also present a few *Feringhee* travelers, from the British Isle; who, escorted by a respectable native interpreter, were in their turn objects of the surprise they displayed. At first, on beholding the throng, they inquired, with an expression of horror, if a Hindoo widow was about to comply with the revolting custom of burning herself upon the funeral pile of her husband: though, in fact, they could scarce speak of aught beside the magnificent *Kootub Minar*, and its remarkable neighbor, the *Immovable Pillar* of all metals,‡ no less to the reflecting mind a silent lesson for human endurance, than as being of one of the noblest specimens of earthly grandeur and glory of human skill. And now was it, that, making all due allowance for the differing customs, despotic government, the still more arbitrary rule of superstition, and above all, the iron demarcation of *caste* in India, it soon became evident that *King Mob* everywhere maintains his empire: and though the sanctified Brahmin and illustrious *Sittri*, shrank, lest even their garments should be contaminated by contact with some wretched *chandal* (outcast), yet there was soon an unavoidable admixture of rajah and ryott, howdah and hackery (wagon), and the rear of many a gilded ruff and splendid palanquin, was closed by noisy troops of the *hellachore* (rabble), nor were there wanting the *nyasis* and *yogees* of painful revolting penance. Fakeers, grave astrologers, sword-swallowing jugglers, and juggling friars, with occasionally some picturesque specimen of the strange migratory race of palm-tracing lore, and gipsy cajolery.‡ Persons of distinction, and those of respectable castes, were already occupying their several tents, reared in proportion to their individual rank, or means: but each scrupulously biased by the Hindoo laws precluding indiscriminate mingling of repast: not but there were almost an equal portion of the reckless of all distinctions, publicly complying with the solicitations of the numerous venders of arrack, tarce,|| the seeds of the intoxicating *bang*, dreamy opium, and 'all the drowy syrups of the East.' And then, too, amid the mingling din of trumpets, gongs, horns, and rattling *tum-tums* (small drums), arose the chaunt of priestesses, as preceeding the 'great and mighty of earth,' after the manner of those at Madras.¶ Many had from

distant parts joined the dense column forming the somewhat motly caravan in order to avail themselves of the near proximity of one of its established *halks*, to the scene of general interest: so that wealthy merchants and shrewd traffickers might be heard eagerly discussing the main chance by the side of stern-browed *fakeers*, and pious *hadjees*, professing utter indifference to the chances of life altogether: while those of the sleek dromedary, tall camel, gay umbrella, and obsequious pipe-bearer, as they moved onward, in all the pride of 'dyed garments,' and vermillion-streaked visages,* were contrasted by an equal proportion, appearing to have been more solicitous of the accommodating way-side *serai* to prepare some hoarded morsel of *kibbob*, or savory *pillan*, than in availing themselves of the cleansing water-tank always appended: and then while some paraded with fond complacency, their beautiful tame bullock of hides scrupulously cared for, and gilded horns wreathed with flowers; others were caressing their favorite monkeys, that peeped roguishly from many a luxurious *mohaffah* (litter,) with all the conceited airs of a petted lap-dog, from the window of a fashionable English equipage. But what irresistible opportunities were afforded the idle young wags, with their little docile *bayas*† and how frequently was the glittering *tica* slyly snatched from the lovely forehead, as the well-trained bird, obedient to the given signal, bore the playful theft triumphant to its master! how did the sudden tingling of silver *bangles*,§ proclaim the agitated step of the pretty wearer! while in some instances, the bright smile of dark-fringed orbs from the otherwise-closely-drawn *choudra* (linen veil), served to indicate a not too angry suspicion of the saucy trespasser; neither that the casual admiration of certain dashing young *rajapoots*|| and noble *omrahs*, awakened by the momentary disarrangement of the said *choudra*, had been wholly unheard. In the midst of all, however, a simultaneous shout proclaimed the approach of the rival serpent-charmers: one of them, at least: 'twas Daara, conducting a large, gaily-painted hackery; adorned by muslin draperies, festooned with garlands, and drawn by a number of white bulls of glittering harness. It was occupied by the well-known serpent-baskets; and from the girdle of their owner was suspended the pipe that had so oft performed wonders, and from which so much more than ordinary might naturally be anticipated on the present occasion. Daara was heartily welcomed by the assembled peasantry; and by those of his own *caste* in particular: but where was his rival? Where was the old friend and favorite of all the valley, Cosron? 'Let us but be patient,' whispered one of his partisans to a companion, 'this fellow will amuse for awhile; but, by the heel of Krishna! our friend Cosron wears the wreath; I may not tell thee now, but believe me he, but yesternight, spoke to me of terrible and unsuspected serpents, that he would subdue to the surprise of all.' The speaker was interrupted by a general hasty receding among the assembled throng as a fierce array of bristling crests and arrow tongues sprang from the now unclosed baskets! 'Twas but for a moment—the serpent-charmer breathed a few simple notes of the well-known melody, and the monstrous reptiles fell into their usual graceful evolutions, as, wreathing and intertwining their opal-hued scales, reflecting the glowing sunshine, they moved, a huge living lattice-work of terrific beauty! Many succeeding wonders were wrought by the skilful serpent-charmer,

nor was the facility with which he at length restored them to their assigned receptacles, his least acknowledged feat. The name of Daara was shouted in triumph; when suddenly that of Cosron was also heard. 'True—' replied several voices. 'We should be just, my brothers: it is now Cosron's turn. Where is our old friend?' Just then the general attention was diverted by the appearance of a closed palanquin, slowly approaching; there was a quiet dignity in its movement, a noble simplicity in its rich exterior, that filled the beholders with respect equal to their surprise, on recognising it on such light occasion as that of the venerable and so universally-venerated Pandit, the justly-renowned Mah Satara. And now might indeed be seen the vast importance of *caste*, in the *acknowledged* and the *privileged*, as other learned pundits and their moonshees *salaamed* profoundly: bare-headed Brahmins, their faces bearing the marks indicative of the deity they professed to serve, proudly displaying the *poitu*, or sacred cord, girding their shoulders: attenuated *Yogees*, of filthy garments and withered limbs of self-inflicted penance, confident as zealous, rushed boldly before him; while the lone Pariah, and wretched Chancalus, 'standing afar off,' that 'dared not so much as lift up their eyes,' little deemed how, even in a Pagan land, the heart truly serving the All-merciful, was most with those that supplicated mercy. The coolies (or bearers) had rested their honored burden upon a grassy mound, beneath the shade of one of the noblest palm trees of the spacious plain; and the curtains of the palanquin being withdrawn, its venerable occupant arose as about to address the surrounding throng, and the simultaneous hush that floated on the air evinced homage rendered far less to wealth, learning, and lofty *caste*, than the simple dignity of a blameless life. 'Dear friends,' he began, 'friends and brothers of all *castes*, often have ye hearkened to the words of these aged lips, that are now about to address ye, upon that which hath thus drawn ye together, the claims of one well known to all—Cosron, the serpent-charmer. He is even now at hand to receive your kindly greetings, and I trust your congratulations also, when ye shall have hearkened to that he hath prayed me to detail.' The worthy Pandit then proceeded to unfold the purport of Cosron's early visit on that very morning; who had confessed his mortifications, his hoarded jealousies and angry conflicts. 'Ambition, my friends,' continued Mah Satara, 'whether of the monarch, the warrior, or *gopa* of the valley, is still the same, to be justified only by its object. In the troubled soul of our brother, it wrought much evil: and the ever-ready agents of the Destroyer, attracted by their kindred sympathies in human nature, had proved Cosron an easy prey; but that, amid all his trials and conflicting passions, he forgot not the homage due to the Preserver, who, in like manner attracted by that portion of his own nature inducing prayer, rewarded the suppliant by the impulse of repentance, and strength to resist our common enemy. Such are the blessings—such the good gifts of Almighty promise; though not immediately apparent unto the dwellers of earth. Then was it, that humbled and abashed before Divine wisdom, Cosron perceived how he had sought to destroy the very agent of his own preservation, and that of lives most dear to him. Thus impressed, behold how with tears of grateful joy, he now congratulates the object of his late jealousy, and abandons competition. Award, then, the honor due to him who by his skilful melody ruleth the deadly foes of mortal life besetting our path on earth: but, in my mind, dear friends, is the far more glorious conquest his, who hath subdued the insidious foes of life immortal, by the harmony of a soul at peace with Heaven.'

AROMATIC VINEGAR.—Digest in two pounds of acetic acid, one ounce of the dried tops of rosemary, one ounce of the dried leaves of sage, half an ounce of the dried leaves of lavender, half an ounce of bruised cloves, for seven days. Express the liquor, and filter through paper.—[Chemical Times.]

¶ Six hundred thousand francs is to be the salary of the French President. Nearly five times as much as the President of the United States receives.

* *Vakeel*—a literary scribe: generally learned in the law.
† *Moonshee*—a man of literary talent. A learned philosopher, independent of theology.

‡ For some curious particulars relating to this splendid monument of art, we are indebted to the note book of a young military officer, very recently returned with his regiment after a five years' station in Bengal. The correspondence of our intelligent friend, during his Indian sojourn, afforded a description of the celebrated *Kootub Minar*, standing about ten miles from Delhi: it is three hundred feet in height, and said to have been erected by a General Kootub centuries ago, in commemoration of his victories. "Close to this admirable specimen of human skill," continues this gentleman, "is another, called the metal pillar, from its combining, as is said, with gold and silver, every other known metal. But the circumstance which endows it with peculiar interest, (and is certainly very singular), is the apparent impossibility of removing it, or of even ascertaining the depth of its foundation. *Nadir Shah* caused deep excavations to be made around it; but in vain: he then assailed it with cannon; and lastly, had an immense fire kindled in expectation of melting the noble edifice; but, fortunately for the admirers of sculpture, it remains one of its most magnificent specimens at this very day."

§ "In the Province of Bengal are a race of gipsies from the up-er provinces, in form and feature like the European; but far blacker here than in England."—Heber's Journal, page 123.

|| The manner of obtaining this liquor is described in Forbes's "Oriental Memoirs;" who, after a particular account of the coco-nut tree, thus continues:—"Many of the trees are not permitted to bear fruit: but the embryo bud, from which the blossoms and nuts would spring, is tied up to prevent their expansion; and a small incision being then made at the end, there oozes, in gentle drops, a cool pleasant liquor called *aree* or *toddy*; the fermented and distilled becomes an intoxicating spirit." Thus much our learned authority, respecting one of the "kindly fruits of the earth;" all good and excellent gifts of a wise and bounteous Provider, when not perverted from their "fair uses" by erring man. The same liquor, or similar, is also procured from the palm (date) tree, according to Dr. Clarke, in his travels through Europe, Asia and Africa.

¶ In the Black Town at Madras, usually called Fort St. George: by the English, bands of female choristers, belonging to Pagan temples erected there, often chaunt in companies before the men of distinction that are passing along the streets. We believe these are the inferior class of officiating priestesses, called the *Rangamites*.

* "At a Hindoo festival, a large body of the people had vermillion rubbed over their bodies, faces, and apparel."—Heber's Journal, page 100.

† According to Bishop Heber, tame bulls are kept in the streets; and pet monkeys are equally numerous in the houses.

‡ A particular account of the bird, called *Baya*, or Indian Grass-beak, will be found in the second volume of "Memoirs of Arts and Sciences," page 220, Ed. 1763. It is called *Baya* in Hindoo; *Barbara* in Sanscrit; *Babus* in the dialect of Bengal, and *Zanavut* in Arabic. The following amusing account of the *Baya* bird, is by Athar Ali Khan, of Delhi:—"One instance of his docility I can mention with confidence, having often been an eye-witness of it: the young Hindoo women of Benares and in other places, wear very thin plates of gold called *tica*, slightly fixed by way of ornament between their eye-brows; and as they pass through the streets, it is not uncommon for the young gallants who amuse themselves with training *Bayas*, to send the bird, at a particular signal, to pluck the ornament from the forehead of the wearer thereof, who bears it triumphantly to her admirer."

§ *Bangle*—an ornament of small bells usually worn about the ankles of the Indian women.

|| *Rajpoot*, a military officer.

Ladies' Department.

LOVE.

LOVE! love! thou art a feather,
Blown about by every weather;
Now a breeze will give thee breath;
Then anon 'twill be thy death.
Sometimes lounging in a bower,
Sipping sweets from every flower;
Then, when cooler fits are on,
Wave a leaf, and thou art gone;
Or, perchance, the sunshine may
Beam too brightly on thy way;
Or if it should turn to shade,
Thou wilt fly the gloomy glade.
Love! love! I fear thou art
Of selfish temper, fickle heart;
Like the changeful April shower—
Storm and sunshine in an hour.
Thou canst wear a smiling face,
But it still bears passion's trace.
Fond and fickle, light and free,
Love! what else can equal thee?

A MAIDEN'S DILEMMA.

Addressed to every eligible Marrying Man.

I WANT to elope—I have tried every plan
To catch a smart, handsome, and wealthy young
man;
Yet for my love of the numbers who sue
They're so steady, I find an elopement won't do.
They will marry me—yes, in the general way,
They bore me to mention the long-look'd for day
When I'll wed them; yet still I must crush every
hope,
For they won't understand that I want to elope.

I don't wish to be married with friends at my side;
No, I'd like to dash off as a Gretna Green bride—
All the girls to exclaim, "Really, Emilie's gone!
She's eloped with a baron, and left us alone!"

So any nice man, with a title to suit,
And a fine-sounding name, such as Arnold de Bute,
If he's anxious to marry, and made to elope,
Let him send a short letter to EMILIE HOPK.

A FACT FOR THE LADIES.

A young lady of our acquaintance, some few months since, who was engaged to be married to a gentleman of our city, was one day abruptly informed by her father, that she must forthwith prepare for a journey, he intended leaving New Orleans on the following day, for the North, and she must accompany him. The lady received her father's unexpected mandate in silence, for the dutiful girl had never yet dared to question the slightest command of him—her only existing parent. Yet, it must be confessed, that she had never obeyed him so reluctantly as now. Her duty, for the first time, points to a different path than that of love. The conflict in her heart was severe, but short, and the next day she bade adieu to the 'Crescent City,' and to him on whom she had bestowed her virgin heart. The lovers exchanged vows of eternal constancy, with promises of neglecting no opportunity of communicating by letters, and hopes of meeting again at the expiration of a few months, to be separated no more. The lady had been gone several weeks, and her lover had heard nothing of her. He could not account for her neglect. Could it be possible that beneath such apparent innocence and simplicity, she had a false and fickle heart? The idea was insupportable, yet he could not dispel it from his mind. To drive away the thought he mixed again with the gay world, and ere long met with one on whom he began to think of transferring that love which had been so wantonly betrayed. Just at this crisis, he found one morning, among other letters, one from New York, with a superscription written in an elegant and finished female hand. Who could it be from? Had she at last remembered him? He tremulously broke the seal, and there, indeed, at the end of a well-filled sheet was the name of her, by whom he thought himself forgotten. The cause of her silence is soon told—like many others of her sex, the time devoted to her education had been spent in the cultivation of ornamental accomplishments, to

the neglect of those which are useful. Among the latter was that of penmanship. She had never sufficiently studied this useful art, and after separation from her lover she keenly felt this deficiency. She burned to communicate to him her assurances of undying regard, but feared to do so, lest the CRAMPED medium through which they must necessarily be conveyed, would tend to depreciate her in his estimation. Week after week passed away, and found the lady still undetermined, when one morning she announced in the public journals the arrival of a celebrated writing master, who engaged to teach a graceful hand in a few short lessons. She joyfully repaired to the teacher's rooms, took lessons, and in a few days had learned to write the elegant letter alluded to above. She therein frankly acquainted her lover with the whole, confessed freely to him the cause of her long silence—begged his forgiveness, which, of course, was freely granted; and the happy lovers are now become man and wife.—[New Orleans Picayune

THE CELTIC WOMAN.—Celtic woman accords naturally with her race. It were a folly to speak of domestic economy as applied to her house; she does not even comprehend the meaning of such terms. In her house you will find nothing in its place: nothing done in time! Waste, loss, destruction of all property, follow her steps, her indolence exceeds all belief. Good-tempered, amiable, affectionate, it is impossible to be angry with her; her sympathies are deep; she is chaste and noblehearted; a dreamer, a romancer, a person gifted with second sight. Her love of her children, though excessive, never goes so far as to induce her to labor for them or mend their clothes. She weeps over them in rags, witnessing their death, often originating in causes which she could have averted; lamenting with many tears and cries the irreparable loss of those beloved tokens of affection, her children; those ties of society; those beauteous, unaffected, truth speaking, lovely forms, so doated on by man, and in which he sees, or fancies he sees, a sure, the only sure emblem of ever-revolving, ever-going, ever-turning, ever-creating nature.

WHAT MAKES OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.—We will paint a picture—one in which the lights and shades appear strong, perhaps, but which every one will recognize as not outraging the truth of nature. There are two houses built side by side. In the one dwells a widow and her daughter, fair, light-hearted, the sunshine of her mother's declining years, but, alas! not rich. With all the affectionate instincts of a woman's heart, with all the capabilities to create happiness in a man's house, she remains unseen and unchosen. As time passes on, she gradually deepens into old-maidism. Where once she was heard singing about the home, like Una making a sunshine in the shady place, her voice is now heard shrill in complaint; parrots and cats accumulate, taking the place of a more human love, and her words are those of sharp reproof and spite against those very instincts of maternity which have been so long the master-spirit of her thoughts. Her affections, after in vain throwing themselves out to seek some sympathetic answer, turn in with bitterness upon her own heart, and she remains that most melancholy of all spectacles—a nature with aspirations unfulfilled. In the next house lives a bachelor—young, open-hearted, and generous. Busied in the struggle of life, he has perhaps no time for parties; he sees little of society, the female portion of it especially; a knowledge of his own brusqueness of manners at first prevents him from coming in contact with womankind, and this shyness in time becomes so strong as not to be overcome. It might seem strange, but we are convinced it is the fact, that some men are much more afraid of women than women are of men, and fearing 'to break the ice' is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism. Gradually age grows upon him, chalk stones gather in his knuckles, gout seizes hold of his toes; served by menials, he is a stranger to the soft and careful hand of affection; and he goes to the grave, his death not only unlamented, but absolutely rejoiced over by his heir-at-law. A wall of but six inches thick has all this time divided these two people.

English society does not allow them even a chink, which, like Pyramus and Thisbe, they might whisper through, although by nature they might have been formed to make a happy couple, instead of two miserable units.—[People's Journal.

MUSIC.—Every woman who has an aptitude for music or for singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers or win applause from a crowd, but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influences of music in strengthening the affections, is far from being perceived by its admirer; a sweet melody binds all hearts together, as it were with a golden chord; it makes the pulses beat in unison and the heart thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending; it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling—a merry tune for the young, a more subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy clap-trap which is so successful in public. It is a mistake to suppose that to enjoy music requires great cultivation; the degree of enjoyment will of course, vary with our power of appreciation, but like all other great influences, it is able to attract even the ignorant; this is what the poets taught when they made Orpheus and his brethren the civilizers of the earth. In cases where musical instruments are not within reach, we may modulate our own voices, and make them give forth sweet sounds; we may sing those simple strains which require neither teaching nor skill, but which, if they come from one heart, are sure of finding their way to another.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.—That young lady will make a good wife who does not apologise when you find her at work in the kitchen, but continues at her task until it is finished.

When you hear a lady say, I shall attend church and wear my old bonnet and every-day gown, for I fear we shall have a rainstorm, depend upon it she will make a good wife.

When a daughter remarks—"Mother, I would not hire help, for I can assist you to do all the work in the kitchen," set it down that she will make somebody a good wife.

When you overhear a young woman saying to her father—"Don't purchase a very expensive or showy dress for me, but one that will wear best," you may be certain she will make a good wife.

When you see a female rise early, get breakfast, and do up her mother's work in season, and then sit down to sew or knit, depend upon it she will make a good wife.

WEDDINGS.—A learned writer says, in speaking of weddings, that 'none but a parent feels upon occasions like this. And then the bride, gazing with filial and graceful spirit upon the faces of those under whose parental kindness she has been fostered, still trembling at the magnitude and irrevocability of the step she had taken, and which must give a color to the whole of her future existence. Then turning her eyes upon her new made husband, with a glance which seemed to say, 'now I must look for husband, parent, all in you,' the reciprocal glances reassure her: she drinks in confidence and reliance as her eyes bend beneath his—a thousand new feelings agitate her bosom—the anticipation gets the better of recollection. The future for a moment banishes the past, and she feels secured on the new throne she has erected for herself in the heart of the man to whom she has confided her happiness—her all."

A NOBLE REPLY.—It was a beautiful turn that was given by a great lady, being asked where her husband was when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hid him. This confession drew her before the king (Charles II.) who told her that nothing but her discovering where her lord was could save her from the torture. 'And will that do?' said the lady. 'Yes,' replied the king, 'I give you my word for it.' 'Then,' said she, 'I have hid him in my heart; there, and there alone, you'll find him!'

The Family Circle.

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY COLIN RAE BROWN.

FAREWELL, old house, although I leave thee,
It is hard to turn away;
And yet, however much it grieve me,
Here, alas! I cannot stay.

Yes! other walls will soon enclose me,
Less familiar to my sight;
But this fond heart will never lose thee;
Thou shalt be its chief delight.

Can I forget the happy faces—
Happy friends in thee I've met?
When of the Past have fled all traces,
Then—then—only, I'll forget?

No! I shall ne'er forget the pleasures
Which erewhile, were mine in thee;
And greatest among memory's treasures
Thou, old house, must ever be.

In thee a father's dying blessing,
Fell upon my saddened ear;
In thee a mother's kind caressing
Oft hath checked my childhood's tear.

I may but recollect to sorrow,
And remember but to sigh,
That there e'er shall dawn a morrow
When on thee will rest mine eye:—

But oh! there is a joy in sadness,
Such as cannot well be sung;
A soothing, softening, voiceless gladness
To the heart for ever young!

FLATTERY.

FLATTERY, if not artificial politeness, is, at least, an essential part of it. It consists in an endeavor not to make others happy, but to serve the interests of our own vanity. For what do we seek by flattery but to gain the favor and good opinion of another, though at the expense of truth, goodness, and even the happiness of that other, if the point in view can be obtained by destroying it? The means by which flattery generally succeeds is by studied language the expression of the heart in disguise. He who acts from this principle will rarely or never express to any one what he truly feels. He will express admiration for a fool, and esteem for a bad man; because flattery seeks its own ends, without considering what may be the consequence with regard to others. It is essentially different from that regard which is paid to real merit; for that is a tribute which is certainly its due, and may be both paid and received with innocence and pleasure; but the expressions of this will be such as generally escape undesignedly from the heart, and are far different from the studied language of flattery. Flattery, indeed, is not, in general, addressed to real and acknowledged merit. One who seems to have studied it as a science, observed that a professed beauty must not be complimented on her person, but her understanding, because there she may be supposed to be more doubtful of her excellence. On the other hand, one whose pretensions to beauty are but small, will be most flattered by compliments on her personal charms.

The same may be observed as to other qualities; for though most people would consider flattery as an insult, if addressed to such qualities as they know they do not possess; yet, in general, they are best pleased with it where they feel any degree of doubt, or suspect that others may do so. When Cardinal Richelieu expressed more desire to be admired as a poet and a critic, than as one of the greatest politicians in the world, we cannot suppose that it was because he thought those talents of more consequence in a prime minister. The fact was, he was certain of his excellence in one respect, and wanted not to be told what all the world must think of him. In the other he wished to excel, and was not sure of success. The same may be the reason of the partiality said to have been expressed by some writers for their worst performance. Can we, for instance, suppose that Milton really preferred his "Paradise Regained" to his "Paradise Lost"? He had doubts of the success of the former poem; and it was very natural for him to feel more

anxiety about it, and to endeavor to persuade others, and even himself, of its superior merits. This is a weakness in human nature of which flattery generally takes advantage, without considering, or, if considering, without caring, that, by such means, it not only encourages vanity in those to whom it is addressed, but may, also, draw them in, to make themselves appear ridiculous, by the affectation of qualities to which they have little or no pretensions. Nor does this artificial kind of flattery at all times stop at such qualities as are in themselves indifferent. It is too often employed (and perhaps still more successfully) in disguising and palliating faults, and thereby affording encouragement to those whose inclinations were restrained by some degree of remorse.

Flattery, then, may be likened to a poisonous and pernicious weed, which, wherever it grows and prevails, does infinite mischief. And it is in courts where it is oftenest found, that it does most harm. There few dare speak the truth. Perhaps there never was an instance in the world where a prince was told the sincere truth in every thing which it concerned him to know. Truth, which is of plain, unalterable nature, and not to be molded into any shape, is unfit to be a courtier; while Flattery, on the other hand, being the creature of the imagination, and capable of bearing all forms, is an agreeable guest in palaces. To illustrate this, endless examples might be brought; and most of the evils that princes do, proceeds from the flattery of their courtiers. To this, moreover, most princes have owed their ruin. Take, for example, Galba. He was thought proof against flatterers; yet he was deceived by them. When he had lost all, and nothing remained to him but his life, which he was also soon to lose, there was not one about him who would acquaint him of his danger. Had they told him of his condition he would have been saved. Disliked for his avarice, despised for his age, and hated for his severity, he was addressed by multitudes of people to put Otho to death and to banish all his accomplices. Well, a rumor was spread that Otho was slain. The same flatterers ran to the palace and congratulated Galba, at the same time, with apparent bitterness, complaining that Fate had snatched the usurper from their vengeance. One would suppose, now, that here were marks of loyalty to the person of Galba; and of zeal and firmness to his interest. Not so. Two hours after, Otho's power prevailed in Rome. What was the consequence? Otho had the hearts and the acclamations of the courtiers; and Galba's death was demanded of him with the same importunity that the death of Otho had been demanded of Galba; and—a melancholy lesson of the vile fraudulence of flatterers—by the same men.

The Sieur Amelot de la Houssaye has observed, with truth and sagacity, that princes are better armed against fear than against flattery. Terror, says he, animates them and whets their courage; but flattery softens their minds and corrupts their manners. So aware have many sovereigns been of this, that flattery makes them negligent, idle, and forgetful of their duty, that they have been averse to it. Philip II. of Spain was in the habit of interrupting those who sought to flatter him by saying to them roundly, "Cease trifling, and tell me what it concerns me to know." George III., too, could not bear flattery, especially from the pulpit; and yet it was from the mouths of his clergy that he heard it the oftenest.

Flattery having itself only in view, and observing, as above mentioned, no rule of merit, praises and calumniates, just as men are exalted or depressed. Mezeray tells us that while the last of the race of Valois, Henry III. of France, built magnificent monasteries, and plunged himself into monkish devotions, ill-becoming his dignity, the monks revered him as a saint, and even called him one. But no sooner was the religious and seditious league formed against him, than the monks loaded him with all the reproaches and ill names they could think of. Tyrant, hypocrite, and murderer were the titles which they gave him. At last they butchered him as a heretic, with the deadly dagger of assassination. So easily can flatterers make one and the same man a god or a devil; and so true it is that flatterers love no man, and only court

the fortunes of men. The most ingenious piece of flattery on record is perhaps that of Vitellius to Caligula. That mad emperor took it into his head that he was a god. He consequently, one day asked Vitellius this question: "Pray, Vitellius," said he, "have you never seen me embrace the moon?" "Oh, sir," answered the parasite, "that is a mystery which none but a god, such as your majesty, ought to reveal." Vitellius is said to have been one of those *quibus principum honesta atque inhonesta laudare mos est*; who praise every thing that their prince does, either good or bad. It is from flatterers such as these that tyrants are made. It is not possible for any prince to be a tyrant without them. How could he tyrannize if he had not servile hands to execute his will, and servile mouths to approve it? It was with the greatest fear that Nero ordered the murder of his mother. Yet he had counselors wicked enough to advise and applaud it. When he had committed that crime he was thunderstruck and distracted with apprehensions of the consequences. But, finding flattery, instead of resentment, in every quarter, he grew outrageously abandoned, and plunged into all licentiousness and infamy. Had it not then been for flatterers, the middle and the end of his reign would have been as good as the beginning, than which there never was a better. This is enough then to show the vileness and the mischief of flattery. It has destroyed nations, ruined princes, and at one time or other it has injured every body.

LINES.

I HAVE walked in the dark and gloomy shade
Of the yew and cypress tree,
And I've seen the rose and the garland fade,
By affection culled for me—
Sometimes my path has been strewn with flowers,
Fragrant roses around me cast;
But sorrow has darkened the sunnier hours,
And flung them to the winter blast.
And now I am left like an autumn leaf,
Alone on a withered spray;
And the only hope that can bring relief,
Is the hope of passing away.
Then welcome, welcome the blessed hour,
When the soul from earth shall soar,
The spirit shall leave its earthly bower,
And sorrow shall be no more.

RULE FOR LIVING WITH OTHERS.—Another rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again: if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning,—all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.—[Friends in Council.]

HUSBAND.—The English term 'husband' derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *huss* and *bond*, which signifies the 'band of the house,' and it was anciently spelt 'houseband;' and continued to be spelt thus in some editions of the English Bible, after the introduction of printing. A husband, then, is a houseband—the band of the house—that which engirdles the family into the union of oneness of love. Wife and children, and 'strangers within the gates,' all their interests and their happiness are encircled in the 'houseband's embrace, the objects of his special care.'

A Western Sketch.

A LOVE OF A SINGING-MASTER.

THE prettiest girl that attended our singing-meetings was Jane Gordon, the only daughter of a Scotchman who had lately bought a farm in the neighborhood. She was a fair and gentle damsel, soft-spoken, down looking, but not without a stout will of her own, such as they do say, your very soft-spoken are apt to have. Indeed, we may argue that to be able at all times to command one's voice down to a given level, requires a pretty strong will, and more self-possession than impetuous people ever can have; and it is well-known that blusterers are easier governed than anybody else. Jane Gordon had light hair, too, which hasty observers are apt to consider a sign of a mild and complying temper; but our dear Jane, though a good girl, and a dutiful daughter, had had a good deal of trouble with the old Adam, and given her sober parents a good deal too.

So that, by and by, when it was whispered that Jane Gordon was certainly in love with Mr. Fasole, and that Mr. Fasole was at least very attentive to Jane Gordon, the old people felt a good deal troubled. They were prudent, however, and only watched and waited, that though quite determined that an itinerant singing-master should not carry off their treasure, to be a mere foot-ball of fortune, and have

"Nor house nor ha'
Nor fire nor candle light."

and at every singing-meeting the intimacy between Mr. Fasole and his fair pupil became more and more apparent, and the faces of the unappropriated damsels longer and longer. The district school-master that winter was a frightful old man, with a face like a death's-head, set off by a pair of huge round-eyed spectacles, so he was out of the question, even if he had not a wife and family to share his sixteen dollars a month. The store-keeper, Squire Hooper's partner, had imprudently gone off to the next town for a wife but a few weeks before; and a young lawyer who talked of settling among us as soon as there was anything, (he had an eye on the setting back of the mill-pond, we suspect) did nothing but smoke cigars and play checkers on the store-counter, and tell stories of the great doings at the place he had been haunting before he came among us. So the dearth of beaux was great, mere farmer boys being too shy to make anything of until they have bought land and stock, when they begin to look round with a business eye for somebody to make butter and cheese. Mr. Fasole, with his knowing air, and a plentiful stock of modest assurance, reigned paramount, the 'cynosure of neighboring eyes.' He 'cut a wide swath,' the young men said, and it may be supposed they owed him no good will.

How matters can remain for any length of time in such an explosive state without an eruption, let philosophers tell. Twice a week, for a whole long western winter, did the singing-school meet regularly at the school house, and practice the tunes which were to be sung on the Sunday; and every Sunday did one or two break-downs attest that improvement in music could not have been the sole object of such persevering industry. Sometimes a bold bass would be found flourishing off for a bar or two, in happy unconsciousness that its harmonious compeers had ceased to vibrate. Then again, owing to the failure, through timidity or obliviousness, of some main stay, the whole volume of sound would quaver away, tremblingly into silence or worse, while the minister would shut his eyes with a look of meek endurance, and wait until Mr. Fasole, frowning, and putting on something of the air with which we jerk up the head of a stumbling horse, could get his unbroken team in order again. Jane Gordon was not very bright at singing, perhaps because she was suffering under that sort of fascination which is apt to make people stupid; and she was often the 'broken tooth and foot out of joint' at whose door these unlucky accidents were laid by the choir. Mr. Fasole always took her part, however, and told the accuser to look at home, or hinted at some by-gone blunder of

the whole class, or declared that Miss Jane evidently had a bad cold—not the first time a bad cold had served as an apology for singing out of time.

The period for a spring quarterly meeting of one of the leading denominations now drew nigh, and a great gathering was expected. Ministers from far and near, and a numerous baptism in the pond, were looked for. Preparations of all sorts were set on foot, and among the rest, 'music suited to the occasion.' The choice of 'set pieces' and anthems, and new tunes, gave quite a new direction and spur to the musical interest; but Mr. Fasole, and Jane Gordon were not forgotten. There was time to watch them, and sing too. Through the whole winter, the singing-master, though his way lay in quite an opposite direction, had thought proper to see Miss Gordon home, except when it was very cold or stormy, when he modestly withdrew, with an air which said he did not wish his attentions to seem particular. It had become quite a trick with the young men to listen by the road-side in order to ascertain whether he did not pop the question somewhere between the school-house and Mr. Gordon's; but the conclusion was, that either he was too discreet to do it, or too cunning to let it be heard, for nothing could ever be distinguished beyond the most ordinary talk. Nothing could be more obvious, however, than that, whatever were Mr. Fasole's intentions, poor Jane was very much in earnest. She lost all her interest in the village circle, and, too honest and sincere for concealment, only found her spirits when the fascinating singing-master appeared. He had the magnetizer's power over the whole being of his pupil. The parent observed all this with the greatest uneasiness, and remonstrated with her on the imprudence of her conduct, but in vain. They reminded her that no one knew anything of the singing-master, and that he very probably had at least one wife elsewhere, although it was past the art of man to betray him into an acknowledgment of such incumbrance; but Jane was deaf to all caution, and evidently only waited for the votary of music to make up his mind to ask, before she could curtsy and say yes.

The quarterly meeting came on, and Squire Hopkin's big barn was filled to overflowing. A long platform had been erected for the ministers, and rough seats in abundance for the congregation; but every beam, bin, and 'coign of vantage,' was hung with human life, in some shape or other. Such a gathering had not been seen for a long while. In front was placed Mr. Fasole with Jane Gordon on his left hand, and his forces ranged in order due on each hand. White was his bosom, (outside) and fiery red his hair and face as he wrought vehemently in beating time, while he sent out volumes, not to say whole editions, of sound. One could not but conclude that every emotion of his soul must find utterance in the course of the morning's performance, if Jane Gordon only listened aright, which she seemed very well disposed to do. But the concluding hymn was to be the crowning effort. It abounded in fugues—those fatal favorites of country choirs, and had also several solos, which Mr. Fasole had assigned to Jane Gordon, in spite of the angry innuendoes of other pretenders. He had drilled her most perseveringly, and though not without some misgivings, had succeeded in persuading himself, as well as his pupil that she would get through these 'tight places' very well, with a little help from him.

When the immense assembly rose to listen while the choir performed this 'set piece,' it was with a sound like the rushing of many waters, and poor Jane, notwithstanding the whispered assurances of the master, began to feel her courage oozing out, as woman's courage is most apt to do just when it is most wanted. She got through her portion of the harmony with tolerable credit; but when it came to the first solo, it was as if one did take her by the throat, and the sounds died away on her lips. Dead silence ensued, but in a moment, from the other side of the barn, seemingly from a far distant loft, a female voice, clear, distinct, and well trained, took up the recreant strain, and carried it through triumphantly. Then the chorus rose, and, encouraged by this opportune aid, performed their part to admiration—so well, indeed, and with so much

enthusiasm, that they did not at first miss the leading of Mr. Fasole. When the next solo's turn came, they had time to look round; and while the distant voice once more sent its clear tones meandering among the rafters, and through the mows, and out of the wide doors, all the class turned to look at the master. There he stood—agape—staring—pale—spiritless—astonished—petrified; his jaw fallen, his nose pinched in, his eyes sunken and hollow, and fixed in wild gaze on the dim distance whence issued the potent sound, while poor Jane's fascinated optics gazed nowhere but on him.

But before note could be taken of their condition, the chorus must once more join in the last triumphant burst, for the new auxiliary had inspired them like a heavenly visitant, and they could not attend to sublimary things. They finished in a perfect blaze of glory, the unknown voice sounding far above all others, and carrying its part as independently as Mr. Fasole could have done.

'What is the matter with the singing-master?' 'Has he got a fit?' 'Is he dying?' was whispered through the crowd as soon as the meeting was dismissed. 'Bring water—whiskey—a fan—oh goodness! what is to be done?'

'Let me come to him,' said a powerful voice just at hand; and, as the crowd opened, a tall, masculine woman, of no very prepossessing exterior, made her way to the fainting Orpheus.

'Jedediah!' she exclaimed, giving a stout lift to the drooping head; 'Jedediah! don't you know your own Polly Ann?'

It was Mrs. Fasole—a very promising scholar, whom the unhappy teacher had married at the scene of former labors somewhere in the interior of Illinois, hoping to find her a true helpmeet in the professional line. But discovering to his cost that she understood only one kind of harmony, and that not of the description most valuable in private, he had run away from her and her big brothers, and hoped in the deep seclusion of still newer regions, to escape her forever, and pass for that popular person an agreeable bachelor. Whether he was really villain enough to have intended to marry poor Jane too, we cannot know, but we will charitably hope not; though we are not sure that to wantonly trifle with an innocent girl's affections for the gratification of vanity was many shades less culpable. The world judges differently, we know, since it makes one offense punishable by law, while the other is considered in certain circles, rather good than otherwise. But the singing-master and his fearful spouse disappeared, and those who had not joined the class exulted; while as far as public demonstration went, we could not see but the singing at meeting fell back to very nearly the same old mark, under the auspices of old deacon Ingalls, who for many years has been troubled with a polypus in his nose.

Jane Gordon is a much more sensible girl than she was two years ago, and looks with no little complacency upon Jacob Still, a neighbor's son, who boasts that he can turn a furrow much better than he can a tune.

STRUCTURE OF THE HEART.—"An anatomist (as Dr. Paley observes) who understood the structure of the heart, might say beforehand that it would play; but he would expect, I think, from the complexity of the mechanism, and the deficiency of many of its parts, that it would always be liable to derangement, or that it would soon work itself out. Yet shall this wonderful machine go night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome; and shall continue this action for this length of time, without disorder, and without weariness.

"Each ventricle will at least contain one ounce of blood. The heart contracts four thousand times in one hour; from which it follows that there passes through the heart, every hour, four thousand ounces, or three hundred and fifty pounds of blood. Now the whole mass of blood is said to be about twenty-five pounds, so that a quantity of blood, equal to the whole mass of blood, passes through the heart fourteen times in one hour; which is about once every four minutes."—[Buck's Practical Expositor.

Choice Miscellany.

THE LAST TIME.

BY EMILIE REVLIO.

THERE'S a time for all things; there's a time to be gay;
THERE'S a time for dark night, and a time for bright day;
THERE'S a time when the heart should be happy and free;
THERE'S a time when light laughter no longer should be;
THERE'S a time for sweet youth, and a time for old age;
THERE'S a time when the infant will turn to the sage;
THERE'S a time when the past will a mockery seem;
THERE'S a time when the past will appear but a dream;
THERE'S a time that all dread—there's a last time in store—
When the soft smile of loved ones can welcome no more;
THERE'S a time when at peace in the grave we shall lie;
THERE'S a time when the noblest and bravest must die.

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH THE SECOND.

JOSEPH the Second (Emperor of Germany, succeeded by Francis the Second, and grandfather to Ferdinand, the late Emperor of Austria) was fond of any adventure where he was not recognized as Emperor. But was this philosophy? I think not, for when it was necessary to sacrifice some imperial caprice to the wishes of the nation, Joseph showed himself but little of the philosopher. Having arrived at Brussels in 1789, in strict *incognito*, he lived by preference in the delightful palace of Lacken, built many years before by his ancestors. Driving himself one day a very modest equipage, being a carriage to hold two people, with a servant out of livery, in the neighborhood of Brussels, he was overtaken by a shower a short distance after leaving the avenue that surrounded the city to take the road to Lacken. He had not gone two hundred paces when he overtook a pedestrian going the same way, and who made a sign to him that he wished to speak to him. This was an old Belgian soldier. Joseph stopped the horses.

'Monsieur,' says the pedestrian, 'would there be any indiscretion in asking a place beside you?—it would not inconvenience you, as you are alone in your caleche, and would save my uniform, for I am an invalid at the expense of his majesty.'

'Let us save the uniform, my good man,' says the emperor, 'and place yourself beside me. Where have you been walking?'

'Ah,' says the soldier, 'I have been to see one of my friends, who is one of the royal park-keepers, and have made a most excellent breakfast.'

'What is it you have had so excellent?'

'Guess?'

'How should I know—some soup, perhaps?'

'Ah, yes—soup indeed, better than that.'

'A fillet of veal well larded?'

'Better than that.'

'I cannot guess any more,' says Joseph.

'A pheasant, my worthy sir, a pheasant, taken from the royal preserves,' permitting himself to give a slight tap on the imperial shoulder next him.

'Taken from the royal preserves, it ought to be much the better,' replied the monarch.

'So I can assure you it was,' answered his companion.

As they approached the town, and the rain still continuing, Joseph asked his passenger where he lived, and where he would get down.

'You are too good, sir,' says the old soldier, 'I shall impose upon your kindness.'

'No, no,' replied the emperor; 'let me know your street.'

The pedestrian, naming the street, requested to know to whom he was so much obliged for such civility as he had received.

'Come, it is your turn,' says Joseph, 'to guess.'

'You are in the army, without doubt?'

'Yes.'

'Lieutenant?'

'Yes, but better than that.'

'Colonel, perhaps?'

'Better than that, I tell you.'

'Hullo?' says the old soldier, retreating to the corner of the carriage; 'are you a general or field-marshal?'

'Better than that.'

'Ah! it is the emperor?'

'As you say, so it is.'

There was no means of throwing himself at the monarch's feet in the carriage. The old soldier made the most ridiculous excuse for his familiarity, requesting of the emperor to stop the carriage that he might get down.

'No,' said the sovereign, 'after having eaten my pheasant you would be too happy, in spite of the rain, to get rid of me so quickly.'

THE QUEEN-BEE AT HOME.—The community of bees is an example of pure monarchy, unrestrained by any checks or power, yet never deviating into despotism on the one hand, or anarchy on the other. Some years ago, while our gracious queen was making a royal progress through her northern dominions, we witnessed a no less interesting sight of the progress of a queen bee, in the glass-hive of an ingenious friend and lover of nature at his country retreat. The hive was of that construction which opened from behind, and showed the whole economy within. In a few minutes the queen made her appearance from the lower part of the hive. Her elongated body and tapering abdomen at once distinguished her. She moved along slowly, now and then pausing to deposit an egg in one of the empty combs; and it was most interesting to perceive how she was constantly accompanied by nearly a dozen of bees that formed a circle round her, with their heads invariably turned towards her. The guard was relieved at frequent intervals, so that, as she walked forward, a new group immediately took the place of the old, and these, having returned again, resumed the labor in which they had been previously engaged. Her appearance always seemed to give pleasure, which was indicated by a quivering movement of the wings. The laborers, in whatever way occupied, immediately forsook their work and came to pay homage to their queen, by forming a guard around her person. Every other part of the hive, meanwhile, presented a busy scene. Many bees were seen moving their bodies with a tremulous motion, by which thin and minute films of wax were shaken from their scaly sides. Others were ready to take up this wax and knead it into matter proper for constructing cells. Frequent arrivals of bees from the field brought pollen on their thighs for the grubs, and honey, which they deposited into the cells. All was activity, order and peaceful industry. None were idle but the drones, who seemed to stroll about like gentlemen.—[British Quarterly Review.]

A DREAM WITH A FULFILMENT.—The Traveler tells a curious story of a physician of this city, who, in speaking of the late case of hydrophobia, related the following instance of remarkable after-fulfilment of a dream. He dreamed that as he was going in at the iron gate of a friend, a small dog flew out and bit him in the calf of the leg. He sprang up in bed, and to his wife's inquiry as to what was the matter, said that he had been bitten by a dog in the leg. His wife replied by a 'poh, that can't be;' but the doctor, imagining that he felt the pain, jumped out of bed, lit a light, and searched for the supposed wound, but found that his leg was untouched. He accounts for the pain by the concentration of vitality in the place supposed to be bitten. But the strangest part of the affair followed. About a week afterwards he was called to visit at the house which had been the scene of his dream, and as he entered the iron gate, a dog flew out from the house and bit the doctor in the calf of the leg, in perfect accordance with his previous dream. The family were much astonished to find that the dog should bite any one, but were still more surprised when the doctor related the antecedent circumstances.

TROPICAL DELIGHTS.—Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The bete rogue lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and hath his own private portion of pus. Flies get into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into your beds; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises. Every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life, that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Merriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup; a nondescript, with nine wings, is struggling in the small beer; or a caterpillar, with several dozen eyes in his belly, is hastening over the bread and butter. All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological host to eat you up, as you are standing, out of coat, waistcoat and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle; so our apothecaries rushing about with sincture and gargles; to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces.—[Sidney Smith.]

Mr. George R. Gliddon, (the well-known lecturer on Egypt, and to whom the American public is largely indebted for information upon hieroglyphical subjects) is now in London, deeply engaged with the erudite Birch, of the British Museum, in the study of the recently discovered antiquities of Nineveh. These antiquities, reflecting a flood of light upon the early unwritten history of the East, are now claiming a large share of the public attention of the learned. It will be gratifying to the readers of the Literary World to know that it is the intention of Mr. Gliddon to prepare a series of lectures upon these antiquities, largely illustrated by cuts and drawings, and embracing the entire results of their investigation by European scholars. Mr. Gliddon, upon his return to the United States, (which will take place some time during the coming Summer) will also bring with him the later discoveries in Egyptian science, which have been neither few nor unimportant. Few men possess Mr. Gliddon's ability in popularizing abstruse subjects, and we anticipate much pleasure from his new labors in the field of archæological research.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the society of the ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are highly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action towards them; and respectful is usually distant action, and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect or want of interest.—[Addison.]

AN INDIAN EXPEDIENT.—While a man and his family, a wife and several children, in a small canoe, were crossing a large bay, a shark rose near his canoe, and, after reconnoitring a short time, swam towards it, and endeavoured to upset it. The size of the canoe, however, rendered this impossible; so the ferocious monster actually began to break it to pieces, by rushing forcibly against it. The Indian fired at the shark when he first saw it, but without effect; and, not having time to reload, he seized his paddle, and made for the shore. The canoe, however, from the repeated attacks of the fish, soon became leaky, and it was evident that in a few minutes more the whole party would be at the mercy of the infuriated monster. In this extremity, the Indian took up his youngest child, an infant of a few months old, and dropped it overboard; and, while the shark was devouring it, the rest of the party gained the shore.—*Baltimore's Hudson's Bay.*

The Erie railroad has been opened to Binghamton, 225 miles from New York.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1849.

WAR AND LABOR.

We listened, not long since, to a discourse by an eloquent and learned divine, on the subject of "Peace and War." He attempted to show that War was a device of the devil to corrupt the nations—that nations, in fact, became vicious through its influence—and on the contrary, that Peace was fruitful in every virtue which can exalt a people or adorn a man.

We have heard many such discourses before, and read many essays upon the subject, and the more we read and meditate, the more we are convinced that these ultra Peace, or "non-resistance" doctrines are founded on a false philosophy and a shallow view of things. History teaches us that national virtue has flourished the most in War, and invariably declines in a state of Peace. And this fact presents a curious question to philosophers and philanthropists for their consideration. All men profess to deprecate War, and there are none that do not mourn over the misery and destruction it brings upon individuals. All men know that War cannot be practiced without immense sacrifice of life—that they who take the sword generally perish by the sword, and notwithstanding all this, War has ever filled the largest page in the history of nations, and to-day we are just as liable to rush into the deadly strife as ever.

Now, why is it that thousands and millions of men, with their eyes open, knowing that all their individual interests and their lives are put in fearful peril, rush to the conflict with an enthusiasm which raises them above all fear and gives them an aspect almost supernatural? Is it not because *War and Labor*, which are at bottom the same, are a radical law of the universe, existing in the nature and fitness of things? Nature is an immense battle-field, and in all her departments, we discover the eagerness of invasion and the obstinacy of resistance. The ivy twines along the trunk of the oak, and too weak to pierce its bark coils around it like an enraged serpent. The waves of the sea, attacked by the fierce storm, rise up, and frothy with wrath, dash upon and chase each other with fury from continent to continent. Blocks of granite and marble are attacked by penetrating frosts and shattered into innumerable fragments. The snows on the Alpine heights resist defiant, and resist through long ages the burning rays of the summer sun. The elements, in subterranean caverns are let loose in their blind force and fierceness, and the globe trembles to its center. Earthquakes awake in their wrath, volcanoes disembogue, and cities and towns and villages, and smiling landscapes are overwhelmed in one mighty ruin. Hurricanes sweep over seas and continents, destroying whole navies at a blast, and prostrating the sturdiest of forests.

And in animated nature the struggle is not less fierce or terrible. Above, the hawk pursues his prey through the sky, while below the timid hare flees before the merciless hound. The flying-fish, pursued in the sea by the dolphin, and in the air by the albatross, finds no repose nor security, from the first hour of its miserable life, to that when it falls the victim of its relentless foes. Around and within this earthly

home of ours, apparently so placid and so wondrous fair, the most potent and fearful agencies are combatting in an everlasting war. War! war!! war!!! is everywhere. Peace nowhere. No race of beings, no being throughout God's universe, but is called upon either to attack or defend, but is wandering up and down seeking rest it never finds. All creation is struck with one universal unrest. Not a heart but throbs, not a leaf but trembles, not a solid rock but heaves and throes.

Here then is the *FACT* which stares us in the face, whether we consult the history of nations, or the mysterious workings of nature. But why, we may ask, why these incessant conflicts? It is that each being and each thing bears in itself, at the same time, the elements of production and destruction—that *war* is the painful but holy law which is imposed upon all beings and all things as a "means of progress." It is an ordinance of Providence, wide as the universe and inexorable as destiny, *that the particular shall be sacrificed to the universal, and that the interests of man shall be sacrificed to the interests of humanity.*

"Combat, therefore," such is the voice of nature to man, "combat, O mortal, for thy own existence—war against the blind forces which annoy thee from without, and the fiercer ones that assail thee from within. Combat to reform the society in which thou livest, if it is bad, or to preserve it if it is good. But if thou leavest to accident the care of thy future, if thou foldest thy arms in peace and submittest to material oppression on the one hand, or neglectest to work thy moral and spiritual deliverance on the other, thou shalt die in the wilderness, like the faithless children of Israel. Gird on thy sword and march forth with a manly heart, and lofty brow, to give liberty to the enslaved nations, and to advance the high interests of Humanity."

MR. LEAVENWORTH'S GOLD-WASHERS FOR CALIFORNIA.

WM. LEAVENWORTH, Esq., the well-known inventor of a celebrated type-cutting machine, which has superseded all others, has recently invented a "Gold Washer," which is admirably adapted to the California "Gold Diggings." We have thoroughly examined one of these machines, and are confident that they are superior to all others, and therefore commend them to our friends who contemplate going to California.

The usual mode of gathering the gold in California has been, to put a small quantity of the gravel or earth containing the gold, &c., into a bowl or pan, mixed with water, and stirred with a stick till the gold from its greater weight, settles at the bottom; when the earthy matter and water are poured off. The gravel is then removed by the hand, and the gold is found at the bottom, which is carefully gathered into bottles. This is a slow, tedious, and as they generally work in the water, a very unhealthy process.

By using MR. LEAVENWORTH PATENT GOLD-WASHER, the machine may be placed at any reasonable distance from the water, which is elevated by means of a pump, hydraulic ram, or otherwise, and conducted to the machines by India-rubber or leather hose. The hand machines are worked to the best advantage with three men, one to shovel the earth, one to pump the water, and one to work the machine; the three will thus do the work of a hundred men with their pans, and each may work on dry soil, under a screen of sail cloth, and not be exposed to the extreme heat of the sun in that region, which, during the dry season, frequently runs up to 110° in the shade. The most desirable method for sifting the soil of California, is to attach the machines to horse or other power; and particularly, for those unaccustomed to hard labor, as all the

work may be performed with horses, mules, oxen, or cows, except that of simply feeding the machines, which may be done by Indians or common laborers, while the proprietor, may sit under his tent or screen, feeling sure that the *valuable metals* cannot escape, unless removed by the laborers.

As none go to California, but for the acquisition of gold, or its equivalent, and most, for the sole purpose of the immediate gathering it from the soil, it is therefore very important for them, that they go prepared with proper machinery and tools, to enable them to obtain the greatest amount in the least time, and with the least sacrifice of health, comfort, and expense. No sane man would now think of shelling his crop of corn with a cob, if he could obtain a machine, or pound his wheat in a mortar, if he could get it to a flouring mill within a hundred miles, or wash the soil of California in a pan, if he could get one of MR. LEAVENWORTH'S PATENT GOLD-WASHERS; for with all due respect to the inventors of the various machines for separating the precious metals from the earth, and all of them have merit no doubt, but his so far excels any, yet introduced in the market, it is hardly worth while to allude to them, though we have several different kinds on sale and exhibition. Emigrants must bear in mind that the thermometer frequently stands at 110° in the shade, in the valley of the Sacramento, and those unaccustomed to labor should particularly avoid it, if possible; and they may avoid personal labor, by procuring MR. LEAVENWORTH'S machine, and amass fortunes too, with little risk or expenditure. If an individual, has not the necessary capital to obtain the horse-power and nest of machines, let parties club together and get the outfit which will cost about \$400 only, for four machines, horse-power, and tools, and \$50 for each machine added; but no one should go without taking as many as he conveniently can; for, no doubt \$500 will readily be paid for one, on its arrival in California. The horse-power may be worked with from one to six horses, and will drive from four to sixteen machines, and pump the water necessary to work them. Two men cannot shovel the dirt into one of the machines so fast as it will sift it, and, that, the machine will catch all the gold, &c., we think there can be no doubt, and this appears to be all that is necessary for a machine to do.

The expediency of substituting the machines for tin pans, &c., must be apparent to all. Individuals and parties should provide themselves with food and clothing here for as long a period, after arriving there, as practicable, as everything except fresh beef and water, will be extravagantly high for years, *consumers* and not *producers* are, and will be the class of emigrants to the gold regions of California, until the labor for sifting the soil for gold, becomes of no greater value than that of plowing and hoeing it, for corn and potatoes. A good India-rubber or sail-cloth tent, hammock, or mattress, and mosquito-net are indispensable. Screens of sail-cloth to protect you from the sun when at work, a stove and cooking utensils. Mechanics should take all the tools of their profession, and get them of the best American manufacture, with duplicates—for the labor of mechanics, *when wanted*, will pay just as well, as digging gold, even should they gather a pound a day—and it will be a great luxury to exchange work occasionally, and to read a good book when fatigued—as newspapers at present are a rarity in California.

We give below the certificate of Mr. W. P. Lander, the well-known refiner and assayer of the U. S. mint.

MR. WM. LEAVENWORTH, *Dear Sir:*—After examining the various Gold-Washers in the city, that have come to my knowledge, I have ordered one of yours for my own use in California, and am convinced from its scientific principles and mechanical arrangement, that it far excels any that I have seen. Having had many years experience in smelting, refining, and assaying gold, and gathering it with quicksilver, I feel warranted in advising all persons intending to gather the *placer gold, platinum, cinnabar, and black sand* in California, or elsewhere, with the greatest dispatch, and the least loss, to get your invaluable PATENT GOLD-WASHERS, and more particularly, as there is no detention of the machine to clear it of the earth and gravel, the machine expelling everything from it excepting the gold, &c., which cannot escape.

Respectfully yours, WM. P. LANDER,
Practical Refiner, Smelter, and Assayer.
New-York, January 12, 1849.

MAGNOLIA LODGE, BROOKLYN.

As some persons have thought proper to misrepresent the actual condition of this Lodge, and the circumstances attending its re-instatement, we give below a statement of the facts, which may be relied on as absolutely true.

BRO. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD: On the evening of Nov. 7, 1848, a resolution was offered that the officers be directed to apply to the G. L. of this State, of which Geo. H. Andrews is the G. M., for re-instatement; and so that all might thoroughly understand what they were about, and to give Daniel P. Barnard an opportunity to be present, the matter was laid over until the 5th of Dec. (four weeks). At that time the members appeared in large numbers, (as per notification,) but the friends of the New Constitution now asked for a further delay of two weeks, especially to allow D. P. Barnard to be present. In accordance with their wishes, the members consented to a further postponement; and on the 19th the matter came up for final action, and was carried, by a vote of 46 to 22. A protest was presented from 20 persons, some of whom had no right to vote in the Lodge, and some names were signed by proxy. Since the passage of the resolutions, four of these have recognised, and do now acknowledge the majority as the legal Lodge.

In accordance with the resolutions we were re-instated, and G. M. Andrews, on the next evening, appeared to install the officers. He was first refused admittance by some person at the door, and was, by *physical force*, prevented from taking the chair, the minority calling upon the N. G. to open a Lodge that *had* acknowledged her suspension, and was now about to be re-instated. Rather than to have difficulty, the majority proposed to meet the minority in caucus. This was agreed to, and "all but the members" were requested to leave the room. They did so, and N. G. Kemble was called to the chair, and P. G. Skinner offered a resolution, that every member who might withdraw from Magnolia Lodge within three months, upon Constitutional differences of opinion, be entitled to, and shall receive, a pro rata of the funds and properties of the Lodge. Instead of this resolution being lost, as has been asserted, it was carried, by a vote of 25 to 7. But as we had agreed that a decision, to be binding, must be legal, we were therefore compelled, on account of a minority of *seven*, to adjourn without accomplishing anything.

The G. Officers again appeared, and proceeded to examine the members in the room in the P. W. Some six or seven members of *other Lodges* refused to give the P. W., and were then requested by G. M. Andrews to retire, and let the members of Magnolia Lodge proceed with their business. This they refused to do, saying they were invited there by P. G. Reed, and they should remain. To avoid a disturbance, and to comport ourselves as members of the Order, and as gentlemen, we retired to the Committee Room, not from choice, but from the causes above alluded to, and were there duly re-instated, and our officers installed; since which time we have continued our meetings as usual, and in accordance with our By-Laws, on Tuesday evening, in the principal and usual Lodge Room. We have performed, also, all the duties of a Lodge; have attended our sick, (now seven in number,) and paid their benefits; while the minority have only *claimed* to be Magnolia Lodge. They have received moneys from the members, and having a majority of the trustees, they have prevented us from getting hold of the funds; but they have never attended to the sick, or performed any of the duties or functions of a Lodge.

We have been compelled to loan from our members moneys to pay benefits. Now, to get over these difficulties, we have consented to leave the matter to three disinterested persons, to decide whether we are entitled to the books, funds, &c., or not.

SEVERAL MEMBERS
OF MAGNOLIA LODGE, 166.

The minority, although they claim to be the Lodge, and although the By-Laws say that we shall meet on Tuesday evening, they have concluded to hold their meetings on Wednesday evening, until the matter is settled.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

California Fever—Odd-Fellows' Cemetery—Accident—Amusements.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 15, 1849.

DEAR BRO.—We greet you again from our city, and though the yellow (gold) fever has carried off in its ravages, some of our best citizens and sterling Odd-Fellows, there are "still a few of the latter sort left." The brig Oniots sailed on Thursday morning last, conveying the steamboat Islander and a number of passengers, whose golden visions we hope may be realized. Each and all appeared in high spirits, and talked of the Sacramento, as if its waters washed the beach in the neighborhood of Cape May, at farthest. The brig Osceola is announced for to-day, among whose passengers we see the names of Capt. Salinsky, Majs. Leasing and Good, Cols. Dreka, Banks and Dekirt, W. W. Graham, W. H. Bunn, R. M. Patterson and a host of others, with Maj. Gen. Kepheldt of the Russian army.

The elections in our Lodges are over, the die is cast, and the officers elect bear it with composure, while the defeated candidates present nearly as serene an aspect as before the contest. Many of the changes have been for the better, and the Lodges generally have commenced the New Year with a determination to act upon the advice of one of the heroes of the Alamo and "go ahead."

"The Odd-Fellows Cemetery," now in course of preparation, is beautifully situated on "the Ridge Road," about three miles from our city, adjoining the "American Mechanics Cemetery," and between "Monument Cemetery," and "Laurel Hill." It contains thirty-two acres, a portion of which is already ornamented with shrubbery. The spacious building now standing will be re-modeled for the chapel; and we hope to see it, through the enterprise of the Order, one of the most appropriate receptacles for the "lamented dead," in our vicinity.

Our city was startled last Tuesday, by an incident which jeopardized the lives of nearly a hundred of its inmates. A large concourse of people had assembled on the Schuylkill river, on a cake of ice attached by a narrow strip to the shore. Dr. Stone, lady, and child, breaking through, caused a panic, which detached this cake, (containing an acre or more,) and it commenced floating toward the dam. A scene now ensued which defies all description. Mothers clasped their children to them as if to save them, bystanders shouted impracticable plans, while shrieks of agony rose above the uproar. A gentleman with more presence of mind, jumped into the water on the edge of the dam, and succeeded in getting many to follow his example, who would otherwise, most probably have perished; as it was, but three passed over the dam one of whom, a daughter of Morgan Ash, Esq., was severely injured, but is recovering, the other two but slightly.

Our places of amusement are numerous and well-patronised. The Walnut is open to fair houses with a capital stock company. Mad. Bishop is announced for the coming week. Gen. Welch is still a successful caterer for the public. The Athenaeum has had good houses since its opening, and is a beautiful place, where one can enjoy the luxury of an arm-chair, while laughing at Jefferson. Burke draws full houses in the capital local burlettas played at the Arch. We have also the Zoological Institute, the two great panoramas, Rossiter's paintings, serenaders, &c., and a new circus in the Northern Liberties, which rumor says is to be superceded by a new theater, Messrs. Lester & Son of the St. Charles theater, New-Orleans, proprietors.

We have a deputation of Chippewas here, en route to their "great father," at Washington, relative to

retaining the lands they now occupy, on condition of becoming civilized. We wish them success.

Office-seekers are busy arranging plans for our President elect, many of which will exist only in the brains of their inventors.

But I must close, and to remain yours in the bonds which unite Odd-Fellows, I will ever

DARE.

REV. MR. MCCLURE, vs. SECRET SOCIETIES.

We copy the following from the Boston Olive Branch, an excellent journal, edited by P. G. Master Norris. We think Bro. Norris lays it over Mr. McClure's shoulders "about right."

SECRET SOCIETIES.

We have just concluded the reading of a long, weak, wishy-washy article, under this head, in the Christian Observatory, edited by Rev. A. W. McClure. We are sorry, on account of our personal respect for the gentleman, to see anything so weak and uncharitable appear under his sanction and authority. It betrays ignorance which would disgrace a school-boy. The article is intended, particularly, as an attack on the Society of Odd-Fellows. He speaks of Jesuits, a Society under the sanction of the Roman Hierarchy, which we let pass.

The other institution, says McClure, to which we refer, is the great *defunct* Masonry. This single statement of the Rev. gentleman should banish him from the place of a teacher, and put him down as one of Solomon's fools, who affirmeth of the things of which he is ignorant; or as a very dishonest and wicked man, thus to speak of a society never more numerous or prosperous, with hundreds of whose members he meets every day of his life. The learned Doctor McClure says it is *defunct*. Oh, McClure, throw your pen into the fire, and don't tell the world how little you know. Publish in your next volume that you have dammed up the Niagara, or drained Lake Superior, and you will appear less ridiculous among sensible men.

But, says McClure, we pass to an institution of a very similar character—meaning Odd-Fellows, of which he then and elsewhere speaks—secrecy itself being sufficient proof that the members belong to the kingdom of Satan, and are secret, because their works are those of darkness. He says the occasional public charities of the society are on the principle of decoy ducks, to lure men into their snares, and that the whole is baptized, whining infidelity; and much more of the same character. Our paper is not the organ of any Masonic, Odd-Fellow, or other secret society, but having for more than a quarter of a century been a member, and much of the time an officer, in both of these societies, we feel bound, as an honest conductor of the public press, to protest against such wholesale abuse of our brethren.

The elder society certainly existed many ages before the Christian era. Its creed is, *Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth*. It has partly overcome the curse of the confusion of languages at Babel, and has instituted a system of intercommunication, which is not impeded by our belonging to a hundred nations, and speaking a hundred different languages; and has the means of knowing that the brother addressing in the dialect, if you please, of the brotherhood, has a good character; having been proved by good men and true, and being found worthy and well qualified, if in trouble, such relief is afforded him as his circumstances require, and brothers' means admit; though Mr. McClure thinks it very wicked to be secret, and wishes us Pharisaically to sound a trumpet before us. Masons choose, in ten thousand small streams, in quiet secrecy, to send relief to the widows and orphans of the brothers. For such purposes they became a brotherhood, and will not disorganize themselves to please Mr. McClure or any other wholesale slanderer of whole societies of good men.

Much the same may be said in favor of the smaller and younger society of Odd-Fellows. This is mostly confined to England and America, and is not world-wide like Masonry. In England, Odd-Fellows annually expend half a million in benefits and charity; in the United States about \$125,000. There is very little noise in all this, and we think Mr. McClure's system of condemning them, because they decline to reveal their symbolical language and means of intercommunication, to be uncharitable, weak and wicked. He says the goodness of these men should not be admitted, because those esteemed good men say they are such. They are, he says, parties committed. Such may be said of even the testimony in favor of Christianity itself. All we have learned beyond what we see, taste, smell and feel, we have learned mainly by human testimony; and if this is to be wholly rejected,

those who have not been there, have a right to doubt the existence of such cities as London and Paris. Millions of apparently good men have lived and died in the faith that Free-Masonry is a good institution; and hundreds of thousands are now living, who are members of that society, and sincerely think it good, very good indeed—the best merely humane society. The La Fayette and Washingtons were active members, and thousands of ministers of Protestant churches, and tens of thousands of communicants, belong to this ancient society; as do judges, magistrates, presidents and vice presidents. Such Christians and patriots are members; and yet an isolated, weak man, makes over all these men, wiser and better than himself, to his infernal majesty, to be banished heaven, and cursed of God forever! We would not, for all the gold of California, be such a weak and prejudiced bigot, as such opinions suppose their author to be. Let Popes, Jesuits, Spanish inquisitions, thus speak, but let Mr. McClure be a different sort of a man—which we most earnestly pray may be the case—to which let all Masons as well as Christians, say AMEN.

COLUMBIA DISTRICT, N. Y.

HUDSON, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1848.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE AND RULE: I send you the following list of the officers of the Encampment and Lodges in Columbia District, for the term commencing January 1st, 1849:

UNION ENCAMPMENT, No. 18, HUDSON; James Batchellor D. D. G. P.;—H. J. Baringer, C. P.; Wm. M. Bunker, H. P.; Joshua T. Waterman, S. W.; Lucius N. Gridley, Scribe; James B. Van Beuren, Treasurer; Daniel N. Mosier, J. W.

SUBORDINATE LODGES—E. C. TERRY, D.D.G.M.

GOOD INTENT LODGE, No. 6, STOCKPORT.—Wm. I. Traver, N. G.; Charles Muckbridge, V. G.; J. D. Van Valkenburgh, Sec.; Cornelius Welsh, Treasurer; P. G. Peter H. Huber, Representative to the Grand Lodge.

ALLEN LODGE, No. 92, HUDSON.—James B. Van Beuren, N. G.; Joshua T. Waterman, V. G.; Wm. H. Terry, Sec.; Charles Myers, Treas.; Wm. S. Taylor, P. Sec.; P. Grands J. Batchellor, E. C. Terry, Stephen A. Coffin and Peter S. Burger, Representatives to the Grand Lodge.

MORNING STAR LODGE, No. 128, CHATHAM 4 CORNERS.—Wm. L. Van Alstyne, N. G.; James W. Marshall, V. G.; Wm. Deming, Sec.; Richard Van Alstyne, Treas.; P. Grand F. H. Rathbone, Representative to the Grand Lodge.

VALATIE LODGE, No. 332, VALATIE.—C. Murkettick, N. G.; J. Van Valkenburgh, V. G.; J. V. Salmond, Sec.; R. Marsh, Treas.; P. Grand Charles B. Osborn, Representative to the Grand Lodge.

As it will be seen by the above, there is one Encampment, which numbers about 80 members, and four Subordinate Lodges, in this District, consisting of 561 members. The Order here was never in a more prosperous condition. The Encampment and Lodges are all united firmly in support of the legal Grand Lodge of the State of New York; as they are fully persuaded that every true Odd-Fellow, who has the best interest of the Fraternity in view, should cheerfully acquiesce in, and abide by, the decision of the supreme head of the Order, the Grand Lodge of the United States. There is but one opinion among the members of the Order here, upon this subject, which is clearly manifested by the position of the Order. Time will show their position to be the only true one.

Yours Fraternally, AMICUS.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN ILLINOIS.

MOUNT CARMEL, Ill., Jan. 6, 1849.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: At an election held in the last week of last term, the following officers were elected to their respective offices for the ensuing term of Sirion Encampment, No. 11; P. J. J. Lesher, C. P.; P. R. H. Hudson, M. E. H. P.; P. Charles F. Cuqua, S. W.; P. L. Aborn, J. W.; P. J. D. Dyer, S.; P. M. Wolfe, T.

In Wabash Lodge, No. 85, the following officers were legally elected to fill their respective offices for

the ensuing term: L. Aborn, N. G.; R. H. Hudson, V. G.; W. W. Hoskinson, R. S.; W. Roser, P. S.; D. Reinhard, Treas.; who were, the following evening, legally installed by J. J. Lesher, who, in the absence of the M. W. G. M., was specially commissioned as D. D. G. M. for District No. 17.

I am happy to inform you, and your numerous readers, through the medium of your paper, that the glorious cause of benevolence and charity in our District, and State generally, is onward and cheering.

The Patriarchal branch is to meet in convention at Jacksonville, on the third Wednesday in February next, for the purpose of organizing a State Grand Encampment.

Fraternally thine, in F., L. & T., J. J. L.

VERMONT—NEW LODGE.

HEBRON, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1849.

EDITOR OF GAZETTE AND RULE: You are informed that Battenkill Lodge, No. 15, was duly instituted by M. W. G. Master James Mitchell, Esq., at Factory Point, town of Manchester, Vermont, assisted by bro. John S. McFarland, D. D. G. M., and bro's of Indian River Lodge, No. 12. The following officers were duly installed into their respective chairs: C. A. Roberts, N. G.; F. D. Manly, V. G.; H. K. Fowler, S.; Robinson Andrews, Treas.

Officers installed for Indian River Lodge, No. 12: J. G. Burton, N. G.; S. D. Shelden, V. G.; B. Lewis, Sec.; W. M. C. Sherman, P. Sec.; W. Perkins, Treas.

It is truly encouraging that contiguous Lodges should commence under so flattering auspices as has Battenkill Lodge. Said Lodge bids fair to rank honorably with other adjacent Lodges in a very short time. Its members are composed of intelligent, respectable, and practicable business men.

The Circular addressed to Indian River Lodge has been duly received and referred, and proper notice will, in due time, be taken. In F., L. & T., most Fraternally yours,

J. S. MCFARLAND, P. G. and D. D. G. M.

ADDISON DISTRICT, No. 4.—Lake Dunmore Lodge No. 11, Middlebury, meets on Monday evening, at Odd-Fellows' Hall. The officers elect and installed for the current term, are: John H. Simmons, N. G.; Luther S. Goodno, V. G.; H. N. Upson, Sec.; Jacob Dewey, Treas.; Albert Chapman, Per. Sec.

Vergennes Lodge No. 8, Vergennes, meets at Odd-Fellows' Hall, on Tuesday evening. The officers elect and installed for the current term, are: Lorenzo Bixby, N. G.; Hiram Adams, V. G.; Francis Bradbury, Sec.; Cyrus A. Booth, Treas.

It gives me pleasure to add that the above Lodges are in a high state of prosperity.

Very truly yours, in F., L. & T.,

D. S. CHURCH, D.D.G.M.

WANT OF INTEREST IN LODGE MEETINGS.

SACCARAPPA, MAINE, Jan. 15, 1849.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: Knowing that any news of the Order is acceptable to you, I send you the names of the officers of Saccarappa Lodge, for the present term. Henry F. Sands, N. G.; Christopher Way, V. G.; George Riggs, Sec.; John Merrill, Treas. This Lodge has not made more progress than the neighboring Lodges. We are at a stand. There has been about the same number added during the past term as have "run out," as our neighbors, the Rechabites, say. We have nothing to excite us in the Lodges, such as "New Constitution," "Illegal Grand Lodge," and the like. In regard to such things, as far as I know, peace and harmony rule. Perhaps a little too much peace in the Lodges to insure a good attendance.

I notice the remarks of your Washington correspondent, T. W. J., that the whole burden is thrown, in his Lodge, on some 10 or 12. His is not alone. It is, and has been, the case for some time in our Lodge, (numbering about 190,) and also in the neighboring Lodges. Cannot some of our "learn-

ed men," those that are high in the Order, and hold high places, devise some means, some plan, that may be generally adopted, either in the "work," or in the usual routine of business, that may make the meetings more interesting and attractive to the members; something that all may participate in. I would not wish it to be public, or to have it inserted in the "rules of order," for the very same reasons that the "work" of the Order is not there. Many, especially in our Lodge, prefer the "old work" to the new, and probably so in other Lodges. Those scarcely ever attend now. I suggest these things, hoping they may meet the eye of some one who may be competent, as well as willing, to do the needful.

As T. W. J. says, "some never attend; and those who do, wish they were out again, for the purpose of gadding about the hotels, at the faro, billiards, bowling saloons, or drinking houses; always restive when in the retreat of Odd-Fellows." So in our small place, many would rather "loaf" around the stores. Now, if some means cannot be devised to make the Lodge Room more attractive than those places, let it be closed; at any rate, let the meetings be less frequent. I should be as much opposed as any to such a plan, but one or the other must soon be adopted. Yours, in F., L. & T. c.

OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

✂ The following excellent remarks by a member of the Masonic Fraternity, in regard to his Order have equal force applied to the I. O. O. F.

LET us for a moment look at the nature and objects of Freemasonry.

This venerable society was first known as a combination of men, who were operative, or practical masons, architects, builders, or other workmen, and to its members alone were entrusted the secret of the new discoveries in any branch of the arts then in a rude and uncultivated state. By degrees however, these arts became more generally known. Men began to think and act for themselves. The institution as an operative one, became useless. But from long association, and the kindly feelings engendered by frequent communion and identity of interest, the brethren were unwilling to cast aside the bonds by which they had so long been held together. Masonry then became a school of science, and its disciples were made acquainted with the rudiments of those (to them) sublime mysteries, which the spread of knowledge and civilization have since placed in the hands of every child.

In modern days, we behold the association as a band of brothers, linked together by the silken ties of Friendship, Charity, and Brotherly Love. Their Lodges are so many sacred retreats, where the cares and sorrows of the world cannot enter,—where no religious or political dissensions ever distract the general harmony, for while we interfere with no man's creed, we claim that all men should pay that deferential awe, due from the creature to the Creator, and that in every country we should be subject to the duly constituted authorities.

Our grand object is to break down that universal Suspicion, which every man feels towards his neighbor, and to substitute a general brotherhood throughout the world. And that this has been the effect of Masonry wherever it has been known and appreciated we boldly assert without the fear of contradiction. Influenced by its benign principles, we behold a brother in the wild son of the forest saving the life of his enemy, we see the bonds of fellowship strengthening between the inhabitants of the most distant parts of the world, and in fact, by means of its mystic and universal language we see a beacon light that points on to the day when, "nation shall no longer war against nation," and mankind forgetting its selfishness, shall be united in one great family of friends and brothers.

We claim that through our Order, and others of a like nature, and through them alone, will man learn to act upon the square, to cultivate feelings of brotherly love for the whole human race, and in short to "do as they would be done by."

Is it too much then, gentle reader, for us to ask that you should, at least, suspend your opposition to us, until you have been made acquainted with our mysteries, till you have listened to the practical wisdom of our tenets, and have seen their effect even upon the most uncultivated minds? The opposition of fanatics of every kind has been waged against us, but we have ever seen the shafts of Envy, Malice and Mistaken Zeal, fall harmless at our feet. FEAR, we know not; for no oppression has ever been able to overpower us; "our armor is mercy," and "our shield is truth."—[Eperiment.

MAGNOLIA LODGE AGAIN.

We have received a note from Bro. Ward, the Treasurer of the *soi disant* Grand Lodge requesting us to state that although his Lodge, has returned to the fellowship of the Order, it was against his will. But we will let him speak for himself.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE:—An article in last week's paper, headed "Magnolia Lodge Brooklyn," being calculated to convey a wrong impression in relation to my position in our Constitutional differences, I would observe that it is true that I was present when Magnolia Lodge voted to be reinstated, (as they called it,) some thirty of us, however, protested against any proceedings of the kind being had.

I shall continue to perform the duties incumbent on me as Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, I. O. O. F. I am asking nothing but what is fair to request your stating this, so that any wrong impression conveyed may be corrected. So far as Magnolia Lodge is concerned, matters have been referred to Grand Master Barnard, and Past Grand Skinner, to arrange a settlement, every member will choose for himself such jurisdiction as he may prefer, each having a *pro rata* share of the funds. Respectfully,

THEO. A. WARD.

JANUARY 15, 1849.

F. HITCHCOCK, Esq.—AMERICAN MUSEUM.—This gentleman, so long and favorably known as the efficient manager of the American Museum, is about to retire from that establishment, and to devote himself to mercantile pursuits. This withdrawal of Mr. Hitchcock we know will be regretted by all. Indeed, we know not how the Museum can go without him, he has been so long identified with it. Much of its success is to be attributed, most certainly, to his judicious management. Mr. Barnum must set apart one day and evening for Mr. Hitchcock's benefit.

We learn that persons connected with the Museum are having prepared a silver pitcher, as a testimonial of regard to the retiring manager. We hope Mr. Hitchcock's success as a merchant will equal his success as manager. We understand he is to be succeeded by Mr. Greenwood, a very worthy and intelligent gentleman.

BALTIMORE ITEMS.

THE PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—The improvements in the department of building and remodeling, which were swiftly carried on all through the past summer and fall, have not ceased. Multitudes of houses are yet in progress. The mildness of the autumn and winter, thus far, has been highly favorable to bricklayers and carpenters, who have suffered little or no interruption in their business.

A HINT FOR SOMEBODY.—"Resolved, That hereafter we will not permit any society, besides the Church, at their funerals on our burying ground, to deliver addresses or perform any other ceremonies, in addition to those established funeral services performed by the minister of the church, or by a substitute acknowledged or recommended by him; or, in his absence, by the vestry.

THE VESTRY OF THE SECOND GERMAN EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH."

We invite the attention of all whom it may concern to the above notice, which we cut from the Baltimore Sun. We presume the Order of Odd-Fellows is included in the prohibition. We would venture to suggest to those who *own* lots in the particular burying ground in question, that it would be well to inquire of "the Vestry," if they may be allowed the privilege of a hearse and mourners at their funeral.

NEW YORK CANAL REVENUES.—The New York Canals are pouring a golden stream into the public treasury. During the season of navigation for the year 1848, the canal tolls, including those received from railroads, amounted to \$3,459,690. This is a mine a little ahead of any to be found in California, and is incomparably more conducive to the public weal.

An engine of ten horse power, is exhibiting in London, worked by the vapor of perchloride.

THEATRICALS AND AMUSEMENT.

THE entertainments at the different houses the past week, have not had much novelty or variety. This is always a period when amusements of this kind languish. Balls, parties, and the absence of strangers generally, produce this result. Yet, on the whole, the attendance has been better than could have been expected.

At the BOWERY, the beautiful spectacle of Boadicea, has a continued run. The feats of Lavater Lee and his company are truly wonderful.

At the BROADWAY, Monte Cristo, with all its gorgeous scenery and interesting incidents. As a whole, it is truly grand and imposing; and Lester and Dyott give great prominence and effect to their parts by their admirable acting.

At the NATIONAL, Wacousta, and a series of light and amusing pieces, played by an excellent stock company.

At BURTON's the same success, and the same characteristic pieces.

OPERA HOUSE.—The Fancy Ball was not as brilliant and well attended as, from the preparations on a large and extensive scale, it ought to have been. There is some satiety in the public mind in regard to amusements of this kind, and they, like some other follies, have seen their best days among us. We are glad to have a resumption of the regular Italian opera, that most delightful and innocent of all entertainments.

CHINESE MUSEUM.—This is a very interesting place of resort. The Chinese, isolated for so many ages as they have been from the rest of the world, and retaining the customs and modes of thought of the most remote periods, have of late attracted much attention. Since the war with England, they have been more accessible as a people, and commercial enterprise and religious zeal will greatly increase their intercourse with civilized people. Of course, that which throws light upon their manners and institutions must possess a deep interest and value. The collection of Mr. Peters, now exhibiting in Broadway, is rich and extensive. You have presented here a complete picture of Chinese life and manners. Their dress, their daily habits, their domestic scenes, their shops and modes of transacting business, their itinerant traffic, their various utensils used in every branch of art, their specimens of manufacture, and of the productions of the soil, their vessels, bridges, and their temples and houses; all are here faithfully exhibited, and afford as much information of the people, in an hour, as if you had passed years in the country. The mode of administering criminal justice, and the nature of the penalties inflicted for crimes, are forcibly illustrated. We advise all to visit this highly interesting institution.

NEW YORK CITY GLEANER.—Such is the name of a new paper which has been laid upon our table. It promises to be a well-conducted and interesting journal. W. H. Mosely is the editor.

THE PEOPLE'S OWN AND FLAG OF THE FREE.—Our indefatigable friend Hannegan has united these two papers, and changed the form to a large octavo, in which shape the journal makes a very handsome appearance. Mr. Hannegan is now publishing in the columns of this journal a romance of his own, of sterling merit, and thrilling interest, called "Raymond the Relentless."

SUGAR PLANTING IN ALABAMA.—The Mobile Register says that the planters in the interior of that State are beginning to perceive the evils of the present system of raising cotton to the exclusion of everything else, and are directing their attention to other objects of agriculture. One of these, the sugar cane, has been tested in various parts of the State with encouraging success.

The Rev. Dr. Dewey, late of New York, is to officiate hereafter in the Unitarian Church in Albany

Facts and Scraps.

HAZEL EYES IN THE ASCENDANT.—Major Noah discourses thus of hazel eyes: "They inspire at first a Platonic sentiment, which gradually, but surely expands, and merges into love as securely founded as the Rock of Gibraltar. A woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an entertaining, intellectual and agreeable creature. We never knew but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose which looked, as the Yankees say, 'like the little end of nothin' whittled down to a pint.'"

To which we say amen; experience and observation having revealed to us the same fate.

A correspondent "Calculator" writes:—"Your paper, along with others, has given a paragraph from the Bristol Journal, to the effect that a porter employed by a needle manufacturer at Redditch was robbed by a footpad of 118,000,000 of needles. This paragraph is a specimen of how thoughtlessly people sometimes talk about millions. The quantity of needles named would weigh not less than from 12 to 16 tons."

TREASURE TROVE.—A person in England, lately rummaging among his family documents, found written upon the back of an old deed some words indicating that a pot of gold was buried in a certain place in the garden. It was at first regarded as a hoax, but on digging up the spot, an iron pot came to light containing 15,000 guineas, and a scrap of parchment, much decayed, upon which was written: "The devil shall have it rather than Cromwell."

Banvard's catalogue or bill of the Panorama of the Mississippi in London is headed by a coat of arms, and the motto of his family, Bon-verd, at which the English critics turn up their noses. "In aspect," say they, "he is a true Yankee, thin, energetic and wiry, with the well-known intonation."

Mr. H. O'Reilly, the enterprising projector of the Western lines of telegraph has sent in a memorial to Congress, proposing to establish a line of telegraph to the Pacific Ocean, to be completed in eighteen months should the desired encouragement be given.

According to the most accurate accounts, only 4,000,000 Bibles were in use throughout the United States in the year 1840. The number has now increased to 80,000,000. In 1840 the Bible was printed in forty-eight different languages and dialects; in 1848 the different versions of the Holy Scriptures amount to 146.

The gold mines in Virginia promise to rival those of California. One pan-full of the ore last week produced \$125 of pure gold, and Commodore Stockton, with three negroes, pounded out six pounds, worth \$1200, in two or three days.

Mrs. Nixon, of Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y., who was riding to Albion with her husband, called at a drug store for morphine, to relieve a tooth-ache. The lad gave her strychnine, a fatal poison. She died almost immediately after applying it.

A stone cutting machine, now in operation in New Haven, Ct., which is worked by steam, is said to perform the work of a hundred men. The cutting instrument is composed of half a dozen circular saws.

FRIENDSHIP.—I lay it down as a fact, that if all men knew what they say one of another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet report.

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but, remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

An extensive mine of Cannel coal has lately been discovered on the lands of W. M. Peyton, on Coal River, about 80 miles from its junction with the Kanawha, in Western Virginia.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton, known as an authoress, has gone to Portugal.

A venerable man says—"Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones."

IMMENSE DISCOVERY.—The N. O. Courier, publishes the following—which is, of course, perfectly true:

A French physician established at Vera Paz, who, beside practicing medicine, has the charge of extensive farming estates, upon making some excavations, undertaken with the view of forming a canal through which to carry his produce to the sea, discovered at the bottom of the Bay of Honduras, the opening of a monumental canal 75 meters wide, (about 240 feet,) and running in a straight line toward the South-west, its sides being constructed of enormous stones, rudely cut. The two walls, which continued parallel, had been followed to the distance of several leagues.

Having reached the foot of the mountain, where the volcano of Fuego is now in activity, and having cut away huge trees that obstructed the entrance, they passed under a vault of 100 meters in height, (about 335 feet, and of the same width as the canal. Nothing among the ancient Cyclopean structures in Greece could give an adequate idea of the tremendous masonry of the walls of this vault. The canal is filled with salt water 20 meters deep.

Our intrepid countryman did not hesitate to embark with some Indians in a pirogue, which he caused to be brought to the spot, and eighteen hours afterward, (if his story is to be believed,) he entered the great ocean, (the Pacific,) between Guatemala and San Salvador, through an immense natural grotto, called by the fishermen of that coast, the Devil's Mouth, which superstition had deterred them from ever entering. The whole vaulted part of this superhuman structure was lighted by shafts, cut through to the surface above, and through its whole extent it is navigable for the largest ships.

SINGULAR DISEASE OF THE EYE.—A singular case occurred last week at the Glasgow Eye Infirmary. A girl, sixteen years of age, having applied on account of loss of sight of her left eye, the cause was ascertained to be the presence of a living worm hydatid (the *cysticercus* of scientific naturalists,) in the eye, close before the pupil, which it completely obstructed. The species of animal consists of a round bag, about the size of a small pea, from which on one side springs its body, which is a filament, consisting of numerous rings, and capable of being elongated and retracted at the creature's will. The body ends in the neck and head, and the latter is supplied with four lateral suckers. All this was plain to the naked eye in this instance, but appeared still more so when the animal was viewed through a microscope. As the existence of such a creature in the interior of the eye not only prevents vision, but ultimately destroys the whole textures of the organ, it was resolved to remove it by operation. This was successfully effected on Saturday last. The patient behaved with perfect steadiness, and found her vision immediately restored. The hydatid continued to live for more than half an hour after being extracted. As only four similar cases are on record, the worm excited much curiosity, and was examined by numerous visitors, both lay and medical.—[Glasgow (Canada) Chronicle.

QUITE A CHANGE.—Monsieur Alexandre Vattmare, who has become so justly eminent for his labors to effect the establishment of a system of international exchanges, is a native of Paris, where he was educated as a surgeon, and was sent in 1814 with a convoy of sick soldiers to Berlin. His talents for ventriloquism and mimic representation, led him to relinquish his former career, and to resort to the exercise of those talents as a source of profit. In Great Britain, he thus personated one evening, forty different characters, which elicited from Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, a piece of impromptu poetry, which is well known and admired.

THE OLDEST PRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The St. Mary's Beacon, Maryland, is regularly printed on a press which has been in use for more than a hundred years! It no doubt works slowly, compared with modern improvements in printing machinery; but as a memento of the olden time, when Benjamin Franklin was a printer-boy, it is too sacred to be thrown away, so long as it can make a legible impression. It worked off editions which announced Braddock's defeat, the coronation of George III, and all those stirring events which subsequently occurred in our struggle for independence.

The Leicestershire Mercury, (Eng.) says that freehold land is now selling on what is called Diss Common, for building purposes, at the rate of £700 per acre, which, before the railway in that vicinity, was barely worth the tillage. This is the way rail roads enhance the value of real estate.

According to the Albany Argus, the receipts of flour and wheat at tide water for 1848, exceed those of 1847 by about 500,000 barrels!

ACCUMULATION OF GOLD.—The New York Tribune has seen private letters of a recent date, from the Pacific coast, which states that \$2,000,000 worth of the dust was at San Francisco, waiting for transportation. The greater part of it will probably be taken by the mail steamer California. The English steamer Pandora carried away \$300,000 in dust. Another letter completely contradicts the reports of the disturbances at the Mining Districts. The writer states that excellent order prevails, and there had been but two or three petty depredations since operations commenced in the region.

O, CURSED love of gold!
How worthless is the prize,
That human life doth hold
To our young cheated eyes;
For this from house and home we part.
And tear sweet nature from the heart.

In vain fond parents weep;
In vain a sister sighs;
To gather gold we sweep
To sickly climes and skies;
And when the stream begins to roll,
We gain the world and lose the soul!

An artist of antiquity worked reptiles so skilfully on a cup, that people were afraid to handle it. It was a temperance cup.

Could the poor inebriate, when he raises to his lips the bacchanalian cup, see the venomous reptiles that crawl around it, and lie hid in its deep recesses, eager to prey upon his vitals, he would dash it to the ground with horror, and never more dare even so much as to touch it.

GAETA.—The city of Gaeta, rendered famous by the *sejour* of Pius IX, is connected with Rome by one of the two routes which lead from the Capital to Naples. From Rome to Terracine the route follows the Appian way, traced by Appius Claudius; it passes through Albano, Velletri, Cisterna, and the Pontine Marshes. Crossing into the kingdom of Naples, it winds through Fondi and its delightful gardens of orange trees, and terminates at the Mola di Gaeta, near the port of Gaeta, a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, on the Mediterranean. Such has been the route of the Holy Father. Gaeta is a little more than half way between Rome and Naples. Mount Cassin, much spoken of lately, on account of its celebrated Convent of Benedictines, having served as a refuge to several members of the "Sacred College," is situated at a distance of about 16 leagues from Naples, on the route to Rome, which passes through Caprano and the old country of the Samnites. The mountain, upon which the monastery is built, is remarkable for its pyramidal form.

A GREAT CITY.—Mr. Walsh, in one of his letters from France, to the National Intelligencer, states that in China, the principal silk market is Sou Tchou, a city of the interior; the largest perhaps in the world; for Peking has but four millions, while, if we may credit Mr. Hedde, who visited it, Sou Tchou has a population of five millions within its walls, and ten millions within a radius of four leagues around. Situated on the great imperial canal, it has ten thousand bridges. Since 1718, when the missionaries quitted it, no individual, until Mr. Hedde succeeded, could get ingress. He did so, disguised completely as a Chinese trader.

ECLIPSES IN 1849.—In the year 1849 there will be four eclipses—two of the sun and two of the moon. The first of the four eclipses will be of the sun, on the 22d of February, and will be visible in the Western portions of Asia and the North-western portions of North America. The second, of the moon, on the 5th of March, and will be visible throughout the United States. The third will be a total eclipse of the sun, on the 17th of August; and the fourth an eclipse of the moon, on the second of September, both visible in the United States.

NEW FENCE.—A new kind of fence is coming into use in Northern Illinois. The fence consists of strips of sheet iron, one and a half inches wide, prepared in oil, so as to resist the action of the weather, and painted white. The strips are nailed to posts in the ground, two rods apart, with a perpendicular strip of board every other rod. The whole cost per yard is estimated at less than thirty cents; and it is superior to wire, as it does not sag, and being painted white the cattle will see it and not run against it.

The appropriations made from year to year for the Coast Survey, since it was commenced in 1807, forty years ago, amount to \$1,509,317.

A new motive power, allied to magnetism, has been discovered by Professor Faraday. At least, so says the London Athenæum.

AMONG the new songs announced in London, we find a beautiful Duet, (words by Carpenter, music by Glover,) founded on the incident in "Dombey & Son," where little Paul talks to his sister Florence of the emotions produced by the sounds of the sea.

PAUL.
What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That even amid our playing,
I hear but their low long song;
Not by the seaside only—
There it sounds wild and free,
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me!

To which Florence replies:

Brother, I hear no singing;
'Tis but the rolling wave
Ever its lone course winging
Over some ocean cave.
'Tis but the noise of water,
Darling, against the shore,
And the wind from some bleaker quarter
Mingling with its roar.

Florence and Paul:

No! it is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone,
The voice of the great Creator
Speaks in that mighty tone.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.—This name is doubtless of greater antiquity than most people imagine. In the list of immigrants from Gravesend, who embarked for Virginia, January 6, 1635, on board the "Thomas and John," Richard Lambard, master, occurs the name of "Zachary Taylor, aged 21."

The first hair seal ever taken on our Jersey coast, was captured last week on the shore off Cape Island, by Elisha Hughes. It was full grown. Seals have been frequently seen along our coast, but it is said one was never before taken within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.—[Newark Daily, Dec. 27.

Money has been made of leather, and various articles, both in ancient and modern times. The Dutch used pasteboard money, so late as 1574, and in certain Eastern countries small shells are to this day employed for monetary purposes.

Mr. Eames, assistant editor of the Washington Union, has been nominated for the post of Commissioner of the United States at the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Eames is an elegant and vigorous writer; and we are sorry he is going so far off.

Santa Anna, according to the Kingston (Jamaica) Journal of the 18th ult., was quietly living there, with no thought of returning to Mexico, or projecting a revolution.

A Glasgow inventor has obtained a patent for a machine for cutting hides or leather into thongs, in such a manner that each hide may be converted into one continuous strip.

The Atlantic and Pacific Canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which the engineer, Mr. Moro, proposes to contract for some English capitalists, it is estimated will cost sixteen millions of dollars.

At the palace of the Emperor of Austria, a horse is always kept saddled and bridled during the night for him to mount.

Companies of inhabitants in and about Montreal and Quebec, are emigrating to the United States by hundreds. They go to the West.

A watchman in Cincinnati recently had his boots stolen from his feet, while enjoying a pleasant snooze.

Dean Pakenham, of St. Patrick's, Dublin, brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, is to be Bishop of Down and Connor.

AGENTS TO GO SOUTH.

ONE or two Agents wanted to visit the Southern Atlantic States. Apply at this Office.

ATHENS, Dec. 30, 1848.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—By a resolution of Athen's Lodge No. 165, I have been directed to send you the following notice for publication:

On Thursday evening, 29th of Dec., 1848, the Rev. Barclay A. Smith was expelled from Athen's Lodge No. 165, I. O. of O. F. of Pennsylvania, for immoral conduct.

Attest. ELIJAH B. WHEELER, Secretary.

DEATHS.

At Norwalk, Ct., — inst., CHARLES R. GIBBONS, a worthy brother of the Order, and an esteemed citizen.

The Altar.

WHAT IS TIME?

BY MONTGOMERY.

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs.
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed—
"Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode!"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke—
I asked him, what is time?—"Time!" he replied,
"I've lost it!—ah, the treasure!" and he died!

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
"Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize."

I asked a spirit lost; but, O the shriek
That pierced my soul—I shudder while I speak!
It cried, "A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply—
"Time is the season fair for living well;
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked the Bible; and methinks it said—
"Time is the present hour; the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set!"

I asked old father Time himself, at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steed, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land; [o'er,
"By Heaven's great King I swear, the mystery's
Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more."

THE SINFULNESS OF SIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY MRS. S. MOWBRAY.

Thing most unseemly, most forlorn, most sad,
Depth ever deepening darkness darkening still
Unawed by wrath; by mercy unreclaimed
Oh who shall tell
They unrepentant and ruinous thoughts? POLLOCK.
"The wages of sin is death."—Rom. vi chap. 23 v.

THE most delightful announcements of scripture in reference to our divine Lord, are those, which tell us that he shall 'save his people from their sins'—that he is the lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, and that 'whosoever nameth his name, must depart from iniquity.'

Now, herein consists the peculiar character, which distinguishes the Christian faith, from all others on earth's surface. It makes no league with iniquity, nor allows any apology for it, and this circumstance of itself would be sufficient to determine it of divine origin. Every other theory which the ingenuity or depravity of men has invented, only offers palliations for this dreadful moral malady; embalming it, as it were, like the physicians of Egypt, when they used to paint their dead, in order if it were possible, to hide from the beholder the horrors and deformity of death. So philosophy, unenlightened by revelation, tries to reconcile the ugliness of moral evil with even its own low ideas of truth and beauty, by casting around it a fictitious loveliness, drawn from subtle sophisms of a false wit and degenerate reason. But this garment of filthy rags, in reality, only attempts to conceal the monster sin. Its hideous proportions, notwithstanding, are ever and anon appearing through the tissue drapery of such a vain envelop. It is the religion of Jesus alone, which is able, 'to deliver us from the body of this death.' Now it is certain that all men and all nations experience this abominable thing which God hates to be a serious inconvenience,

notwithstanding its alluring blandishments and their own conceptions, for even the blindest of them can discern the dagger of destruction lurking in the sorcerer's belt, and to flee its certain vengeance they are sometimes willing to throw themselves into the Ganges or beneath the wheels of Juggernaut's Chariot, or under the dreaded austerities of a long, dreary *Ramadan*.]

Indeed, the very nature of sin is wholly incompatible with anything like peace. For when once the heart feels itself an insurgent to the King eternal, this precious dove departs, never, never to return, but through the intercessions of the great Mediator between God and man. And surely the bosom of the sinner when thus left is fitly emblazoned by the troubled sea, which cannot rest; since its boiling billows may best portray the utter unquiet of a sin tortured spirit. It matters not, that the enchantress often throws around her desert regions a mirage of flowers and fountains and song and dreams. It is all deceitful—a frost work, or, at best, a fairyland. Nay, it is much worse than all this. For its vines are vines of Sodom, and its clusters are clusters of Gomorrah, possessing a real, an imaginary malignancy, their poison, moreover, is the poison of asps, always sure to communicate death. Alas! that every soul of man should so have eaten of those bitten fruits, as to have become insensible to their mortal effects, dead in trespasses, yet knowing it; not the moral bane does its ruinous work most subtly, paralyzing every emotion that in anything resembles virtue, until at last the man becomes a fiend—a vile leper, standing afar off, from Heaven and holiness, without hope and without God in the world. Can any condition be more deplorable than this! Alas, what a world of tribulation, of wrath and anguish, are treasured up in such a destiny. No wonder that the scripture saith that the rejoicing of the wicked is short, or, rather they have no joy, it is madness all, the mere mirth of fools, on the glare of the lightning amid the tempest's darkness. Oh! who would not shun such a fate, now that it is possible, now that God hath found a ransom, so that even these dead men may live again. Oh! how very delightful was that assurance of our Saviour! 'I am come' says he, 'that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly. Then why will not the sinner arise from the dust of spiritual death and leave the serpent's meat and come and eat of the tree of life and live forever.'

To be happy, and to be so always, is the constant desire of all created intelligence, but moral beings are only so in proportion as they are holy. Nay, the very felicity of God himself, is supreme alone, because of his infinite moral excellence. Now one would think that under the conviction of this truth, men would at once forsake sin, with its wages of death and hasten into the lists of holiness, lured as it were, by the unspeakable peace and those prospects of everlasting life which the gospel unfolds; but such, alas! is not the case, for what the poet says of the world, may here be very justly said of sin:

Strange fondness of the human heart—
Enamored of its harm!
Strange world, that costs us so much smart,
Yet still, hath power to charm!

Men still 'go on, wondering at the best—amused, as it were, by theameleon hues and strange phantoms of painted peace and wild pleasure, which follow in its train, and though they see what desolation sin hath wrought, in churches and in states—in families and in fanes, polluting every shrine that Heaven had sanctified—now desolating a heart, and now a hearth; yet they continue to press madly forward, with the multitude to do evil, and in the spirit of their self immolation, are ready to fall in hecatombs beneath the car of this horrible idol. Yet they have Moses and the Prophets, but they will not hear them though continually calling: 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, saith the Lord.'

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1849.

That which makes man so discontented with his own condition, is the false and exaggerated estimate he is apt to form of the happiness of others.

TRY IT.—The more a man works, the less time he will have to grumble about *hard times*.

Scientific and Useful.

CHLOROFORM STEAM ENGINE.

THE "Combined Vapor Engine," as it is called, on the principles of M. du Tremblay, a French Inventor, is now attracting the attention of London mechanics and savans at the yard of Messrs. Horne, engineers of Whitechapel, who have one of 10 or 12 horse power, in full work. We condense the following description from the London Sun:

"The engine was originally brought out in Paris, in 1846; subsequently the French government had one constructed, and appointed commissioners to experiment as to its value. This commission made a report in July last, in which they stated that the power of the steam engine was more than doubled by the addition of M. du Tremblay's apparatus, without any additional fuel being required. The invention, it appears, is applied 'either to a single engine with two cylinders and pistons, or, as is usual for maritime purposes, two distinct engines with a cylinder and piston each.' To the engine exhibited, a small pipe is attached from a boiler, by which one of the pistons is acted upon by steam, as in the ordinary steam engine. Upon the escape of steam from the first cylinder in which it so acts upon the piston, it is received in an air-tight case, termed a vaporizer, in which there are a number of small copper tubes filled with chloroform.

Upon the steam coming in contact with the tubes the chloroform becomes vaporized, and works the other cylinder, while the steam is condensed and returns into the boiler, as warm water, to regenerate fresh steam, or motive power. In the mean time, the chloroform, after exerting its force on the second cylinder, is, in its turn, condensed, and, by means of a force pump, returned to the vaporizer, which is thus kept regularly supplied, the chloroform being alternately vaporized and condensed. In addition to the advantage of giving greater power to engines than by the ordinary steam process, the vapor being nearly as 1-2 to 1 more powerful than steam, it is stated that a saving of nearly 50 per cent is effected in fuel. M. du Tremblay originally used ether as his vaporizing agent, but, at the suggestion of M. Arago, the eminent French astronomer, he has substituted chloroform, which, although it did not vaporize at quite so low a temperature as ether, has the advantage of being perfectly incombustible and inexplodable, thus removing an objection which was made to the invention as originally brought out, of the inflammable nature of the liquid used. One of M. du Tremblay's engines, of 35 horse power, has been constantly at work for 14 hours a day at a glass manufactory in Lyons for more than 12 months, during which time the liquid used has been ether, without any accident or disarrangement of the machinery having occurred. The invention has been patented."

FACTS IN PHYSIOLOGY.

A MAN is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the twenty-eighth part of the body, but in the horse but a four-hundredth.

Ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life.

About the age of 86 the lean man generally becomes fatter and the fat man leaner.

Richter enumerates 600 distinct species of disease in the eye.

The pulse of children is 180 in a minute; at puberty it is 80; and at 60 it is only 60.

Dr. Letson ascribes health and wealth to water; happiness to small beer; and all diseases and crimes to the use of spirits.

Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years. A healthy full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

Bats in India are called flying foxes, and measure six feet from tip to tip.

Sheep, in wild pastures, practice self-defense by an array in which the rams stand foremost in concert, with ewes and lambs in the center of a hollow square.

Three Hudson's Bay dogs draw a sledge loaded with 300 pounds 15 miles a day.

One pair of pigs will increase in six years to 119,160, taking the increase at fourteen pigs each per annum.

A pair of sheep in the same time would be but 64. A single female house fly produces in one season 20,080,320 eggs.

The flea, grasshopper and locust jump 200 times their own length. Equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.

Humorous Department.

ATTACHMENT RECIPROCAL

The following capital story is told of an Alabama sheriff and a pretty widow :

Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at term time, he stopped at the door of a widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the sheriff aforesaid. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the arrival of the visitor had occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual, the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled rosebuds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered; her eyes were like the quivers of Cupid, the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling arrows that only wanted a fine beau (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common place remarks,

"Madam," said the matter-of-fact sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow. With downcast eyes, whose glances were centered upon her beautiful feet, half concealed by the flowing drapery, gently patting the floor, she, with social candor, replied :

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence; at last he said—

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court?" replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her beautiful head, she added: "No, sir! though this is *leap year*, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should 'proceed to court.'"

"But, madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here. My language has been misunderstood. The attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Esquire C——; and commands me to bring you instantly before him, to answer a contempt of court in disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones."

THE TIMES WERE NEVER SO BAD.—For two years the badness of the times has been the cry of the world in general, and the excuse for dunning tradesmen in particular. Every body to whom one owes money has had "a little bill to make up," ever since 1846; and the "tightness" has been the pretext for one half the world to bother the other half about those "small trifles" which have been "standing since Christmas."

It is a popular notion with the tardy debtor, that the tradesman who cannot wait has no right to continue his business; and that to ask for his "small account" is to confess a deficiency of the requisite capital to carry on his dealings in a respectable, or at all events, in a creditable manner. Without going so far as this, we may confess that we hate grumbling, and are glad, therefore, to hear a change in the tone of the national voice, and an acknowledgment that things are beginning to look a great deal brighter than they have done. For ourselves we have little care, though we like cheerfulness in our neighbors, and therefore we have been indifferent as to "railway panics," "monetary panics," "pecuniary tightnesses," "financial crises," and all the other ills that commerce is heir to. We have always felt that if the worst comes to the worst, we could send Toby on to the stage and let him take that station among the dramatic dogs of the day to which his histrionic genius would entitle him.

We are convinced that in such pieces as *The Dog of Montargis*, *The Butcher's Dog of Ghent*, and *The Jolly Dog of the Abruzzi*, he would make a hit, or, to speak more appropriately, bite his name in our histrionic annals. He would far surpass in sagacity that popular but injudicious mongrel who, while performing at the Victoria, lingered too long over the sausage that formed the bell-pull. Our own dog Toby would never disgrace himself by such an unprofessional neglect of the business of the scene; and therefore, as we said before, the stage was always open to him if the worst had come to the worst. Happily, the worst is coming rapidly to better, and even railway shareholders are beginning to wear a smile. We seldom predict until after a thing has occurred; but we venture, on this occasion, to an-

ticipate for the country a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.—[Punch.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies the body of Edward Hide;
We laid him here because he died.
We had rather
It had been his father.
If it had been his sister,
Few would have missed her;
But since 'tis honest Ned,
No more shall be said.

LAW FOR DINNER PARTIES.—And be it enacted, that dinner parties generally shall consist of two sects of persons:—1st. Those who know one another; and 2nd. Those who wish to know one another; whereby awful pauses may be chiefly avoided at table; and that seven o'clock shall in future signify that hour, and not a quarter to eight; and that guests bidden at that hour shall assemble within a few minutes of the same, under the penalty of having to carve the most popular side dish; and that certain nicknacks, and illustrated works, be put about on the drawing-room tables, not in the notion that they will really amuse any body, but that they may form, as it were, harbors of refuge for the gapers, yawners, and uninitiated, who will then appear occupied, and not stand in painful and silent expectancy, or ask if there is any thing fresh in the evening papers, or scrutinise the lustres, and find that they have not the full complement of candles, or peruse the card bowl, and dig up undesirable ones from the bottom thereof.—[The Social Parliament, by Albert Smith.

STARVING A JURY INTO A VERDICT.—We grant it to be an absurd and monstrous custom—a mere senseless relic of barbarism—to keep a jury free from intemperance. Spelman tells us that the Council of Nice ordained that "judices nisi jejuni leges et judicia de carnant;" that Charlemagne ordained, let "judices jejuni causas audiant et discernant;" "and from these ancient rites of the Church and Empire," he says, "is our law derived, which prohibiteth our jurors, being judices de facto, to have meat, drink, fire, or candle light, till they be agreed of their verdict." There can surely be no reason for continuing this absurd usage at the present day; it ought, certainly, to be in the power of the Judge, as well to order the jury refreshment, after they have retired to consider their verdict, as he does all through the trial, in cases where they are not allowed to separate. Beyond a doubt, he ought to have a discretion in the matter so as to guard against the indulgence being abused as he has now a discretion as to the time which he may keep the jury before they are discharged. But this practice of keeping the jury without food is wholly distinct from that of requiring them to be unanimous in their verdict: the one may be altered and we may yet retain all the security for a careful investigation, for a just judgment, and for an administration of justice at once merciful and efficient, which is provided for us by the other.—[Dublin University Magazine.

AN INDEX TO THE MARKET.—In the neighborhood of Alfreton there resides a miller, who is so obliging to his customers, that when corn is fluctuating in its price, (and especially when on the advance,) he will take the trouble to go immediately and acquaint them how the London markets were going the day before. In the spring of last year, when the price of corn was advancing rapidly, this miller would set out from home very early on a Tuesday morning to give information to his shop customers. The inquiry at that time was, "Has Mr. — gone past this morning?" "Yes." "How did he go?" "He was in his gig, and, he drove very fast." "That's a bad sign." "He had only time to call at Mr. —'s gate, and say, 'Wheat rose yesterday from 8s. to 10s. per quarter; you must raise flour 6d. per stone.'" On another week, "Has Mr. — passed by?" "He has ridden on his horse, but he did not ride fast." "That's not a good sign." "He called on Mr. —, and I have been to inquire the price of flour. Wheat advanced only 4s. yesterday, and flour is raised 2d. per stone." On another week, "Has Mr. gone by this morning?" "No; he is coming yonder on foot." "That's a good sign." "He has stopped to talk with Mrs. —. We will go and ask her how corn is this week. Mrs. has been asking me if we want a sack of flour, for it is 2d. a stone lower. We thought it a good sign when we saw him on foot, and felt sure of it when he had time to stop and talk to a person on the road." This same obliging miller commenced his journey again a few weeks since, but owing to a change in the weather the corn began to slacken in its advances, and now he has again slackened in the alacrity of information; and this, the people say again, is a good sign.—[Sheffield Times.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1849.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION
AND GOLDEN RULE.

CIRCULATION TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND!

SINCE the combination, in July, 1848, of the two papers, the only ones in New-York devoted to the high and beautiful aims of Odd Fellowship and Literature, the united journal has been crowned with the brightest success. It enjoys a vast circulation among families as well as among brothers of the Order, and is universally accepted as the most excellent Family Journal in the country. The proprietors, though well contented with the position which their efforts have attained, are nevertheless resolved to achieve still more, and to reach an eminence beyond competition. They will accordingly spare no labor and expense during the coming year, to place *The Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule* at the

HEAD OF ALL THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

With this aim in view, the Editor and Publisher have made arrangements with many contributors of acknowledged talent and reputation to impart deep and various interest to their columns, so that they shall be quoted from and commended by the best critics of the country.

The noble and excellent Order of Odd-Fellows has become so extended and well known on account of its benevolent deeds and unflinching devotion to the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth," that it now numbers men of all trades and professions, the young, the middle aged and the old. Our paper shall be so diversified as not only to suit and gratify all these, but to please wives, sisters, mothers and children, and thus be esteemed

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER IN THE UNION.

The domain, both of Reality and Fiction, Fact and Fancy will be explored, and their choicest treasures gathered for our readers. Original Tales and Poems from the most popular authors—selections from the ablest Foreign Periodicals, just Criticisms on Books, account of Discoveries in Science and the Arts, Intelligence from all parts of the World, Essays on the Topics of the Day, PROCEEDINGS OF THE LODGES AND ALL THE NEWS RELATING TO ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA AND EUROPE, will form the staple of each and every number. We shall commence the New Volume in January

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED FORM.

Which will give our patrons a much greater QUANTITY OF READING MATTER, besides enabling us to offer each week a more pleasing variety. We therefore say to each of our present readers,

Renew your Subscriptions for 1849.

And we ask every other lover of good reading, whether belonging to the Order or not, to add a new name to our extensive list, being resolved that "The Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule," shall have a permanent, as well as standing interest and value, so that each bound volume shall be

A PRIZE FOR EVERY LIBRARY,

And also a welcome visitor to every Lady's drawing room.

Terms, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. Bills of all the solvent Banks in the Union received at par. J. R. CRAMPTON, Publisher,

No. 44 Ann-street, N. Y.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

MRS CATHERINE NEILSON, (Widow of the late P. D. G. Sire Neilson,) has taken a large house, No. 6 South street, 4 doors from Baltimore street, BALTIMORE, for the purpose of carrying on a permanent and transient Boarding House; and she takes this method of informing the members of the Order, and the traveling community, that they will find her house conveniently located, and her table and lodging apartments equal to any in the city of Baltimore. Prices moderate. 81237

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER.

No. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 337

LODGE JEWELS

ELEAZER AYERS, manufacturer of Jewelry, &c. No. 89 Nassau-st. New-York. Odd-Fellows', Masonic, and Sons of Temperance Jewels made to order. All orders from abroad punctually attended to. 3m235

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia, &c. Costumes Tents, Crooks, &c. in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New-York. aug.36:tf.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.

TO the I. O. O. F. and the public in general. The subscriber, I. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City. I. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia. 1ymov.9.

EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT.—The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a notice recently received by the Postmaster at Uniontown, in this State:

"I Robert Brown of talor county and State of virginia do forwarn any person of pennsylvania To marris A sun of mine his name is Robert Brown Dark complexion A bout five feet and a half high Black hair and a smart scar on the crown of the head if such a peurson comes to pennsylvania and his lady Twenty dollars reward to any person confine him and send me a letter to pruntitown ps off talor co-va he is 19 years oald 10 of november 1848."

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

MRS CATHERINE NEILSON, (Widow of the late P. D. G. Sire Neilson,) has taken a large house, No. 6 South street, 4 doors from Baltimore street, BALTIMORE, for the purpose of carrying on a permanent and transient Boarding House; and she takes this method of informing the members of the Order, and the traveling community, that they will find her house conveniently located, and her table and lodging apartments equal to any in the city of Baltimore. **Prices moderate.** 81237

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

LODGE JEWELS.

ELEAZER AYERS, manufacturer of Jewelry, &c. No. 89 Nassau-st. New-York. Odd-Fellows', Masonic, and Sons of Temperance Jewels made to order. All orders from abroad punctually attended to. 3m235

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia, &c. Costumes Tents, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New-York. aug.36:if.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE. TO the I. O. O. F. and the public in general. The subscriber, **J. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side,** would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City. **J. J. CRISWELL'S, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia.** 1ymov.9.

ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation.

WM. A. CORRIE.

N.B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

The Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lepine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$30 to \$52 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.

G. C. ALLEN,

Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y239

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

NO. 11 WALL-STREET.—This Company completed its third year on the 1st of May last, at which time the surplus amounted to \$542,010 58, showing an amount of business unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

Dividends of profits are declared annually upon all life policies which have settled two or more premiums; the profits draw interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and can be made available at once, to the extent of two-thirds of their amount where the party has paid his premiums in full.

Premiums are payable annually, but may be paid semi-annually or quarterly, and parties taking Life policies may, if they prefer, give their individual notes for one-half the annual premium, upon which they will be required to pay 6 per cent. interest per annum.

Prospectus, and all papers necessary to effect insurance, and all information in relation to the plan of operations, may be obtained, gratis, at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st.

DIRECTORS.—Robert L. Patterson, Seth Low, Charles S. Macknet, Joel W. Condit, Edward Anthony, Wm. A. F. Penix, Lewis C. Grover, Thomas B. Segur, Henry McFarlan, Andrew S. Snelling, Wm. M. Simpson.

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secretary.

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. Valentine Mott, M.D., Jer. Van Rensselaer, M.D., Medical

Board of Consultation. James Stewart, M.D., (Residence, No. 3 Abington Square) Medical Examiner, attends at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. 239-4

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.

JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 3m236

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved **CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP**, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over **One Thousand Dollars.**

Single copies Fifty cents each; twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to **J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.** 1y235

BERRY & WOODNUTT'S

GREAT CENTRAL OYSTER AND REFRESHMENT SALOON, under the Odd-Fellows Hall, North-Sixth-street, above Arch, Philadelphia, Pa. 235:if

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:if

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN.

VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N.B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venitian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235:if

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE

In the city to get good Pocket Books, Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Porte Monnaies, Portable Writing Desks, Gold Pens, Chinese Razors, Pocket Knives, specimens of Vegetable Ivory and every article of Perfumery, is at **JOHN SIMPSON'S No. 98 Fulton-st., a few doors from William.** 239:if

BARNES & DENNEY.

MANUFACTURERS of Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.

N.B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts.

W. DENNEY. (231:if) J. BARNES

REGALIA AND JEWELS

MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS, 350 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.

Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 226:if.

PREMIUM VANILLA TOOTH WASH.

AT the late Fair of the American Institute, the Premium was awarded to the Proprietor for his Vanilla Tooth Wash, as being the best preparation for cleansing and preserving the Teeth, and purifying the breath. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, **THOS. MANSON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 20 Eighth Avenue.**

Also, for sale by the principal Druggists throughout the city. Liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 3m237

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in the United States of America, are now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country. Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to **Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S. 101 Forsyth-st.** New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 245 Broome-st. 228:if.

F. W. GORINTH,

HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 2d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m.

DECEMBER REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (11 Wall street) has issued, during the month of December, 1848, one hundred and eighty-nine new Policies, viz:

To Merchants and Traders	64	To Mechanics	28
" Clerks	22	" Manufacturers	24
" Physicians	5	" Seamen	5
" Clergymen	6	" Publishers and Editors	5
" Lawyers	8	" Sec'y of Insurance Co's	3
" Ladies	6	" Naval Officers	3
" Brokers	4	" Other occupations	18

New Policies issued in December

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secretary. JOE L. LORD, Agent. **JAMES STEWART, M.D., Medical Examiner,** (Residence, Abington Square,) is at the office daily, from 2 to 3 o'clock. 1m236

GRAND MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICE, NO. 127 CHAMBER-STREET NEW-YORK.

FOR the Treatment of all Diseases in Men, Women and Children; whether Acute or Chronic; whether Local or General—whether Aerofulous, Syphilitic, or Epidemic—or all Maladies belonging to the line of Medicine and Surgery.

I. Cases of all kinds will be examined every day in the week from 7 o'clock A. M. till 7 P. M. Sundays excepted.

II. No CHARGE made for EXAMINATIONS, or for our OPINION in any case.

III. Patients will find our examinations unlike those of any others which they have ever known or heard, and if we do not tell them more about their case, without their telling us any history of their disease, than they have ever known or learned before by their own observation, or that of any of their Doctors, we advise them not to submit to our treatment.

IV. All that Class of Diseases in which delicate and sensitive persons are exposed, by most Doctors, to Surgical and bloody operations, and to means and treatment which burn and torture, and confine the patient to the sick bed, are treated at this office without pain, exposure or confinement.

V. Patients will be convinced beyond all doubt, by our Examinations and Treatment, that their diseases in most, and the worst cases, originated in their childhood, or were inherited from their parents, or arose from a great variety of causes, which neither they nor their doctors ever imagined—and though they may seem to have a dozen different diseases, that in nearly every case they all spring from one root or cause, and will be driven out together by very simple means.

VI. Those Diseases of certain parts of the human system, which are almost universally treated in the first state with Balsam of Copaiba, Capsules, Cubes, by Injections of Nitrate of Silver, Borax, Alum, Sugar of Lead Water—Yellow or Black washes; with Blue or Mercurial and other Ointments; with Bougies, Catheters or Syringes—or in the second state, with Calomel, Blue Pill, Red Precipitate for Corrosive Sublimate; with Hydriodate of Potash, Sarsaparilla, Syrup, and other like slops—we say before heaven and earth, that by such treatment and such means, as are generally used, we know and can demonstrate, that these diseases have never been and can never be healed. They deceive the patient—they drive the disease into the system, and to other and more important parts—they produce Strictures, Callouses, Piles, Abscesses, Ulcers, Fistulas, Catarrhs, Dropsies, Rheumatic pains, Diseases of the Bones, of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Throat and whole system; and either render the whole life of the patient miserable, or hurry him to a premature grave.

Without using any of these Quackish, Ruinous and Swindling remedies, we promise to every curable case we treat, a permanent and radical CURE FOR LIFE by very simple medicine, which is without taste or smell—neither purges or vomits—nor hinders from business—nor exposes the patient in any way whatever, and which is only to be taken every other night. We can furnish patients with References to Terrible Cases which have been carried out of the Broadway Hospitals as incurable, to die, whom we have raised from the gates of the grave, after all other means have been used in vain.

VII. Knowing, as we do, that most Medicines in the hands of Apothecaries and Druggists are adulterated, and for various other reasons are not to be relied on; we have, therefore established a **CHEMICAL LABORATORY**, where we manufacture all our Medicines—for this reason we can warrant that our medicines shall do all that we promise in every case.

VIII. In every case in which we promise a cure, if we fail to effect this, the money paid for medicine will be returned.

To all who wish we will furnish names and residence of patients in the city and country, whom we have treated for all forms of disease, who will give them all the facts in their case—the nature, extent, and duration of their sickness, and the success of our treatment.

We therefore invite all sufferers however afflicted, or however hopeless their case may appear, to give us a trial—put our knowledge to the test in an Examination of their case—it will cost them nothing—and they will find beyond doubt that ninety-nine cases out of a hundred which are called Consumption, Spinal disease, Cancer in the Womb, or elsewhere, &c., &c., are totally mistaken—there being nothing of the kind. This we have demonstrated in hundreds of cases.

NEVER DESPAIR till you have given our Remedies and Treatment an honest trial.

All **DR. BEACH'S BOOKS AND MEDICINES** for sale at this office. **JAMES McALLISTER & Co. Proprietors, No. 127 Chambers-st. New-York.** 3m235

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m235

REGALIA IN READING, PA.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.

H. A. LANTZ, 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P. 232:if.

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 232:if

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

A SPLENDID assortment of Gold and Silver Duplex, Patent Lever, Anchor Escapement, Lepine and Vertical Watches, selected from the best manufactured in Europe, which will be warranted perfect time-keepers.

Also, some new patterns of Gold Chains, Seals, Keys, do do do Gold Pencil Cases and Pens. do do do Thimbles, Rings, Pins, &c. do do do Bracelets with Stones. do do do Silver Forks and Spoons.

All the above articles will be sold at the lowest prices and warranted to be equal to the best made in the city. **MOTT BROTHERS, Importers of Fine Watches, 2 Nassau-street, opposite the Custom House.**

P. S. Clocks and Watches cleaned and repaired in the very best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction. 232:if



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY J. R. CRAMPTON, AT NO. 44 ANN-STREET, TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 5.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 239.

Original Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S LAST KISS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY A. WIGT.

THE setting sun, with mild and chaste'n'd splendor,
Through a veiled window a soft radiance shed,
Tinting with hues, most exquisitely tender,
The couch where was lying my dear mother's head.
The leaflets quivering in the evening breeze,
Made to my ear a low and saddened tune,
Birds faintly warbled from the glowing trees,
And all seem'd hush'd by the same mystic gloom,
Shadowing my heart with dark foreboding's wings,
That sweepeth sadly life's æolian strings.

'Twas in my childhood's home, the hand of death
Hung poised to give the final, fatal blow;
Murm'ring from trembling lips, scarce 'bove a
breath,
And noiseless footsteps gliding to and fro;
Tears from dim eyes abundantly were flowing,
Shaping strange fancies to my childish heart—
Much wond'ring what dark evil round us growing,
Causing tears from my stern father's eyes to start;
One whom I had ne'er known to weep before—
Some danger undefin'd my childish fancy bore.

Amid bewildering thoughts I stood confused,
Half-doubting to receive my good-night kiss;
(To which I ever fondly had been used.)
When she entwined me in her arms of bliss!
And oh! that frantic kiss yet sadly lingers,
And steals along my fevered forehead now,
The thrilling touch of her pale icy fingers,
As parted she the locks upon my brow,
While on her cheek a tear did coldly glow—
A drop congealed upon a couch of snow.

With tearful eyes, perplexed with fear and dread,
To my accustomed couch I softly crept,
And trembling drew its drapery o'er my head,
And, as all children will, then soundly slept
Until the radiance of the morning sun
Was brightly flooding half my little room;
When dark returning thoughts came, one by one,
Revealing in sadness the night's fearful gloom.
I listened, and silence reigned upon all around,
Save the clock's dull ticking, monotonous sound.

Then quickly I flew where my heart was in keeping,
And stealthily glanc'd through the half-open door;
My mother in death so sweetly was sleeping,
One scarcely would deem'd life's struggle was o'er:
Yet I knew it was so, by the strange mystic splendor
That encircled her face with a seraph's pure glow,
And the glances that met me, so sadden'd and tender,
From friends who were weeping in anguish and
wo.
I stood with heart throbbings, tho' wond'ring the
while
Why death should be feared, so sweet was his smile.

And still that blest smile to me ever is speaking,
In my hours of bereavement it hath ne'er ceas'd
to shine,
Like a rainbow of promise its fond vigils keeping,
With a glory that glows with a radiance divine:
Tho' wayward my pathway, for deeply I've sinn'd,
And many the snares that were spread for my feet,
But the star of my life hath been only bedimm'd,
To glow with fresh lustre, more holy and sweet.
God grant me the prayer, that the light which is
given
May never grow less, but lead me to Heaven.
SEERIDAN, Jan. 1849.

French Novelette.

A LION IN LOVE.*

BY FREDERIC SOULIE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE arrival at the rail road was less pleasant than Sternny had anticipated. When the friends, (especially the female portion of them,) of the Laloiné family saw the handsome Leonce enter the passenger's hall, in company with the shopkeepers, they whispered to each other:
'How is this?—Are they going to bring that fine gentleman along?—The Laloinés must be crazy!—He is not invited, we don't know him.'

Sternny saw at a glance the discontent he gave rise to, and Lise perceived it too. She was sad in consequence, for it reminded her of the distance that separated her from Leonce. At that moment, she could have asked his pardon for having brought upon him this ungracious reception. But Sternny was not a man to allow himself to be either irritated or abashed by such an event. He saluted the gentleman with whom he had had the sugar argument, as if he were delighted to see him again; and without any ill-humor, without any affectation, he told him that he was going to St. Germain, to see a country-seat. The moment it became known that he did not belong to the pleasure party, no attention was paid to him; but that was not Sternny's object, he wanted to be of the pleasure party and, he had made up his mind that the sugar merchant should invite him, somehow or other.

With this view, he managed, by artfully circumventing the object of his attack, to broach with the utmost care a question of the highest order in political economy. The hour of departure arrived; Sternny left the depot, still keeping up the discussion with Mr. Guraufiot, (that was the sugarman's name,) and got it, along with him into one of the cars, without the latter having the least idea that the marquis was actuated by

another motive than the wish to profit by his sapient observations.

Meanwhile, the flow of Mr. Guraufiot's eloquence was inexhaustible; and as the journey is a short one, Sternny, who wanted to change the subject of conversation, began to grow impatient; and all at once pulling out his watch, he exclaimed:

'There! I shall miss my appointment!'

'Hey?' cried the other, who was thus unceremoniously cut short.

'I beg your pardon,' said Sternny; 'but I had made an appointment with an architect to go and examine the building with me, and I don't suppose he has waited for me.'

Sternny took advantage like an expert story teller, of the personages he had created for the benefit of Mr. Laloiné.

Then it must be a very considerable purchase that you are about to make?

'I can't say,' said Sternny; 'the information we derive from the public prints is very vague in such cases. A country-seat for sale, generally means something that is worth from ten to a hundred thousand francs; so that I am proceeding somewhat at a venture.'

'Excuse me,' said Mr. Guraufiot, 'but I am well acquainted with St. Germain; whereabouts lies the house you wish to see?'

'Judge for yourself,' said Sternny, showing him the paper.

'Why it is an elegant place; I know it well; it fronts upon the forest; it is very extensive, and I am told the interior of it is very splendid.'

'Ah, so much the better.'

'Then you don't know anything about it?'

'I never was in it. What I wish particularly to know is, whether the house is substantially built; and I confess my utter inability to judge of such matters.'

'That is not so difficult a matter as you might imagine.'

'Perhaps not, for a man like you, sir, who seem to have a practical knowledge of every subject; but for me!'

'I believe, that if I had anything to do with the matter, I would not allow myself to be imposed upon,' observed Mr. Guraufiot, with a self-complacent air.

'You are a lucky man; but when one is so unfortunate as to be utterly ignorant of such subjects, and to be deprived of the advice of professional men, the risk is enormous; although upon the whole, I have no very implicit confidence in the good faith of architects in general.'

'I believe you, sir.'

'And I should greatly prefer the advice of a disinterested connoisseur, like yourself, for instance.'

'Oh, sir!'

* Continued from page 66.

"Then were you deceived. He lives, alone, lives near you, yet is unknown to you, and thus he has been for years."

"Oh, heavens! this is most strange. But tell me, tell me more. If this be true, there still is more to learn."

"Yes, girl, there is more. Your mother, who was she? She was not mine by sisterhood. Let me say all at once—I am your father. You are the offspring of unhallowed love." The old man thus with an effort revealed everything and fell back exhausted by his exertions to keep composed. Alora, astounded by the words and of her newly discovered father, knew not what to do. She finally summoned the servants to attend and minister to him, and after seeing him revive once more, she retired to her secret chamber overwhelmed with surprise and grief.

Thus terminated the announcement, and this was the eve before her marriage.

CHAPTER II.

SOME months have passed since the marriage of Alora to the young Count —.

He was summoned to the wars by the breaking forth of hostilities between the Turks, who were then the redoubtable enemies of the Christian nations, and his own countrymen. The Knights of Malta, who were continually engaged in attempts to destroy the commerce, and weaken the might of the first named people, acted with the Venetians in this struggle. The decisive naval action at Lepanto was fought, and, with the news of this victory, there came to the city of the sea a bulletin of the citizens wounded and killed in the engagement. Among the former was the husband of Alora. He had been cut through the arm, as he informed her by letter at the same time, while boarding one of the Turkish vessels; he gave her every reason to believe that he could soon recover the use of the disabled limb, and moreover added the intelligence that he would shortly return, with a number of his comrades, to his native city.

His expressions of attachment were powerful and eloquent. Alora was fully convinced of the sincerity of them. However, his kind and encouraging words could not banish the sickness she felt at heart. Every day since her father had revealed the unpleasant story of her birth, she had been growing more despondent. Love himself, in the person of the youthful Count, had not effectually succeeded in banishing melancholy from her mind.

She trembled lest some time her secret should escape from her lips, in hours of sleep, and thus reach the ears of her husband.

She dreaded this; for she had good reason, as it seemed to her, to expect that, in case of his learning of the blot upon her birth, he would reject her love and companionship for ever.

This thought was the torture of her life. She suspected there were others, besides her father and herself, acquainted with the relationship existing between them, and if so, might they not, from some motive or other, make a revelation of it to the Count? These were good grounds for uneasiness to one as sensitive as she, and some days after receiving the letter of her husband, she withdrew herself from the eyes of her servants and taking the necessary articles, penned the following lines to her husband:

"When you read this, I shall be at rest. It will show you what influences me in my sad determination to leave you."

"We have been a year wedded. Until a day before our marriage, I had expected for each of us a long life and a happy one. How ill fortune deals with us. On the eve of our nuptials, a story was told me, the knowledge of which has been as a canker at my heart. I am weak—I am sensitive—perhaps too much so, and yet a woman should be both, to make her dependent on her lord, and affectionate towards him. If nothing had come to distract me, how happily could we have lived together! But I, whom you took to your bosom confidingly, have kept a secret from you which deeply affects us both,—on which would depend all the joys or griefs of my after life, should I confess it to you and consent to live. You know not when you wooed me so long—when you besought me so tenderly to become yours at the altar, that I was the off-

spring of an unlawful love. You would as willingly have taken a viper to your bosom as me, had you known this. I believed so and therefore lived in continual dread lest my story would some time be known by you, and I be cast forth, with a malison.

"This accounts for my unhappy life since our union. Now you know why my tears so often flowed; why I was so often detected weeping in silence and solitude. Often have I arisen from the couch where you slept in sweet quietude, untroubled by a care, untroubled by a thought, and sought some secret recess where I might deplore my wretched fate. Would, I have cried, would I had never been born? Happiness and wretchedness are so sadly mingled in my cup. I have resolved sometimes to destroy myself, and, in the frenzy of the moment, rushed to the terrace at our window, whence I might precipitate myself into the waves below, when your voice (you seemed always to be aroused at these critical moments,) summoned me back from destruction. I have sometimes meditated forsaking your roof, when the darkness of midnight shrouded the city; and all this from a very love of you.

"You cannot doubt my affection for you. A few more hours of breath, and the offspring of our mutual love would be before my eyes; and yet what vile blood—what tainted blood would tingle in the blue veins of the innocent! It is the fruit of an accursed tree: the sins of its race would be visited upon it. Should this be so? Would I had never looked upon the page which tells me of so deadly a retribution. Better that I should be alone accursed, than to transmit a curse unto my children! Better that it should perish in its innocence than come into a world where nought awaits it, save misery! Enough.

"Before to-morrow's sun has warmed the happy earth, this body of mine will perchance be floating out upon the deep sea, a thousand leagues from land. I shall perish—he shall perish who is my sire—the unborn child shall perish with us.

One of us will surely ascend unto the saints. The others will need the influence of thy prayers, and of all good christians' prayers, to raise them from perdition. If you can forgive me, do so. Let the name of her, who was thy wife—and of him who was her father be mingled in thy supplications. This alone I ask, and leave with you—all which I can leave—the blessing of my heart. Farewell."

This letter she left in her chamber, sealed, and addressed to her husband. * * * *

A beautiful night illuminated the Italian skies. Moon, stars, and sea were like silver in brightness; the trees declined their green boughs as though in slumber, and all was silent save the voices of the nightingales, and the occasional dash of the waters on the pebbly shore.

This evening, as was her wont, Alora was walking in the company of her father, the Padre, along the margin of the sea. They were remote from the palace, and still continued to proceed, increasing their distance from it. Opposite them was a small island which went by the name of the Isola d'Oro. They could see the ruins of a castle and gardens on it, as they looked towards it from the main shore. When they came in sight of it, the old man related its history, and that of its owner. It was a tragic story of love, and hate, jealousy and murder; of events such as too often have occurred in that land,

"Where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now swell into sorrow, now madden to crime."

"Think you not that was a fearful tale, Alora?" asked the old man, when he had concluded.

"Ay! and yet, perhaps, not so unusual. I have heard many which were as dark as that. I had a dream last night which was more fearful. Would you hear it?"

"I care not, child, for I have often heard of the wildest dreams, and have had some myself," answered the Padre.

"Then follow me. This is the very spot which I saw in my dream, and this even the very hour it seemed to be when I was here in my sleep. Let me assist you to ascend these cliffs; for yonder rock that leans over the sea is the place where we should sit and talk of this."

Saying these words she took her sire by the

hand, and so they ascended the small ridge of rock, which extended into the water. They reached in company the position she had designated from below, and the old man sunk down upon the flat surface of the stone to rest, while she began relating her dream.

"I dreamed we two sat here together. It was late as now. The sea was quiet: the earth about us was at rest. All, save I, was at peace; and I had led you hither, I know not why. You told me strange stories of bloodshed, which made my hair stand on end and my flesh creep, despite my exertions to be calm. That of the Isola d'Oro was one of them."

"This is strange, girl; but we often have wondrous dreams," said the old man.

"Ay, but this was not all. It seemed to me that while you were telling this tale, you described particulars so minutely, that I turned to you in amazement. 'What' cried I, 'how could you know so much?' You trembled; you fell at my feet, and avowed yourself the chief actor in the drama, and that the person murdered was my mother."

The priest during all this time had been sitting quietly near her, gazing steadfastly at the ground. Raising his head suddenly he inquired with apparent calmness:

"And what think you of the dream? Do you put faith in it?"

"I should be loth to say so. Yet since there is so much truth in part of it, can all the rest be false? Your history is strange; your actions and words, your love of those fearful stories is also strange. Tell me or not is my dream true? There is more to be said, which shall not be until you answer. Fear me not, and answer; the hour is nigh."

The priest rose from his seat; he paced hurriedly backward and forward upon the rock. Anon he stopped before her and gazed wildly into her face, and then strided furiously as before. Suddenly he halted, fronting her.

"What!" cried he, "must I be accused of murder by my own child? Will my offspring turn against me in my old age, and drag me to punishment? No, child, I need not fear you. Though you are the fruit of rash love, still you are my child, and I am your father. I am the guilty wretch that you suspect me. Now you have all the secrets of my life. I am at your mercy."

"Not at my mercy, father. The good God alone can decide your destiny. He alone will be your judge. But further of my dream.—Come hither with me to the edge of this rock. Look down; here is the deep water. Look above us; there are the bright stars beyond them; we can see nothing. The world to be is as impenetrable by our present vision. We are alone; none see us; none hear us. Would to God that I had never lived to see this hour. Had not some strange destiny prevented the deed I should ere this have been among the dead. Fate has decreed this hour to be my last; in my dream it seemed to be the last. I dreamed that after you had confessed all things to me, I led you to this precipice: I embraced you for the last time, called upon God to be merciful, and—"

Her last words were lost, for as she spoke, she suddenly grasped the old man in her arms, and leaped from the cliff into the waters beneath.

There was a sudden splash of the waters as the victim, struggling in the embrace of his child, sunk with her into the deep. The bubbles rose above them, and the waters foamed and dashed at the foot of the precipice. Now they grew quiet: the bubbles and foam subsided into the waves which rolled in regularly to the shore, and the priest and his daughter were seen no more.

The moon and the stars looked down from the sky making luminous the night. Silence reigned over the drowsy land, and the hours hastened towards morning. A dream had been told; the crimes of a life acknowledged, and two more spirits were added to the unnumbered hosts whose home, men tell us, is beyond the stars.

Georgetown, D. C.

You can do anything, if you will only have patience: water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait till it freezes.

Origin of Shakspeare's Plays.

SHAKSPEARE SHORN OF HIS PLUMES.

[FROM HART'S HISTORY OF YACHTING.]

The following is a curious article, but our reverence for the Old Bard will not allow us to believe all of it.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—The writer of this play is indebted for many of its incidents to two works, the *Arcadia* of Sidney, and the *Diana* of Montemayor: the latter work translated into English during the latter part of the 16th century. By some commentator this drama is held not to be Shakspeare's. The commentator adds, "we should by no means contend that he wrote the whole, or even the greater part of his drama. During the earlier years of his professional career he rather improved the inventions of others than invented himself. It was easier for him to remodel old pieces than to write new ones. Hence the reproach of Greene that he was beautified by the feathers of others."

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.—Whoever wrote this play was indebted to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, which was translated into English some years before Shakspeare left Stratford. Yet whether Shakspeare (if he is the author) was immediately indebted to it, or to a Comedy founded upon it, entitled the "History of Error," and performed before Queen Elizabeth in 1576, is doubtful. It is supposed he did no more than slightly retouch the old comedy; and some commentators reject the play as being Shakspeare's altogether. "He retouched it," says one, "probably at the request of the manager!" This commentator has hit the fact exactly, not only in regard to this play but to all the others attributed to him, except perhaps one, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which is probably Shakspeare's from its obscene "internal evidence." In a note at the bottom of the page where some of the above facts are stated, the following words appear:

"Six old plays, on which Shakspeare founded his *Measure for Measure*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Taming the Shrew*, *King John*, *King Henry IV.*, *King Henry V.*, *King Lear*."

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.—We read of an old play of *Holofernes*, acted before the Princess Elizabeth as early as 1556; and on this the comedy before us was based. In fact there was no one drama prior to 1600, perhaps not one after that year, that was not derived from some other play! "During the earlier years of his dramatic career he did little more than alter a piece that had become obsolete."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—This play was derived partly from the *Pecorone* of Giovanni Fiorentino; partly from the *Gesta Romanorum*, an old English ballad, and Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. In Gosson's *School of Abuse*, published as early as 1579, there is a distinct allusion to a play containing the characteristic incidents in this *MERCHANT OF VENICE*.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The fable of this play is not now considered Shakspeare's. Mr. Tyrwhitt supposes one part of it to be taken from the *Pluto and Proserpina* of Chaucer: but Greene's *James the Fourth* is doubtless the foundation of the play; and both Chaucer and Greene are supposed to have had some common current legend of the day from which they derived their materials.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—This play is founded entirely on an old comedy of the same name, inserted in the old published book of the "Six Old Plays," which existed before the day of Shakspeare.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—The story of this play was first related by a novelist of Vicenza, as early as 1535. It also formed the subject of a novel of Bandello, printed in 1554. Bristeau, a French novelist, soon gave it a French form; and Brooke, in 1552, translated it into English verse. Painter, also, in the *Palace of Pleasure*, took his story of *Romeo and Julietta* from the French, and not from the Italian novel. The writer of "Shakspeare's" *Romeo and Juliet* followed Brooke, but availed him of some things

from Painter. With all this knowledge before one commentator, who is determined to hear nothing against the "genius" of "the bard," he says—"The genius of Shakspeare cannot suffer from the fact that he borrowed the foundation of all his plots. What others left unfinished, he perfected: he turned the dross of others into fine gold." I am forced to the opinion that he, or the one who wrote the articles in question, took the gold itself, "mor suo," without resort to the process of transmutation by the crucible of his "genius."

AS YOU LIKE IT.—This play has no greater originality than the preceding. It is taken from a novel of Thomas Lodge, entitled *Rosalinde*. The "crow in borrowed feathers," spoken of by Greene, refers to this piracy as well as to others. "Shakspeare," said Malone, "has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom." "Whole sentences, besides the plot, are taken from it."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—The original is from Ariosto; but Shakspeare knew nothing of Italian, and it is therefore to be presumed that this play is written by some other hand. A novel of Belleforest, translated from Bandello, contains the same story of the play, and in default of a reference to these, the *Genevra* of Tuberville could well furnish the material. The story is an old one; and dramatising a novel, using the materials freely, was as common a thing then as now. But who at this day thinks of claiming credit or laying claim to "genius" for such paltry "literary fishery?"

HAMLET.—With the exception of the grave-digger's scene, inserted to catch the groundings, which may possibly be the production of the "genius of Shakspeare," this play owes its paternity elsewhere. The foundation of Hamlet is notoriously to be found in Saxo Grammaticus, which Shakspeare could not read, notwithstanding Mr. Pope supposes he must have been a great scholar. If he wrote Hamlet, Pope was probably near the truth; and it is upon the supposition that he wrote all the plays attributed to him, that Pope says he must have been conversant with the classics, familiar with Plautus, Dares Phrygius, and Plutarch, and he might have added Plato. What confiding men biographers and historians are, when they have a favorite theme to carry out! In addition to a printed story called *The Historie of Hamlet* then extant, there was a play called Hamlet, (acted as early as 1589;) and another play of Hamlet was also acted at a rival theatre in London, in the year 1594, at which old Henslowe was treasurer. His entry is thus:—"Received at Hamlet VIII s." A poor night's receipts that! Shakspeare probably got this play afterwards, and inserted the grave-digger's scene to render it popular with the playgoers. That was his vocation. At any rate the soliloquy of "To be, or not to be," is a literal translation from Plato, and judging from that, and the deep philosophy of the whole piece, (always excepting the Shaksperian blot upon it,) it must have been the creation of an educated man, which Shakspeare was not. It is probably a partnership concern. The only man of that day, of poetical power sufficient to write the higher parts of this tragedy, was Ben Jonson, the greatest Dramatic Poet England ever produced. Langhorne, in his preface to Plutarch, referring to the time of Shakspeare, says—"The celebrated soliloquy, 'To be, or not to be,' is taken almost verbatim from that philosopher, (Plato;) yet we have never found that Plato was translated in those times."

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—If any play of the whole catalogue is Shakspeare's, this comes nearest the mark. The impress of his vulgar and impure mind is upon every page. Tradition asserts that it was at the express command of Queen Elizabeth, who "wished to see Falstaff in love." It is probably, like all the other traditions relating to the "genius" of Shakspeare, without foundation, except in the brain of his admiring commentators. But he has no originality even in this revolting piece of trash. The author was indebted to a translation of *Pecorino*, and to Tarleton's *News out of Purgatory*, for his plot and incidents; and his Sir John Falstaff is the Sir John Oldcastle of Drayton, Wilson, Munday and Hathaway.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Whoever wrote this play took the plot and materials from the Italian, and from Chaucer, and from Lydgate's *Roke of Yroye*. The authorship is settled by an entry in Henslowe's Diary on the 7th of April, 1599, in these words:—"Lent unto Thomas Downton, to lend unto Mr. Dickens and hary cheateil, in earneste of their boocke called *Troyeles and Creasedays*, the some of iij li."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—Founded on and taken from Whetstone's play of *Promos and Cassandra*, one of the "Six Old Plays," already referred to.

OTHELLO.—Was derived entirely from the Italian of one of Cinthio's novels; but as Shakspeare knew nothing of Italian, even the translation could not be his, independent of the structure of the play. A French translation appeared in 1584; but of the French Shakspeare was as ignorant as of the Italian.

KING LEAR.—The story of Lear is drawn from Geoffrey of Monmouth; but the play is one of the "Six Old Play" to which something was contributed by way of amendment, perhaps, from the *Arcadia*, and the *Mirror of Magistrates*. Henslowe had the play at his theatre, as is evident from an entry in his book: "8th of April, 1594, received at *King leare* XXVI s." It is therefore not Shakspeare's—for he had no interest in the rival play house, and Henslowe must have owned the play as his "property."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—May be found in Boccaccio. In Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* the story is called *Giletta of Narbon*. This play may have been among the "properties" of the theatre to which Shakspeare was attached, upon the suppression of that dramatic nuisance, by the Lord Mayor and citizens. The only wonder is that Betterton and Rowe, in getting up their "Shakspeare speculation," did not give us a second series of a like number of plays while they were about it, and called them new discoveries. Who does not remember the "Shakspeare forgeries," of Ireland, which deceived the very elect!

MACBETH.—The incidents of the story, founded on Scottish history, are all in Hector Boece; "but of Hector," observes one critic, "Shakspeare knew as much as he did of Hesiod." Could he read Hesiod, think you? The writer of the play probably consulted Hollinshed for a guide. Buchanan thought the subject a fit one for the stage, and some of the "wits" of the day took his hint and produced it. Part of this play is borrowed from Middleton's production entitled *The Witch*. So says Steevens, or rather he says the "bard of Avon" was not the originator.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Derived remotely from the Italian of Bandello and more immediately from Belleforest: and partly from *The Historie of Apolonius and Silla*, a tale in the collection of Barnaby Riche.

JULIUS CESAR.—From Plutarch, inaccessible to Shakspeare's "genius." He could not read it in the original, nor in the French translation of it by Amiot. The Earl of Stirling had already written a tragedy of that title. The Julius Cesar attributed to Shakspeare is undoubtedly the following, as noticed by old Henslowe, the theatrical treasurer: "22d of May, 1602. Lent unto the Company to geve unto Antoney Monday and Mikell Draytion, Webster, Mydleton, and the Rest, in earneste of a Boocke called *sesers Falle*, the some of V li." It is possible that Shakspeare's managers purchased this play, and set it upon their stage.

HAPPY OLD FARMER.—Said a venerable old farmer of eighty years, to a relation on a visit to him: "I have lived on this farm for more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence, I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have scarcely ever been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost more than one communion season. I have never been confined to a bed of sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I have made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be any happier, I must have more religion than I have at present."

Ladies' Department.

THE WEDDED PAIR.

THAT festal night—that festal night—when first I
saw you trace
With fairy feet the merry dance, so full of radiant
grace—
In beauty's pride you shone so bright, so far above
the rest,
Methought a lovelier being ne'er had mortal vision
blest;
I gazed until my heart grew sick, I cannot tell you
why,
Perhaps it was to think that one so pure should
ever die;
But now you're mine, but now you're mine, and
still as fair as bright
As when you ravish'd first my eyes upon that happy
night.
I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er forget, that day you
deign'd to hear
The ardent tale of love and hope I whisper'd in
your ear,
With downcast eyes and glowing cheek my vows of
truth you heard,
Then sigh'd in maiden bashfulness the dear en-
chanting word—
'Twas then I felt the power of love—a love as deep
and rare
As if you'd bared my very heart, and stamp'd your
image there.
And here you sit, and here you sit, a wife and mo-
ther now,
As fondly loved as when you first did listen to my
vow.
I cannot tell, I cannot tell, what other days may
bring,
But, oh! the past has been to me one bright, un-
clouded spring;
I know the happiest lot on earth some painful
changes find,
And that the cares which chequer life will fret the
purest mind;
I know, however beautiful and graceful thou art
now,
That age will blanch that rosy cheek, and mar that
polish'd brow;
But, then, thy heart—thy faithful heart, is ever
young and fair,
For Time, that stamps his seal on all, will leave no
impression there.
Whate'er betide, whate'er betide, oh! be as now
thou art,—
A crown of pride and joy to me, the solace of my
heart;
Then, whether fortune smile or frown upon our
humble cot,
I'll look on thee and deem me blest beyond the
common lot;
And, oh! when earth and all its joys are fading
from my view,
And none beside my dying couch to close my eyes
but you;
Then will the hope—the blessed hope, remain to
cheer my heart,
That we shall meet in perfect love, and never, never
part.

ANGELA.

"AN O'ER-TRUE TALE."

CHAPTER I.

"Upon entering Paris with the allied troops," observed my friend, "previous to the abdication and flight of Napoleon, I experienced that strange unpleasant feeling natural to one who is unacquainted with a single individual in the motley throng of nations, all bent upon beholding a mighty and fallen capital, but now the seat of an imperial power, which shook the world. 'Odd enough,' through I, 'if I cannot meet one old friend in this great war-Babel, resident here among my countrymen!' I called to mind that some time before the grand Russian Campaign, a young professional acquaintance had talked of completing his medical studies in the French hospitals. We had attended lectures together at Gottingen and Berlin; he was an excellent chemist as well as a deep student, and promised to distinguish himself in whatever branches he might choose to follow up. I, too, was fond of chemistry and botany, and had spent a considerable period since we separated in Switzerland

and in Italy, chiefly to visit the universities and to indulge my early tastes. Being an only son, I had the power to do so, and leaving old 'fatherland' to take care of itself, had become by dint of travel as habituated to the customs of other countries as to those of my own. To sum up all, I had had the misfortune to lose both my parents ere I left it.

"What a spectacle opened to my eyes, surpassing all I had seen in the capital of a great military people, occupied by the troops of all those nations which they had single-handed so recently subdued. All was so astounding, that the first days were spent in a sort of whirl of strange sights too great almost for the imagination to embrace, much less cooler reasons to analyze. I hurried to catch a view of those glorious treasures of art—the spoils at once of an antique and modern world—before they should be dispersed at the word of military command, to enrich the thousand collections not so much of those from which they had been stolen as some imperial plunderers. After satiating my curiosity with the thousand and one wonders—no fictions but stern and dread realities—the course of future crimes and convulsions, I tried to calm down by recurring to my old pursuits and pleasures. I explored the university, the hospitals, and the anatomical theatre, for here, if anywhere, I was sure to hear of my old fellow-student. On my introduction to the professor, his name was the first upon my lips. If here at all, I felt convinced that he must be well known; even among the most brilliant his name was not a light to be placed under the eclipse of a bushel.

"'Oh,' was the reply, 'he is one of our first lecturers in Paris. As a student, he carried off all the prizes, and he is now running away, as a teacher, with all our students. His discoveries are of the most valuable kind, especially in anatomy, yet with all his knowledge and reputation, he is the most unassuming, quiet, and retired member we have.'

"After expressing my warm satisfaction, I obtained the address of my old fellow-student, marvelling whether the manner of my reception would be in the least modified by the distinguished name he had already won.

"Not one of my military companions were more to me than casual acquaintance generally are; I turned from them with a boy's longing, now the war was over, to my school and college days, to my earliest friend and fellow-student, from whose example I had acquired tastes to enable me to bear prosperity without extravagance and without enmity, and I hastened to congratulate and shake him by the hand. Few moments surpass this healthy young feeling of our boyhood's unalloyed delight.

"In one of the more calm and retired localities if such can be predicated of such a city—I found my friend's residence, and was shown by a servant into an upper floor. A door was opened; I had entered, and was announced at once; he was seated at a writing-desk—with his back towards me, and in a tone of indifference he inquired without looking up, 'What was my business?'

"'Harry!' I cried, in our old school days; manner, a word at which he sprang from his chair, exclaiming 'Fred!' in the same well known voice, 'is it you indeed?'

"And we hugged each other like two long separated lovers. But for this, I should never have recognised him again. He was strangely altered,—not a trace of the playful boy, the eager high-spirited youth, the zealous animated student the bold aspirant to honors was to be seen. Not only was he pale and thoughtful—that was natural enough; he looked attenuated, feeble, and haggard. Time, with its sharpest tooth, seemed to have entered deep into those too clearly defined, pointedly marked, and almost aged features. The eyes sunk deep in their sockets, yet fearfully lustrous, ever and anon obscured with a dark unearthly expression; his fine erect form sadly bent and angular, and all the young fresh ardor of a bold keen spirit, once eloquent in every look and gesture, subdued to the quality of a cold, measured, and even painful effort of living power. Not that he was dull, inanimate, or nervous; he seemed like one unequally laboring under a heavy burden; and

after the first emotions of surprise and pleasure at our meeting were over, that sharp, fixed, earnest expression so painful to behold, resumed its unresisted sway.

"So absorbing was this feeling while we conversed, that I had failed to observe the appearance of the room in which we sat. It was wholly that of a professional man, yet far more simply furnished than you generally see. From what I had heard, I expected to see him surrounded by the elegancies, if not by the luxuries of life; instead of which, there was an evident scantiness, and negligence, and want of neatness and order that grated on good taste. But what was still more at variance with it, I perceived at the furthest end of the room from the point where a side screen projected, a marked difference in this respect—all was studiously nice, prettily arranged, and ornamented; and at the extreme end, that appeared to open by folding doors, was a silk curtain, richly wrought and valanced, which hung from the cornice to the floor.

"My friend, who had yet said little, observing my inquiring and perplexed looks, at length rose, and began to turn the conversation to the subject of his scientific pursuits. He pointed out to me one or two works which he had written, and we then stood almost close to the beautifully veiled recess on which my eyes were still somewhat curiously bent. He observed me with a look of anguish I shall never forget—I, feeling as if I had given offense, looked another way—then again to the spot, and suddenly started as I beheld standing before me—the curtain having been suddenly drawn aside—the form of a very beautiful and exquisitely shaped woman, gazing at me with rosy cheek and smiles, yet with an expression of delicacy, and a sweetness in the look of the eyes, mouth, and every feature, that seemed to say: 'Are you my Harry's friend, won't you come nearer and speak to me?' But I could not; something riveted me where I stood—I only bowed and gazed—then, finding she did not speak, said, 'Perhaps she is displeased at the sudden sight of a stranger:—will you introduce me, or shall we retire?'

"It was then my name was pronounced in a low trembling voice that went to my heart; I felt my hand grasped almost convulsively, as with the greatest affection he pressed the full delicate arm of the lovely lady, who there, in the attitude of the Medician Venus, held it gracefully stretched forth. Then, touching her hand with his lips, he murmured, 'My own Angela!' yet in a tone which penetrated to the inmost bosom.

"'Is something wrong—what does she want?' I timidly inquired.

"'The soul—the soul!' he exclaimed, passionately, at the same time striking his breast; 'yet here she lives and loves as she looks, in fadeless beauty. Yes! and I have snatched the fair casket that held my treasure from the common lot—love has cheated death of half his prize; she is mine—mine for ever.' And he tenderly embraced what to my utter astonishment I found to be but an exquisitely finished picture of the life.*

"So exquisite and truthfully devised, she seemed to live and breathe—almost as if secretly and lovingly to return his sad embrace. No one incident of a long, chequered, and adventurous life ever so completely shocked and bewildered me; the sudden impression of it is indescribable. It was a relief to feel my eyes filled with tears as I gazed silently upon my newly-found friend, who now, in his waking dream or ecstasy—for I can call it nothing else—seemed sometime as if unconscious of my presence.

"Involuntarily I at length exclaimed, 'My poor Harry! what is it all?—Alas! I fear—'

"My voice seemed to break the spell; he unclasped his arms, rose from his knees, and turning to me perfectly composed, with a mourn-

* That this scientific mode of attempting to perpetuate the recollection of some beloved object was not unknown in other times as well as in our own, many curious instances have been recorded. Among the latter, it may be sufficient to allude to the wish expressed in the will of the late celebrated writer—Jeremy Bentham, and the compliance with it on the part of his executor—Dr. Pye Smith, at whose residence, we believe, the exterior likeness of the great political sage is still to be seen in the deeply contemplative attitude and the expression which recall him most vividly to mind.

ful smile he said, 'I am not, perhaps, so poor as you imagine. She is mine—my own—and is she not there—always with me. To me she yet lives—to me she lives;—my art triumphed—preserved her for me; but for that, this precious form had been a heap of dust and ashes. Now she is here with me; and no fear her beautiful ideal youth and beauty suffer decay. If I could not withhold the spirit from its natural home, this figure still recalls the precious treasure it contained. She was my tutelary angel on earth, and the lovely semblance ever reminds me of her divine original from whom she sprang, endowing me with faith, and courage, and resignation, to merit a re-union, revealed to me with a power I no more question than I do my own existence. Still I could not endure the idea of her mortal beauty becoming the spoil of our common lot. And so she is mine in life and in death, and she will continue fair and lovely as in life, when I shall have mingled with the dust.'

"He soon recovered his usual serenity of manner, and begged me to come nearer, for I still preserved the same attitude of wonder and surprise. Her fine dark auburn tresses fell in natural ringlets—that perfect illusion that had deceived me—over her snow-white neck and brow. The blooming cheeks, and the full red-ripe lips so well mimicked life, it seemed almost impossible that they should not yield to the touch. Every feature appeared to breathe so mild and charming an air, the whole countenance so full of grace and harmony, that you could not believe the soul was wanting to give them language, expression, and breath. There was something far more attractive than mere beauty—a chastened charm of heavenly-mindedness,—a devotional tendency and compassion, mingled with dignity, which I felt to be peculiarly impressive. The dress in its perfect simplicity and grace, corresponded exactly with the feeling produced, as if none but herself could have arrayed her with so much taste; and I could not help remarking it to my friend.

"'I could not dress her otherwise,' was his reply. 'Such was the bewitching power of her whole appearance, I could not forget a single particle of it. What she loved,—what she wished,—was so deeply impressed on me, that the plastic hand had merely to obey her spirit's impulse. It is never lost—for I have dressed her anew more than once, and I am never less satisfied with myself.'

CHAPTER II.

"'WHERE did you meet with her, and how?' I now inquired, for he seemed to invite conversation on this one strange absorbing idea.

"'Come, sit down, and I will tell you,' he began, after pressing his lips to that cold hand with an air of respectful tenderness, and he seated himself beside me, his eyes still resting upon the figure. 'You are aware that when I first set out to complete my studies here I hardly knew a single person. Reputation was my idol; to worship that aright I sometimes preserved the most persevering self denial and retirement. Visiting the hospitals, and the sick, taking medical notes, and making observations occupied me almost entirely. The last terrific war had filled the sick-wards to overflowing; new forms of fever and epidemics sprung up, and defied our greatest efforts to eradicate them. Sisters of Charity, however numerous, were unequal to the task required; many died, and the nurses were too few, and equally decimated. It was then that in the very face of death, as you will ever find it, one of woman's noblest attributes, her devotion to the wants and suffering of man, stepped forth to save and secure. The high-born, and wealthy, and the happy, many of them voluntarily left their homes of peace, and wealth, and elegance, to succor disease and famine in the grim abodes of human wretchedness; and foremost among the good and generous,—in one of the most suffering localities, I met with her who bore the name,—who fulfilled the mission and won the crown, I trust, of an angel. Her time, her fortune, her active aid, and her religious consolations, were alike lavishly bestowed; and notwithstanding the warnings of others and of myself, she confronted death in his most hor-

rible forms, and yet walked free and scatheless on her way, as if she bore a charm even for evil and contagion, and the powers of darkness flew before her. In the hospital where I attended, one of the worst, she was looked upon as its heaven-sent power to save, and such she was, for in a very short time, while numbers continued to die in others, in ours very few were left sick within the walls. 'It is not for me to fear,' she would often say, 'all is the will of God, when one of his suffering creatures remainst to be succored.' In our respective duties, indeed, however voluntarily assumed, we two seemed to imitate each other in our efforts, in fearlessly exposing ourselves to all risks; my admiration rose into reverence, into the loftiest, noblest, species of love man can feel; and I have reason to believe that such a love, sprung from such a source, would not have gone, and will not yet go unrewarded.

"'Though not a word of it was spoken, our souls had met and understood each other's feelings. It was impossible not to love her: no words between us could have produced half the passionate devotion of that silent and terrible bond which united thought with thought and soul with soul—which no power, even of death, could break, as we met and sealed the sacred compact for ever, over the couches of the dead and of the dying.

"'Strange that when all fears and danger seem to have disappeared, and a glorious hope, an ineffable future, seemed just opening, lending fresh enchantment from the distance, I was seized with the fearful fever we had both till then so successfully combatted and routed. Its dark fire at once invaded the seat of reason and I was in a wild delirium. Had it only left me one glimpse—one suspicion of the truth—that she for whom I would have periled a hundred lives, was at my side, ever watchful, and praying for the least symptoms of hope, that glimpse would have sufficed to show my impending calamity—to have driven her far, far away from the fated wretch. Day and night, night and day, as I lived and died not to be told, was she there imbibing the pestiferous poison of my scorched brain and blood; if strong and fearless before, she was now doubly so, and no arguments of others could convince her that she was sacrificing herself uselessly for me; that it was her duty, even for my sake, should I possibly recover, to live.

"'Shall I abandon to the care of strangers,' she replied, 'him to whose generous example I owe so much, who has rescued so many suffering fellow-creatures from a premature tomb? Yes; and who may live to rescue so many more? What is the value of a life like mine, compared to his?'

"'I continued during many weeks in the same hopeless state. At length returning reason dawned, and I beheld the angel of my life—but so pale, so unearthly beautiful—tears of joy for my restoration glistening in those soft blue eyes.

"'What a beaming smile lighted up her features as our looks met, and I exclaimed:

"'You here, Angela... Ah, why, why...'

"'Be calm,' she gently said, 'you must not speak... I promised the physician, and now the crisis is over you must not refuse from my hand these cordial drops.'

"'She drew a small vial from her bosom, poured the contents into a cup. I could only thank her with my eyes; I had fainted, perhaps sunk, but for that reviving draught at that very moment; the last I was doomed to receive at her hands.

"'Her answer to that one look of grateful love shall I ever forget?'

"'Could I have breathed into it, dear Harry, the last remaining breath of life to do you good, it should have been yours.'

"'Like the cordial through my veins, those words inspired fresh life into my soul. Not once, but many times, had she already thus snatched me from death, rested my fainting head upon that gentle bosom, bathed my burning temples, and moistened my parched and blackened lips.

"'Tell me, Angela,' I murmured, 'how long I have been thus—what is it? Ah, speak. God in Heaven!' I cried, 'I see... I know it all. Oh fly, fly!'

"'Never! be calm, dear one; there is, there can be no danger... to those I mean who have faith as we have had. I have not quitted you night or day; it would be as cruel, as it were vain and idle now.'

"'That I felt to be true, and I groaned in the anguish of my spirit, for I feared the worst.

"'Fear not for me,' she said. 'I feel quite well now. Only be composed, and then all will be well.'

"'The delusion was too delicious not to win belief; the physician came and sanctioned it—for precautions were vain now, and I still feel intense gratitude to Heaven for those ineffably happy hours we experienced during my recovery, and which drew our hearts, if possible, yet closer.

"'Yes, Angela had recalled me from the chambers of the grave to new life, and what a life of promised honor, and usefulness; and fortune, too, from both sides, had showered her favors lavishly upon us. Each morning I awoke from the delicious golden slumbers, such as are enjoyed only by the daily fast-improving fever patient freed from 'the perilous stuff' that choked life's springs, we discussed together some fresh project for the improvement of our institutions, the rescue of the poor, the reform of the people, so little relished or thought of, yet the most wanted of all reforms, and how those blissful hours that seemed like moments, flew uncounted by.

"'I had often read and smiled at the description by our old medical authorities of the power of love, its strange transforming genius and its soft intoxicating effects. But I was no longer a skeptic, and the most grateful thoughts; 'thoughts that did often lie too deep for tears'—convinced me of the truth and reality of such a power. For the day of our union was already fixed.

"'It was then, in the very bloom and fragrance of our young joys, after so marked a contrast of perils and anxieties, and I felt myself stronger and better than I had ever been, that I noticed a change scarcely perceptible to others in the being whom I so intensely appreciated and loved. Though not sudden, it was to me alarming; and what rendered my feelings the more agonizing was, that I had just congratulated myself that all my fears of contagion were at an end—as this new insidious foe made his appearance. The heightened color, the short cough, the fever animated eye, and those exhausted spirits were not to be mistaken. She sought to conceal her rising fears and increasing sufferings from me, and that her illness was in the remotest degree connected with her attendance upon me. So completely had my hopes and her own sweet assurances possessed me, that by the time I really took the alarm there was little hope of preserving so rich a treasure to humanity, or securing the happiness and blessing of my grateful life. Every thing that art, climate, and treatment could effect; of exhausted prayer, as well as skill and care; were tried, but all in vain. Her beautiful spirit vanished noiselessly as a phantom from my eyes; from her fellow suffering spirit yet on earth; and this is the sole silent companion, the lost, the loved form of her who devoted her life to mine.'

"'With a feeling of reverence seldom experienced, I knelt before the altar where so pure and noble a love had been sacrificed, yet superior to its earthly doom, had sprung like the Phoenix from its ashes, and found its consolation in perpetuating the visible image—as an ever-present memory of the soul of love, and truth, and beauty, which had once animated it.

"'You do well, my dear friend,' I exclaimed, as I rose from that silent prayer, to mourn not as those who have no comfort; you were loved as few were ever loved, and doubt not that she still loves you; that so perfect a being, capable of such a sacrifice, must ever preserve that love inextinguishable—be ever watchful and near you, hold communion with you, to strengthen, to elevate, and finally to restore. And what a triumph of your noble science; what tribute to excellence; what more costly monument to the most worthy and heavenly-minded, as she was, can compete with this? It is, indeed, a work of love, as worthy of you as, I doubt not, like herself.'

"'Yes,' he replied, after a long heart-touching

pause; 'yes, that is the God-given faith which she confirmed and left me—a dower far richer than the fortune she bequeathed me—though intended to be, I know without that charge, for the benefit of the sick and the poor. Her wishes, like her last words—engraven on my heart—shall be strictly fulfilled. For that duty only I live; to finish the noble and heavenly career she had chalked out for herself and for me on earth. Forgive me then, my Angela, the life-enduring woe I cannot but feel, even in discharging such a Christian office for thee, till I shall deserve to be re-united to thee; and say that it has been faithfully performed. Thou, blessed one, wilt smile upon my sad labors, as thou didst look down upon me on my sick bed, with such ineffable tenderness when thy matchless love first restored me to reason and to life!

"And what, dear friend, were those last words you mentioned as so ineffably impressed?"

"She conjured me to live for her sake, and for the sake of those innumerable poor and helpless whom she had left—without a friend. She bade me to be all she could have wished me to be with her, and then to follow her."

A SWAIN'S REMEDY.

Addressed to every eligible 'Marrying Maiden' in general, but to Miss Emilie Hope in particular.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

"A MAIDEN'S Dilemma" came under my eye, As about to bid care and Manhattan 'good bye,' For, palmer-like, I had determined to strut All the way to the Bay of Francisco, on foot.

And there I sat, chewing a wasted cigar, At my window, intent on the course of a star, A stray one it seemed, in the firmament thrown, As I in this city of Gotham, alone.

And I watched it, astrologer-like, for a guide, When slowly another appeared at its side, And I cried out in extacy, excellent omen! That star is myself, and this new one A WOMAN!

Then a waiter came in with the "Union Gazette"—I opened the "Ladies' Department," and met "A Maiden's Dilemma"—"I want to elope"—Etcetera, etcetera, and—"Emilie Hope."

Smart, handsome, young, wealthy, &c., will please me—

I'm smart! and handsome!—but wait till she sees me!

"They won't understand me"—not my fault, my Venus,

If there isn't soon a fair 'under-stand'-ing between us!

But the name!—that's a poser,—but then, if it suits, In our way to Francisco, we'll stop at the Butes.* But my own name's far nobler,—See "Valancy's Glossary"

To the right of—"The last Celtic Barons of Ossary."

* This would be considerable of a round, but then a sojourn among the "Shoshonees" would tend to renew the waning pleasures of the "honeymoon."

Mrs. MADISON.—The maiden name of this eminent lady was Payne. Her parents were natives of Virginia, though she was born in North Carolina, while they were visiting some friends there. Her parents soon after their marriage, having joined the society of Quakers, she was educated in the tenets of that sect—but the simplicity of their habits or the absence of elegant accomplishments, did not render less inviting the many attractions which it was her happy fortune to possess. At an early age she was married to Mr. Tod, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, but she was soon left a youthful widow with an infant son. Her many personal charms and her engaging manners caused her to be surrounded by numerous admirers; among them was Mr. Madison, then a conspicuous member of Congress. His suit was favorably received, and in the year 1794, she became his wife. Entirely devoted to each other, they passed a long life of domestic felicity. The marriage left her

nothing to wish for, and her generous heart and benevolent disposition sought only to distribute as extensively as possible the blessings she enjoyed. When Mr. Jefferson became President of the United States, Mr. Madison, as Secretary of State, removed with his family to Washington, where, during the absence of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, she presided at the Presidents's house, and her talents, manners, and disposition, were spells to awaken the unfeigned admiration of all who were fortunate enough to become acquainted with her. In all the elevated stations she has been called upon to fill, she has been distinguished by the same affability of manner, and gentleness, and generosity of disposition. She is still alive, esteemed and honored by the whole nation, as on account of the distinguished man who was her husband.

SHE WOULDN'T BE A QUEEN.—In 1798, Sergeant Bernadotte, being then at Grenoble, fell in love with a pretty girl, and made her an offer of marriage; but a watchmaker was also a candidate for her hand, and she thought him the better bargain than the soldier. She is still alive—a decrepid, crooked, wrinkled old woman—a servant in a common inn, and in a state of utter poverty.

"Ah, sir," said she, in lately concluding her story, "I should have done much better in marrying M. Bernadotte. I should have been a queen now—yes, a queen, instead of waiting upon everybody here. I should have had a crown and subjects, and fine clothes. I should have been a queen. Ah, I made a great mistake—a sad mistake. I ought to have foreseen this, for I assure you, sir, M. Bernadotte was not a common man. I had a kind of presentiment that something would happen; but what would you have? When we are young we do not reflect; we are not ambitious; we refuse kingdoms and make fools of ourselves."

Saying that she shed tears. When asked if she had heard anything from M. Bernadotte, she answered:

"Never, sir; I have written to him several times since he became king, but he has never returned any answer. My husband says it is because I did not pay the postage on my letters. It is very likely; and then, perhaps he may feel annoyed at my having refused him. If we were both free again, and I had money, I would go to Sweden. Perhaps he would marry me, at any rate give me his linen to wash. That would be something after all."

From a diadem to a tub. Could love himself have imagined anything more romantic?

ADVICE FOR YOUNG MEN.—CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—Some young persons entertain ridiculous notions as to the choice of a profession. Carried away by the glitter of uniforms and the splendid pageantry of a soldier's life, nothing will please them short of entering the army; or, perhaps, carried away by the narration of maritime adventures, they resolve on following the hazardous profession of the sailor. But a very little experience of the realities of life generally banishes these idle dreams. Others pitch upon the clerical profession as most suitable to their ideas of living an easy and dignified existence, and enjoying the reverence of those around them, without reckoning on whether their parents or guardians are able in the first place to procure them the necessary course of education, or if they would subsequently have the good fortune to find a benefice. Many more equally delude themselves with regard to what are called professions. As a matter of course, they must be something better, though only in appearance, than their father; and so they frequently turn their attention to occupations which to them look remarkably genteel, but which all the world besides know to be superficial and unprofitable. The young in the middle and lower ranks of society should by all means be governed in these matters by their seniors, for they are certainly the best judges with respect to what particular department of industry they should attach themselves.

The telegraph between Boston and Newburyport is about to be given up for want of support.

Sketches of Character.

THE INFAMOUS JUDGE JEFFREYS.

THE person selected was Sir George Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. The depravity of this man has passed into a proverb. Both the great English parties have attacked his memory with emulous virulence; for the whigs considered him as their most barbarous enemy, and Tories found it convenient to throw on him the blame of all the crimes which had sullied their triumphs. A diligent and candid inquiry will show that some frightful stories which have been told concerning him are false or exaggerated; yet the dispassionate historian will be able to make very little deduction from the vast mass of infamy with which the memory of the wicked judge has been loaded.

He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, and constitutionally prone to insolence and to angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey Bar—a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves called out his powers so effectually that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of malediction and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly have been rivaled in the fish-market or the bear-garden. His countenance and voice must always have been unamiable; but these natural advantages—for such he seems to have thought them—he had improved to such a degree that there were few who in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed; yet his eye and brow were said to be less terrible than the lines of his mouth.

His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment-day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became a common sergeant, and then recorder of London. As judge of the city sessions he exhibited the same propensities which afterwards in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be remarked of him, the most odious vice incident to human nature—a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way he pronounced sentence on felons. The weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits by dilating with luxurious amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventurer to be whipped at the cart's tail, "Hangman," he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady; scourge her soundly, man. Scourge her till the blood runs down. It is Christmas; a cold time for madam to strip in. See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on Ludwick Muggleton, the drunken tailor, who fancied himself a prophet. "Independent rogue," roared Jeffreys, "thou shalt have an easy, easy punishment!" One part of this easy punishment was the pillory in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.

By this time the nature of Jeffreys had been hardened to that temper which tyrants require in their worst implements. He had hitherto looked for professional advancement to the Corporation of London. He had, therefore, professed himself a Roundhead and always appeared to be in a higher state of exhilaration when he expiated to popish priests that they were to be cut down, and were to see their own bodies burned, than when he passed ordinary sentences of death.

But as soon as he had got all that they could give, he made haste to sell his forehead of brass and his tongue of venom to the court.

Chipmunk, who was accustomed to act as broker in infamous contracts of more than one kind, lent him aid. He had conducted many amorous and political intrigues; but he assuredly never rendered a more scandalous service to his masters than when he introduced Jeffreys in Whitehall. The renegade soon found a patron in the obdurate and revengeful James, but was always regarded with scorn and disgust by Charles, whose faults, great as they were, had no affinity with insolence and cruelty. "That man," said the king, "has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers." Work was to be done, however, which could be trusted to no man who revered law or was sensible of shame; and thus Jeffreys, at an age at which a barrister thinks himself fortunate if he is employed to lead an important cause, was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind; but he had one of those happily constituted intellects which, across the labyrinths of sophistry, through masses of immaterial facts, goes straight to the true point. Of his intellect, however, he seldom had the full use. Even in civil causes his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually disordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter a den of a wild beast which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him. Even when he was sober his violence was sufficiently frightful; but in general, his reason was overclouded, and his evil passions stimulated by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry.

People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish, and addicted to low company and low merriment, but social and good-humored. He was constantly surrounded on such occasions by buffoons, selected for the most part from among the vilest pettifoggers who practiced before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribald talk, sang catches with them, and when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstasy of fondness. But, though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later, was very different. He often came to the judgment seat having kept the Court waiting long, and yet having but slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes glaring like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way, for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them, inflamed his malignity, and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities, was the pleasure which he took in publicly browbeating and mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favor.

The services which the government had expected from him were performed not merely without flinching, but eagerly and triumphantly. His first exploit was the judicial murder of Algernon Sidney. What followed was in perfect harmony with this beginning. Respectable torments lamented the disgrace which the barbarity or indecency of so great a functionary brought upon the administration of justice; but the excesses which filled such men with horror, were titles to the esteem of James. Jeffreys, therefore, after the death of Charles, obtained a seat in the Cabinet and a peerage. This last honor was a signal mark of royal approbation; for, since the judicial system of the realm had been remodelled in the thirteenth century, no Chief Justice had been a Lord of Parliament.—[Macaulay.

The Altar.

LOVE.

From the Swedish of Bishop Tegner.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LOVE is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only,
Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of Heaven.
Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you; for 'twas that you may be happy
Gave he his only son. When he bowed down his head in the death hour
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing
Earth and Heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising
Whispered with pallid lips, and low in the ears of each other
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection;
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect it was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren;
One is the sun in Heaven, and one, only one, is Love also,
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same star that guides thee? Why should'st thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns round his temples?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know Him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God: but Love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.

RELIGION THE TRUE END OF LIFE.—So certainly is religion the great end of life, that it may be truly affirmed of all who die without it, that however long they have lived, or whatever in other respects, they have attended to, they have lived in vain. However they may have spent their time, it is, as to its higher purpose, all lost. Whatever they have been engaged in they have done nothing; but have been ingeniously negligent. They may have gained much; much knowledge, wealth, reputation, comfort, pleasure; but they have been losing all the while, infinitely more than they have gained, for they have lost their soul. They have been busily employed in building up their earthly fortunes, but they have been no less busy in

pulling down their immortal interests. They have gained a name and a place in the temple of fame, but they have lost infinitely more reputation with God than they have gained with men. They may have lived for the temporal good of all nations and all posterity, but they have neglected to live for their own eternal good; and therefore, in every view of the case, they have lived below the ends of their Creator in their existence; and if they had right views of their mistake at last, they would go down to the grave, though laden with years, and riches, and honors, uttering the melancholy confession, "*Life with me has been a lost adventure.*"

'WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.'

BY ELIZA COOK.

GRIEF is bitter o'er the dust,
When we hear the churchyard knell;
But echoes of an upward trust
Float around the tolling bell.
Selfish, even in our love,
Sorrow may become too deep;
And faith and patience often prove
The stroke is kind that bids us weep.
Think, while mourning, broken-hearted,
O'er the friends that cheer'd and bless'd,
We shall follow the departed,
"Where the weary are at rest."
It is well that we should sigh
When the dark death-shadows fall;
But there's an eternal sky
Behind the tear-cloud of the pall.
Though the hour of parting brings
Anguish that we groan to bear,
Hope, sweet bird of promise, sings
In the yew-tree of despair.
Let us hearken while her story
Whispers to the aching breast,
"Those ye mourn are crown'd with glory,
Where the weary are at rest."

GOLDSMITH'S PATIENT.—A poor woman understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her immediately, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip-box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require; be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner who found it contained a remedy, superior to anything Galen or his tribe could administer.

TRUE RICHES.—The hasteners to get wealthy by rushing after the golden phantom on the shores of the Pacific, would do well to ponder the following sober language of Mr. Henry Coleman in the last number of his excellent work on European Agriculture: "The true wealth of a community, is its labor, its productive labor. A man is not the richer for houses, which he cannot occupy; lands, which he cannot use; money which he cannot spend. He might own a continent in the moon, but what would that avail him? He might die of starvation in the vaults of the Bank of England, or in the undisturbed possession of the riches of the mines of Peru. Labor is the great source and instrument of subsistence and wealth."

EXCELLENCIES OF KNOWLEDGE.—There are in knowledge these two excellencies; first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, "Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;" to the latter, "In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind." The second excellence of knowledge is, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the Deity, where before he only coveted gold upon its altar.—[Bulwer.

Choice Miscellany.

CALIFORNIAN'S FAREWELL.

THE following song was sung by L. S. Collins, one of the Camargo Company destined for California, on board the brig Thomas Walters for Tampico, as she left the wharf at Philadelphia on the 31st Jan.

SHALL home and kindred be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Shall memory cling to no dear spot,
Nor loved ones left behind?
Though all our treasures held most dear
For gold we now resign;
Come, comrades, give a hearty cheer
For days of Auld Lang Syne.

The richest veins of gold we trace
In Sacramento's mine,
Shall never from our hearts efface
The treasures left behind;
And though o'er Ocean's stormy breast
Right joyfully we sail,
We'll not forget /his ark of rest
When distant climes we hail.

Remember us, as o'er the sea
In search of wealth we go,
And pray for us, when round our bark
The fearful storm-winds blow;
Then, when the dangers all are o'er,
To which Love terror lends,
We'll, kneeling, kiss the golden shore,
And drink your health, dear friends.

AN HONEST FELLOW.—'Did you ever try falling in love?' asked Beauchamp, with a quiet smile, as he glanced his eye over the fine form and handsome features of his companion; it is an excellent pastime, I am told. 'No,' answered Ned Hayward, quickly and straightforwardly: 'I never did, and never shall. I am too poor, Mr. Beauchamp, to marry in my own class of society, and maintain my wife in the state which that class implies. I am too honest to make love without intending to marry; too wise, I trust, to fall in love where nothing could be the result, but unhappiness to myself, if not to another also. He spoke those few sentences very seriously; but then, resuming at once his gay, rattling manner, he went on: 'Oh, I have drilled myself capitally, I assure you. At twenty, I was like a raw recruit, bungling at every step; I found myself saying all manner of sweet things to every pretty face I met; I felt my heart beating whenever, under the pretty face, I thought I discovered something that would last longer. But I saw so much of love in a cottage and its results, that, after calculating well what a woman brought up in good society would have to sacrifice who married a man with 600*l.* a year, I voted it unfair to ask her, and made up my mind to my conduct. As soon as ever I find that I wish to dance with any dear girl twice in a night, and fall into reveries when I think of her, and feel a sort of warm blood at my fingers' ends when my hand touches, I am off like a trigger; for if a man is bound to act with honor to other men, who can make him if he does not willingly, he is ten times more strongly bound to do so toward women, who can neither defend nor avenge themselves.'

With a sudden impulse, Beauchamp held out his hand to him, and shook it heartily; and that grasp seemed to say, 'I know you now to the heart. We are friends.'

Ned Hayward was a little surprised at this enthusiastic burst of Mr. Beauchamp; for he had set him down for what is generally called a very gentlemanlike person,—which means, in the common parlance of the world, a man who has either used up everything like warm feeling, or has never possessed it, and who, not being troubled with any emotions, suffers polite manners and conventional habits to rule him in and out. With his usual rapid way of jumping at conclusions—which he often found to be very convenient, though, to say the truth, he sometimes jumped over the right ones—he said to himself at once, 'Well, this is really a good fellow, I do believe, and a man of some heart and soul.'—[Beauchamp, or the Error.

SINGULAR FATALITY.—While perusing a work lately published, by Madame Charlotte de Sor. says the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, under the title of "*Le Duc de Bassano, souvenirs intimes du temps de l'Empire*," we were forcibly struck by the following lines,—which besides their historical curiosity offer at the present time a sort of prophetic appropos: "This same month of December, which has played such a great part in the life of Napoleon, has just inaugurated the fortune of his nephew. What presage is to be read in this strange coincidence! The month of December occupies an immense place in the heroic phases of the Empire; and bright or dark it has been closely connected with the life of Napoleon. On the 19th of December, 1793, he captures Toulon; first glimpse of his bright star! December 26th, 1799, he is nominated first Consul. December 24th, 1800, he miraculously escapes death. On the 2d of December, 1804, General Bonaparte, chosen and elected by the people, is crowned Emperor!"

"On the 2d of December 1805, by one of those remarkable favors of fortune, on the battle field of Austerlitz, the crowned soldier magnificently pays his debt to the nation, in tearing to pieces its most implacable enemies! The pledge of the victory was the glorious treaty of Presbourg. Four years after, on the 16th of December, the Empress Josephine, a poor political victim, descended the throne, to make room at the side of Napoleon, for a daughter of the Casars. And four years later, by one of the frightful and unaccountable freaks of fortune, in the month of December, the earth gave way under the feet of the hero who had caused the earth to resound with the fame of his giant exploits. To unheard of triumphs, had succeeded unheard off reverses! The month of December 1813, saw in its short period unroll themselves more wonderful events than are generally to be witnessed in a whole century.

"And, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, long after all things on earth had been hushed for him, an impenetrable decree of Providence, as if to throw a last bright ray upon the memory of the Conqueror of Europe, caused the Prisoner of St. Helena, wrapped in his cold shroud, to reenter France, his well beloved France, and to take his last resting place by the side of his old companions in arms, of his ever faithful friends! The thought must wander dreaming on these strange coincidences! Who can ever explain these mysterious decrees of fate? Their secret influences will overrule a whole existence."

ANCIENT BUILDING IN VIRGINIA.—The most remarkable of all the buildings in the Northern Neck is that of Stratford, Country of Westmoreland, on the south bank of the Potomac, for a long time the property of the Lees. It was built by Mr. Thomas Lee, father of Richard Henry Lee. He is known by the name of President Lee, or Governor Lee—having been President of the King's Council and Governor of Virginia, while a colony. While governor, his house was burnt down, and either the British government, or the merchants of London, built this house for him, at great expense. There is, we presume, no structure like it in our country. Probably some ancient seat was the pattern. The bricks were brought from England, and are of the best quality. The walls of the first story are two feet and a half thick; of the second story, two feet. The present number of rooms in the main building is ninety. Originally there were more. The late General Henry Lee, of the Revolution, took down some of the partitions. The present hall is large enough for four rooms. Besides the main building, there are four offices, one at each corner, containing fifteen rooms. There is also, a stable, which with the space allowed in our city stables, would hold one hundred horses. When it is considered that all these buildings are of brick brought from England, and the whole work of the best kind, it is not to be wondered at that tradition makes it out to have cost sixteen thousand pounds sterling.

Michelet says, in writing of educating children, "They can imbibe but a little every day. Like a vase with a narrow neck, pour little or pour much, you will never get a great deal in at a time."

ANECDOTE OF TWO DOGS.—I will mention an anecdote recently communicated to me by a well-known officer of high rank in the British army. He had two dogs of the terrier breed, the one rough-coated, and of rather large size, of great intelligence and great attachment, named Pincher. The other was a very small smooth coated, snarling little animal, but an excellent house guard, named Jacko. These animals lived together on very friendly terms, domiciled generally in the housekeeper's room, where they were great favorites. One Sunday evening, the servants were summoned to prayers, leaving the room with their supper on the table, the cook only remaining in the kitchen adjoining the supper-room. In a short time Pincher went into the kitchen, and pulled the cook's gown, who, supposing he was begging for food, chid the animal and drove him away. In a few minutes he returned, and again pulled at the cook's garments, when he was again reprov'd. A third time he came, and pulled at her gown with more vehemence; when, wondering at the cause, she followed him to the supper-room, where the first thing she saw was little Jacko helping himself to the supper. In this instance it is impossible not to suppose that Pincher knew right from wrong, and that he thought it his duty to report the wrong done, although by his play-fellow and friend, to the person in authority. Here, in fact, a degree of intelligence was shown which is nearly allied to reason.—[Jesse.

NAPOLEON'S HEART.—When Bonaparte died, it is well known that his heart was extracted, with the design of being preserved. The British physician, who had charge of the wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He often confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt very nervously anxious as to the custodian of such a deposit, and though he reclined he did not sleep. While lying thus, awake, he heard, during the silence of the night, first, a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin, and then the sound of an object falling, with a rebound, on the floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. A. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion upon his repose was explained—it was an enormous Normandy rat dragging the heart of Napoleon to its hole. A few moments more, and that which had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found in a more degraded position than the dust of Cæsar stopping in a beer-barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat! "To such vile uses must we come at last!"

FRENCH POLITENESS.—A young gentleman lodging in a narrow street of Paris lately conceived himself enamored of a lady who appeared occasionally at an opposite window. With the freedom of modern Lovelaces, he enclosed a copper coin in a billet-doux, to give it the necessary weight and threw it with sufficient force against the closed sash as to break the pane of glass and go through. His own window was left open, and in a few minutes after, a cold roast chicken entered from the opposite side, to the leg of which was tied the following note:

MONSIEUR—You take advantage of a means of corresponding with my wife which prove you to have read the Spanish romances to some profit. While I allow your ingenuity, however, allow me to express a wish that, in your future love-letters to her by the same post, you will let the enclosed weight be of silver instead of copper, that I may be able to repair the broken pane of glass at your expense. Your ser't, L.

CHANGES IN MAN'S LIFE.—About five years ago we saw a man light his cigar with a twenty dollar note of the Farmers and Mechanic's Bank. At that time he was full of life, and in the possession of real estate in the city of Philadelphia, valued at \$80,000. Alas! what changes both Time make—on Saturday last this foolish man was seen begging alms in our public streets. He looked wretched, was ghastly pale, and miserably clad.—[Pennsylvanian.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1849.

FRATERNITY.

UNITY, or Fraternity, is a principle, essential to the construction of all civilized communities, and may be simply defined as a union of Mind, tending to the realization of certain objects. The entire governmental theory, and the very existence of society, are the results of this Fraternity of Thought, directed to the construction of modes of government and communal institutions; so, in many great popular movements we find this Unity of Intellect, conjoined with increased knowledge, assisting in the vindication of political and social requirements.

Taking but a cursory view of the many great popular struggles which have taken place from time to time throughout the civilized world, a casual observer might suppose them more impulsive than premeditated. However, on a closer scrutiny, they will be found, for the most part, to be the results of a concurrence of Thought, molded and organized for the accomplishment of certain preconceived plans. Do we not owe much to Unity? to that heroic union of thought and action which vindicated the unalienable rights of man, tore the "scepter from the tyrant's grasp, and bequeathed to us that most inestimable of birthrights—Liberty?" It is therefore almost unnecessary to say that Fraternity is essential to the furtherance of all great views; the world's history and man's own experience, must convince him that it is so.

The history of the last year affords us a painful evidence of the frustration of great projects through the want of that Fraternity, so essential to their success. Accessory as it is, in so great a measure, to the re-establishment of freedom and human happiness, it is natural to suppose that it exercises an extensive influence upon society at large. It is not to be estimated, only in relation to its assisting connection with political organization.

Apart from its political bearing, Fraternity possesses a moral influence, scarcely less important than the former. View it in connection with the Order, as binding men together in a vast association, which has for its object the extensive diffusion of benevolence, and the establishment of Love and Truth: an Order, acting as an engine of Charity, and directing its energies to purposes of practical good. Behold the operations of this system, organized for the performance of deeds of mercy; no prying eye witnesses its acts of kindness and brotherly love, nor are its tender assiduities around the dying brother's couch blazoned forth by the "trumpet tongue of fame," it is good twice done, for it is done *unseen*. At a political influence the Order does not at all aim, but through the operations of its great law, Love, it corrects acerbities, arising from the differences of opinion existing in our political world.

The spirit of the Order embodies the kindest affections which the heart of man is capable of feeling. Its stores of good are inexhaustible, and its mission of Love earnestly continuous. What can be more congenial to the heart of man, or more pregnant with meaning, than that spirit of the purest Fraternity which permeates

the entire system of our noble Order? It is a vast community of brothers, spread throughout the wide expanse of our mighty Union, and even to the rocky shores of the Pacific and the glittering sands of the Sacramento, the spirit of Odd-Fellowship is, or shortly will be extended. Thus we see that Fraternity, as embodied in the Constitution of the Order, possesses vast capabilities for the diffusion of happiness. The resources of the Order are increasing yearly, and such is the extent of its immense store-houses of Love and Benevolence, that the philanthropist may justly entertain the most glorious anticipations for the future.

Nor is its moral power, as exercising a protective influence on the morality of society, to be left out of consideration. The force of its operations are sensibly felt throughout the wide extent of its beneficent scope. Much, however, as Fraternity is to be admired in a political view, still more will we estimate it as an essentially component part of the most extended scheme of Benevolence that has ever been constructed among men. The mission of our Order is onward—progressive—like the spirit of the age. Who can arrest the progress of this mighty association? Want of Unity can. Yes, that want of community of thought and action, by which so many a noble cause has been wrecked, *that* could defeat its aim. But, united, our course is not to be impeded, though fanatics may howl or bigots cant.

The irresistible current of its philanthropy will flow onward for ages, elevating in its progress the moral and intellectual condition of man, diffusing happiness throughout, until it finally accomplishes the great mission upon which it set out, the foundation on an extended social basis of Friendship, Love and Truth.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

The Weather—Peculiarities of the City—Grand Sire of the I. O. of O. F.—Literature—Hotels—California Fever.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, Philadelphia, Feb. 1, 1849.

RAIN, snow and mud!—mud, snow and rain! Yesterday, to-day and always when we have the misfortune to visit Philadelphia. For the last three years we have been a frequent visitor to this city of fraternal affection, and we are quite certain we never saw here a gleam of sunshine, or dry and pleasant weather. The "shadowless man," might walk these streets with perfect impunity, for, as the sun never shines here—to our knowledge—all are shadowless.

But notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather, we have found much to interest us. The citizens of Philadelphia are distinguished for a warmth of feeling and a habit of hospitality quite agreeable to a stranger. We have always found the people here, courteous and obliging, full of intelligence and fond of society and conversation. We observe two things here, which give the city an appearance somewhat foreign. One is the fashion of having one's place of business, or his office and dwelling in the same building. Almost all the lawyers and officers of the city and county, as well as a large number of shopkeepers, have their offices and shops in their houses. On the whole, we like this. It looks domestic, and is conducive to good habits and correct morals. The father and husband is always at home.

The other peculiarity we do not like so much. It is the ugly and prison-like appearance of the houses. Instead of the light and airy green

blinds as is the fashion in New-York, and all eastern towns and cities, the Philadelphians barricade their windows with solid and heavy shutters made of thick plank. And then, their inhospitable shutters are secured by ponderous iron belts, of a most ferocious appearance, which remind us of *Sing Sing*. Let a New-Yorker or Eastern man pass through the streets of this city a little apart from the chief business localities, any time before noon, and he would imagine himself in a city of jails. Now, why do the people of this city of brotherly love think it necessary to secure their persons and property in this remarkable manner? Is it that they have less confidence in each other, or that robbery and theft are more frequent in Philadelphia than elsewhere? We shall recur to this peculiarity at another time.

We had, yesterday, very pleasant interviews with P. G. M. Perry, and the M. W. G. Sire of the G. L. U. S., Hon. R. Kneass, Esq. Brother Perry is our well-known correspondent. The Grand Sire is a remarkably social gentleman, of superior intelligence and firmness, and every way fitted to preside over an Order like ours. We are under great obligations to him for his kindness and words of advice.

We called, also, on William Curtis, Esq., G. Sec. of the G. L., I. O. of O. F. of Pennsylvania, but unfortunately did not find him at home. Bro. C. is a very efficient and popular officer. Odd-Fellowship appears to be in a very flourishing condition in the city and State, and is accomplishing much good.

In Literature, Philadelphia is not behind any city in the Union. Her men of letters are more active and manly than ours, have less of vanity and foppery, and are never seen strutting in tawdry and grotesque dresses at Fancy Balls.

Of the poets of Philadelphia we must place Augustine J. H. Duganne in the first rank. His style is excellent, his thought is lofty, far-reaching and prophetic, and his verses are smooth and full of harmony. We have often published his grave and serious pieces, and now take the liberty to present our readers with the following *Anacreontic*, which is a gem in its way, and proves Mr. Duganne to be one of our first poets.

Lesbia! I charge thee, fill for me
A goblet of the orient wine,
Now Luna's yellow tresses twine
Their gold amid the jet of thine,
I drink, my love, to thee.
Ay, twine thy glowing arms, my girl,
Around my neck, and lay thy brow
Upon my bosom closely now,
Until my breath shall fan the curl
That wantons with my lips—
The jealous noon will learn full soon,
Thine eyes are her eclipse.
Fill high, fill high—or live or die,
I clasp thee in my arms—
By heaven, I swear, that sky and air
Are drunken with thy charms.
My soul is trembling on my breath,
One kiss, and thou may'st taste it!
Soft, dearest, soft, it murmureth—
Take not thy lips away, it saith—
Taste *all*, but do not waste it.

Many things we wished to speak of in this letter, we are obliged for want of space, to defer to another time.

We must not forget however, to say a word in relation to this Franklin House, where we are now writing, and its worthy and gentlemanly host. We wish our friends to bear in mind that this house is now in new hands, and is raised to a hotel of the first class.

Mr. Burrows, the present proprietor, is winning golden opinions in all quarters, and his house has become a favorite with the traveling public. We can recommend this hotel to all our friends, as the very best in the city. We shall give a more detailed description of this establishment when we return from our Southern visit.

The "California Fever" is as extensive and potent in its ravages here as elsewhere, carrying off a hundred a week. The love of gold has be-deviled all the inhabitants of the Quaker City. May Heaven save them.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN CALIFORNIA.

AMID the general excitement which now pervades every State in the Union, and almost all parts of the world, in relation to the "Ophir of the West," Odd-Fellowship has not been forgotten. We cannot imagine any thing more necessary or beneficial in a state of society, such as must exist in California, than carrying out the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. We hope that those who are about leaving, and there are very many who belong to the Order, will exercise, when they arrive at their destination, the genuine obligations of Odd-Fellowship in such manner as shall cause their influence to be marked with evidences of good, and remember how great soever the distance may be from the Lodge Room, your obligations are not the less binding. The U. S. Grand Lodge, at its last session in Baltimore, appointed Capt. V. Fraser, of the Revenue Service, Special Deputy Grand Sire for California, Oregon, Sandwich Islands, and ports in the Pacific. Capt. F. goes out with full authority to grant dispensations for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 3, 1849.

DEAR BRO.: Once more we drop you a few lines from the city of rectangles, but with little new or strange to write about; even California, the topic of topics, has become so hackneyed as to furnish poor material for home letter-writers. The theme is so general here, that ask a neighbor's health, and he answers, "twenty carats fine," or speak of business prospects, and he replies, "a rich placer just discovered." A colored man in the southern portion of our city, became so infatuated with the prevailing mania, as to dig a pit of considerable depth in the cellar of his house, in search of the gold located there in his dreams.

We have had for the last few days, slush and mud on the pavements, and mud and slush in the streets; but we are now enjoying delightful weather, which, with the beautiful blue above, serves to dissipate "the blues" here below.

The rival fire companies of our city of "brotherly love," (or rather of the adjacent districts,) have been indulging in the luxury of "firemen's fights," resulting, on Saturday night last, in the total demolition of a hose carriage and hose, and on Monday night, in the brutal murder of a young man, by several adherents of a rival company.

Amity Lodge No. 19, buried last week, our late Bro. W. Hannen; and this week, Industry Lodge No. 180, our late Bro. W. D. Johnson, and Covenant Lodge No. 114, late P. G. John A. Martin, late of Olive Branch Lodge, Wisconsin. To-morrow the body of the gallant Lieut. John B. Goodman, who was killed at Cherubusco, and late a P. G. of Berrien Lodge No. 6, of Michigan, will be followed to the grave by Wayne Lodge No. 8, of this city.

"Ah! it is sad when one thus linked departs; When Death, that mighty sevrer of true hearts, Sweeps through the halls so lately loud in mirth, And leaves pale sorrow weeping by the hearth."

Kah-ge-gah-bowk, an educated Ojibewa chief, has returned from a visit to the Southern Legislatures, and delivered a very feeling address before the Legislature of this State, in behalf of his red

brethren. His object is to interest the various State Legislatures, that they may memorialize Congress to set apart a portion of our North-western Territory for the exclusive use of the Indians.

The *corps dramatique* has been withdrawn from the Athenaeum, and Dr. Valentine is making wry faces and comical addresses to delighted audiences. The Arch and Walnut-st. Theaters are both drawing crowded houses to Monte Christo, which, with its numerous cast and gorgeous appointments, promises a long run. Capt. Kidd is the hero at the National, which vies in brilliancy with its rivals. Signor Blitz is performing wonderful feats for the amusement of wonderful people, and the two Panoramas appear to have their full share of public patronage.

The new theater announced in my last, proved a great hoax. The supposed proprietor, Lister, having engaged architects, masons, lumber, &c., for a magnificent building, purchased a row of houses, contracted for a vessel for California, &c., when his drafts were dishonored, the bubble exploded, and the scoundrel decamped, leaving various law suits entailed upon his unfortunate dupes.

But I must close. Accept my best wishes for the "Golden Rule," and hope to maintain our principles, it will ever
DARE.

REINSTATED LODGES.

GRAND Secretary B. J. PENTZ has issued a circular to the Lodges, giving notice that, up to the 80th January, at various Special Sessions of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, the following named Subordinate Lodges were reinstated into membership in the Order:

No.	Lodge.	Location.	District.
3,	Hope,	Albany,	Albany,
6,	Good Intent,	Stockport,	Columbia,
21,	Poughkeepsie,	Poughkeepsie,	Dutchess,
26,	Brooklyn,	Brooklyn,	Kings,
39,	Nassau,	"	"
50,	Atlantic,	"	"
53,	Rensselaer,	Troy,	Rensselaer,
59,	Dutchess,	Poughkeepsie,	Dutchess,
61,	Crusaders,	Williamsburg,	Kings,
63,	Long Island,	Brooklyn,	"
65,	Highland,	Newburg,	Orange,
67,	Commercial,	New York,	New York,
74,	Orange County,	Newburg,	Orange,
92,	Allen,	Hudson,	Columbia,
116,	Ontario,	Canandaigua,	Ontario,
155,	Huntington,	Huntington,	Suffolk,
157,	Wawayonda,	Goshen,	Orange,
162,	Rhinebeck,	Rhinebeck,	Dutchess,
166,	Magnolia,	Brooklyn,	Kings,
170,	Freemen's,	Montgomery,	Orange,
181,	Nepperhan,	Yonkers,	Westchester,
194,	Myrtle,	Brooklyn,	Kings,
203,	Beacon Hill,	Canterbury,	Orange,
305,	Painted Post,	Painted Post,	Steuben,
212,	Albion,	Albion,	Orleans,
238,	Lackawana,	Kingston,	Ulster,
241,	Pembroke,	Glen Cove,	Queens,
267,	Nundewaga,	Naples,	Ontario,
281,	Hudson River,	Newburg,	Orange,
326,	Montauk,	Brooklyn,	Kings,
20,	Myrtle Degree,	Newburg,	Orange.

MORE SECESSIONS TO GOLD-DOM.—The ship Geo. Washington which left this port the past week, for San Francisco, takes out among a hundred other passengers, Past Grand Rep. THEODORE DIMON, M. D., of Utica, N. Y.; P. G. APLEY, of Rome, N. Y. and Bros. T. J. MATTESON, of Lee, Oneida, Co. and P. KIEFFER, Stone Mills, Jefferson Co., N. Y. Those portions of the Fraternity with whom they are endeared by their many sterling qualities and philanthropic acts will doubtless feel this separation most keenly. But while we sympathize with them and others in the departure of the choice spirits around us on so uncertain and hazardous an expedition as this pilgrimage to the "gold diggings" necessarily is, under any circumstances, we also rejoice in the concretion of all such elements toward the fruit of the mountain now in labor on the shores of the Pacific, and big with the fate thousands. May kind Heaven bless the bringing forth!

DISTRICT OF BERKS, PA.

ODD FELLOWSHIP in this district is in an exceedingly prosperous condition, and is doing its appropriate work in the true fraternal spirit which should ever be the leading characteristic of the Order. From returns published in a recent number of the Berks and Schuylkill Journal, ably conducted by Bro. H. A. Lantz, we gather the following particulars of the work for the term ending the 31st December, 1848:

Lodges	Location	No. of Memb's	Receipts	Am't paid for Relief
Montgomery	Reading	382	\$970.13	\$862.24
Brothly Love	Kutztown	96	200.24	169.12
Symmetry	Hamburg	97	225.51	183.59
Salome	Reading	179	358.01	222.90
Bernville	Bernville	46	160.67	9.00
Leesport	Leesport	76	167.38	54.00
Metamora	Reading	158	894.81	165.51
Germania	do	140	309.24	91.98
Golden Rule	Womels'df	88	197.48	95.99
Emblematic	Reading	84	314.43	814.89
Kutztown	Kutztown	46	127.76	88.50
Oley	Priestville	76	232.79	62.00

1512 \$3,658.29 \$2,269.73

The number of members admitted during the term, by initiation and card, is as follows:—Montgomery 6; Brothly Love 8; Symmetry 7; Salome 11; Bernville 5; Leesport 7; Metamora 11; Germania 7; Golden Rule 9; Emblematic 9; Kutztown 6; Oley 15.—Total 95. Withdrawals 12. Total number of members 1512; Past Grands 112; deaths 8; brothers relieved 167; Relief paid to widows \$20.00; to orphans \$88.59; for burying the dead \$326.62.

The officers elected and installed in the several Lodges of the District for the current term, are as follows:

Montgomery Lodge, No. 59, Reading.—J. T. Jackson, N. G.; Daniel Sharnan, V. G.; B. M. Hoag, Sec.; William W. Diehl, Ass't Sec.; Lewis J. Hanold, Tr.

Solome Lodge, No. 59, Reading.—William F. Tyson, N. G.; George Lerch, V. G.; William Brinner, Sec.; R. B. Fichthorn, Ass't Sec.; Franklin Miller, Tr.

Metamora Lodge, No. 147, Reading.—William H. Keim, N. G.; Mayberry A. Bertolet, V. G.; Ezekiel Jones, Sec.; Franklin Beidler, Ass't Sec.; Job H. Cole, Tr.

Germania Lodge, No. 158, Reading.—Christian Baemmer, N. G.; Lewis Marks, V. G.; Isadore A. Archer, Sec.; G. Hosler, Ass't Sec.; Godfried Eben, Tr.

Emblematic Lodge No. 169, Reading.—William Ermentrout, Jr., N. G.; A. M. Souders, V. G.; J. G. Holmes, Sec.; H. A. M. Filbert, Ass't Sec.; A. H. Peacock, Tr.

Brothly Love Lodge, No. 77, Kutztown.—George S. Ogdenheimer, N. G.; Isaac K. Strausser, V. G.; Charles W. Esser, Sec.; Henry Biehl, Ass't Sec.; Reuben Scharadan, Tr.

Symmetry Lodge, No. 103, Hamburg.—George Shenk, N. G.; Abraham H. Seitzer, V. G.; H. R. Schollenberger, Sec.; W. P. Leib, Ass't Sec.; C. Clop, Tr.

Bernville Lodge, No. 122, Bernville.—Joseph O'Bold, N. G.; John Yeager, V. G.; Samuel R. Kershner, Sec.; George F. Rich, Ass't Sec.; Daniel Billman, Tr.

Leesport Lodge, No. 141, Leesport.—Reuben E. Adams, N. G.; Samuel Lee, V. G.; Frederick Boyer, Sec.; Mathias Barber, Ass't Sec.; Benneville Scharlie, Tr.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 159, Womelsdorf.—D. W. Leeds, N. G.; Samuel Filbert, V. G.; Isaac H. Sell, Sec.; John Moore Ass't Sec.; Henry Oberly, Tr.

Kutztown Lodge, No. 194, Kutztown.—Reuben Kutz, N. G.; Levi Helfrich, V. G.; James M. Leidy, Sec.; Amos Weidner, Ass't Sec.; Jonathan B. Fritz, Tr.

Oley Lodge, No. 218, Priestville.—Albert H. Griesemer, N. G.; Benneville S. Prutzman, V. G.; Peter S. Hill, Sec.; James S. Kerst, Ass't Sec.; Isaac Bertolet, Tr.

Q.—"LOVE PRINTS." By Fanny Green. New York: Strong. This is a perfect treasure of valentines, and as such we recommend it to all worshippers of St. Val. Mrs. Green has succeeded in infusing some delightful poetry into these bagatelles.

A WORD TO SONS OF TEMPERANCE, MASONS
AND ODD-FELLOWS.

Meanwhile, we have seen the Order crumble into ruin. We have seen members by tens and hundreds violate their obligations. We have known the Recording Scribe to tax up a countless list of worthless dues upon his books—making of them-

At the close of the address, the company proceeded to the Protestant Episcopal church, which was kindly offered for the occasion. The church was beautifully decorated with evergreens, and presented a lovely picture for the ceremonies. The R. W. G. M. read the services of the church, with that solemnity which caused the writer to say, "Surely this is God's own house." As soon as the services were finished, a lecture was pronounced by the writer, at the close of which, the brothers and the ladies again returned to the Lodge room, where in

OSWEGATCHIE LODGE No. 156, OSWEGO.—Officers for the present term: G. W. Rounds, N. G.; J. C. Wright, V. G.; J. M. O'Leary, S.; D. S. Goldey, Tr.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

SOME, not satisfied with the present state of Europe, find no interest in the late European news. Many wished to see blood shed like water; others, of the royal school, complain that despots have not yet succeeded in restoring absolutism, as in former years. As for us, who go for the progress of nations, and the good of humanity, we find yet in Europe great matter of interest; we see that moderate and enlightened men are destroying despotism with their wise doctrine, and are preparing to build new commonwealths, in spite of all the horrors of red republicanism, and of royal tyrants.

FRANCE

Has elected a President, or rather to say a *puppet*, who, at his first ray of glory and triumph, appears to have forgotten his exile and imprisonment, the Presidency and its duties, as he addresses his ministry, not as a republican magistrate, but like an absolute king. *Vive la France!* The election of Louis Napoleon will prove injurious, not only to the French democracy, but will shame all the world. France, by English gold and infamous intrigues, has sacrificed the best of her great men, as Lamartine and Cavaignac. They would have saved the country in any peril; they would have been an honor to their nation, and in a short time would have destroyed despotism all over Europe. But this is what generally happens in a Republic; often we see a man, the true pillar of the commonwealth, sacrificed by demagogues to an obscure and unworthy candidate. Then the ruin of this Republic is unavoidable. The true patriotic and zealous citizen is forgotten; it only remains to him but to weep in solitude over the misfortunes of his country! Louis Napoleon is ambitious of the pompous title of Emperor. Perhaps the fancy of an Empire may cost him, not only a failure, but may yet cause his Napoleonic head to be rolled on the scaffold of democracy.

ITALY

Is at war with Austria. Perhaps while we write, the cannon thunders already on the desolate plains of Lombardy, and sweeps away with its destroying elements, many thousand precious lives. The Italian newspapers received by us, are full of incidents, and of barbarities committed by the ferocious Austrian General Radetzky. France and England have undertaken to settle the difference with Austria, but there is no benefit to be expected from their mediation. The awful fact is, that Lombardy looks like a city visited by the cholera. The emigration from this country to Piedmont has been to an enormous extent; the fugitives being chiefly young men of the age of 18 to 25, who are in military service. The best families have fled, and the vengeance of the tyrant is waiting to be poured on the countries. The soldiers are the only ones who are well dressed, and who have plenty of money in their pockets, at the expense of the unhappy people. It is said that the Austrians are marching on Piedmont, and it is to be hoped that it will prove true, that the cholera will not find their graves in the seven hills.

The Pope has been formed to form a government, and to make an offensive alliance with the other Italian States. The day of glory was it for Rome and the Romans, when the funeral bell of the Capitol, which tolls only on the death of a Pope, announced the death of a kingdom! All the troops marched in array with colored banners, and the clubs of Florence and other cities of Tuscany took part in the civic fete. The Pope has sent his third protest, but too late. The Romans have proclaimed that the dynasty of the Popes has come to an end, and will no longer be supported by the children of the greatest Republic of the world.

A Cardinal was dispatched by a stroke of apoplexy, after a very warm discussion with the Pope. He wished that Pius IX would call on the foreign powers to restore to him the chair of St. Peter, and to abolish every liberal institution in the Roman States. He departed in a good moment, and we hope that his infamous desire will never be accomplished.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

Are fighting and shedding rivers of human blood. It appears that the Austrian army succeeded in entering Pest, and many other cities of the Hungarian kingdom. But in spite of her bloody triumphs, we fear that Austria has not yet conquered the Hungarians; and we hope that Kossuth, in his retreat toward Szegedin, will stop the march of the barbarians of Austria.

SWITZERLAND.

This beautiful country, so long desolated by ultra-Catholic and Jesuitical bands of fanatics, after a year of glorious peace, has magnanimously granted a full amnesty to all political offenders. We wonder if the barbarians of Sunderland had been victorious, if they would have ever pardoned their political enemies?

POLAND

Is invaded by the cholera; and since its appearance to the 18th of December, there has been 51,214 cases—26,983 recovered, and 23,560 died. There is nothing of any interest from this country, in a political point of view. The Poles wait for better days, like the captive for the moment of his redemption.

SPAIN

Recalls to our memory the dreadful epoch of 1831. It appears that the civil war between the Carlists and Christinos is increasing with all the horrors and cruelties practiced by that ferocious people. Our Spanish correspondent says that a bloody conflict has taken place between Cabrera and General Nourilas. The rebels, guided by many ex-monks and exiled priests, all partisans of despotism, had taken a strong position in the mountains near Vich, from which they were driven after a violent struggle, which lasted some hours. The Spanish Government denies the project of annexing Cuba to the United States. We believe that Mr. Polk is not so much interested in the subject.

IRELAND

Is quiet—starving—and John Bull proudly raises his head over this unfortunate country; while the amiable Victoria seems not to care a fig for the famished children of Erin. The judges in the writ returned in the O'Brien case, have decided in favor of the Government, and the Government has so thoroughly disappointed its law officers, for their blundering and want of skill in the prosecution of this noble patriotic cause, that they have resolved to sever the connection as soon as possible.

ENGLAND.

The cholera has reached its most destructive limits. The mortality is again at the same high level. The Government has sent 11 vessels had sailed for California, and many more are expected next week.

INDIA.

The intelligence received from Bombay is from December 3rd. Lord Gough, with 2000 men and ten pieces of artillery, had reached the seat of war. There are 40,000 men in the field. There have been several skirmishes, and one Sepoy regiment had gone over to the enemy. Some batteries were captured, and five hundred of the Moultauese killed.

CONSTANTINOPLE

Has been visited by the Asiatic cholera, and the government has published very salutary laws to prevent its ravages. The *Courier de Constantinople* says that at the arsenal, and among soldiers generally, the number of victims from cholera, during the different periods the pestilence had visited that city, has been very great. During one entire

year, the soldiers were limited to meat and rice alone—no fruits, no vegetables, no herbs of any kind were allowed to enter the barracks. During the *Ramazan*, however, the strictness of this rule having been momentarily relaxed, dangerous symptoms instantly manifested themselves.

G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

NEW YORK FREE ACADEMY.

THIS institution, which is so creditable to this city, was opened to public inspection on Saturday. The building is located at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 33rd street, and was erected under the supervision of James Renwick, Jr., Esq., and in a Netherlandish style of architecture. It is 125 feet by 80, and the rooms are all arranged with a view to the highest comfort and convenience. On the occasion of its opening, an address was delivered by Robert Kelly, Esq., President of the Board of Education; from which we make the following extract, addressed specially to the teachers:

"But let the spirit of Christianity pervade your teaching, as it pervades the land and the administration of justice. Teach that the truths of nature rest upon the truth of God. Let the serene light of a pure religion permeate every science, brightening and blending with its beauty and truth, like a lamp set within a vase of alabaster, bringing out into bolder relief and more exquisite effect the forms and ornaments that are sculptured upon it. I trust that a spirit of infidelity, materialistic, atheistic, or pantheistic, may never gain a foothold within these walls, to exert that incalculable power for evil, which it will control, by guiding the minds of youth, in their investigations in the higher regions of knowledge. When exhibiting the scroll of the heavens, and pointing out the golden characters emblazoned upon it, you tell your scholars that these characters are the symbols of worlds; let not the guidance of a mad devotedness lead them to inconclusive reasoning, but let this be the spirit of your teaching. *'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?'*"

A TELEGRAPH ON THE OCEAN!—We thought that the abundant and rich mines of California were full enough of attraction and of visionary projects, but it seems that some merchants of Philadelphia, who belong to the "go ahead" class, have founded a new project not placed on rocks or gold dust, but on the Almighty Ocean. They have presented a petition to Congress to grant them the privilege of

if they ever decide anything upon this important matter, and afford the projectors an opportunity to pay a visit to the bottom of the Ocean, to secure the services of Mr. Neptune to fix the telegraphic poles. "We live in a world of progress," said to us the other day a preacher; missionaries throw away their Bible for gold, and the Romans the Pope for a Republic!

THE LAUNCH.—Two splendid steamers, the Atlantic and Pacific, were launched last week from the yards of Messrs Bell, Brown and Webb. They went off without the least difficulty, and are fine specimens of American ingenuity and skill. A large number of people had assembled, who, in anticipation of the event, appeared to regard it as a new and interesting feature of our city. In model, finish, and in every respect, they are highly creditable to the country. The names of the owners was demonstrated by a magnificent banquet at the close. We wish they may be the ones of all who take an interest in this great enterprise, and in the communication between this and the other side of the world.

"THE COVENANT." This periodical, so happy to see, has been revived, and is under the administration of Mrs. Seymour and Bro. Paschal Donaldson. It is now a lady's magazine, and the number before us is certainly very excellent, and promises well for the future. We wish it success.

GRAND SECRET OF MASONRY.

THE following incident needs neither preface nor comment. It speaks for itself:

On a visit to a neighboring city recently, I called at the house of my friend B—, with whom I had been long and intimately acquainted. To my astonishment, I found his lady reading a Masonic paper. I asked her what change had come over her, that she could not only admit such a paper to her house, but could sit down to its perusal; for I knew her father's family were among the most vindictive, bitter, proscriptive anti-Masons, that ever left the infected district of New York. She replied, that she had discovered the grand secret of Masonry; and if it would be agreeable to me, she would relate how she came to make the discovery. I requested her to proceed, which she did as follows:

"Soon after you left here last fall, I learned to my extreme mortification, that my husband had become a Mason. I attributed it to your influence, and I need not say what my feelings were toward you or my husband. I at once came to the conclusion that my domestic happiness was at an end; but I resolved that my conduct in all the relations of wife and mother, should see that I had done all a woman could do. Some three or four months after I learned my husband had joined the Masons, a circumstance occurred that, for the first time, gave me any reason to doubt his integrity. It was one of the coldest nights of last winter, that my husband returned at a late hour, and said to me, 'Margaret, cannot you do without your blanket shawl?' I replied that I could. He asked me to get it for him, and bring him a bedspread or comforter. I handed the articles to him, and he immediately left the house. My first thoughts were to follow him. I went to the window, and by the light from the lamps I discovered another man with a large basket—the shawl and comforter were placed in it, and they both soon disappeared. My husband returned in about half an hour. I expected in the morning, as a matter of course, he would have some story prepared to explain his mysterious conduct, but not a word did I get out of him. I determined to keep a sharp look out for my shawl, for if I could once get my eyes on that, I would be able to unravel the whole mystery. It was not long after, as I was in the street, that a female whisked along past me, upon whom I discovered my shawl! The good for nothing huzzy! thought I; while a glow of triumph thrilled every nerve, and quickened my pace in the pursuit. I followed her closely from one street to another into the fourth story of a bindery. I saw her very composedly lay aside my shawl, and sit down to her work—where, urged on by that insatiable desire to get the clue to my husband's derfity, I soon learned the street, the number of her residence, and immediately left for it. I was not mistaken, neither, for I saw my comforter there. The whole secret flashed on my mind at once, as clearly as if it had been written with a sunbeam from Heaven. There I found a widowed mother in the last stages of consumption, and three children dependent upon the pittance earned by the elder sister, whom I so suspiciously followed. I learned from the lips of the dying woman a lesson, that in all my philosophy I had never dreamed of—such a tale of sorrow as I had never before listened to—and when she had related the deed of charity, that had been the cause of all my unhappiness, I felt that there was not room in my bosom to appreciate the disinterested benevolence of my husband. She said, 'I do not know how we should have lived, but for the kindness of two persons who came here late one night, and left a basket filled with provisions, and some bed clothes, a shawl and five dollars. They just opened the door, and set in the basket, saying: 'Accept this, and ask no questions'; and left before I had time to inquire even their names. I do not know who they were, and I have had some doubts from where these things came. But I never forget in my daily prayers to Him who openeth his hand and filleth the poor with bread, to ask if these were men, He will keep them and theirs from the sorrows and afflictions with which I am visited. I left the house a better woman than when I entered it.'

"But the grand secret of Masonry," said I, "I thought you were to tell me what it is."

She replied, "It is this—to do good, and not to

and Semiramis, who reigned 2017 years Christ, had armies amounting to nearly two fighting men. The first guards and troops, as a standing army, were formed 11,000 years B. C. So says Eusebius.

The first translation of the Bible was made under direction of Pango de St. Charo, who employed monks upon it, A. D. 1247.

GOLD.

As everything pertaining to the *Gold Regions* is interesting at this time, we gather the following information from the valuable Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines, by Andrew Ure, M. D.:

"Gold is found only in the metallic state; and the small grains are not fragments broken from a greater mass, as many suppose; but their flattened, ovoid shape, and rounded outline, show that this is their original form. It never predominates to such a degree as to constitute veins by itself. It is either disseminated, or, as it were, impasted in strong masses, or spread out in thin plates or grains on their surface, or, lastly, implanted in their crevices, under the shape of filaments or crystallized twigs.

"It has never been observed in any secondary formation, but pretty abundantly in its true and primary locality, among the trap-rocks of igneous origin, implanted on the sides of the fissures, or disseminated in the veins.

"Gold is much more common in alluvial grounds than among primitive rocks. It is found in spangles, in the silicious, argillaceous and ferruginous sands of certain plains and rivers; and very many, even at this time, suppose that if the sands of the rivers contain grains of gold, the mountains whence the rivers spring must be full of it. Many have sought, in vain, for the native bed of this metal.

"It is obvious that the gold in the sands of rivers belongs to the grounds through which they glide, from the following observations: 1. The soil of these plains contains, frequently, at a certain depth, and in many spots, spangles of gold, separable by washing. 2. It happens almost always, that gold is found among the sands of rivers, only in a very circumscribed space. On ascending these rivers their sands cease to afford gold; though did this metal come from the rocks above, it should be found more abundantly near the source.

"It has also been remarked, that the gold of alluvial formations is more pure than that extracted from rocks.

"Gold is distinguished by its splendid yellow color; its great density; its pre-eminent ductility and malleability, whence it can be beat into leaves only 282,000th of an inch thick. It is insoluble in any acid, except the mixture of muriatic and nitric acid, styled by the Alchemists, *Aqua Regia*, because gold was deemed by them to be the king of metals."

WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—The report of the Patent Office recently made, presents interesting statistics relative to the wealth of the Union. The population of the United States is set down at 20,744,000, and the aggregate of personal and real property estimated at \$8,294,570,000. New York is the richest State, her property being \$912,000,000. Pennsylvania next, 850,000,000; then Ohio, 740,000,000; then Virginia, 508,000,000. The remainder of the States rank as follows: Indiana, 384,000,000; Tennessee, 380,000,000; Kentucky, 342,000,000; Massachusetts, 340,000,000; Illinois, 294,000,000; Alabama, 276,000,000; Mississippi, 276,000,000; South Carolina, 242,000,000; Missouri, 240,000,000; Maine, 240,000,000; Maryland, 198,000,000; Louisiana, 188,000,000; New Jersey, 167,000,000; Michigan, 148,000,000; Connecticut, 132,000,000; Vermont, 120,000,000; New Hampshire, 120,000,000; Arkansas, 60,000,000; Texas, 56,000,000; Iowa, 52,000,000; Rhode Island, 52,000,000; Wisconsin, 36,000,000; Delaware, 32,000,000; Florida, 30,000,000; District of Columbia, 18,000,000; Oregon, 8,000,000.

POST-OFFICE IN OLDEN TIME.—Mr Cist, in a letter from Washington, published in his Advertiser, says:

"I was shown by the chief clerk in the interior department of the Post-office, the first letter opened by the United States, during the administration of Dr. Franklin, the first Postmaster-General in the service. It is a blank book, of some three or four quires, very little superior to an every-day blotter of the present age, but it sufficed to hold all the post-office accounts for three or four years, from the establishment of the office in June 19th, 1775. I observe Dr. Franklin charges himself with one year's salary from that date—\$1000. It serves to give a forcible impression of the progress of this department since that; all the entries are made in his own writing, while at this time there are over one hundred and twenty persons employed in various capacities in this department."

The first translation of the Hebrew Bible into Greek, called the Septuagint, was made, by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, 227 years before Christ. Seventy-two interpreters were engaged, and it was completed in seventy-two days.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—At a regular meeting held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 2d, Hon. L. Bradish in the chair; a large number of members were present for so cold an evening.

Mr. Bartlett, foreign corresponding secretary, read a letter from Hon. M. Pouissi, French Minister, in reply to a letter from Mr. Marshall, of Buffalo, with remarks on the subject of a paper read at a late meeting, by Mr. Greenough, on the probable residence of Fenelon in North America. The letter states that Francois Salinac de Fenelon was ordained, according to published accounts, in Canada, June 11, 1658, and left Canada in 1673. Charlevoix mentions that Messrs. Fenelon and Trouve left Quebec in 1673. Several other facts and dates, wanting to Mr. Greenough, are supplied by this letter.

AUSTRALIA.—Since the return of Mr. Kennedy, the following interesting particulars have been added to the description of good country in the official dispatch. A new tract of country has been discovered, that is described as most splendid, more especially beyond Warrigoo, to portray which even the glowing language of Sir Thomas Mitchell falls short; being clad in verdure, and bearing timber of magnificent growth. Several rivers and creeks have also been discovered, or explored for the first time; and, to crown all, in a healthy region, none of the party having been attacked with sickness of any kind since leaving Sidney. We must not forget to add, the party left Sidney with no animal food, their guns being the only commissariat on which they had to rely in this particular; and the contemplated supplies and means of acquiring them never failed. For eleven months they traveled the bush, and never knew the want of animal food. Mr. Thomas Wall, the indefatigable naturalist of the party, has made some valuable additions to the Sydney Museum, in ornithological and entomological specimens. That part of the journey bordering upon the arid and stony Desert of Strurt is dryly described as having been "a benefit."

THE POPE TO CAVAGNAC.—Gen. Cavaignac, as the Chief of the Executive Government of France, has received the following letter, dated Dec. 7th, 1848, from Pope Pius IX.:

"Monsieur le General: My heart is touched, and I am penetrated with gratitude for the spontaneous and generous movement of the eldest daughter of the Church, who shows herself anxious and already in action to hasten to the succor of the Sovereign Pontiff. A favorable opportunity will, without doubt, offer itself to me to manifest in person to France my paternal sentiments, and to be able to diffuse over the soil of France, with my own hand, the benedictions of the Lord, as I now supplicate him by my voice, to consent to diffuse them in abundance over you and the whole of France."

"PIUS PAPA NONUS."

A CONGRESS ON HORSEBACK.—"Irenaeus," of the *Observer*, writing from White Plains, mentions that the Provincial Congress of the State of New York, adjourned in the city to meet there two days before the Declaration of Independence. The members performed the journey from New York to White Plains on horseback, the President, Pierre Van Courtlandt, riding in front of the procession. On the journey, an express from General Washington overtook the body, with business that required immediate action; whereupon the President called the Convention to order, and held a session on horseback, several resolutions being duly passed, and the business done in an orderly manner.

A PROPHECY.—The singular prophecy made by Fleming in the year 1702, is now well *en route* to a fulfillment. Nearly a century and a half ago that singular Vates foretold the French Revolution of 1789, that the Papacy would then receive a severe blow through the sides of the French Monarchy, and that the final overthrow of the Pope would take place in 1848, although he said there was a possibility that the Pope of Rome might linger in the Vatican (completely shorn of power,) until the close of the century.

MODERN NOBILITY.—Theodore Parker, in a late sermon, said, that the grandfathers of many men, who, now-a-days, are studying heraldry, to get at their coat of arms, had not even a coat to their arms.

THE SEA SARPENT.—The astonishing phenomenon of two vessels having seen the American sea serpent within so short a date, (almost the same day, and at such extraordinary distances from each other,) is accounted for now, by the very simple circumstances that one vessel saw the head, while the other only saw the tail of this decidedly the longest monster that is known—on record.—[Punch.]

Scientific and Useful.

LADY CONTRIBUTORS TO SCIENCE.—A visitor to the National Institute at Washington makes the following mention in the *Intelligencer* of two collections of Sea Mosses or Marine Plants, which, he says, will alone repay one for the trouble of a visit to the museum of the National Institute:

The first collection consists of twenty-four specimens, which were gathered from the Lynn beach, by a lady named Avis Keene, and presented by her, through the Commissioner of Patents, to the National Gallery. The specimens are not only very beautiful in themselves, but they are arranged in the most tasteful manner, and as agreeable to the eye as a series of highly wrought paintings. They are of almost every color, from the richest brown to the most delicate scarlet; and it requires no great effort of the fancy to see in them accurate representations of trees, leaves, feathers, and other picturesque objects in nature. The second collection to which we have alluded was made on the coast of Rhode Island, by the lady of Gen. Daniel Parker, in the year 1827, and by him presented to the National Institute. Of these there are no less than ninety-nine specimens. Having been arranged with scientific care, the spectator has it in his power to wander from the vegetable to the animal kingdom in regular order. In this collection are several specimens of the coral formations, which are exceedingly interesting and valuable.

INDIA RUBBER A CENTURY AND A QUARTER SINCE.—Every generation is wisest in its own conceit, and the present is continually overrated at the expense of the past. Who would have thought that India rubber cloaks were worn in South America upwards of a century since? yet such, forsooth, is the plain fact of history; and disinclined as we are to rob Mr. Mackintosh of the merit of his adaptation, the invention must be awarded to another age; indeed, it is almost one of the antiquities of the New World. In a work entitled "La Monarchia Indiana," printed at Madrid in 1722, we find a chapter devoted to "very profitable trees in New Spain, from which they distil various liquors and resins." Among them is described a tree called *ulquahuil*, which the natives cut with a hatchet, to obtain the white, thick, and adhesive milk. This when coagulated, they made into balls called *ulli*, which rebounded very high, when struck to the ground, and were used in various games. It was also made into boots and sandals. The author continues:—"Our people (the Spaniards) make use of their *ulli* to varnish their cloaks, made of hempen cloth, for wet weather, which are good to resist water, but not against the sun, by whose heat and rays the *ulli* is dissolved." India rubber is not known in Mexico at the present day by any other name than that of *ulli*. And the oiled silk covering of hats very generally worn throughout the country by travelers is always called *ulli*.

HOT BLAST.—The prophecy of Sir Humphrey Davy, that water would, at the some future day, be used as fuel, seems to have come to pass. We were recently shown a very ingenious invention, by Mr. Crawford, which he calls a hot blast for steamer boilers. It consists of a tabular heater (the tubes extending through each end of the heater) into which a portion of the exhausted steam from the engine is admitted, which heats the air in its passage through the tubes. At one end of the heater is attached a receiver, with a pipe leading to the ash-pit—the ash-pit being closed in front; by this means the furnace is supplied with hot air instead of cold, which is, of itself, a matter of great importance as regards the saving of fuel. It is well known among scientific men, and men of experience in such matters, that the same amount of fuel will give more heat with hot air, than with cold; but in addition, a column of steam is thrown in, by which the draft of air can be increased to almost any degree, and at the same time the same steam becomes decomposed by the heat, and a large addition of the inflammable gasses, oxygen and hydrogen, is added, which is so much fuel supplied.

Messrs. Blair and Guthrie, on Deer Creek, have one applied to their boilers, and they informed us, that they save, on an average, thirty bushels of coal per day. Call and see it.—[Cincinnati Paper.]

TERRIFIC THEORY.—Professor Silliman mentions the fact, that in boring the Artesian wells in Paris, the temperature of the earth is increased at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet, toward the center. Reasoning from causes known to exist, he says: "The whole interior portion of the earth, or, at least, a great part of it, is an ocean of melted rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not

affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes. The facts connected with their eruption have been ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How, then, are they to be accounted for? The theory, prevalent some years since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal beds, is perfectly puerile, and is entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world could not afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this; and I have but little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles which are constantly in operation in the earth."

STEAMBOAT PROPULSION.—The result of many years' inquiry and experiment into improved modes of propelling steamboats was recently exhibited by Captain Carpenter, R. N., at the Polytechnic Institution. Lord Auckland, the First Lord of the Admiralty; Capt. Ellis, R. N., comptroller of steam machinery; Mr. Loyd, principal engineer to the Admiralty; the Dean of Westminster, and other scientific gentlemen were present. Taking the screw as the base of the experiments, Captain Carpenter has arrived at the conclusion that "the maximum of speed is to be obtained only in one way, and that is by using two propellers with flat blades, or curved vanes, one under each quarter, which in position is typical of nature in the aquatic bird." That is to say, instead of retaining the screw at the stern, a propeller is placed under each quarter, which in operation is the same as the movement exhibited by the aquatic bird when in the act of swimming it is propelled onward by a web foot on each of its sides. This was the idea, and it has been ingeniously, and to all appearance, successfully carried out. Two models were put in motion in the reservoir of the institution—the one illustrating the operation of the screw and the other of a propeller under each quarter. Movement was communicated by clock work, and both models sped their way through the water cleverly and steadily. A comparison could not be drawn between them, the power and size not being equal; but the model illustrating the action of the two propellers exhibited the greater speed. It now remains to show by actual trial the adaptability of Captain Carpenter's invention to vessels of all sizes.—[London Paper.]

MANAGEMENT OF FIRES.—There is not one in five hundred who knows how to manage a coal fire properly—not even if he buys the coals himself. I have been on steamboats of all sorts and sizes, both in England and Scotland, and I have traveled on most of our great lines of railroads; I have also seen fires made in large foundries, and I can safely say that I never saw a stoker in any of these places manage a fire properly. If a gardener who has had much to do with fires were made a railway king, he could save thousands of pounds yearly in the coal bills alone. The way fires are mismanaged is this: when the coals are about half burnt, or rather so far coked as to burn clear with little or no smoke, a great fellow comes with a long black poker, and stirs them up, clearing away the ashes and small cinders from among the fire-bars. The fire then burns quite clear, and is perfect, and if left to itself in that state for a time, would be sufficiently strong for any purpose. But no; we are never satisfied with things as they should be. No sooner has the poker done its work but the coal-shovel must begin to undo it, by heaping on a fresh layer of coals all over the burning mass, and a black volume of smoke immediately destroys the efficiency of the clear fire. By the time this second feed of coals begins to burn clear—the state in which it is most powerful—the poker and shovel go the same unvaried round; and it is no exaggeration to say, that one-half of the coals used in this way are mere waste and useless smoke.—[Dr. Beaton, in the Cottage Gardener.]

A FEMALE PHYSICIAN.—Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, of Philadelphia, who has been pursuing her studies, for three years past, at the Geneva Medical College, received the degree of M. D., at the annual commencement of that institution, on the 23d ult. The subject of her thesis was "Ship Fever." The appearance of the female *Æsculapia* on the stage was greeted with marked approbation. On receiving her degree, she was heard to say, "With the help of the Most High, it shall be the effort of my life to shed honor on this diploma." Her case, which is the first of the kind in this country, has been made the subject of newspaper notice before.

The Chinese ascribe the invention of the mariner's compass to their Emperor Hong-Ti, who, they say, was a grandson of Noah. The honor of its European discovery is generally given to Flavio de Gioja, a Neapolitan, in 1302.

A carving machine has been invented which does the labor of ten men.

Humorous.

EXAMINATION DAY.—The science of a school examination is very prettily explained by a school-master's anecdote. A country school teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions he would ask them on examination day. The day came and so came the young hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went glibly on until came the question for the absentee, when the teacher asked:

"In whom do you believe?"

The pupil who sat next the vacant seat, without noticing whose question it was, answered:

"Napoleon Bonaparte."

"No no!" angrily exclaimed the teacher, "in whom do you believe?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte!"

Here the teacher began to smell the rat, and said:

"You believe in the Holy Ghost, do you not?"

"No!" said the pupil amid roars of uncontrollable laughter, "the boy what believes in the Holy Ghost hasn't come to school to-day; he's at home, sick a-bed."

TAKING A SHOWER-BATH.—Doctor: "Well, how did your wife manage her shower-bath, deacon?"

Deacon: "She has had real good luck. Madam Moody told her how she managed. She said she had a large oiled-silk cap with a cape to it, like a fireman's, that came all over her shoulders and—"

Doctor: "She is a fool for her pains; that's not the way."

Deacon: "So my wife thought."

Doctor: "Your wife did nothing of the sort, I hope?"

Deacon: "Oh! no, doctor; she used an umbrilly."

Doctor: "What! used an umbrella! What the mischief good did the shower-bath do her?"

Deacon: "She said she felt better. Her clothes weren't wet a mite."

PUZZLING A DOCTOR.—Dr. M., an army surgeon was very fond of a joke, (if not perpetrated at his own expense,) and had, moreover, a great contempt for citizen-officers, who were more renowned for their courage than their scholarship. One day, at mess, after the decanter had performed sundry perambulations of the table, Captain S., a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the doctor—(who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers).—"Dr. M., are you acquainted with Capt. G.?" "Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor, "he's one of the new set. But what of him?" "Nothing in particular," replied Capt. S., "I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in six guesses how he spells *cat*." "Done," said the doctor, "it's a wager." "Well commence guessing," said S. "K, a, double t." "No." "K, a, t." "No! try again." "C, a, t, t, s." "No! you missed it again." "Well, then," returned the doctor, "C, a, double t." "No, that's not the way; try again—it's your last guess." "C, a, g, h, t." "No," said S., "that's not the way; you have lost the wager." "Well," said the doctor, with much petulance of manner, "how the devil does he spell it?" "Why, he spells it C, a, t," replied S., with the utmost gravity. Amid the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the Doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner."

HONEST EPITAPHS.—In a country grave-yard in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with only the inscription upon it:

"Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1836, aged 19 years."

That is a town where the ladies are very fashionable, and the gentlemen very patriotic—so much so, that almost all are active politicians, and office-seekers. Hardly a grave stone is erected over an adult male, who is not titled with an Hon. a Gen. a Col. a Capt. or an Esq.; and most of them record offices civil and military which the deceased never held an office. An honest man..

A good deacon making an official visit to a neighbor who was very churlish and unpopular, put the usual question, "Are you going to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the neighbor. "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbors are willing."

FATAL PRAYERS.—There used to be a judge upon the bench of a court, in a neighboring state, whose *forte* was the passing of severe sentences upon all poor wretches that came up to be dispatched by him. In the course of his official duties, he had passed sentence of death upon some dozen or two malefactors. A cut-throat genius was up one day to be sentenced, and says the judge, as is customary in such cases, winding up the sentence: "And may the Lord have mercy upon your poor soul." "Amen," says the *goner*. "Amen, Judge! and may the Lord eternally curse or mend your old soul, for I never knew any body to live *long* after you had prayed for them!"—[Boston Aurora Borealis.

"Good morning. They say Ned's got home—have you seen him?"
"Yes."
"What has he to say? he's been to Colifornia, ain't he?"
"Oh, he says he shot a hog with a pistol, and lived four days on three oranges."
"What does he say about the gold?"
"He says he 'sposes there is some, though he aint going to turn nigger, and dig. He's seen perilous times, and means to live easy."

The eccentric John Randolph once ascended a lofty point of the Blue Ridge, to see the sun rise. The scene was one of great sublimity, and it overwhelmed him with the sense of a present Deity. "Jack," said Randolph, to the servant who accompanied him, "if any body hereafter says there is no God, tell him he lies."

LADIES' FAIR—REV. BRO. T. L. HARRIS.

We understand that the Ladies of the Independent Christian Congregation of which Rev. Bro. HARRIS is Pastor, design holding a splendid Fair and "Soiree Musicale," in the Assembly Rooms, Chinese Buildings, on Monday afternoon and evening, Feb. 13th. The object of the Fair is to obtain funds for a purpose intimately connected with the prosperity of Bro. H. and his Society. The display of useful and fancy articles for sale will be very large and beautiful, and the musical treat will be of a high order. We hope that the brethren of the Order in the city, who are aware of the many and wholly gratuitous labors performed by Bro. H. for the "good and welfare" of the Fraternity, will cheer him by their presence. Tickets 25 cents, to be obtained at this office, at the store of Bro. Osborn, 444 Grand street, and at the door on the occasion.

Publisher's Notices.

NOTICE.

JAMES T. PALMATARY, of Philadelphia, and R. B. MORSE, of Adrian, Mich., are not authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

Several of our Traveling Agents have failed to make returns to us recently, as we have a right to expect of them. By doing so immediately, there will be no necessity for re-lying to them individually.

Our Subscribers who are in arrears will remember that all money enclosed in presence of the Post Master, and directed to the Publisher, No 44 Ann-street, New-York, is at our risk.

BRO. AARON E. HOVEY, P. G., of New-York City, is associated with the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, as general business Agent throughout the United States, and we cheerfully recommend him to our friends, and bespeak for him that reception to which his affability, unexceptionable character and business habits entitle him.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

We take pleasure in announcing the following gentlemen—*Brothers of the Order*—as the authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, who have been appointed within the last three months, and we expect they will exert themselves, with those who have been longer in the field, in advancing our interests, making their returns promptly every week, in an accurate and careful manner, giving us notice of any of our Subscribers who may fail to receive their paper regularly, noting removals and discontinuances, &c.
Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD, Bro. ISAAC P. BALDWIN,
H'RY L. BROUGHTON, L. W. ALDRICH,
CHAS. H. HARRISON, HORACE LAMB.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Our thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for cordial and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our Journal shall be worthy the support of *Odd-Fellows* from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that they will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

Being now compelled (from its usefulness to ourselves) to notice Bro. Coates' United States Odd-Fellow's Register, we take pleasure in recommending it to every Brother in the Order, comprising, as it does, a complete list of all the Lodges and Encampments working under the legal Charters granted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, their time and place of meeting, &c., it cannot fail of being useful and interesting to every Odd-Fellow in the Union. Terms, \$4.00 for 50, and \$7.00 for 100 copies. Address JOHN COATES, S. E. corner of Twelfth and Market-streets, Philadelphia.

Necrological.

SIR,—It is the desire of this Lodge that you insert the following Preamble and Resolutions in your paper at the earliest opportunity:

The Committee appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the feelings of the members of Nundawaga Lodge No. 267, I. O. of O. F., occasioned by the death of the late N. G. WINFIELD SCOTT PATRICK, who departed this life in the village of Naples, on the morning of January 2d, 1849, acknowledge the task has been too great, and that they have but imperfectly discharged their solemn duty. Submitted in mourning.

B. F. SUMMERBELL,
A. T. NELSON,
A. R. BUTTLER.

NAPLES, Ont. Co., N. Y., Jan. 9th, 1849.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased that All-wise Being, whose ways we acknowledge, to remove from our Village one of its most respected and useful citizens, and from our Lodge one of its most beloved and devoted members, it becomes us to cherish his memory, and to testify to his virtues—to that purity and excellency of character which he exhibited among us.

Therefore, Resolved, That while with sorrow we bow to this dispensation of Him who rules on high, in taking from our fellowship the dear brother who ruled in our Lodge, and whose memory we will ever cherish, we bear our testimony to the modesty of his demeanor—to the unsullied reputation which he hath left behind. Living among us, the purest of the pure, bending to no vice, stooping to no folly, but lofty in his conceptions, and faithful to his integrity—in his life he was loved—in his death he is mourned.

Resolved, That in his death the Virtues have not only lost a faithful minister, but all interested in the promotion of education in this town, have become less strong—the duties of the office of Superintendent, upon the discharge of which he had so recently entered, having in him been wisely intrusted.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge sympathize deeply with the sister, and also the more distant relatives, and in this bereavement we tender our sincere condolence.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect for the deceased, our hall be clothed in mourning, and the usual badges be worn by the members for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, under Seal of the Lodge, be presented to the sister of the deceased, who is still in our town, and that they be entered upon the minutes and published in the "Golden Rule."

A. T. SEACORD, N. G.
STEPHEN G. MARSH, V. G.

M. M. LYON, Secretary.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,

Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

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The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by Bro. J. R. CRAMPTON, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS, REJECTION NOTICES, Permanent Secretary's Receipts, Warrants on the Treasurer, and every description of Lodge and Encampment Blank, Seal, printed and furnished, in the best style of workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, post-paid, E. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

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BARD & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m239

JANUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEVOLENT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (11 Wall street) have issued, during the month of January, 1849, three hundred and seven new Policies, viz:

To Merchants and Traders	97	To U. S. Officers	1
"Manufacturers	25	"Artists	3
"Mechanics	88	"Sea Captains	2
"Clerks	38	"Agents	4
"Lawyers	6	"Teachers	4
"Physicians	3	"Hotel Keepers	5
"Brokers	5	"Engineers	2
"Ladies	4	"Public Officers	2
"Farmers	11	"Other occupations	8
	277		30

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JOE. L. LORD, Agent. JAMES STEWART, M.D., Medical Examiner, (Residence, Abington Square,) is at the office daily, from 2 to 3 o'clock. 1m240

TO THE I. O. OF O. F.

THE ODD-FELLOWS AMULET, or the

Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained, with an Address to the Public, the Ladies, and the Order. By Rev. D. W. Bristol, Professor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y. 4th edition, revised. CONTENTS.—PART I.—The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined. PART II.—Objections answered. 1. It may be used for Political purposes; 2. You administer unlawful Oaths, and threaten unlawful Penalties; 3. The Poor cannot become members of it; 4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations; 5. You create distinctions in society; 6. You are a Secret Institution; 7. You do not admit the Ladies; 8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground; 9. It turns the Bible out of doors; 10. Odd-Fellowship is Free-Masonry revived; 11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad; 12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant; 13. We object to your name of Odd-Fellows; 14. It makes Christians fellow-ships with the wicked and the Infidel; 15. Odd-Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty. PART III.—The advantages arising from Odd-Fellowship. PART IV.—A word to the Public, the Ladies, and the Order.

The undersigned Past Grand of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States, the Book recently issued by Bro. D. W. Bristol, P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304—entitled "The Odd-Fellow's Amulet." We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.—Wm. Hopkins, D.D.G.M.; R. F. Russel, P.D.D.G.M.; Benj. F. Hall, P.G.; Lansing Briggs, P.G.; Wm. S. Hudson, P.G.; Sullivan N. Smith, P.G.; Henry A. Hawes, P.G. Auburn, Sept., 1848.

This work is got up in a style similar to "Headley's Sacred Mountains," with four beautiful Steel illustrations; 248 pages, 12mo., gilt muslin, and sold at the low price of \$1.00. Copies sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00—post paid. Copies bound in elegant gilt binding, printed on vellum paper, suitable for the holidays, price \$2.00. DERBY, MILLER & Co. 31239 Publishers, Auburn, N. Y.

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AND GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT, 27 COURTLAND-STREET, a few doors below the Western Hotel.—Winter Clothing at Cost.—The Subscribers are clearing out their large stock of Winter Garments at Cost. Gentlemen arriving in the city requiring a full or partial outfit, will find at the above establishment all that is necessary to complete their wardrobe for the Sacramento or the States. The Stock embraces all the new styles of Sack and Pelto Overcoats, Albert Coats, Boston Wrappers of goat's-hair Camlet. Pantaloon and Vests at all prices. Also, a large assortment of Hunting Coats and Pants, made up in the strongest manner, with large pockets suitable for the Gold diggers. J. C. BOOTH & CO. 41239

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THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price. Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$50 to \$25 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

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Factie.

Ladies who are fond of knitting when at sea, need never be in want of materials for work, for any sailor will always be ready to spin them a yarn. They will find, however, much cruelty practiced on board, for seamen often attach a buoy to an anchor and throw him overboard. In a storm they generally, if possible, heave two, and if they see a buoy floating, they never fetch him up, but always avoid him.

Teacher.—Charles, spell axe.

Boy.—A-x-e, axe.

Teacher.—What is an axe?

Boy.—An instrument for cutting wood.

Teacher.—How many kinds of axes are there?

Boy.—There's broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, and—axe of the Legislature, and axe of the Apostles.

Teacher.—Go up to the head. Bill, aint you ashamed! Charley knows of three axes more than you do.

Mrs. Partington says she intended the consort of the female cemetery last evening, and some of the songs were extirpated with touching pathos. The young ladies sung like syrups, and looked like angels just out of paradox. She only regrets that during the showers of applause she remembered that she had forgotten her parasol.

"Father! father! have you got a quarter about you? The great zoological avery and circuit is coming here to-day. They've got some new things, father; a great boy constructor: and an African lion just from Asia, with forty stripes on his back, and nary one alike; all the monkeys on a keen jump; children under ten years of age, half-price. Mayn't I go, father?" "Why, sartin!"

A gentleman without much experience in the art, in attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now!" exclaimed the wife, "we have lost our dinner." "Oh, no, my dear," answered he, "it is safe, for I have my foot on it."

A lady who was suffering from slight indisposition, told her husband that it was with the utmost difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I would not try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

MRS CATHERINE NEILSON, (Widow of the late P. D. & Sire Neilson), has taken a large house, No. 6 South street, 4 doors from Baltimore street, BALTIMORE, for the purpose of carrying on a permanent and transient Boarding House; and she takes this method of informing the members of the Order, and the traveling community, that they will find her house conveniently located, and her table and lodging apartments equal to any in the city of Baltimore. Prices moderate. 81237

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, NO. 11 WALL-STREET.—This Company completed its third year on the 1st of May last, at which time the surplus amounted to \$542,010 58, showing an amount of business unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

Dividends of profits are declared annually upon all life policies which have settled two or more premiums; the profits draw interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and can be made available at once, to the extent of two-thirds of their amount where the party has paid his premiums in full. Premiums are payable annually, but may be paid semi-annually or quarterly, and parties taking Life policies may, if they prefer, give their individual notes for one-half the annual premium, upon which they will be required to pay 6 per cent. interest per annum.

Prospectus, and all papers necessary to effect insurance, and all information in relation to the plan of operations; may be obtained, gratis, at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st.

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James Stewart, M.D. (Residence, No. 3 Abington Square) Medical Examiner, attends at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. 238-4

ORDER OF PHILOZOTHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in the United States of America, are now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country. Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S. 101 Forsyth-st. New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 216 Broome-st. 238-11

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS. JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 3m236

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved **CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP**, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over One Thousand Dollars.

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WHOLE NO. 241.

Original Poetry.

THE DESERTED HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.
BY ALLIE VERNON.

It stands 'mid noble, waving trees,
The ivy climbs the ruin'd wall,
And sounds of mirth are never heard
Within that lone, deserted hall.
Nought but the insect's joyous hum,
Or murmur of the falling leaves,
Or warbling of some wild song-bird,
Or whisp'rings of the wand'ring breeze.

And yet, loud laughter hath rung forth
Where all seems now so sad and lone,
And merrily upon the air
Hath risen music's gayest tone:
And in that hall, with joyous hearts,
And eyes bright as the midnight sky,
Fair girls have led the mazy dance,
Or breathed love's softest melody.

But where are they—those happy ones
With brows undim'd by wo or care?
Alas! no voice replies, save soft
Faint echoes answer—"Where, ah! where?"
Some lie in distant, sunny lands,
And some rest 'neath the flashing sea;
But hush'd are all the glad'ning sounds
Of youthful merriment and glee.

One was a beauteous girl, with curls
Of softest golden-tinted hair,
With deep blue eyes and fairy form,
And yet a noble, queenly air.
She seem'd too angel-like to dwell
Here, where so soon each tie is riv'n
Of love and hope:—her pallid cheek
Told that her native home was Heav'n.
They bore her to fair Italy,
'Mid sweetly blooming flowers to die;
And there she sleeps—far from her home,
Beneath an ever sunny sky.

The brother was a noble youth,
With lofty spirit, proud and free,
And yet he left his father's home,
To brave the perils of the sea.
And one dark night the waves swell'd high,
And on the gale rose, wild and shrill,
A few short prayers—the ship went down,
And all again was lone and still.

Once from that hall, too, came sweet tones,
Soft as a wand'ring angel's sigh,
Or murmur of the wind-harp's strings,
When summer zephyrs linger nigh.
The minstrel bore upon his brow
A seal of light—his heart was fill'd
With strange, wild thoughts, and when he sang,
All sounds of gaiety were still'd.

And they who watch'd his beaming eye
Thought that such strains were surely given
To him alone, by kindred ones
Who brought the wand'ring tones from Heav'n.

But he, too, left his childhood's home—
He went to seek the meed of Fame,
And hoped, ere yet he died, to twine
The brightest laurels with his name.

He found no love, and his proud heart
Beneath the world's proud scorn was crush'd;
His brow grew pure and spirit-like,
And soon the poet's song was hush'd,
They know not where the wand'r'er rests,—
He would that none should see his shame,—
But in a bright, though humble spot,
Is laid the last of that proud name.
And now no more the joyous tread
Of youthful feet on that floor fall;
The wind's low moan, the wild waves lay,
Are all the sounds in that lone hall.

Original Tales.

THE SNAKE-BITTEN.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY OBEID OCHILTREE.

THERE is no one of the often quoted remarks which have become trite, and even vulgar, more frequently verified than that which says "Truth is stranger than fiction." Circumstances, having the most important bearing upon the fortunes of individuals and nations, many times take their origin from events of the most trivial nature. And not only are many occurrences in actual life as strange and *outré* in their character as any engendered in the wildest flights of a vivid imagination; but the most beautiful and touching evidence of the existence and practice of the heroic virtues every where arrest the attention of the observant. If any one, not a mere vegetable mill-horse, chooses but to open his eyes to events of almost daily occurrence around him,

he need not search the pages of the novelist for examples of self-sacrificing love, disinterested generosity, or brave endurance of abuse and unkindness for years, rather than for one moment deviate from the path of duty. Many a flower unsurpassed in loveliness blooms by the way-side of the most desolate wanderer through the world, and many a gem of brightest sparkle glistens among the sands of the most dreary pilgrimage.

These remarks, none the less true because common-place, are suggested by the recollection of a train of circumstances illustrating the power of affection to induce self-forgetfulness, which occurred within the knowledge of the writer. If the narration could be made in the graphic language of an Irving or a Scott, the events would be remembered long after actors and chroniclers shall have passed away; and even in my poor way of telling the story, it may serve to amuse for a moment the readers of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

Twenty years ago moving to the west was not as easy a task as it has since become. Facilities for travel were not so great that one could journey cheaper and more comfortably than he could stay at home. "Steamboats and railroads all in commotion" were comparatively unknown, and a removal of the household goods was accompanied by a tedious and slow land voyage. Heads of families infected with the "prairie fever," after disposing of articles most easily replaced, sending in boxes by way of the lakes, to remain in store at some western port until called for, the heaviest and most bulky ones, and packing into strong covered wagons those absolutely necessary on their way, and, adding to the load wives and children, would leave the old homestead to the care of strangers, or wholly deserted. From twenty-five to thirty-five miles compose the usual day's drive, and at night the tavern or private house, as the case may be, gave them shelter. Arrived at their journey's end, the rude log cabin and roughly fenced fields, but overflowing granaries, supplied the place of the thousand comforts and luxuries they had abandoned at the east. All honor to the bold, enterprising and industrious pioneers who have reared a mighty empire upon the plains of the west, whose prosperity rests upon the firm basis of agricultural pursuits, and which bids fair to be as lasting as the intelligence of the people is great.

Many years since, when the tide of emigration began to flow toward Michigan and Indiana, all accounts agreed in stating that the west was a land "flowing with milk and honey;" that pigs ran about the streets ready roasted; that crowbars stuck in the ground at night were found in the morning sprouted with "ten-penny nails;" that stalks of corn grew to the size of large trees, and turnips the size of hogheads; in short, that the west was everything, and all other places

nothing in comparison—I enjoyed a “fitting” similar to those above spoken of. Comfortably seated in two stout wagons, protected from the sun and rain by ample linen awnings, a company of nine farmers journeyed by easy stages along the southern shore of Lake Erie, across the territory of Michigan, and around the southern extremity of the lake of the same name, to the most northern part of Illinois. The season was early autumn, and, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, the journey, on the whole, was a very pleasant one.

It happened just previous to entering that terror of emigrants the “black swamp,” (and “thereby hangs a tale”) we found the public house at which we stopped for the night occupied by another party of emigrants, also seeking a home in the west. This party consisted of the families of two brothers named Hart, each containing four persons; the older brother having two sons, and the younger a son and daughter. An after intimacy of years made us acquainted with their previous history. The fathers having married and afterward constantly resided in the same neighborhood, the parties seemed more like one family than two distinct circles. James, the oldest son of the senior Hart, was a slight, pale youth of twenty-three years. He possessed an intellectual and winning expression of countenance, and had just graduated with the highest honors at one of the New England colleges. He was the betrothed of his cousin Sarah; the oldest child of the younger Hart, a fine specimen of the beautiful and intelligent farmer's daughters of New York; and as soon as they became settled in their new home, the lovers were to be united. Having grown up together from childhood, sharing each other's studies and pastimes, loving each other with an affection based on mutual esteem, their characters had become closely assimilated, and the instruction of their excellent parents had produced in them as near an approach to excellence as is consistent with human nature. The Harts were the most intelligent of the class of independent New York farmers.

This party and our own being the only guests, and as we occupied a common sitting room, a few moments sufficed to commence our re-acquaintance, and we separated at a late hour mutually gratified with the pleasant evening we had passed. It was agreed previous to retiring that we should proceed together as far as our roads were the same; but an unfortunate accident happening to one of our wagons the next morning, delayed us for a day or two, and much to our regret the Harts were obliged to go on alone. As this narrative has principally to do with James and Sarah Hart, we follow them on their way.

They passed on among the picturesque lakes and oak openings of the interior of Michigan, and through the morasses of northern Indiana, without the occurrence of any incident of importance. After leaving La Porte and the magnificent Door Prairie, however, circumstances took place which will not be forgotten during the lives of the parties concerned. An uninhabited and nearly unbroken prairie extended for thirty or forty miles to the westward from the stream called Deep River, if memory serves me rightly. Some ten or twelve miles from the western verge of the prairie stood, and doubtless still stands, a cluster of gnarled oaks, shading and surrounded by an undergrowth of oak, hazel, and hickory shrubs. A family named Brown had for a few months inhabited a miserable log hut at the point in the narrow strip of timber bounding the prairie on the west and northwest, intersected by the road. A week or two antecedent to the time of which I write, a Mr. Rice had also “squatted” in the grove some six miles northwest of the cluster of trees mentioned above.

The weather had been quite warm for two or three days previous to the arrival of the Harts at the banks of Deep River, though on the morning of their crossing the sky was slightly overcast with clouds. They arrived at the cluster of trees between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, when they halted to refresh their teams and themselves. Having chosen convenient locations, some twenty rods apart, the horses were

soon removed from their traces and the teeth of men and beasts were applied to their legitimate use. I believe it is said that lovers never eat; at all events it is certain that James and Sarah preferred each other's society to the pleasure of mastication. The attraction common and irresistible in such cases drew them together, and knowing that an hour would elapse previous to resuming their journey, the lovers started off on a brisk walk, to relieve limbs wearied with long sitting.

In the meantime, the utmost cheerfulness prevailed among those surrounding the respective lunch boxes. Thus far their journey had been most prosperous. Health and joyous anticipations had from the first accompanied them. The scenery through which they had passed possessed all the charm of novelty, and the emotions with which they viewed the broad natural meadows, on one of which was to be their future abode, were inexpressibly pleasing. They were now not far distant from the spot toward which their steps had been directed, and a day or two more would see them building a new house for the beautiful affections that cluster so luxuriantly around the American Farmer's hearth-stone. With many a laugh and jovial rally the provisions were demolished, the horses re-harnessed, and their journey to the northward once more resumed.

I stated that James and Sarah had preferred a walk to their dinner. Their course was directed toward a little pond, which appeared to be but a few hundred yards distant, but which was in reality more than a mile from them. Absorbed in conversation respecting their prospects of future happiness when settled in their new abode, framing plans for self-improvement and usefulness to others, and indulging in those rosy dreams common to all lovers, the flight of time and their distance from the grove was unnoticed. Forgetful of all else, they had twice encircled the miniature lake, when James stooped to pick a little summer flower which attracted his attention.

“Oh, James,” said Sarah, “let us make a wild bouquet for mother.”

“Agreed,” replied James, and they were soon busily engaged in gathering leaves and an occasional late flower. Of course, the season for obtaining a variety was past, but here and there were to be found materials for an attention so grateful both to givers and the receiver. Thus pleasantly engaged, the hours slipped away, but the ramblers felt no uneasiness, supposing they would be called when the wagons were ready to move on. While stooping to gather a plant, James heard a rattling sound, and the next instant felt a slight puncture on the back of his hand. The fatal sound he knew but too well, and springing to his feet, he stamped upon and killed a large *rattle-snake*. He knew he was bitten, and the venomous nature of his wound, and a thrill of terror ran through his frame as he thought of the probable consequences of the accident. With much presence of mind and consideration for his companion's fears, he suppressed an exclamation, and holding up the reptile, said:

“See, Sarah! I have dispatched a deadly enemy.”

Although devoid of that childish fear with which such animals are regarded by most ladies, Sarah could not repress a shudder as she saw it, and cried:

“Oh, James! what if it had bitten you!”

The reality to him of what was but a supposition with her, rendered his voice unsteady as he replied:

“Never mind the matter now, Sarah. It is time to return. Let us throw away the bouquet, we cannot gather one worth while.”

For the first time since commencing their walk they turned their eyes towards the spot where their parents had dined. What was their amazement upon beholding the vehicles containing all that was most dear to them on earth, save each other, a mile or more from their halting-place, and rapidly moving to the westward! In utter astonishment, and with a burst of grief, Sarah exclaimed:

“Why, James! they are gone! What can it mean?”

Horror-struck at this addition to the embarrassments of a situation already sufficiently terrible, James could only ejaculate:—

“My God! Sarah! We are deserted! And after such an awful accident, too!” he added in a lower tone, and with a thrill of anguish. But the words did not escape the quick ears of Sarah.

“Accident, James? What do you mean?” cried she, catching his arm, and looking anxiously into his face. “You tremble and look pale—oh, tell me! is there anything more to fear? What is it, James?”

Unwilling to tell her the full extent of his misery, until forced to do so, he gazed upon her features as though it was to be his last look, pressed her convulsively to his breast, and mastering his emotion he answered:

“Nothing, nothing, dearest. Let us haste to the grove; perhaps we shall find help there of which we do not now think. Come quick!” and they moved rapidly towards the place where they had left their parents; torturing themselves with endeavors to surmise the reasons for being abandoned in the midst of a waste so dreary and desolate as the prairie now appeared to them. The unusual silence, paleness and agitation of James gave Sarah much surprise, as he was constitutionally brave and determined. As they approached the grove, his hand and arm rapidly swelled, and became more painful, and at length he could not suppress a cry of pain, as an acute pang shot through his arm to his shoulder. A sensation of faintness began to steal over him, his steps became unsteady, and he was obliged to lean on Sarah for support. These symptoms of illness could not escape her notice, and finding it useless longer to affect concealment, he held up his hand, now swollen to twice its usual size, and acquainted her with what had happened.

The blow was terrible. Deserted by their friends, left to wander without food in a waste, miles from a human habitation, her position was dreary enough; but all this was happiness, compared with the prospect now before her. The former had been endurable; but to be compelled to witness the agonies, perhaps the death, of one dearer to her than life itself, without the power to alleviate one pang; to leave his body to the tender mercies of the prowling wolf, or to bleach in the sun; all this was an accumulation of miseries almost too great for her to withstand. These thoughts passed through her brain in an instant, but the strong-minded girl bore up nobly under the infliction. Religiously educated; accustomed to fly to that only true source of consolation, she fell upon her knees and prayed to Him who is an ever-present help in time of need. She rose strengthened for the task she saw before her. There was neither romance nor childish affectation of fear in Sarah's disposition. Her strong soul at one grappled with all the evils of her position, in their worst aspect, and all that it was possible for woman to do under such circumstances, Sarah was capable of accomplishing. Her energies rose with the emergency, and with a brave heart she resolved upon the steps best calculated to avert the worst terrors of their situation.

Any attempt by one in his condition, to follow their friends on foot was madness, and her first care was to secure for him as good a shelter as possible. Whether the previous sultry weather had added virulence to the poison, or there was something in his state of health predisposing to its speedy operation, I know not, but it is certain that the spread of the virus was most rapid, and in less than an hour, the swelling had extended to his shoulder, accompanied by violent pains, and a sensation of dizziness and weakness. Exhorting him to lean heavily upon her, she carried, rather than led him to the grove, and placing him as comfortably as possible between the roots of an oak, she placed her shawl under his head, and requesting him to remain perfectly quiet until her return, she set off to execute the remainder of her purposes.

As if placed by Providence in the precise position where most needed, there are three plants growing in the west, that are said to be sure antidotes against the poison of the *rattle-snake*. One of these is a sure remedy, if taken in season, and although, under certain circumstances, it

may not prevent a long and painful illness, fatal results seldom follow its timely application. When, a few days previously, one of these herbs was pointed out to Sarah, she little thought how soon the knowledge was to be of incalculable benefit. Taking James' knife, she sought for, found, and dug some of the roots of this plant, and induced the sufferer to eat of them freely. The leaves she crushed, and bound upon his hand. The roots are very pungent to the taste, and this fact, together with the fever which now began to blanch his cheeks, created unutterable thirst. He had no sooner spoken of this, than taking his hat, the only vessel she had, in which to bring it, the noble girl set out swiftly for the pond, and although it was necessary for her to walk more than three miles, in a very short time the fluid was at his lips. He was still suffering severe pain. Placing him in as easy a position as possible, Sarah sat down by his side, to consider what next was to be done. If it would have been of use she could have yielded to a fit of weeping, but she well knew that tears were, in this instance, of no avail.

Any attempt to reach assistance, accompanied by James, was out of the question, and it was equally certain that he would perish, if both remained where they were. Her heart prompted her to remain by his side, and watch over him till the last; but her reason told her that he could only be saved by procuring speedy help from some quarter. This she could only obtain by seeking it. Her resolution was soon taken. Covering him with a few boughs, giving him many injunctions to remain perfectly quiet, promising him a speedy return, and bidding him adieu with tears and a kiss, this young girl, tenderly nurtured, unaccustomed to toil, and heretofore guarded with the most careful solicitude, set forth, on foot, to cross a lonely prairie, the shades of night fast gathering around her, to seek for help. The approach of night had no terrors for Sarah. Every energy bent to the task of saving the life of her cousin, she had no time for the indulgence of childish fears. Anxiety of mind had as yet prevented her from feeling fatigue, and she went forward rapidly in the direction which she supposed her father and uncle had taken. Although aware of the necessity of economizing her strength, impatience frequently quickened her pace into a run, which she would continue, until obliged for want of breath to proceed more slowly. But she was traveling from her friends, instead of toward them.

I think I mentioned that a family named Rice had settled some six or eight miles to the northward of the grove where the Harts had dined. A road branched off to the right at this grove, and entered the Chicago road, near Rice's house, and this new path Sarah had unwittingly taken. Just at dusk, after five miles of alternate running and walking, which seemed to her like ten, Sarah saw before her a light, and she hastened towards it with rapture. But alas! her hopes of obtaining assistance, were doomed to disappointment. On arriving, at the house, she indeed found human beings but not capable of giving her aid. The day previous, Mrs. Rice had been taken very ill, and her husband had left for the little village of J—, some thirty miles distant, a few hours before Sarah's arrival, to procure medical advice for his wife. The latter was left to the care of his little son, ten years of age. The only team Mr. Rice possessed he had taken with him. To ask the son to leave his mother under such circumstances was not to be thought of, even if his presence would have been of use; so, taking a light blanket, some simple remedies and food, kindly furnished by Mrs. Rice, and such advice as her limited experience could suggest, poor Sarah set out on her weary return to the place where she had left her cousin. Inclement weather was not added to her other troubles, for the air was balmy and pleasant, and there was sufficient light to enable her to keep the path with ease; but fatigue was beginning to clog the willing steps of the brave maiden.

Nearly double the time was consumed by her in returning to the grove, and, if possible, a more bitter blow than any she had received awaited her arrival there, which was about three hours after leaving Mrs. Rice. With quickening steps she hastened to the tree, at whose roots

she had left James, but no James was there! There, indeed, was the tree—the bushes she had gathered—the place where he had lain—but no James. The currents of blood flowed back to her heart, and left her pale, chilled, and motionless as a marble column; there was no longer a doubt of his absence. What had become of him? Had he grown impatient for her return and started to meet her? Or had he, driven by the pangs of thirst again to seek the pond, fallen exhausted upon the prairie, never more to rise? Might he not even now be near her? She rose to her feet, and listened intently, as this supposition occurred to her, for some breath or groan, but unbroken silence prevailed. Who shall describe the anguish she felt as these surmises thronged through her mind? But in all this, no thought of self sullied the pure character of the noble girl's devotion. She did not, for a moment, pause to consider, what might be to her the result of the lonely situation in which she was placed. All her efforts were directed to finding and saving him for whom she had already done so much. After standing a few minutes, listening for some sound which would reveal his presence, Sarah deposited the articles she had brought at the foot of the tree, and commenced a systematic search. She moved rapidly through all the bushes, in every direction, called his name, coupled with the most endearing epithet; and when fully convinced that he was not within the trees, she commenced encircling the grove. Two or three times she fell to the ground upon meeting a slight obstruction, but immediately rose and resumed the search. At last, however, her strength gave way, and she sank down, utterly worn out with anxiety of mind and long continued violent exercise. Canopied by the stars, and with the night winds whispering over her for a covering, she slept the sleep which buries alike senses and faculties in oblivion.

Return we to the parents who had left a son and daughter to the endurance of so much misery. It was usual with members of either family to ride for miles with the other. Sometimes the two matrons would ride for half a day together, and sometimes the young cousins had important business to transact, which could only be accomplished in concert. But these changes were most frequently made by James and Sarah. Hardly a day passed but one of them rode more or less with the other. Hence their absence either from lunch, or from the wagons on starting, did not excite surprise. Each family supposed the missing one was with the other, and no one had seen them leave the grove. The road being excellent, and the horses refreshed, the distance to Brown's was soon passed over; and the brief question from the foremost team: "Shall we go on or stop?" was answered still more brief from the other, with "Go on." About dusk they arrived at the timber, at the head of Hickory Creek.

Here the question was first asked, "Where are James and Sarah?" It was ascertained that no one had seen either of them, since stopping at noon. The most lively alarm was instantly felt by all, and the horses of their host being fortunately fresh, one of the wagons was soon equipped, and the elder Hart set out to find the wanderers. Not hearing of the missing ones at Brown's, they pushed on, and between one and two o'clock reached the little cluster of trees where they had lunched the day before. Here under the tree by the road-side where James had lain, they found the broken boughs, and a little bundle of food obtained by Sarah of Mrs. Rice. Upon striking a light the handkerchief containing the food was identified by Sarah's father. These signs led them to suppose correctly that one or both the truants must be still in the vicinity.

They accordingly entered upon a thorough search of the grove, which they accomplished much sooner than Sarah had done a few hours before. Finding no one, as she had also done, they proceeded to search around it, and at length their perseverance was rewarded by finding Sarah stretched upon the ground. After many futile efforts they succeeded in arousing her sufficiently to gather a knowledge of the leading incidents which had occurred; although it was not till long afterward that they knew the full

extent of her sufferings. After making a fruitless and rapid search within a circuit of half a mile for James, they consulted among themselves as to what was next to be done. Sarah's account rendered it certain that he had not wandered far away alone. The thought of his having been disturbed by wild animals was instantly dismissed. The only conclusion left was that passing travelers had discovered and taken him with them. This opinion having been adopted, the next question was which way had he been carried. It could not have been toward Chicago, for the team would have been met by Sarah. Travelers going east would in all probability have stopped at Brown's in preference to crossing thirty miles of uninhabited prairie in the night. However, although they could not understand how a wagon could pass them unnoticed, they were driven to the conclusion, which was a just one, that James had been taken westward. They, therefore, again turned their horse's heads toward Brown's, and on arriving there soon after sunrise, found the object of their search.

A few words will suffice to show how he came there, and finish our story already grown too long.

I stated that the Harts left us in western Ohio. We frequently heard of them on the way, and as we traveled fastest, when they crossed Deep River we were but a few hours behind. We pushed on, willing to ride a few hours in the night rather than not overtake them, and reached the cluster of trees about nine in the evening. As we passed, hearing groans near the road, we sought and found their source, and from the condition of James' hand and arm, correctly surmised the nature of his accident. Fortunately, a physician was in one of the wagons, and such remedies as it was possible to administer were given on the spot. Placing him comfortably in one of the wagons, we carried him on with us.

In a little hollow to the left of the road and about eighty rods from Brown's, a little spring bubbles from the earth, and to this spring we turned for the purpose of watering the horses previous to driving to the house. While we were in this hollow, the few hurried inquiries were made of Brown by the Harts, and we heard their wagon as they drove away disappointed to the east. Upon arriving at the house the experience of Mr. Brown in similar cases was called into requisition, and before morning James had recovered his senses and told us the circumstances as far as he knew them of his mishap.

I need not pause to describe the joy of the Harts at finding him on their arrival in the morning, nor their sorrow at his critical situation. It is sufficient to say that at night the families were re-united, and that they proceeded by easy stages to their new home. For weeks and months James vibrated between life and death; but at last skillful treatment and kind nursing obtained the victory, though a year and a half elapsed before he recovered his wonted health. A fever of several week's duration was the consequence to Sarah of her noble self-devotion. To her presence of mind in promptly administering the antidote does James attribute the preservation of his life. They have now been married many years, and in his deportment toward her may be seen the evidence of respect for her estimable qualities of mind, love for her virtues, and daily gratitude for the many happy years she has been instrumental in adding to his life.

A FINE PASSAGE.—The celebrated Robert Hall one day attended church, where a young minister preached on some public occasion. It so happened, that the preacher met Mr. Hall afterwards, at dinner, at the house of a mutual friend. The young man was very anxious to hear Mr. Hall's opinion of his discourse, and very pertinaciously plied the great man with questions respecting it. Hall endured the annoyance for some time with great patience. He did not wish to hurt the young man's feelings; but he could not conscientiously laud his sermon. At length, worried beyond endurance, he said: "Well, sir, there was one fine passage, and I liked it much, sir, much." The young divine rubbed his hands in high glee, and pressed Mr. Hall to name it. "Why, sir," replied Hall, "the passage I allude to, was your passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

Sketches of Character.

THE MARQUISE DU CHATELET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE GAZETTE AND RULE.

Mme. la Marquise du Chatelet was endowed with a graceful, and well proportioned figure; her gait was majestic, yet elastic. Of her moral qualities we shall soon realize a just conception. Voltaire first became acquainted with her, when she was but twelve years of age, about the year 1718. For many years he lost sight of her, then in 1733 his friend, M. d'Aigueberre, counselor of the parliament of Toulouse, made him renew his acquaintance with her. At that period she had been married eight years, her father Baron de Breteuil, having given her in marriage to a descendant of one of the most ancient houses in Lorraine, and a lieutenant in the king's army: this was the Marquis du Chatelet, and for whom his wife always entertained the greatest indifference. Out of revenge she fell in love with the Duke de Richelieu, and still retained him in her snares, when Voltaire came in contact with her. To enthral such a great genius, could she have been wanting in charms, superior to all other women? She was beautiful and perfectly devoted—knew perfectly the dead languages and had commenced a translation of Virgil; had written lectures upon the ancient authors, and the writers of the age of Louis XIV. and was possessed of an elegant style, united to a masculine vigor. In fine, a good musician, speaking and declaiming with a dignified address, she did not fail to inspire Voltaire with a durable affection. This illustrious man was in his thirtieth year, when he commenced living with Mme. du Chatelet on terms of innocent intimacy. She and her most intimate friend the Duchesse de Saint Pierre, often visited him in his humble lodgings, opposite to Saint Gervais, and would boldly tell him that they came to sup with him. For a long time Voltaire would not avow to himself the charm that he experienced in this society.

He would converse with them in terms of enthusiasm, but defended himself from entertaining for *la marquise* any other sentiment but that pure friendship. At what period did this illusive sentiment cease? When was it replaced by the real? Truly towards the end of 1733. The *marquise*, with the strength of first impressions, loved fervently, and without any thought of the future. She even had the frankness, to avow to her ancient admirer the Duke de Richelieu, "I have never had a true passion," she wrote to him, "except that which is at present the charm, and the torment of my life, my good and my evil spirit." The influence of Voltaire upon Mme. du Chatelet was as extensive as it was rapid. She learned many of the living languages, the English among others. These varied talents recommend her but the more to the affection of her friend and strengthened the bonds of their love. He wrote to Thierot, "that Mme. du Chatelet came to the side of his bed and read to him the *Tusculanes* of Cicero in the original, and afterwards the first epistle of Pope upon virtue. If you know any woman in Paris," he continues "who can do the like, let me know of it." There is no doubt that if this mode of existence could have continued, without any modification, Voltaire would have enjoyed the highest amount of earthly happiness, if happiness were compatible with a *liaison* which morality would deprecate: but they lived in a country in which they were not free from the scope of public opinion, or the persecutions of a government. Thus for instance, he feared being instantly cast into prison by writing his letters upon the English, if he had not immediately quitted France. He then accepted of an asylum in the ancient *chateau* of Mme. du Chatelet at Cirey in Champagne.

This old fortress had been for a long time deserted, and was almost uninhabitable; but the situation was very beautiful, being placed on the side of a gentle rising hill, upon the top of which was a chapel, and surrounded with trees. At the foot of this hill a clear, serpentine stream

glided along the skirts of a wood, and in its limpid transparency, reflected the graceful forms of the swans, that despoiled themselves upon its placid bosom.

There, in violation of all the laws of decorum, Mme. du Chatelet shortly joined Voltaire. Love overcame her better judgment, and much as she loved the world, she did not hesitate in renouncing it entirely. She decided on inhabiting Cirey, and Voltaire, (who must be blamed for participating in her indiscretion,) wishing that this residence were more worthy of his friend, got her to furnish the *chateau* in an exquisitely superb style. Upon the door of her cabinet, he wrote these words, "Refuge of the arts, solitude, where my heart is ever filled with a profound peace: it is you who have given me that happiness, which the world deny." And upon the door of a turret he wrote, "Behold my lot, repose, freedom from care, or *ennui*, a few books, and a friend, in my solitude." Such were the pleasures of Cirey; love being the principal and most agreeable occupation—Voltaire and the *marquise* would write to one another, many times in the day, without quitting their chambers. From this period date all the poems of Voltaire, in which he celebrates the talents, graces, and virtues, of her, whom he loved. One day he wrote to her, "you ask me to write to you, but the love which my hand, has placed all its strength in my bosom, and directs me to tell you so." On an other occasion, when they were walking in the gardens of Cirey, by the clear light, of the summer moon, he improvised these lines:

"Brilliant satellite, favorable to lovers, shed here all the gleams of thy sweet clear light; thou canst not open, in thy vast career, two hearts, more loving, tender, or constant." Voltaire, as we see, lost no opportunity of displaying his gallantry. The following is a curious instance of it.

Having employed Barrier to engrave his likeness upon some fine stones, he sent them with the following words to his friend: "Barrier has cut these lines destined for your eyes, perhaps you will recognise them; your likeness has been engraved upon my heart much better, but it was by a greater master." It would take up too much space, if we were to give all the different poetical effusions with which the *marquise* inspired Voltaire. We resist that pleasure, as we know that the most part of these poems are well known. Our readers will pardon us, in our preferring to give a description of the customs, and manners, at the *chateau de Cirey*. At ten, or eleven, in the morning, the friends met in the gallery of the *chateau*, and took coffee together; and then took another repast at about nine in the evening. There was a mid-day meal for M. du Chatelet, when he arrived at the *chateau*, with friends or visitors, which was but rarely. When there were visitors, the supper was generally prolonged until after midnight; the *marquis* however would retire after the *dessert*—so we see that he was a very accommodating husband. When he was gone, the conversation took a more animated tone, and the *marquise* as well as Voltaire indemnified themselves with long hours of interesting conversation, in the silence of their study, and often interrupting the most serious discourse, with some *piquante* pleasantry; sometimes it was poetry, and at others prose; in general Voltaire read in the evening, what he had composed in the day. Voltaire delighted in giving theatrical representations—he formed a *corps* of actors among the visitors, &c. &c. and even the servants had parts allotted to them. He also got a small theatre constructed, and for the most part it was his own pieces which were played; thus the public of Cirey had the good fortune to witness his most beautiful dramatic productions. While residing at the *chateau*, Voltaire composed among others his fine tragedy, the *Death of Cesar*. He also occupied himself with history and had commenced to write the *Age of Louis XIV.* and an essay on Customs. On her part, Mme. du Chatelet made frequent excursions into the domains of history and even of philosophy; it was for her that Voltaire composed this latter work, and she published "Doubts upon Religion," which insisted upon the assistance of logic, in the spirit of examination.

But the sciences captivated her most. For a long time she was engaged in writing a commentary on Newton,—and composed, for the particular instruction of her son, her *Physical Institutions*—in fact she attracted around her all those who were skilled in science, mathematics or physics, such as Maupertius, with whom she entered into a correspondence—Bernouille, the brothers Kœnig, his disciples, who passed two years at Cirey, and Clairaut, who contributed in turning Voltaire from his scientific career, in which the *marquise* wished him to continue. From her love for physical science, this woman, (whose disposition was a little despotic,) combated with Voltaire, without ceasing, on account of his *penchant* for history, poetry, and philosophy. One day when conversing with M^{me} de Graffigny, about the "Age of Louis XIV." and M^{me} du Chatelet endeavored to prevent his continuing it he replied, "I most assuredly will finish it, but certainly not while at Cirey." From that time forward he was, entirely engaged in physics and got up a laboratory under the superintendence of a chemist. The celebrated Nollet undertook the purchase of his instruments. He repeated all the experiments of Homberg, and Lemeris, and even wrote a work on caloric, for competition of the prize of the Academy of science. He wrote this work during the night, without the knowledge of M^{me} du Chatelet, who was herself writing a treatise on the same subject, most mysteriously during the night, and which she sent in also to compete for the prize. Neither of them obtained the crown, but an honorable mention was made of them.

Maupertius being consulted by the two competitors, preferred Mme. du Chatelet's treatise to that of Voltaire. The life of Voltaire during the six years that he resided at Cirey was not always tranquil—subjects of annoyance came turn by turn. His calumniators enraged by the pursuit of their prey, harassed him to a degree, and Mme. de Graffigny, who admired all his good qualities, his talents, his docility to critics, &c., &c., could not help saying, "one word from his enemies puts him in despair. I cannot give you an idea of this folly, except that it is as miserable as his genius is expanded."

But then on the other hand, the furious clamors made against him by men who only wore the mask of religion, afforded him a good opportunity to grieve. When he published a new work, these hypocritical devotees uttered howls of despair. He was twice obliged to fly from France; once in 1734, a little after the publication of his letters on the English, and again in 1736, when his work "Du Mondain" appeared. During both those absences, Mme. du Chatelet entertained a perfect love for him, and showed herself worthy of the affection which the poet had for her. In December 1734, she writes to the Comte d'Argental, "it is now fifteen days since I have heard from, and I know not where he is. I even have not the sad consolation of sharing his misfortunes."

The reason of Voltaire's not writing was through the fear of putting the government agents upon his track, which would be certain as they had control of the post offices. During his absence in 1736, the same silence—the same regrets. At last Voltaire returned.

But still Mme. du Chatelet was the cause of tribulation to him. Either of their characters was very irascible, and she constantly had quarrels, such as close up the ears to all reason and self-respect. These quarrels alone were not the cause of his mental depression, a stronger motive for uneasiness constantly tormented him—that was jealousy. Under the pretense of solving scientific problems, Mme. du Chatelet would shut herself up for hours in her library with C. Clairaut. This mode of study did not please her friends; on one evening having informed the *marquise* and the savant of supper being awaiting them, at last, boiling with impatience, he kicked in the door of her study, and then returned in a rage.

Mme. du Chatelet has accused him of having ceased to love her. We do not believe that accusation just. Voltaire was in bad health, and broken down in a manner by age, and excessive traveling, and could not be expected to return the warm loving tenderness of youth. To cer-

tain reproaches he replied thus sadly: "If you wish me to love still, give me back my age of love, &c., &c." But he was not the less attached to his friend; one of his nieces, Mme. Denis, saw him at Cirey, and struck by the manner in which he loved Emilie, she wrote to Thierot, "I really believe that he has lost himself for his friends."

In fact, Voltaire had resisted all the offers of princes, rejected a magnificent position in Russia, and had sacrificed all the advantages which awaited him at the court of Frederick, prince royal of Prussia. In order to get him into his toils, he commenced to flatter his tastes, and the retreat which he had chosen at Cirey. He thus writes to Voltaire relative to his liaison: "Do not fear that I shall attempt to interrupt or mar the pleasures of your philosophical repose; on the contrary, with my hands I would cement more strongly the bonds of your divine union, I would willingly offer their assistance." To these compliments Mme. du Chatelet replied with charming letters. The prince made presents of amber pens, and the gifts of the friends in return were equal to those of Frederick. He even went so far as to send an ambassador, his favorite, M. de Kaiserling, whom Voltaire had sur-named Cesarion. They received him with royal honors, and brilliantly illuminated the chateau—lamps inscribed with the cipher of Frederick were so placed as to form around his name the following device: "The delight of the human race." In the evening there were spectacles in the theater. M. de Kaiserling was delighted and surprised with all, but was more enchanted with the marquise than all the rest. He wrote to Frederick, "When I speak to Mme. du Chatelet, I am in love with her genius, but when she does not speak I am entranced with her appearance." Toward the commencement of 1739, Mme. du Chatelet, wishing to reside for some months of the year in Paris, purchased the Hotel Lambert, built by one of the greatest architects in France, and painted by Le Brun and Lesueur; it was also arranged that Voltaire should have apartments in it.

But owing to all her fortune being sunk in a lawsuit in Holland, she was obliged to postpone the execution of her project. They then resided at the *chateau de Bérighen*, (a property which was willed to the marquise,) and afterwards they went to Brussels, where Voltaire entertained his friend with a magnificent *fete*, at which the Prince de Chimay and the Duc d'Arenberg assisted. Frederick finding him near, even ventured to hint what happiness it would confer upon him, if he were to see Voltaire at Berlin. But Voltaire did not desire to leave his friend. Frederick then reproached him for sacrificing friendship to love, to which Voltaire replied, in allusion to his feeble health, "You do too much honor to my perseverance, but learn the nature of the real bonds by which my heart is tied; but alas! I am now of that age when a man's mind is balanced between love and friendship." But Frederick did not comprehend his feelings, he supposed that Voltaire no longer loved Madame du Chatelet, and increased his importunities to induce him to visit Berlin. Voltaire, at last, promised to make a short visit, but stipulated that he should be accompanied by his friend. In answer to this proposition, Frederick, putting all gallantry aside, replied, "It is you, my friend, whom I desire to see, the divine Emilie is but a *Newtonian Venus*." Then in another letter, rallying Voltaire on his inseparability, he says, "I should prefer to see you alone, I would be too much dazzled, and would require the veil of Moses to temper the brilliant rays, emanating from two such divinities." Voltaire set out for Berlin alone. Again, in 1743, he undertook another journey to Prussia. From letters to Madame du Chatelet, we can perceive that this separation grieved him, he writes to his friend Madame de Chambonin, "I am at a distance, but my heart is always near her whom I love." Some time after his return, he accompanied his friend to Fontainebleau; it was on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin.

Here Mme. du Chatelet wanted for nothing, as regards balls, amusements, &c. &c. In this extraordinary woman, study did not absorb her love of the world. When her mind was even most seriously engaged, she still had a place in

it for all inanities of a woman of the world. One of the amusements which she loved most was gambling, and one night at play, lost more than eighty thousand *francs* to the queen. Voltaire, indignant at her folly, said to her softly in English "your love of gambling prevents you from seeing that you are playing with cheats." These imprudent words were overheard, and the queen having been informed of them, apprised Voltaire herself, that he should retire from court. The philosopher went, and passed some time at the little court of Secan, with the Princess du Maine. While there, Mme. du Chatelet arrived, and informed him that the affair had been arranged and that she had paid the debt. They then returned once more to their retreat, to enjoy the repose of study and the sweet calmness of the soul,—and thus passed the winter in a solitude "frightful to humanity," says Mme. Denis.

In the spring they made an agreeable excursion. Stanislaus, king of Poland, not being able to retain his crown, had gone to reside at Luneville, in Lorraine, where he held an agreeable court. He had much *bonhomie* politeness, simplicity, &c. &c. but his court was not free from intrigues. One is not astonished at that, but then he had a jesuit!—this reverend father, confessor of the king, was jealous of the influence of the Marquise de Boufflours, the mistress of this prince. Not being able to induce his royal penitent to renounce his habit of making love to her, he resolved to replace her. For this purpose he cast his eyes on the friend of Voltaire. He told them that the king desired to see them at his court, and to the king he said, that Voltaire and his friend wished beyond measure to visit Luneville, so upon a most agreeable invitation they set out. They arrived, and far from these two women endeavoring to injure one another, they formed a friendship, Voltaire, and the marquise conceived for Mme. de Boufflours a real attachment. She was a woman of easy manners, but charming, and more *spirituelle* than beautiful. She also had a confessor, but he did not prevent her from accepting attentions from Saint Lambert, a captain in the Lorraine guards. This confessor Parquet, was a man of talent and had composed many songs in honor of his "fair penitent." With people of this kind, Voltaire and the marquise did not lack the enjoyment of intellectual society. As the season advanced they repaired to Paris, where Mme. du Chatelet was for some time ill, and most unfortunately during her convalescence, she had the imprudence to drink some iced orgeat, which was attended with fatal consequences—in some time after she died. This was a severe blow to the affections of Voltaire; his grief was poignant. When leaving the chamber where the remains of his friend lay, he fell, overcome with emotion. In writing to D'Argental, he says, "it is not a mistress whom I have lost, it is a part of myself." We do not mean to praise the customs of a corrupt age. A just historian will eulogise the virtues of those who have been conspicuous by their genius, but he will also stigmatise their vices; happy however, for the friends of Voltaire's memory, that his virtues, and good qualities, far outweigh his faults.

THE existence of the mind, or the soul, is as certain as any other known thing. That the body and the soul are not one, or the same, is as demonstrable a truth, as that fire and water are not identical; or that the sun and the earth are not the same thing. The body moves from place to place, grows by eating matter, is subject to certain forms, color heat and pain. The mind, or soul thinks of the future; remembers the past; collects facts, forms theories, has neither, color, heat, nor form. In a word, mind and body, of all known things, have fewest properties in common. If, then, there be in all nature two distinct entities, they are soul and matter. But gross, untinging matter, is composed of elements which are imperishable—in other words, matter is everlasting. How much more, then, is the ethereal thinking soul immortal!—[Simms.]

GOODNESS OF HEART is man's best treasure, his brightest honor, and noblest acquisition. It is that ray of the Divinity which dignifies humanity.

Legends of the Holy Land.

STORY OF DAVID EL-ROY.

Ten years ago there arose a man of the name of David El-Roy, of the city of Amaria, who had studied under the prince of the captivity, Chisdai, and under Eli, the president of the college of Geon Jacob in the city of Bagdad, and who became an excellent scholar, being well versed in the Mosaic law in the decisions of the rabbins, and in the Talmud; understanding also the profane sciences, the language and the writings of the Mohammedans, and the scriptures of the magicians and enchanters. He made up his mind to rise in rebellion against the king of Persia, to unite and collect the Jews who live in the mountains of Chaphton, and with them to engage in war with all Gentiles, making the conquest of Jerusalem his final object. He gave signs to the Jews by false miracles, and assured them, "the Lord has sent me to conquer Jerusalem, and to deliver you from the yoke of the Gentiles." Some of the Jews did believe in him, and called him Messiah.

When the king of Persia became acquainted with these circumstances, he sent and summoned David into his presence. The latter went without fear, and when brought before the court he was asked, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" to which he made answer and said, "I am." Upon this the king immediately commanded that he should be secured and put into the prison where the captives are kept who are imprisoned for life, situated in the city of Dabaristan, on the banks of the Kizil Ozein, which is a broad river.

After a lapse of three days, when the king sat in council to take the advice of his nobles and officers respecting the Jews who had rebelled against his authority, David appeared among them, having liberated himself from prison without human aid. When the king beheld him he inquired, "Who has brought thee hither, or who has set thee at liberty?" To which David made answer, "My own wisdom and subtlety; for verily I fear neither thee nor thy servants." The king immediately commanded that he should be seized, but his servants answered and said: "We see him not, and are aware of his presence only by hearing the sound of his voice."

The king was very much astonished at David's exceeding subtlety, who thus addressed him; "I now go my own way;" and he went out, followed by the king and all his nobles and servants to the banks of the river, where he took his shawl, spread it upon the water, and crossed it thereupon. At that moment he became visible, and all the servants of the king saw him cross the river on his shawl. He was pursued by them in boats, but without success, and they all confessed that no magician upon earth could equal him. He that very day traveled to Amaria, a distance of ten days' journey, by the help of the Shem Hamphorash, and related to the astonished Jews all that had happened to him. The king of Persia afterwards sent to the Emir-el-Mumenin, the khalif of Bagdad, principal of the Mohammedans, to solicit the influence of the prince of the captivity, and of the presidents of the colleges, in order to check the proceedings of David El-Roy, and threatening to put to death all Jews who inhabited his empire. The congregations of Persia were very severely dealt with about that time, and sent letters to the prince of the captivity and the presidents of the colleges at Bagdad to the following purpose: "Why will you allow us to die, and all the congregations of this empire? Restrain the deeds of this man, and prevent thereby the shedding of innocent blood."

The prince of the captivity and the presidents of the colleges hereupon addressed David in letters which run thus: "Be it known unto thee that the time of our redemption has not yet arrived, and that we have not yet seen the signs by which it is to manifest itself, and that by strength no man shall prevail. We therefore command thee to discontinue the course thou hast adopted, on pain of being excommunicated from all Israel." Copies of these letters were sent to Sakhai, the prince of the Jews in Mosul, and to R. Joseph the astronomer, who is called

Borhan-al-Fulkh, and also resides there, with the request to forward them to David El-Roy. The last mentioned prince and the astronomer added letters of their own, in which they advised and exhorted him; but he nevertheless continued in his criminal career. This he carried on until a certain prince of the name of Sin-el-Din, a vassal of the king of Persia, and a Turk by birth, cut it short by sending for the father-in-law of David El-Roy, to whom he offered ten thousand florins if he would secretly kill David El-Roy. This agreement being concluded, he went to David's house while he slept, and killed him on his bed, thus destroying his plans and evil designs. Notwithstanding this, the wrath of the king of Persia still continued against the Jews who lived in the mountains and in his country, who in their turn craved the influence of the prince of the captivity with the king of Persia. Their petitions and humble prayers were supported by a present of one hundred talents of gold, in consideration of which the anger of the king of Persia was subdued, and the land was tranquillized.

THE DEVIL'S HEAD IN THE PERILOUS VALLEY.

Near that isle of Mistorak, upon the left side, nigh to the river of Pison, is a marvelous thing. There is a vale between the mountains which extends nearly four miles; and some call it the Enchanted Vale, some call it the Vale of Devils, and some the Perilous Vale. In that vale men hear oftentimes great tempests and thunders, and great murmurs and noises, day and night; and great noise, as it were, of labors, and nakers, and trumpets, as though it were of a great feast. This vale is all full of devils, and has been always; and men say there that it is one of the entrances of hell. In that vale is great plenty of gold and silver; wherefore many misbelieving men, and many Christians also, oftentimes go in, to have of the treasure; but few return, especially of the misbelieving men, for they are anon strangled by the devils. And in the center of that vale, under a rock, is a head and the visage of a devil bodily, full horrible and dreadful to see, and it shows but the head to the shoulders. But there is no man in the world so bold, Christian or other, but he would be in dread to behold it, and he would feel almost dead with fear, so hideous is it to behold. For he looks at every man so sharply with dreadful eyes, that are ever moving and sparkling like fire, and changes and stirs so often in divers manners, with so horrible a countenance, that no man dare approach towards him. And from him issues smoke, and stink, and fire, and so much abomination that scarce any man may endure there. But the good Christians, that are stable in their faith, enter without peril; for they will first shrive them, and mark them with the sign of the holy cross, so that the fiends have no power over them. But although they are without peril, yet they are not without dread when they see the devils visibly and bodily all about them, that make full many divers assaults and menaces, in air and on earth, and terrify them with strokes of thunder blasts and of tempests. And the greatest fear is that God will take vengeance then of that which men have misdone against his will.

And you shall understand that when my fellows and I were in this vale, we were in great thought whether we durst put our bodies in adventure, to go in or not, in the protection of God; and some of our fellows agreed to enter, and some not. So there were with us two worthy men, friars minors of Lombardy, who said that if any man would enter they would go in with us; and when they had said so, upon the gracious trust of God and of them, we heard mass and every man was shriven and housled: and then we entered, fourteen persons, but at our going out we were but nine. And so we never knew whether our fellows were lost, or had turned back for fear; but we never saw them after. They were two men of Greece and three of Spain. And our other fellows, that would not go in with us, went by another road to be before us; and so they were. And thus we passed that Perilous Vale, and found therein gold and silver, and precious stones, and rich jewels, in great plenty, both here

and there, as it seemed; but whether it was as it seemed I knew not, for I touched none; because the devils are so subtle to make a thing to seem otherwise than it is, to deceive mankind; and therefore I touched none; and also because that I would not be put out of my devotion, for I was more devout then than ever I was before or after, and all for the dread of fiends that I saw in divers figures; and also for the great multitude of dead bodies that I saw there lying by the way, in all the vale, as though there had been a battle between two kings, and the mightiest of the country, and that the greater party had been discomfited and slain. And I believe that hardly should any country have so many people in it as lay slain in that vale, as it seemed to us, which was a hideous sight to see. And I marvelled much that there were so many, and the bodies all whole, without rotting; but I believe that fiends made them seem to be so fresh, without rotting. And many of them were in habits of Christian men; but I believe they were such as went in for covetousness of the treasure that was there, and had overmuch feebleness in faith; so that their hearts might not endure in the belief for dread. And therefore we were the more devout a great deal; and yet we were cast down and beaten down many times to the hard earth by winds, and thunders, and tempests; but evermore God of his grace helped us. And so we passed that perilous vale without peril and without encumbrance, thanked be almighty God!

The Altar.

ALL IS VANITY.

What are riches? But a bubble.
What is fame? But toil, trouble.
What is genius? 'Tis a spark
That soon grows dark.

What is beauty? But a flower.
What is love? An April shower.
What is friendship? 'Tis the fly
Just born to die.

What are honors? Empty spoil.
What is learning? Labor, toil,
What is youth? An unspun thread;
And how soon shred!

What is language? Empty breath.
What is age? Herald of death.
What is time? One moment see
Forerunner of Eternity.

COMPENSATIONS.—Do you not perceive, then, that evil is necessary for the development of good: can you say that misery is not essential for happiness? Illness is the exception to health, yet what should we know of health unless illness existed to indicate it? If at this moment you were on a sick-bed, your condition would induce pity from your friends—virtue again emanating from evil. They would do all in their power to ease your sufferings—kindness, another virtue, is thus manifested. You would feel grateful for their attention—gratitude, you see, springs up! If you bear your affliction with fortitude—again good arises! If, on the contrary, you are impatient, those around you re-irritate you—goodness again emanates from the same soil! At length you become stronger, and then, being slightly ailing, you feel comparatively happy—thus happiness has absolutely arisen from that which, in its positive nature, is an evil; and the very affliction which made you grieve, is, by a slight modification, not altering its original nature, a subject for congratulation and pleasure! Thus, Alfred, depend upon it, however we may doubt the perfection of the laws of the Creator, all is completely in accordance with benevolent design; and when you complain of the existence of evil in the world, you complain of the very element which develops goodness. —[Affection.]

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itself a broader shade. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. The stars arise, and the night is holy.

Ladies' Department.

A PACKET OF SWEETS.

How sweet is life! its varied joys, to all the human race,
And sweet to man is woman's form, adorn'd with beauty's grace;
'Tis sweet to press her ruby lip, and gaze upon her eye;
'Tis sweet to clasp her in his arms, and on her bosom lie.
'Tis sweet unto the lover's ear, to hear her vow of love;
'Tis sweet to know her constancy, which naught on earth can move;
'Tis sweet to see her innocence, when at the altar's side;
'Tis sweet to hear her tremulous voice proclaim that she's his bride.
'Tis sweet to see a mother smile while gazing on her son;
'Tis sweet to feel her joy of heart when first he tries to run;
'Tis sweet to listen to her voice pour blessings on her child;
'Tis sweet to watch her train his mind to love in accents mild;
'Tis sweet to look upon her face when he from school returns;
'Tis sweet to know her pride of soul while he for knowledge burns;
'Tis sweet to give her every praise when he becomes the man;
'Tis sweet to think a mother's love rear'd him in virtue's plan;
'Tis sweet to prove her tender care in sickness or in health;
'Tis sweet to have her blessing, too, in poverty or wealth.
'Tis sweet to die upon her breast, to man in mercy sent.
These sweets to know, to feel, to taste; who would not die content?

LOVE IN THE YELLOW LEAF.

THE following extract from Frederika Bremer's "Sun at Midnight—a Pilgrimage," gives a view of love at a period much neglected by novel writers. We are indebted for it to a Review in Douglas Jerrold's News, where it is well headed "better late than never." One might almost say, after reading it, *better late than ever*:

The colonel, who for the last few minutes had been going about seeking Miss —, found her at length resting from her labors, upon a mole hill by the river's side, and alone without the Dean's widow. The colonel seated himself upon another mole-hill near her, and said:

"You have showed kindness toward man and beast. I shall now see whether you will also show kindness to me."

Miss — looked at the speaker rather surprised, because there was a something solemn in his tone, and agitated in his appearance, which was not common. He continued:

"I have always thought that you were a witty and amusing person, but never until to-day understood how good you are. Yes," continued the colonel, with the paleness of gentle emotion on his handsome and honest countenance, "yes—there is not, indeed, much to offer—an old man, and sometimes ailing; but nevertheless, if an honest heart, and honest desire to make you happy, are of any value to you, and if you will make a man—precisely the one whom you see here before you, immeasurably happy, then—take me! Take together with my hand, my heart, everything that I possess and love."

And he extended his hand to Miss — with an expression of heartfelt kindness.

Miss — sat and heard, and gazed at the colonel with increasing amazement, and could not believe her eyes and ears. At length she burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"But tell me, my dear colonel," exclaimed she, "are you quite sure of your senses? You have assuredly had a *coup de soleil*?"

"Now only see," said the colonel, "you are laughing at me. That is just what I might have expected. But never mind. You may laugh at me if you will, only believe me, and—have me."

Out of my senses! Never in all my days was I more rational than I am at this very moment."

"Do you regard me, then, as being insane?"
"Yes, but only because you think me so—think that I had a *coup de soleil*. Shall I take my oath that I know what I say, and what I wish?"

"But have you then no eyes?" exclaimed Miss —; "do you not see that I am old, an old person above fifty?"

"How old am I, then?" said the colonel; "not far from sixty. And yet I can venture to woo, and make a laughing-stock of myself before the laughter-loving people, and perhaps get refused into the bargain. But all that I have done with a full knowledge, and entirely on purpose because I now know how really good you are, and because I feel that though I am old and infirm, yet that my heart is nevertheless young, and that I can love both fervently and faithfully. And though you are old, too, yet that is all the better because we shall grow old together at the same time that we preserve our hearts young. And after all, there is a pretty little bit of life still before us at our age; perhaps ten years, perhaps twenty, perhaps more. My father's mother had completed her hundredth year before she died, and she was active to the last. And it makes a great difference whether a man goes on his way by himself, and sees how the shadows gather around him, and he becomes more and more lonely; or whethertwo go together, partaking of each other's pleasure, or pain; being together early or late, at breakfast in the morning, by the fireside in the evening, shortening for each other the long winter evenings, the long time of shadows; reading with and to one another, laughing with and at one another; that's very good when people like each other, and above everything go on liking one another."

"Look! now it is evening and the sun is going down; but it is still warm and bright, and, though it descends, it does not set. Can it not be the same with the love of the old, with the friendship between a faithful married couple in the evening of life? And the deuce take me, if I do not love you so much that I once more make myself a laughing-stock to you. Yes, laugh at me as much as you like, but take my hand as you have taken my heart. Look there."

"You know very well, colonel," said Miss — as a couple of bright tears fell from her beautiful brown eyes, "you know very well that you are the most persuasive person that I know."

"Am I?" exclaimed the colonel, "nay, only look! I did not know that. Then I must be over-persuasive, also, and you must give me your hand. Else I shall fancy that you are afraid of my plexus, or that you look upon me as having had altogether a *coup de soleil*."

"It is a great piece of folly!" said Miss —. "But you have actually over-persuaded me, and inspired me with the belief that we may become a happy couple. And in that case the world may laugh at me as it pleases. Let it be!"

"You are divine," exclaimed the colonel delighted. "Oh, yes, let them laugh who will and let us be happy and laugh at them again. Let us live at Sveanevik, and there we will plant that herb which is called old love, and which blossoms late in the autumn, and keeps green even amid the snow. Then you shall help me to live well, and to make both animals and human beings happy. And, when you wind your tangled skeins during the long winter evenings, I will read to you, and the skein of life shall run for us like a play; and if at any time there comes a knot in the thread, why then—we will take snuff together."

Miss — laughed, half affected to tears, and half amused and quite edified by the colonel's talent for talking, but nevertheless with an uneasy glance for herself.

I saw her, with the light of womanhood
Spread o'er the childish charms I loved so well—
I heard her voice, sweet with the trustful tones
She spoke with long ago, yet richer grown
With the full burden of her ripened thoughts.

LADIES AT CHURCH. — Somebody says that females go to meeting to look at each other's bonnets. That's downright scandal! They go to show their own.

ON THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light—
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets, which first appear,
By your pure purple mantels known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warbles forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind—
By virtue first, by choice a queen—
Tell me if she was not design'd
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

THIS remarkable woman united in her person all sorts of destinies and contradictions, virtues and vices. She was a wife without marriage, a protestant and a catholic, a king's mistress without love, a queen without title, born in a prison, she descended from a throne to die in a convent.

Frances d'Aubigne was her maiden name. She was born in the prison of Nionet, where she was early carried to Martinique, where her parents died, and she was left a Huguenot orphan in the hands of Catholic aunts.

On the very steps of the jail where she was born, her pride and ambition were aroused. "You are not rich enough to have a service of plate like me," said the jailer's daughter. "True," replied the little d'Aubigne, "but I am a lady, and you are not."

After her return to France from Martinique, she grew up in solitude. Her reign, she used to say, commenced in the farm-yard, where, with her straw hat on her head, a rod in her hand, and basket on her arm, she was sent to watch turkeys, with a prohibition against touching her basket until she had got by heart four verses of Pibrac.

Ere long, the little turkey-herd was brought to Paris and introduced to Scarron. In making her debut among the wits of whom Scarron was the center, she shed tears. Her dress was too short! She felt humbled in the dignity of her toilet. Scarron wiped away the tears of the pretty West Indian, as he called the little d'Aubigne, and married her. The comic poet was then quite a recluse. He lived on his sofa, never sleeping, always laughing. With him physical suffering was turned into a joke. When Mad'le d'Aubigne, then but seventeen, was asked why she married this living corpse, this laughing machine, she replied, "I preferred marriage to a convent."

It was in fact merely the appearance of marriage that the lady had in view, as a cloak for greater liberty in society.

The fortune which Scarron settled upon his wife, was described by the marriage contract to be "four louis in the funds, two large roguish eyes, a fine chest, a beautiful pair of hands and considerable wit." The husband lived on his poetry, an intermittent pension and a small living in some abbey or other. Nevertheless, Madame Scarron gave dinners to the highest nobility of the realm. The dishes often failed, but the wit made up the deficiency. On such occasions the domestic would whisper to the mistress, "Another story, madame, there is not much roast meat to-day." That witty age could dine on three courses with anecdotes.

It was thus by the side of the perpetual death bed of the most sinister wit, that Madame de Maintenon developed those powers of understanding and conversation, and that useful knowledge which led to her high destiny. In this short period she formed all sorts of acquaintances from that of the Marshal d'Albert to Ninon d'

l'Enclos. From the celebrated courtesan she learned the art of pleasing, which she refused to practice. Ninon thought this a weakness. But Madame de Maintenon was not only virtuous by temperament, but by system and ambition.

Lovely, beloved, witty, always serious, even in her pleasantries, yielding the perfume but never the flower, she only studied to seduce the affections. The smile always floated on the surface, the depth remained frozen. It was this severity, this interior melancholy, covered with all the graces of conversation, which gave its character to the face of Madame de Maintenon, and distinguished her from all the women of her age, made her the strong woman of the court.

Scarron died, or as he himself said in his epitaph, took his first night's sleep. His widow remained poor, proud and independent amid his friends. She administered with such ability upon the moderate resources of his estate, that she disclosed to no one the slightest vestige of poverty. She always found the means of being genteelly clad, of burning nothing but wax candles, and making the ends of the year meet. She plunged into devotion, but did not enter a convent. She chose the most austere confessor in Paris. But in kneeling she let her robes fall in such graceful and harmonious folds that her confessor thought it his duty to reprove her.

A less keen-sighted and ambitious woman might have been discouraged while waiting for fortune or pursuing the blind goddess in this way. Madame de Maintenon was on the eve of faltering and going in the train of the Duchess de Nemours to Portugal, when the beautiful Marchioness de Montespan, the high and capricious favorite who divided her leisure between two amours, and coursing in her apartments with a filagree chariot harnessed to four mice, confided to her the education of her children. This education brought the widow of Scarron into the presence of Louis XIV. Chance achieved the connection.

One day the king made a present to the governess of the farm of Maintenon, and by inadvertency another day in the midst of his courtesans, he called her Madame de *Maintenon*. The courtesans took up the slip of the tongue and called her in their turn Madame de *Maintenant*, that is, the *present Madame*. The English reader loses the pun, *Maintenon* and *Maintenant* being pronounced exactly alike in French, and the latter meaning *now*—the time which is *held in the hand*.

The King soon after getting tired of his sensuality, perhaps, was secretly married to Madame de Maintenon by the Bishop of Chartres who charged the mysterious queen to be a Sarah to her Abraham?—[Chronotype.

A LUCKY EPIGRAM.

MR JAMES SMITH, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," having met at a dinner party the late Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following:

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.

The power which props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Mr. Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of £3,000!

James made a happier, though, in a pecuniary sense, less lucky epigram on Miss Edgeworth:

We every-day bards may "anonymous" sign—
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;

The bad own their *Edge*, and the good own their *worth*.

TAKE IT EASY.

TAKE it easy! life at longest
But a lengthen'd shadow is;
And the brave as well as strongest
Dare not call to-morrow his!

Choice Miscellany.

THE MISER'S DEATH.

An old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth,
The wind sobb'd lone and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim—but not with tears—
And his skeleton form was wasted away
With penury more than years.

A rushlight was casting its fitful glare,
O'er the damp and dreary walls,
Where the lizard had made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls.
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room,
Was that miser, all worn and bare;
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barr'd the door,
And every nook he had scann'd,
And felt their fastenings o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently around,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shudder'd at every sound,
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha! ha!" laugh'd the miser, "I'm safe at last,
From this night so cold and drear;
From the drenching rain and the driving blast,
With my gold and treasure here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true,
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a farthing or two.

"But I'll take a sip of this precious wine,
It will banish my cold and fears;
It was given long since by a friend of mine,
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a moldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide,
And his eye grew bright with each draught he took,
And his bosom swell'd with pride.

"Let me see—let me see," said the miser then,
"Tis some sixty years or more,
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up my glittering store;
And well have I sped in my anxious toil,
As my crowded chests will show.
I have more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow.

"From the orient realms I have rubies,
And gold from the famed Peru;
I've diamonds would shame the stars of night,
And pearls like the morning dew,
And more I'll have, ere the morrow's sun
His rays from the west shall fling;
That widow, to free her prison'd son,
Shall bring me her bridal ring."

He turn'd to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid;
And gem after gem of its precious store,
He raised with exulting smile,
And counted, and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes that flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
What was there in the wine?
His lonely seat he strove to regain—
To crawl to his bed he tried;
But finding those efforts were all in vain,
He clasp'd his gold, and died.

ORIGIN OF THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—We came in possession, last week of an anecdote respecting the origin of Samuel Woodworth's famous ballad of that name, which appears to us to possess so much interest, that we cannot withhold it from our readers—especially as it has not before been in print. Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and several other "Old New-Yorkers," were brother typos in a printing office, which was situated at the corner of Chatham-street and Chambers, there were very few places in this city where one could enjoy the luxury of a really "good drink." Among the few places most worthy of patronage, was an establishment kept by Mallory, in Frankfort-street, on or about the same spot where Saint John's Hall recently stood. Woodworth, in com-

pany with several particular friends, had "dropped in" at this place one afternoon, for the purpose of taking some "brandy and water," which Mallory was famous for keeping. The liquor was superexcellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he laid his glass upon the table, (remember, reader, if you please, that, in those "rare old times," a man rarely met a friend without inviting him to imbibe;) and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *cum de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted! "No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken: there was one thing which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this, in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draught of pure, fresh spring-water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The tear-drop glistened, for a moment, in Woodworth's eye. "True!" he replied, and soon after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, threw down his stick, grasped a pen, and, in half an hour, "The Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready, in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations. There, reader! do you say there is nothing new under the sun?

THE BUTCHER'S HORSE.—George Cross was engaged to play a violin in the orchestra at the Richmond Theater; and repeatedly passing his leisure evenings among the respectable tradesmen of that town, one of them, a butcher, was so much pleased with his oddities, that he made him an offer of his horse for his Sunday's excursions which was accepted. Next morning Cross made his first equestrian jaunt, he had not ridden more than five minutes when the animal, suddenly leaving the road, ran up to the iron gate of a large mansion, where he stood so firmly fixed, that neither whip nor spur could remove him, till a countryman passing by led him away. Cross, a little vexed, proceeded on his way, but the quadruped shortly afterwards played him a similar trick. Perplexed now in the extreme, Cross made every extortion, in vain, to detach him from the gate; when, at length, a thought quickly flashed o'er his "mind's eye," he leaned forward, and applying his mouth to the ear of the beast, called out in a shrill and cook-like falsetto, "We don't want anything to day." On which the horse turned into the road, and, at the rate of ten miles an hour, trotted back to his owner's door.—[Parke's Musical Memoirs.

IDLENESS.—Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes not so much for the want of strength, as from the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop by continued falling bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.—[Thomas Carlyle.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF MAN.—We are all prone, in adversity, and disappointments of our too sanguine expectations, to burst out in complaints against fate and her whims, against fortune and her caprices; while in cases of success and prosperity in our understandings, however unexpected and unforeseen may be such a result, we boast of our discretion, our skill and our wisdom, forgetting that in most cases the failures arise from our own indiscreet and precipitate actions and words, and that success emanates from Him who reigns above fate, and who in his inscrutable wisdom turns the wheel of fortune, and guides it often for our welfare, when we imagine it to be for our misfortune.

SPEECH.—Articular speech is peculiar to man, and is universal. No race hath hitherto been discovered in which colloquial intercourse is not thus maintained.—[Curtis.

PEOPLE TO BE SATIRIZED.—One who even while relating at his request, a brief anecdote, listens to you with undisguised impatience, till just as you have reached the point, when he directs his attention to some object out of the window, so that your story is lost. If any thing can enhance such rudeness, it is begging your pardon for his inattention and entreating you to repeat what you have just related.

Those who trust their mouths directly into your face whenever they speak to you.

People who address you in company upon your or their private affairs.

People who clip their words so that you can make out the meaning of only half they say.

People who eat onions.

People who regard local rules of etiquette as of more importance than general character, mind, talents, and intentions; i. e. who suffer their esteem for a stranger to be more diminished at perceiving him eat with a knife instead of a fork than their respect could be excited on learning that he had performed noble moral actions.

JOHN RANDOLPH AND THE MERCHANTS BANK.—In New York, many years ago, during a suspension of specie payments, John Randolph, of Roanoke, went there on business. Having a check on the Merchants' Bank for a large sum, he called for the cash, and would take nothing but specie, which the tellers obstinately refused to pay. Randolph disdained to bandy words with their clerks or principals; believing himself swindled, he withdrew and had a handbill printed, and circulated all over the city, which set forth that "John Randolph being on a visit to New York, would address his fellow-citizens on that evening on the Banking System, from the steps of the Merchants' Bank." Long before the hour, a crowd began to gather, which increased to a fearful number, when the officers of the bank, taking the alarm, sent Mr. Randolph his money in gold, who received it with sardonic smile and apt quotation: *Chastatium invention durcam keliquit*. He left New York next morning, in a stage, before day; and his being unknown in the city, the handbill passed off for a hoax on the public.—[Mass. State Register.

In olden times it was customary for the young Englishmen to get into scrapes in order to make themselves popular. In 1720, while Mrs. Oldfield was playing, Beau Fielding pushed against a barrister named Fallwood; Fallwood expostulated, and Beau drew his sword. The pugnacious lawyer *pinked* him in the breast. Beau, then fifty years of age, came forward and showed his wound to the pit, who hissed and laughed at him, to his great mortification. The barrister emboldened by his success, repaired to Lincoln's Theater, where he picked a quarrel with Capt. Cussack, and demanded satisfaction. They met, and the lawyer was professionally dispatched by the soldier.

Intolerance should never hold in fettered durance the divine privilege of thought; faith, the primeval cord that binds man in holy unison with his Creator, should soar to its fountain of light, untrammelled by the dismal influence of an unlettered bigotry. The spell of an earthen image ceases to manacle the will, or render it subservient to the dictum of an emperor or the fiat of a pope. Civilization, in her theme of lettered intelligence, contemns the frequent and basing appeals once made aloud to passion, but reposes for security upon the more gentle dictates of a wise humanity.—[Jewish Chronicle.

ROBBING AN AUTHOR.—A thief who had succeeded in penetrating in the middle of the night, into the apartment of the well known author Balzac, was suddenly started by a loud burst of laughter, and turning round, he saw by the dim light of the moon penetrating the room, the portly figure of the author sitting upon the bed and holding his sides. Seeing himself detected, he coolly asked Mr. Balzac for what reason he laughed so immoderately. "I laugh," replied the latter, "at the idea that you should fancy yourself able to find money and valuables in the dark, and without a lamp, when I can't discover any even in broad daylight."

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1849.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Travel on the Chesapeake. Disciples of Hyer and Sullivan. Gladiatorial excitement in Baltimore. Character of the Baltimoreans. Amusements. Odd-Fellowship. The Ladies. Increase of Poverty.

BALTIMORE, Md. Feb. 7, 1849.

Accompanied by our intelligent and gentlemanly traveling companion A. E. Hovey, Esq., we arrived at this place, last evening, after a most uncomfortable passage which occupied the entire day. Since the suspension of the Ferry at Havre de Grace by the ice, the railroad has been abandoned for the steamboat rout, via New Castle and the Chesapeake Bay. What rendered the passage more unpleasant than it would otherwise have been, were the excessive number of passengers, and more especially, the peculiar character of a large proportion of them. It seemed as if all the filthy and vicious clans in New York and Philadelphia had vomited forth their scurvy denizens, who, fierce and riotous, were hastening to Baltimore, to witness the shameful fight between the two gladiators, Hyer and Sullivan, which it is supposed will take place to-day, somewhere in the neighborhood of this city. Such a profane, noisy, and cut-throat looking men our eyes never beheld before, and it is not surprising that in such a company many gentlemen were relieved of their pocket-books, and other valuables. However, we got here alive, and are duly thankful.

It is humiliating to see the immense excitement that prevails here on account of this proposed combat between these chiefs of rowdydom, Sullivan and Hyer. All classes, high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, white and black, are excited to the last degree. Even women and children are infected, and the streets are filled with noise and profanity. Measures have been adopted to prevent the meeting, but it would be better to allow the combatants to come together, and force them to fight; until, like the famous Irish cats, they devour each other to the very — toe nails.

On the whole, this city of Baltimore is an agreeable and pleasant place, which all travelers generally like. The Baltimoreans are an intelligent people, and full of enterprise, and care more for business than amusement. There is no city in the Union where, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, there are so few places of amusements as here. We know not how to account for this. It cannot be that pursuits and pleasures purely intellectual have banished the love of amusements, or that a more earnest piety has condemned them; for we find, in Boston,—the most intellectual and pious city in the world,—more theaters and places of amusement, than in any other American city. But in Baltimore, the theaters are all closed; there are few concerts, and little taste for anything pertaining to literature or art. The Museum, however, a very respectable place, appears to be well patronised.

Baltimore, our readers all know, is the seat of government of our Order. It is indeed its cradle, where it was first nursed into a vigorous life, so far as this country is concerned. There are visiting here now, brothers, who assisted at the

institution of the first Lodge planted in the United States; and among them is P. G. Sire Wilkey. The Grand Sec. of the G. L. U. S., J. L. Ridgely, Esq., resides here also. He is a most faithful and valuable officer.

The weather, it seems to us, is colder here than at the North, and in the streets there is a greater quantity of snow than in New York.

The exceeding fairness of the ladies of Baltimore has often been the subject of remark. Brilliant complexions, intelligent countenances, modest deportment, and elegant simplicity of dress, give them a distinguished rank in the scale of beauty. But, on the other hand, the gentlemen are by no means distinguished in this way. We observe this every where, in all these towns and cities where the ladies are celebrated for beauty, of form and complexion, the gentlemen are very ordinary, and *vice versa*. Can any of our Philosophers or Physiological friends explain this fact? Will our distinguished and learned friends, the Messrs. Fowlers, tell us?

We find here, and also in Philadelphia, as well as in New York, a fearful increase of poverty, and consequently of crime; for poverty produces crime. It is impossible for any form of words to describe, or measure the extent of the suffering that now exists in these three cities; suffering without mitigation, and without solace. And this is even increasing!

What will be the end of this? Our social system, at the bottom, is the same as that of England. Our laws are nearly the same, our habits of life are the same, our moral tendencies are the same, and have we not reason, therefore, to fear that time only is wanted to produce the same results, the same distress between rich and poor, the same insolence and pride on one hand and burning jealousy and hate on the other,—and the same terrible wretchedness and degradation as are witnessed to-day in England? Wiser legislation for the future alone can avert this catastrophe.

The hotels here are now crammed from top to basement, with travelers, on their way to the capitol, eager to be present at the inauguration, and to pay their respects to the new President of the Republic. Many of these are no doubt seekers for office, and who will consequently return with the bitterness of disappointment in their hearts. For our self, we shall defer our visit to Washington until after this event; for in such a political *maelstrom* we should be lost.

EDUCATION vs. DESPOTISM.

TRULY said a profound philosopher and an acute observer, "knowledge is power." Yes, it is positive power, because of its tendency to the establishment of right. The ignorance of the masses is the security of tyrants, while the development of mind lays traps for the their destruction, and ultimately annihilates their sway. The perpetuity of despotism depends, in a great measure, upon the dearth of information among the community, and of that knowledge which affords man a just estimate of his own inherent rights, and prompts him to their attainment.

When, through the instrumentality of knowledge, man becomes practically educated, the scope of his *thought* is extended, a new light breaks in upon his previously benighted intellect and effects the completion of his Freedom. The mind governs all those great popular movements in which we behold the masses struggling to gain a supremacy over despotism, and in proportion

to the expansion of intellect among a nation, the nearer do they arrive at the accomplishment of their destiny. Then, as the political education of men is being perfected, contemporaneous benefits are created; the appliances for the production of wealth and happiness are increased, the intellectual tone of the nation is elevated, and the theory of government is either materially liberalized, or a new political structure is raised upon the broad basis of Freedom and Equality.

The political requirements of men increase with their growth of knowledge, and the mode of government which served to bind and control an ignorant community, is no longer consonant with the ideas of the educated man. It is therefore the vital interest of despots to dam up all the fountains of knowledge, and to preclude the acquisition of information, lest a nation when having arrived at a clear idea of their privileges, would seek in the vindication of their rights to impair *their* authority. To educate himself and to cooperate in the extension of education, is one of the first duties of man, as forming a member of a civilized community, because the perpetuity of ignorance is as diametrically opposed to the establishment of Freedom, as is the dissemination of Knowledge, Truth and Unity, auxiliary to the realization of a people's rights.

History satisfactorily proves to us that the exercise of absolute power over men, has been almost invariably coeval with their intellectual degradation. Despotic government perhaps, were the best adapted to the exigencies of nations sunk in barbarism; a controlling mind was necessary to bind together the crude and dissonant elements of society, when so constituted. Among the barbarous nations of antiquity, the despotic form of government generally prevailed, but among the cultured children of Italy and Greece, we find a perfect realization of the democratic theory, existing on the one hand, until luxury had tainted the genius and enervated the energies of the people, and on the other until Greece was absorbed by the rapacity of its rival, finally becoming the prey of the outlaws.

The history of the last century demonstrates a wonderful increase in the power of public opinion, as resulting from an augmentation in the facilities for the acquisition of knowledge. In our opinion, the events which have taken place in Europe during the last year, indicate a vast extent of growing *mind*, and most assuredly the tendency of this immense diffusion of democratic *thought* will ultimately be the establishment of that form of government the most congenial to an educated people, pure and unalloyed republicanism. The struggles among the European family for their emancipation from tyranny, have in many instances been unsuccessful; but let not kings "lay the flattering unction to their souls," that the battle of Freedom is lost, the endeavors of the people have been impeded only for a *time*, for with more determined perseverance and redoubled energies will they assail the strongholds of despotism, and hurl their oppressors to annihilation.

America led the glorious example by which Europe is now directing the current of its *thought*. We grappled with and conquered oppression, and now enjoy the fruits which the unparalleled patriotism of our forefathers insured to us. Progress is written upon every thing we regard; it is characteristic of political, scientific and commercial institutions throughout the civilized world. Man's destiny is now progressive,

moving onwards in a strong current, and will overcome all the obstacles which prejudice or tyranny may cast in its way. The realization of the democratic theory is close at hand, for man's capabilities and requirements loudly demand it; his energies are increasing, new wants are being created by reason of the expansion of his mind by culture, and he is now best adapted to that most reasonable form of government—self-government.

It were indeed a superfluous task for us to enforce the importance of education to man, independent of its being auxiliary to political movements—every reasoning being knows its value, as perhaps they also know that the statistics of all countries demonstrate that ignorance is fearfully productive of crime; on the other hand, we behold education assisting materially in man's struggles for liberty, generating a union of thought and action, strengthening the force of public opinion, until it becomes truly formidable to tyrants. But this, however, must not be left from out of our consideration, that knowledge, unless it be tinctured with the spirit of Christianity, is very liable to assist in the furtherance of the most vicious projects. A man with knowledge and whose character is without principle, can do much more evil than an ignorant man without education, and constantly do we see knowledge prostituted from its high destination to purposes the most criminal.

"Knowledge is power," but unless it be guided by the spirit of good, it will, as it often does, become the slave of vice. It is not from any vain-glorious feeling that we will merely add, that in no other country in the entire world, is the educational system so thoroughly carried out as in our noble Union. The means for the acquisition of knowledge are within the grasp of all our citizens. Such being the case, it is positively criminal for any man to be ignorant.

We have many voluntary communications from individuals, from almost every State in the Union, all showing that the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, as exemplified and practised by Odd-Fellows, are steadily advancing. Their influence cannot but produce beneficial results in every community where the sick receive their attentions, the dying are watched over with the kindest fraternal feeling, their happiness greatly augmented and their sorrows alleviated by the systematic, practical sympathy enjoined upon every member of the Order. Those who once opposed, are now convinced of former errors, and many such are engaged in advancing our cause. From these communications we select the following as an index of the whole.

"Ellicott Lodge, No. 296, at Jamestown, in Chautauque Co., notwithstanding the strong opposition and the withdrawal of many members for the purpose of forming new Lodges at Randolph, Warren and Sugar Grove, still numbers more than one hundred contributing members, and has a large surplus in the treasury. This Lodge has recently sustained a great loss by the death of Bro. Charles C. Brown. The bereaved widow and children have sustained a greater, and we know our brethren of Lodge No. 296 will do what can be done to alleviate the sorrows of the afflicted family.

DATES from California to Dec. 25, represent the gold region to be in a disturbed condition—murder and robbery being of daily occurrence. Three men had been hung by Lynch law.

EDUCATION AND THE I. O. O. F.

WE publish to-day an interesting letter on this subject, for which we are indebted to R. W. G. Sec. Ridgely. This is a continuation of a series of educational letters, which about two years ago we had the pleasure of giving to the public through our columns. We have ever been in favor of a great national school for the Order, and will second any feasible project of this description, with all our power. Although we thought at the time, we discovered two grand defects in the plan of our distinguished Brother Wiley Williams, Esq., we are right glad he has again entered the field, and commend his able and interesting letter to the attention of the Order.

If we are to do any thing in this matter, we would recommend the adoption of some school already established, as a basis. The "Norwich University," in Vermont, for example, which is under the able administration of Capt. Alden Partridge, formerly President of West Point Military Academy.

THE FIRST ODD-FELLOW—A DRAMA.

WE give below an interesting extract from this superb Drama, which we believe is to be brought out at one of our city theaters about the middle of June next. We would suggest the week during which the Odd-Fellow's Hall will be dedicated, as a proper time for its representation, for then there will be thousands of Odd-Fellows in the city, who will naturally seek some amusement.

The play is founded on the tradition that the Order of O. F. was instituted among the early Christians, under the reigns of the Emperors Vespasian and Titus. Whatever we may think of the tradition, we must admit the talented author of this drama has made an admirable use of it.

SCENE IV.—*The Hall of the Comites—Piso—Curtius, the Scribe—Comites discovered—Enter Maro leading Sylvius.*

PISO.— Maro, our brother?
MARO.—Brothers! I bring to this our secret meeting.

The young centurion, Sylvius. He would learn Our Order's faith and practice.

PISO.— Thou dost know,
With thee and thine each Come's heart is joined!
Young Sylvius, stand forth. Wouldst thou in truth
Casting away the senseless faith of Rome,
Learn that which weaves around its votaries' brow
A crown of thorns which points the way to Heaven
Through the portals of a fearful death?

SYLVIVS.— I would!
I would learn truth, though peril and the pangs
Of a thousand deaths should threaten me!

PISO.— 'Tis well!
Yet pause! The cross is hard to bear, young Sylvius.

The followers of our God are outlawed men—
Rome seeks their life as bloodhounds track their prey.

SYLVIVS.— I have learned much of Maro of his faith,
I would learn all—and die, if it be well,
For truth!

PISO.— Thou shalt learn all. This very morn
The edict of the Emperor hath gone forth;
We are mark'd out for sacrifice. Yet He
In whom we trust, will be our bulwark still.

(To Curtius.)

How died young Tullius, last of the Roman martyrs?

CURTIVS.— As a Roman and a Christian—on his brow

No terror—on his lips no curse.

PISO.— 'Tis well!
Thus may we all die, when the dread command
Shall call us to a glorious martyrdom!
The blood of Tullius shall bedew the soil
Of our new vineyard, and raise up a host
Of martyrs like himself!

CURTIVS.— It shall—it shall!
Already have his dying words awaked
In Roman hearts a wish to fall like him!
Even as the bright steel glittered o'er his head,
Sprang faith from the shouting crowd to Roman soldiers.

They tore the eagles from their helmeted heads—
They plucked the idolatrous medals from their breasts,
And kneeling by the martyred youth, held up
Their hands to Heaven, and owned the Christian's God!

SYLVIVS.— O, glorious faith that prompts to deeds like this!

O, noble martyrs, who can dare such deeds!

PISO.— O, glorious faith! Jehovah's mighty spirit
Worketh among the heathen. Died they, too?

CURTIVS.— They have been dragged to prison to await

The award of Titus for their bold avowal!

PISO.— Titus is just—O, would that his great heart
Might turn to mercy, too! Young Sylvius!

SYLVIVS.— Let me be one of ye! I would go forth
With my voice raised, like him whose tones were heard

Upon Mars' Hill, while Athens knelt in awe.

MARO.— Thou shalt! Yet once again I bid thee pause.

Wilt thou endure unto the end, young Sylvius?

SYLVIVS.— In the name of Heaven, I will!

MARO.— Dost thou resolve
Henceforth to dedicate thy mortal life
To Friendship, Truth and Love?

SYLVIVS.— I swear!

MARO.— Enough!
Thou art a Comes of the Comites! (*music.*)
Thou art a Brother of the Brotherhood!

Go forth into the world, even as a lamb
Among the wolves! Take thou no purse nor script
For thine own pleasure—but the good of all!
To every house bear peace. Thou shalt have power
In the high trust of God, to do all things;—
Thou shalt have power in this to safely tread
On the serpent, and the scorpion, and o'ercome
The might of the enemy. Go thou forth in peace—
A Comes of the Brotherhood! And first
Thy mission shall be Charity. Take thou
The Order's alms unto the new bereaved—
Take thou the Order's words of sympathy
To the mother of the martyred Tullius.
Go forth, young Comes! Be thou firm and true!

HARTWICK LODGE, N. Y.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 9, D. D. G. M. J. L. Fox, installed the following brothers as officers for the ensuing term: Whitney G. West, N. G.; C. L. Harrington, V. G.; J. N. Chappell, S; J. F. Perkins, T.; William Perkins, P. S. Our Lodge at present is in a flourishing condition, and our prospects are fair for ranking among the first Lodges of the Order. Four or five of your valuable papers are taken by members of this Lodge, and an effort is being made to enlarge the list of subscription. Our Lodge meets on Tuesday evening. That harmony may be restored again to our beloved Order, is our most earnest wish. Yours, in F., L. & T. W.

FINE ARTS IN THE LODGES.—The other day we visited the new Odd-Fellows' Hall in Grand street, and were struck with the beautiful and expressive style of its embellishments. Allegri and Molini are the artists of the three principal rooms, which are most worthy of examination. We hope to give a full account of this fine artistical display in another number. Meanwhile, we advise all our brethren who are building new Lodge Rooms, either in the city or the country, to employ the beautiful pencil of these two eminent artists, Molini and Allegri, to adorn their Lodges.

OFFICERS OF TERRE HAUTE LODGE No. 51.—
Dr. John Wood, N. G.; Edward G. King, V. G.; Wells Harrington, S.; L. Booth, T.

ODD-FELLOWS UNIVERSITY.

LETTER FROM WILEY WILLIAMS, D. D. G. S.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Jan. 15, 1849.

J. L. RIDGELY, GR. COR. SEC.—*Dear Sir and Bro:*—The efforts which you have made to advance the cause of education, through the instrumentality of the benevolent Order to which we are attached, have arrested the attention of its members throughout the confederacy; and although the Grand Lodge of the United States has not deemed itself justified in predicating any effectual action upon your views, yet I believe an impression has been made altogether favorable to the object contemplated by you.

I flatter myself that the time has now arrived when much good may be done by again agitating the subject, and if a plan can be suggested which promises success and usefulness, without imposing too heavy a burthen upon the members of the Order, that they will give it that reflection and investigation which the great importance of the subject demands.

I have given the matter some consideration, with an anxious desire to see your wishes realized, and that our Order may have the high honor, as it certainly has the power, of establishing an institution of learning, second to none in the United States, and that we may constitute another Odd-Fellows' lever to elevate the human character and bless mankind.

I am aware that there are objections by some of our brethren, to the establishment, by our Order, of a national institution of learning under the care of Odd-Fellowship. It is said by some, that if we confine ourselves strictly to the discharge of the obligations positively enjoined upon us by our laws, we may find enough to do; while others exclaim, *cui bono?* who is to be benefited—and can the children of those who contribute the funds necessary to its endowment, have its advantages with any less expense? It is certain that those who are disposed to object, will not be at a loss on many other grounds, either real or imaginary. Now, with those of our brethren whose composition is so mixed up with negative matter, I am not inclined to argue the question; but it may not be improper to say that all human efforts for the amelioration of the condition of our race, yea, even the administration of the common charities of life, may find objectors, either to the manner or the purpose; yet that should be no reason why we should not do the one or the other, if in our power.

It is true that the laws of Odd-Fellowship impose many duties upon us, especially in reference to the obligations which we owe one to another; but the discharge of all these faithfully and promptly, only the better prepares us, by uniting us more strongly together, to benefit the world; and that brotherhood which adheres closely to its principles, will find plenty of time and much pleasure, not only in performing every thing positively required, but for every other desirable purpose.

It may be true, also, that our children, especially those of us who reside at a great distance from the location of this institution of learning, might not derive a great benefit from it; but may not this objection be urged against every College and University? Every man cannot have one in his neighborhood, or county, and must he therefore refuse to encourage them? All of us who have sons must send them to a school of high character, if we wish them well taught and thoroughly educated; and it would cost but little more to send them to Baltimore, than it would to our State Colleges, many of which are but little above a high school in the grade and extent of instruction.

One great advantage which I propose to derive from the establishment of this institution, is to the country at large, in a political point of view. The association of Odd-Fellows, extending from Maine to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean—bound together by the three-fold cord of

Friendship, Love and Truth—carefully taught, nay, positively enjoined, as Odd-Fellows, to know no creed or party, to recognise the true God as our Creator and Benefactor, to give to our beloved country, our whole country, our services and our lives, if necessary for her defense, and to our brothers all proper assistance in time of need, presents, in my opinion, one of the sure supports of our Constitutional Union as a confederacy of States, and while the principles of our Order command us to permit our brother to express and enjoy his opinion, yet they are equally as imperative that the principles of love and truth shall distinguish and characterize all our communications with each other. Where these exist, there can be no disunion. A decent and proper respect for the rights and opinions of our brother, will always teach us to bear and forbear.

The establishment of a national institution of learning under our care, will add another link to the chain that binds us together as an Order and as a people; and when the jarring and conflicting elements of party and faction, or fanaticism, shall place the existence of this happy Union in jeopardy, it may yet be the high and glorious destiny of our beloved Order to stay the destructive torrent that would overwhelm it, and perpetuate to posterity the blessings and privileges we now enjoy. But I shall not now undertake to array the objections and advantages of this institution, but will proceed to give you my views of a plan which I think may succeed. I give you the outlines only.

I propose that the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in the United States, agree to establish and endow an institution of learning, to be called the Odd-Fellows' University; that each Grand Lodge in the several States and Territories shall, every two years, appoint one Trustee, and the Grand Lodge of the United States shall, every two years, appoint seven members of the Board of Trustees, all, or a majority of whom, shall be a Board of Trustees for said institution.

The power, duties and authority of the Board of Trustees shall be prescribed and regulated by the Grand Lodge of the United States; that the Odd-Fellows' University shall be located at or near the city of Baltimore, and shall be under the general control of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

For the purpose of endowing this institution, I propose that each Odd-Fellow in the United States pay annually, for the term of five years, the sum of *one dollar*, to be collected with his dues, semi-annually, and transmitted by each Subordinate Lodge to the Grand Secretary of each State Grand Lodge, who shall forward the same to such person or persons as may be designated by the Grand Lodge of the United States to receive it; which sum shall, as soon as convenient, be permanently invested in safe stocks or securities, bearing an interest not less than six per cent.

There being now one hundred and twenty-five thousand Odd-Fellows in the United States, paying a revenue to their Lodges of near nine hundred thousand dollars, without scarcely knowing or feeling it. I think it may be safely calculated that by the contribution of one dollar per annum, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars per year can be raised; and, at all events, at the end of five years the sum of five hundred thousand dollars may be received; that this shall be a permanent investment, the interest only of which shall be appropriated for any purpose, which, at six per cent., will make annually thirty thousand dollars; that the Trustees, with the sum arising and accruing from interest, shall construct the necessary buildings, employ professors, procure apparatus, library, &c.

After the buildings, apparatus, library, &c., are paid for, it is estimated that twenty thousand dollars per annum will be sufficient for many years to pay salaries, and increase gradually the various facilities of learning, leaving ten thousand dollars and the tuition money, say five thousand dollars, making fifteen thousand dollars annually a surplus

fund; that this sum of fifteen thousand dollars shall be annually divided among the several State Grand Lodges, in proportion to the amount contributed within their several jurisdictions, and shall be, by the Trustees, held as a fund for the maintenance and education of such beneficiary as may be selected by the said Grand Lodge. It is estimated that two hundred and fifty dollars will board and clothe a pupil at this institution. If this be so, this sum will keep sixty beneficiaries at school.

Now, what do you think of these general propositions? Is the project, under this view of it, a feasible one? Will it result in the benefit of mankind, and the good of the Order?

It was a beautiful idea that if the physical and mental power of the world combined could create a beautiful object, animate it with a breathing soul, prepare it for usefulness here, and happiness hereafter, that it would be an effort worthy the object, and an object worthy of the effort.

Now we have infinitely more than half of the work done to our hands. The man has form and shape; a breathing, living soul, with all the honors and facilities for good and for evil, and capable of happiness or mercy here and hereafter. His education depends upon us. It is a duty, which as men we ought not to neglect, but which as Odd-Fellows we must not.

Here, then, is a plan easy to be perfected and carried out, and not onerous upon us, by which we can turn out annually sixty beneficiaries from this Institution—monuments of our Order, and so instructed in morals and science that their existence shall prove a blessing, and not a curse to themselves and society.

It is a good work. What Odd-Fellow will refuse to give his dollar, annually, for five years? I apprehend none, for we are a growing Brotherhood, and when we come to make up our final accounts, as we must do when passing through the solemn scenes of the "last degree" on earth, we shall not feel the worse because we have a little stock to our credit for the benefit of mankind.

Very truly yours, in F. L. & T.

WILEY WILLIAMS.

THE ORDER IN WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

We spent two or three days, recently in this pleasant little city, and had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of the brethren. There are three Lodges located here and an Encampment, containing about seven hundred contributing members. With the brethren we were much pleased, and had the honor of addressing them twice. A new and splendid hall is now in course of erection for the better accommodation of the brotherhood. It will contain several large rooms on the ground floor for stores, a public Hall and Saloon, two splendid Lodge rooms and an Encampment room.

We saw in the Lodge room on the evening of our visit, a curious relic of the olden time, which brought to mind the early days of our Order. It was a *PITCHER* of English manufacture, ornamented with gold bands. On each side of it are the various emblems of Odd-Fellowship, surmounted by a scroll in which appear the *heart in hand* symbol, the emblem of sincerity, and the token of the Manchester Unity, "*Upon my Honor.*" At the base of these inscriptions and emblems is another scroll, containing the well-known motto of our Fraternity, "*Amicitia, Amor et Veritas.*" On the front of the pitcher is the following inscription with appropriate embellishments:

JAMES AND MARY PLATT, 1822.

We are Odd-Fellows when we act and do the things which are right.

How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth.

This pitcher was presented to Mechanic's Lodge by Mrs. Platt after the death of her husband who was a member of this Lodge. Mrs. Platt died about two years ago.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

THE Ocean mail steamship Niagara has arrived at Boston with two weeks later intelligence from Europe and Asia. The most important accounts for our commercial men, are the great improvement in the English money market, and the extraordinary advance in American securities. The large sales of Cotton in England will be of advantage to the United States; equal to five million dollars by this single arrival. Enough for the speculators.

As to the politicians, they will find in Europe but disorganization, anarchy and monstrous despotism, all combined to keep that beautiful part of the world in the most deplorable condition. There is no prospect of re-establishing peace in Europe; a general war seems unavoidable, not only between people and kings, but also among the different powers. France has dissolved the National Assembly, so much desired by the nation, and Louis Napoleon has for Vice President M. Boulay, elected by the Assembly, against the politics and imperial chimeras of His Highness, the President. The red republicans are preparing to renew the bloody scenes of June; they have become active, they ask for bread and work, and the Government, deaf to their demands, is contemplating some severe measures for their complete suppression! The financial state of this country is as deficient as might be expected. The deficit at the end of 1849 will not be less than 718,000,000 francs!

The intervention in Italy against Austria has been abandoned by the same clamorous men who, two or three months ago, advised the Government to march for the independence of Italy. It is said that a large fleet was preparing to sail from Toulon with 10,000 soldiers, for the Papal question; but we see by the latest news that the expedition had been altogether abandoned. It would be very interesting to see French Republicans march against Italian Republicans, and to impose upon them a Popish puppet, and a traitor, for king of Rome. *Nous verrons.*

Pius IX has openly thrown off the mask of liberalism. Not satisfied with his appeals of Austrian intervention, he has hurled a bull of excommunication against the Roman people; but the spiritual anathemas which he hurled against them, have been treated with contempt. The Pope has forgotten that we live in the nineteenth century, and the year of our Lord 1849; that these resources of Papacy, so good in times of imposture and superstition, no longer prove efficacious. The Romans of our day fear not the lamentations and clamors of the dying Papacy; nor do they care for the Popish theological arms and feeble power of the preaching of fanatical ultra-Catholics. Pius IX is no more respected, either as a Prince or Pope. He has proved, by his treacherous policy, that he was the Vicar of Austria, and not that of Christ on earth. He has asked also the protection of Naples, Spain and Portugal, in order to enable him to resume his position as temporal ruler of the Papal States. The Roman Government has put forth a decree, denouncing as enemies to their country, all persons who shall suffer themselves to be deterred from voting for the Constituent Assembly, by the protest of the Pope. Several learned men are going among the people to enlighten them, and to expose the ridiculous anathemas of the Pope.

The Germans will have a new Emperor, whose election will cause some disturbance and jealousy among the many princes of Germany. The Frankfurt Assembly has fairly cast the apple of discord among them, and Austria has no longer a representative in this national body.

Austria, while recovering her Hungarian provinces, has a new field of controversy opened to her, in the threatened rivalry of Prussia for the German throne.

The Hungarians have lost their independence for the present, and Kossuth, the rebellious chief, has retired before the conquering Imperialists. Martial law has been proclaimed in Hungary and

Gallacia; but all these cruelties, committed for the cause of despotism, will turn at last against the authors of these human slaughters.

The question of the Danish Duchies, with Germany, is unsettled as ever. They are waiting the approaching spring to renew their fiery war, and Denmark has announced her intention to borrow \$7,000,000.

The Emperor of Constantinople has emancipated all the Christians residing in the Ottoman Empire. He has issued a decree, according to Christians the privilege of attaining the highest dignities, even that of Pacha and Vizer.

In India there has been a bloody battle between the English and the Sikhs, who defended their position with an obstinacy and valor which render them very formidable foes.

England has wisely resolved to reduce the army and navy, and to meet the wishes of the people, as demonstrated through the financial reform, and other associations.

In Ireland, the Queen's Bench has overruled the errors assigned in the cases of Wm. Smith O'Brien and his fellow prisoners.

From Spain we have nothing of interest. The war continues in Catalonia, and we believe that the Queen has troubles enough in her starved kingdom, without undertaking to declare war against the Romans, in favor of the Pope. S. DE CASALI.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10, 1849.

DEAR BRO.: The echo of the merry sleigh bells still ring in our ears, though the pavements have peeped so far through their snowy covering as to make a sleigh ride any thing but agreeable, yet it has been jingle, jingle, splash, splash, enough to know that the snow had fallen, without caring whether it had melted or not, as a ride through the mud is preferred by many to no sleighing at all.

The Ojibway Chief, John Copway, (Kah-ge-gah-bowk,) delivered the first of his course of Lectures on Thursday night, to a highly intelligent audience. His subject, (the Origin and Traditions of the North American Indians,) was handled in a masterly manner, though delivered in a language comparatively strange to him, and many of his views were entirely original and of peculiar interest.

Rev. Drs. Dill and Simpson, (known as the Irish delegation,) held a farewell meeting at the Musical Fund Hall, on Tuesday evening, to an overflowing house, and several very eloquent addresses were delivered. Many were disappointed in obtaining admission, and to accommodate these the *farewell* was repeated on Thursday evening. We learn that quite a large sum was collected at these meetings, in aid of the Protestants in Ireland.

Among the celebrated individuals who have visited our city lately, has been the pugilist Tom Hyer, who, as all heroes should be, was enthusiastically received. Judge Parsons sent him, (through Capt. Bennett of the Police,) his card, with an invitation to call on him, he was also introduced to his honor, Mayor Swift, and is now lodging at the expense of the city, expecting from his excellency, the Governor of Maryland, a request to visit that State. His defeated antagonist, Sullivan, to avoid the pressing courtesy of our city authorities, rumor says, passed through in haste.

Fairmount Lodge, No. 149, buried late Bro. Geo. Adams, on Wednesday afternoon. Fidelity Lodge, No. 138, buried late Bro. David S. Wagner this afternoon, and to-morrow Oriental Lodge, No. 113, will bury late Bro. William Fenerick. The funeral of Lieut. Goodman, on Saturday last, was quite respectable, in point of members, Wayne Lodge being represented quite creditably.

The newspaper critics here, generally are in raptures, with the performance on the Sax Horns of the Distin Family, and should the "flow of melody" from those instruments in their hands, equal the flow of words respecting their performance, it must

be far superior to any ordinary entertainment of the kind. Mad. Bishop, and M. Bocsha, gave a concert this week, and were received with the favor usually accorded them.

We have nothing relating to the Order of any importance to send you. Knowing your present zeal, we hope to continue its fearless advocate you will ever

DARE.

PENNSYLVANIA.

WAYNESBORO', Pa., Jan. 4, 1849.

SIR AND BRO.: This Lodge is rapidly increasing in members, and such, too, as confidence in their intelligence and respectability of character, justifies asserting, will give firmness and stability to the institution of Friendship, Love and Truth. We number upwards of eighty, and have existed but two years.

At the commencement of the present term, the election for officers, and installation occurred. H. J. Storer, N. G., presided, and declared the result of the election to be, that Bro's J. Brotherton was elected N. G.; R. F. Gibson, V. G.; M. M. Storer, S.; S. P. Storer, A. S.; W. S. Hollenberger, T. After this declaration, the Grand Officers were announced, and received according to the usage of the Order. The officers were then presented to D. D. G. M. M'Gahan for installation; and this imposing and solemn honor was appropriately conferred on them. Yours, in fellowship, M. M. STORER.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—The officers of Gahonto Lodge No. 314, for the ensuing term, are, Thomas E. Curtiss, N. G.; Eph. Johnson, V. G.; Joseph Knapp, Sec.; Chas. R. Gorman, Per. Sec.; R. J. Wisner, Treasurer.

MICHIGAN.

MONROE LODGE No. 19, meets at Monroe on Monday evening. B. F. Ffield, N. G.; Joseph Sterling, V. G.; A. W. Jewitt, S.; F. M. Winans, Treas.

TECUMSEH LODGE No. 14, meets at Tecumseh on Tuesday evening. P. F. Blosser, N. G.; John Cummings, V. G.; Thomas Cummings, S.; John McConnell, T.; W. W. Bass, P. S.

CLINTON LODGE No. 36, meets at Clinton on Thursday evening. Danforth Keys, N. G.; E. W. Freese, V. G.; A. G. Burton, S.; W. V. Fiske, T.; O. Wall, P. S.

ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.—We find the following eloquent passage in a sermon preached on Thanksgiving day, at New Orleans, by Rev. Charles W. Whitehall, Chaplain to the Protestant Episcopal Mission to Seamen in that city:

"What shall I say of those associations of benevolence, which we find spread abroad through our happy land, for the relief of suffering humanity, and the distress of our fellows? These are, emphatically, God's blessings. Brethren, when the legitimate tendencies of that charitable institution, to which some of you, I believe, belong, shall be properly felt; when the banner folds of its charities shall fall, like the drapery of heaven, around society—it will need no seer to tell its future glory. In the strength of numbers, as well as in the consciousness of doing right, there will be a steady acquisition of power and stability. Her foundation is upon a rock; and upon its surging-repelling base, prejudice will beat but vainly. Our rock will stand, while, on its brow, the dew of centuries shall fall; and around it, the storms of centuries may howl; and, cold and cheerless, around its foot, the gloom of dependency may settle: yet, it will shine bright and pure, and holy, amid the war of pride, bigotry and prejudice; and, like some fair column of marble, that laughs at the 'petting of the pitiless storm,' while it stands, unmoved by the shock, proudly erect; with the fair and holy inscription at the head, 'In God we trust;' at the foot, the Heaven-descended principles, 'Friendship, Love and Truth.'"

HORN'S LEAST.—A wag calls taking the route across the Isthmus, "going through the little end of the horn."

BEWARE OF HIM.

A MAN calling his name Robert B. Morse, of Adrian, Mich., visited this place last week, representing himself as an agent for the "Pledge of Honor," a temperance paper, and the "Golden Rule," a publication of the Odd-Fellows. He also claimed to be a Son of Temperance and an Odd-Fellow. From his conduct, while here, and information we have received in regard to his previous character, we feel it our duty to warn the public against him, as a man unworthy the confidence or fellowship of any respectable society. He left this place in the eastern stage on Saturday morning last; and our object in giving this notice, is to guard community against him.

Further particulars can be had by application to us.

We take the above from the Tribune published at Milan, Ohio, under date of Jan. 31, 1849, and have no doubt the caution is just and true with reference to R. B. Morse and due to the public. We again repeat it, he is *not* the Agent of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, never having made any returns to the present proprietors, and we caution all our subscribers, and enjoin it as a duty upon every Odd-Fellow, to guard the Order from all such impositions.

It should be remembered that within the moral atmosphere of Odd-Fellowship the practice of deception and dishonesty is exceedingly dangerous, and our thanks are due all the brethren who have sent us information with reference to this subject. Will not the brethren every where exert themselves to shield us from like imposition, and use their influence to counteract the injury and loss we sustain from those unworthy our confidence? No receipts signed by R. B. Morse, will be acknowledged at this office, after this date, due notice having been given that his agency long since ceased.

CONDITIONAL FORGIVENESS.—Much has been said about the good qualities, constancy, forbearance, kindness and unchanging love of woman, and we heartily subscribe to all this; but the following true sketch may serve to exemplify their perseverance in an opposite course.

Two sisters, Mary and Jane, became highly offended at each other, about the time both were married. Year after year they stood it more than manfully, each determined not to be the first to speak to the other, although living in the same neighborhood. Twelve years had passed since the commencement of hostilities, when Mary, who had for months evidently been within the influence of that disease whose victims are sure, was brought very near the close of life. Death would not have been unexpected at any hour. She now began to review her past conduct, with reference to her sister, and soon requested that she might be sent for. Jane came at once, and was shown into the sick room, when Mary, taking her by the hand, addressed her as follows:

"Dear sister Jane: you know how wickedly we have been living ever since we were married, and I could not think of dying without making up with you. Only think of it, Jane, we have not spoken a word with one another for more than twelve years! Now, will you forgive me? I have but a few hours more to live."

It was an affecting scene. The two sisters embraced each other affectionately, promising mutual forgiveness; and Jane was about leaving, when Mary (although quite exhausted on account of the interview,) again resumed, "Sister Jane, it's all made up now, and I don't think I've long to stay; but remember, if I *should* live, the *old grudge* is good as ever."

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.—This medicine, manufactured by our estimable Bro. Wright of Philadelphia, is really a useful and valuable article, and well deserving the attention of all who are suffering from the ailments peculiar to the season. See advertisement.

THE NEW YORK CITY PRESS.—There are periods in the ebbs and flows of public taste, when the wave of one exciting topic rises so high and swells so heavily that the small streams and rivulets of popular thought and feeling, are engulfed by the ocean of excitement into which they flow. This is the fact with regard to the gold mania. California has held both ends of the net which has fished up all lovers of the wonderful for full three months, and if perchance, a stray waif of eventfulness drifted into the public reservoir, it was swept away again without any previous notice. Good Mr. Gotham—and we say it in all reverence to yourself and your epidemic—we have had a **PRINTERS' FESTIVAL**, and to many minds, the occasion passed away without a moment's reflection. How much *ought* it to suggest? Glance your eye, courteous reader, over the following table of statistics, and contemplate how much thought and life-wearing labor is required to produce this amount of "matter." Think of the anarchy of competition and enterprise it has engendered—think how much force of mind, and necessity of imagining, was indispensable to satiate the public craving for mental aliment. In olden times, the cities which adorned the shores of the Tiber and the Adriatic were Republics in themselves; the same as "Paris is all France" now. Who shall deny when we see the great cities of America putting forth such extraordinary strength, and illustrating by her great stars of knowledge, the entire land, the same inevitable destiny? Cherish a love for the newspapers, then, we pray you; they are the only mirrors of the habits, manners and character of our times, and they will be a marvel for future generations. The following table we copy from the *New York Independent*:

NUMBER OF NEW YORK CITY NEWSPAPERS.

No. of Papers.	Aggregate regular issue.	Aggregate weekly issue.	Aggregate yearly issue.
13 Daily papers issue	125,300	754,200	39,218,400
9 Semi-weekly	27,440	61,900	3,373,800
9 Weekly Orthodox	72,950		3,845,400
7 " Lib'l, R. Cath., etc.	20,500		1,066,000
6 " Sunday	42,000		2,181,000
44 " Miscellaneous	912,100	377,550	12,589,200
16 Monthly, religious	289,100		3,469,200
4 " Miscellaneous	76,250		915,000
10 " Magazines			
religious	54,250		651,360
24 " " Miscellaneous	133,359		1,600,284
4 Quarly " religious	5,900		23,200
9 " " literary	27,755		111,020
1 Semi-annually	100,000		200,000

158 1,196,650 69,217,884
Number of reams of paper consumed, 147,095.
The weight of all this paper is about 5,900,000 lbs., and its cost alone is above \$600,000.

A STRANGE STORY.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* tells a horrible story, if true. It says that a gang of horse-thieves, in Indiana, went to the house of an old German, who had five hundred dollars in his possession, tied him and his wife and three children hand and foot, to the floor, by raising one of the planks and fastening the rope to the sleeper—then robbed the house, and, taking a feather and a straw bed, threw it over the confined group, set them on fire, fastened the door and decamped. In a few moments the robbers were out of sight, and the fire of the lighted beds was growing hotter and hotter. What was to be done? All tried the strength of the cords that bound them, time and time again! The fire grew hotter and the exertions greater. At length the wife and mother broke loose from the sleeper; she was yet tied hand and foot. A thought struck her!—she rolled—for she could not walk—to the fire-place, thrust her hands into the burning embers, and held them there till the fire burned off the cords that bound her hands—unloosed her feet, and saved her husband and children. The fire had not injured the latter badly, and the husband flew for assistance; but, as this unfortunate family lived some distance from neighbors, it was a long time before help arrived. One of the fiends participating in the attempted destruction of this innocent family was, by all accounts, let loose here by means of the abuse of the habeas corpus act. Humanity shudders at the thought of such villainy as is depicted above. To the unheard-of heroism of that wife and mother, the whole family owe their escape from a terrific, slow death. Never in our life have we heard of such a thrilling escape, or seen in a more hideous aspect the wickedness of the abandoned.

Two boys were going through a church-yard, one of them having a gun. Hearing something in one of the cherry trees, the young sportsman fired, and down came a whacking big owl.

"Oh, Billy," said the other, "what have you did? you've gone and shot a cherubim!"

TAX ON BACHELORS.—Among the multitudinous projects engendered by the heat of the revolution, which have arisen in the French Assembly, one is a tax upon celibacy. It is said that this measure originated with the women of Paris, who allege that celibacy is a luxury, and therefore should be taxed. It appeared to be a serious proposition, if anything or anybody can be serious in France. We find the provisions thus described:

"It is proposed that bachelors shall be taxed upon arriving at the age of twenty-five years, and that the tax shall be equal in amount to all the other taxes paid by the impracticable repudiator of matrimony on account of real or personal estate, or for licenses, or for anything else. At the age of 35 there is again an augmentation of the tax, which goes on augmenting periodically, until the *celibataire* arrives at fifty; then, if he is a bachelor still, it remains stationary till the end of his days. But there is no remission or reduction, should he live to the age of the antediluvian patriarchs, if he persists in his anti-hymenial sentiments—so that an octogenarian would be paying pretty dear for his 'single blessedness.'

"Widowers are to be allowed five years during which to re-marry; and if they do not, they are regarded as having relapsed into celibacy, and are then taxed, and the tax proceeds *crescendo*, from time to time, as in the case of the bachelors, until they arrive at fifty years; they are then entitled to a discharge, and are to be forever exempt from any further taxation on this behalf."

The letter-writer thinks this very hard on widowers. "It will be often cruel," he says, "to compel a widower to marry again. A bachelor has illusions—the *prestige* of novelty may influence him; but he whom a vexatious experience may have discouraged, will be afraid again to expose himself to danger—to encounter again the uncertain chances of the estate."

MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.—The eighth Report of the Registrar-General shows, that in the year 1845, of 143,743 marriages, 129,515 were performed according to the rites of the Established Church, and 14,228 not according to those rites; showing that a great number of Dissenters still marry at church. Of the latter number there were 9,997 marriages in registered places of worship, 8,997 in superintendent-registrar's offices, 180 marriages of Jews, and 74 of Quakers.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED NINE WIVES.—Henry Bramall was lately convicted before the Lord Mayor of London of having married nine wives, all of whom are living. The heaviest punishment which the law awards for this crime is seven years transportation. This penalty the court thought much too light. His Lordship regretted that he could not sentence him to live seven years with the whole nine wives, as that would be something like punishment.

THE NEW EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, Francis Joseph I., is a young man of fine natural abilities, which have been improved by all the accomplishments of the age. He has been trained under the direction of his mother, the Arch-duchess Sophia, a woman of great spirit and intelligence. He was popular with his countrymen, particularly with the Bohemians—whose language he spoke at a very early age. The young successor to the throne of the Caesars avows his intention of basing his government upon the principles of true liberty—equal justice to all races and individuals, and free participation of the people in the legislative power.

EXPENDITURE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—The annual expenditure of the Government in the time of peace, exclusive of the interest on the national debt, was, during the reign of George the First, about £2,588,000. In the reign of George the Second, it amounted to about £2,776,000; in that of George the Third (1790,) to £7,670,109; in George the Fourth's (1828,) to £21,407,670; in William the Fourth's (1835,) to £15,874,649; and in Victoria's (1843,) to £24,280,804.

COMPLIMENTARY.—G. F. Secchi de Casali has quite a complimentary notice of J. Bayard Taylor in that interesting paper, the "Gazette of the Union." He also says "he is not surprised to find the Saturday Evening Post in almost every family he has visited in different States in the Union," and prophesies that we will have "the largest circulation in America." That prophecy is, we think, in rapid progress of realization.—[Philadelphia Saturday Post.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—A writer in the American Courier is out against female M. Ds. He says he shouldn't like to have his wife called out in the night to visit another man. As for us, we should fear that our beloved would catch a cold.

WEBSTER vs. WALKER.

We publish with pleasure the following card of the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, defending themselves against the charge of having mutilated the orthography of MACAULEY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. It appears that those eminent and intelligent publishers are in the habit of following Webster in the composition of their works, and in this they are right. Webster is the only authority worthy of regard, and we believe he is recognized every where in this country, excepting Harvard University.

A CARD.

An impression having got abroad that we have made various important alterations from the English copy in our reprint of MACAULEY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, we deem it proper to state, in justice to the numerous purchasers of the work, that the edition printed by us is in every word a faithful and perfect copy of the original, the text of which has been followed without omission or alteration. In the composition of the work, indeed, in our printing office, we have followed the spelling of an acknowledged standard authority of the language—that of Webster, whose dictionary has received the critical recommendations of many learned men and learned institutions, both in this country and in Europe, as well as the sanction of widely spread usage, and whose system, moreover, is partly followed by Macaulay himself. These considerations we reasonably thought quite sufficient to justify us in its adoption.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD COMPANY.

ALTHOUGH we have already spoken of the serious annoyances under which this Company labored, to regain the entire confidence of the public, yet we see that the famous "Citizen of Burlington" has secured some scribble to throw new impediments, and cause more trouble to the Directors of this road, in spite of the creditable assertions of the persons employed in the investigation of these affairs. As to the attacks of the N. Y. Herald, we shall say nothing; they are unworthy of any attention, and every one acquainted with its editor's transactions, knows that Bennet goes in favor or against people, according to his private interests.

We are personally acquainted with one of the Investigators, whose name is very popular among us. We believe that the assertions of Mr. J. G. King, and of his worthy companions, with the resolutions of the Stockholders, are a sufficient denial of the unjust and malignant accusations of the "Citizen of Burlington." But, truly, when a man comes out with the mask of an anonymous name, slandering the Directors, who are gentlemen of every honesty, and who enjoy all the confidence of the people, his attacks are valueless, and unworthy of any consideration. One of the great evils which embarrasses this Company, is the tax imposed upon each passenger by the Jersey Government. If this should be abolished, the Company could afford to carry people and goods at a less price. We do not know of any other line where there are so many useful improvements, or where the Directors spend so large an amount of money, as on the Camden and Amboy railroad. All the malignity of the anonymous "Citizen of Burlington," and his obscure associates, is originated from the desire of establishing an opposition line, thus injuring the interests of two companies, who have made immense pecuniary sacrifices. We give below the resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, at a meeting of the Stockholders at Bordentown, N. J., Jan. 3.

Resolved, That the report of the Commissioners appointed by the Board of Directors be accepted, and that three thousand copies of the same be printed.

Resolved, That the Stockholders of the Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad and Transportation Companies, having heard the report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate certain charges of frauds, falsifications, and impostures made in certain publications under the signature of "a Citizen of Burlington," against the officers of said Companies, are satisfied that the charges are entirely destitute of any foundation in truth, and that the administration of the affairs of the joint Companies has been marked as much by the scrupulous fidelity with which their accounts have been kept, as by the ability with which their great and diversified interests have been managed.

Resolved, That the Stockholders have undiminished confidence in the integrity of the Companies, and in the ability with which they have managed their concerns.

WM. G. ALEXANDER, Sec.

Varieties.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

MACHINE POETRY.

OUR old poetical machine has grown rusty from disuse, and after a great deal of coaxing and persuasion, it has been enabled to grind out the following sublime epic:

THE morn is fair, the sunshine gilds
Our ship's breeze-haunted sail,
And golden hope each bosom fills—
Like voices chaunts the gale.
Where Sacramento's waters flow
God's needy pilgrims gladly go,
And "in for a dig," by digging show
They can relieve their want and woe.
To feed the flame, they come! they come!
An army without sword or drum.
The spoils are sure—away! away!
The land is filled with gold they say.

The Yankee, with hat turned up at the side;
The Quaker, with skirt cut broad and wide;
The Jew, to his origin true, stands fast,
And rests in this Abraham's bosom at last.
They dig with both knife and fork, we're told,
For the spade is too dear to be bought with gold—
The fattest among the tribe grow lean,
Until they use Leavenworth's machine.

This last line is rather long,
But the name must go into my rambling song;
The machine turns it out a ten to the hour,
With a not-to-be-reckon'd man or horse-power.
I must change my tune, and change my rhyme,
The gold of wit,
The gold of fun,

Like dogs, must have their day,
And California gold will have a run,
Like Lester's new and famous play,
And I could pray that Secchi de Casali may
Regenerate the land of Italy,
Which he laments he left, so bitterly—
Bayard Taylor, with his "views-a-foot,"
And California songs without a foot,
Must stand on their own bottom;
If he says a word about "free soil,"
And thus breeds a turmoil,
To the rich land of which he's sung so sweetly,
We'll have him banished, and then Lynch'd so
neatly.

So gold Crusaders go, with sieve and pan,
Take passage in a tub, or whatever they can—
Leave all the girls without a man!
Preachers, like Popes, leave their pulpits and fly
Away from their people—they scarce know why.
Blow high, blow low, away they go!
They take to the ships which lie in the slips,
Like men who are stricken with plague eclipse.

Go! wanderers, go! and may you never know
The curse of riches—Learn to pile,
In the great desert of the human heart,
The hoarded treasure of thy brightest years;
And may it bring no tears.

The hopes of gain oft fade away,
Like golden clouds at close of day,
Now fly with gilded wings,
Like many other things;

And like this Poe-try for sartin,
Be all within my eye—Miss Elizabeth Martin!

Stop! stop! The machine is broke—the train of
ideas has run off the track, and the engine is crash-
ed, smashed, mashed.

H. H. C.

"CAN you tell me, sir, when the railroad leaves
New-Haven?"
"No, sir, I cannot; but presume as soon as the
depot arrives."
"Thank you."

THE MAN THAT "WORKED HIS PASSAGE."—It was a "bitter hot day" that; everything was up to boiling heat, people made fires to keep themselves cool by! The contents of the ice-houses boiled over—fat men were languid—thin men, red hot—everybody spread umbrellas, and the tall man of the ferry house evidently didn't care to exert himself to collect his dues. I was using uncommon trouble to place myself at Nahant in a place of comparative safety. There was no railway there to land me at Lynn, and I had secured the services of a "chaise and one" to assist my escape. On board the Ferry I sat in 'chay' with the back open to admit any stray air that might, by any possibility, be in circulation, when a vast black specimen of humanity came down the "drop" in the full blaze of the sun, and apparently rather invigorated by its rays than otherwise.

"Where's Misser Capun?" was his ejaculation to the admiring observers. The engineer was pointed out to him. Ducky pulled off his wool cap, and tugged at his wool head before the "Capun."

"You de boss of de ship?"

"Yes."

"Misser red face up in de caboose dare," pointing to the toll house, "tell me he spec you'll take dis nderwideral to work his passage ober."

"What can you do?"

"Mos anyfin—cook de hand's dinner, reef sail, work de pumps"

"Well, I'll give you a job."

Everybody has seen in the engine room of a steam-boat two poker-ish looking pieces of iron, which during the moving of the engine, are continually in motion forward and back, not unlike the arms of a fancy when "squared off," and by which the movement of the boat is in some way controlled.

When all was ready for a start, Ducky was told to take hold of the handles with both hands, and to move them alternately forward and back, in a certain measured time.

With the first pull, off goes the boat with "squashing" sound; another, and she moves out into the stream, and with every pull or push, moves further and faster. Snowball soon became highly excited, working forward and back, first with one hand, then the other; he tugged lustily at the work until the heat and exertion started the perspiration from every pore, and he looked the perfection of a devouring man—he puffed, blowed, and fairly sizzled.

At this stage of the performance, the engineer, who was almost as much exhausted from laughter as the negro from labor, interfered, saying that after so much assistance he thought the 'pokers' might move themselves, and the dusky man letting go, stood fairly stupefied with astonishment to see the pokers working, and the boat dashing on without any ostensible means of propulsion. His eyes rolled up from the sea, which burst out from him, and there, in the hot sunshine, with his head bare in reverential awe, and his body trembling from undefined terror, while the silence was only broken by an occasional "bres de Lord for dat," I left, with tears (of laughter) in my eyes, the man that worked his passage to Chelsea.

A LITTLE LESSON FOR STAMMERERS.—We would recommend persons who have a slight impediment in their speech to practice reading the following sentence. After they have read it a dozen of times every day, they will be quite cured, or else they may depend upon it their case is perfectly hopeless. "Now Windischgratz, being joined at Schwechat by Palszky, who was, according to the 'Schlesische Zeitung,' the agent of the Ban Jallachich, prepared to meet Messenhauser, who relied on Kossuth relieving him; but Friebe advised him to retire to Burghor, where Limonick with his Magyars was waiting for supplies from Goding. At this crisis, what should Schleswig Holstein do but send t the trusty Unruh to Olmutz to demand terms of Krauss, or else it would be the worse for Wussenburg, who was already in the hands of Dyonsiz Pazmandy, the brave chieftain, who had so valiantly overthrown Czanyi and Luzensky and Croats, near Bugeritaraan, on the right side of Hetzendorf, just between Venoja and Chiarjovenna, the capital of Colico. But Felix Schwartzberg, arriving at this moment, and Windischgratz having received some information in the 'Preussische Staats Anzeiger,' which showed too plainly that Be was a traitor, they coalesced and the result was, they quite cowed Benko, who was in full force at Temesigt. The same day Jallachich entered the Karnthern Strasse."

RATHER IMPUDENT.—After having loaned a man money—dunning him for it, and he borrowing your gold pencil to make a memorandum of the fact, and forgetting to return it.

THE AUTHOR OF LONDON ASSURANCE.—Mr. Bourcicault, the author of "London Assurance," gave the following account of himself recently at an examination before a bankruptcy court:

On being asked what countryman he was, he said he was an Irishman, but his father was a Frenchman. His name was Bourcicault, and when in France he had passed as Viscount de Bourcicault, to which title he had a right. He had pleaded to an action for some theatrical dresses, a plea of infancy, by the name of Lee Morton, was his theatrical name when a minor. In 1843, when he was of age, he made about £240 as a dramatic writer. He was married in 1845, and had received upwards of £1000 from his wife, now dead, out of her settled property.

He was interested in a new opera, entitled "Esmeralda," for which M. Julien had offered him £200, and Mr. Addison, the music seller, had offered £220; he had written the words, and Mr. Benedict composed the music. Mr. Nichols put the manuscript of the opera into the hands of the register of the court, saying that it was given up for the benefit of the creditors. In answer to further questions, the insolvent said he was author of "Used Up," performed at the Haymarket theatre, for which he received £30; and on account of its success, Mr. Webster had made him a present of £40 more. He had received from Mr. Webster about £1000 since 1843, for dramatic pieces, and he did not now owe him anything. In the same period he had received money from Mr. Beale, and a small sum from Mr. Balfe for a song.

The comedy of "London Assurance" was written for Madame Vestris, when she had Covent Garden theatre, and he had sold it to Mr. Webster for £40 or £50. His engagement with Mr. Webster was, in effect, that when he required money, whether on pieces written or to be written, Mr. Webster made him advances. His last transaction with Mr. Webster was in October, when he undertook to write a five act comedy, and he obtained an advance. Mr. Hughes: Has not Mr. Webster a comedy of yours, for which you are to be paid £500, and have received £150? Insolvent: Mr. Webster has a comedy, for which he will owe me £350; that is, I have a contingent to that amount, as stated in my schedule. The agreement was, that I should write a five act comedy for £400. It was finished about September last, and delivered; he has paid me about £40 or £50 on account of it. The insolvent further stated that the opera he gave up would produce £220, and, with the £350 to be received from Mr. Webster, there would be £570 available for his creditors. It appeared that he had a £100 bill discounted by Mr. Lawrence Levy, the father of Edward Lawrence Levy, and he deposited two pieces with him as security. He declined to state the names of the pieces, as it would be unfair towards Mr. Webster.

He got £75 on the £100 bill. Mr. Nichols: That is at the rate of 109 per cent. The learned counsel said he had a document signed by nine creditors, whose debts were £200, consenting to the final order. The insolvent said he valued one of the pieces in Levy's possession at £200, and the other at £50. They were not pieces fit for the Haymarket, and he had recourse to a money-lender. Mr. Levy was at the time connected with the management of the Lyceum theatre.

Says Nan to Tom, with lengthened face, "Now answer me, how is it, sir,
That till its long past six o'clock, you never pay your visits, sir?"
"Well now," says Tom, "don't be cross; you won't I'm certain when
I prove to you its not my fault, but of the letter N;
For don't you see, 'twould please me much, to catch an opportunity,
But U and I can never meet before T, love, in UNITY." J. W. W.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I'm only like the prodigal son; I shall reform by-and-by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and accordingly off she went.

A RAGGED MAN OF GENIUS.—"Oh, I pant for glory, I pant for renown," said a ragged man of genius, to his friend. "Well, if you've a pair of pants, you'd better put them on," was the cool and relentless reply.

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

ANECDOTE OF MARRAST.—We heard a story the other evening, says a French journalist, which we will briefly relate, concerning the Marquis Armand Marrast. It was in 1832 or 34. The eastern pavilion of the Palais de Justice, was then honored by the presence of the future president of the National Assembly. Already little papa Marrast, enjoyed among his fellow-prisoners, the reputation of an *Aristo*, of a marquis, of a Sybarite! Things most incredible, prodigalities hitherto undreamt of by the old democrats were related of the editor of the *National*. They had even gone so far towards tendering his reputation as to insinuate that he washed his hands daily; and it was decided that vengeance must be taken upon the spiritual *Aristo*. One day that he was waiting for his dinner, a dinner always exquisite and *recherche*, furnished by a famous restaurateur at the gates of the Prison, the prisoners discovered a cook, carrying to citizen Marrast the most tempting chicken that could be imagined by a prisoner, half famished and fond of chicken.

It was a real capon, nearly done brown, cooked just right, and surrounded by a crown of the freshest and greenest oreganos! The cook is at once surrounded, and all exclaim: "Oh! the beautiful animal! what is this! A chicken, I believe. Oh! the beautiful bird for Mr. Armand Marrast?" One of the gentlemen, bolder than the rest, delicately seizes a leg, and pulls it towards him. The body follows the leg, owing probably to its former habits and associations, and the chicken, from the plate passes into the hands of the prisoners, and soon into their mouths. The bones, previously preserved, and carefully replaced, presented a very beautiful and faithful skeleton of a chicken, which was respectfully sent back to the Marquis with these words, accompanied by a gesture, of which Mirabeau would have admired the energy. "Slave, go and tell thy master that a democrat is not made to be fed upon chicken. 'Go!'"

Publisher's Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk.

EDWARD McDONALD will please let us hear from him without delay.

NOTICE.

JAMES T. PALMATARY, of Philadelphia, and R. B. MORSE, of Adrian, Mich., are not authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

Several of our Traveling Agents have failed to make returns to us recently, as we have a right to expect of them. By doing so immediately, there will be no necessity for referring to them individually.

Our Subscribers who are in arrears will remember that all money enclosed in presence of the Post Master, and directed to the Publisher, No 44 Ann-street, New-York, is at our risk.

BRO. AARON E. HOVEY, P. G., of New-York City, is associated with the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, as general business Agent throughout the United States, and we cheerfully recommend him to our friends, and bespeak for him that reception to which his affability, unexceptionable character and business habits entitle him.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Our thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for collecting and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our journal shall be worthy the support of *Odd-Fellows* from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that each one will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

FINE MILINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.—Patters Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.
CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS, REJECTION NOTICES, Permanent Secretary's Receipts, Warrants on the Treasurer, and every description of Lodge and Encampment Blanks, Seals, printed and furnished, in the best style of workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, post-paid, E. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

OPPOSITION-TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers, for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Barges, (green, plain & fancy.) Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdkfs., Fancy Silk Hdkfs., Grass Cloths, Od Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Crape Lisse, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tarlatons, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable.

241 S. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

JANUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEVOLENT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (11 Wall street) have issued, during the month of January, 1849, three hundred and seven new Policies, viz:

To Merchants and Traders . . . 97	To U. S. Officers . . . 1
"Manufacturers . . . 25	"Artists . . . 3
"Mechanics . . . 88	"Sea Captains . . . 2
"Clerks . . . 29	"Agents . . . 4
"Lawyers . . . 6	"Teachers . . . 4
"Physicians . . . 3	"Hotel Keepers . . . 5
"Brokers . . . 5	"Engineers . . . 2
"Ladies . . . 4	"Public Officers . . . 2
"Farmers . . . 11	"Other occupations . . . 8
277	30
	277

New Policies issued
ROBT. L. PATTERSON, President.

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JOS. L. LOAN, Agent. JAMES STEWART, M.D., Medical Examiner, (Residence, Abington Square,) is at the office daily, from 2 to 3 o'clock. 1m240

TO THE I. O. O. F.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' AMULET, or the

Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained, with an Address to the Public, the Ladies, and the Order. By Rev. D. W. Bristol, Professor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y. 4th edition, revised. CONTENTS.—PART I.—The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined. PART II.—Objections answered. 1. It may be used for Political purposes; 2. You administer unlawful Oaths, and threaten unlawful Penalties; 3. The Poor cannot become members of it; 4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations; 5. You create distinctions in society; 6. Yours is a Secret Institution; 7. You do not admit the Ladies; 8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground; 9. It turns the Bible out of doors; 10. Odd-Fellowship is Free-Masonry revised; 11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad; 12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant; 13. We object to your name of Odd-Fellows; 14. It makes Christians fellowship with the wicked and the Infidel; 15. Odd Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty. PART III.—The advantages arising from Odd Fellowship. PART IV.—A word to the Public, the Ladies, and the Order.

The undersigned Past Grand of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States, the Book recently issued by Bro. D. W. Bristol, P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 204—entitled "The Odd-Fellow's Amulet." We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.—Wm. Hopkins, D.D.G.M.; R. F. Russell, P.D.D.G.M.; Benj. F. Hall, P.G.; Lansing Briggs, P.G.; Wm. S. Hudson, P.G.; Sullivan N. Smith, P.G.; Henry A. Hawes, P.G. Auburn, Sept. 1848.

This work is got up in a style similar to "Headley's Sacred Mountains," with four beautiful Steel illustrations; 248 pages, 12mo., gilt muslin, and sold at the low price of \$1.00. Copies sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00—post paid. Copies bound in elegant gilt binding, printed on vellum paper, suitable for the holidays, price \$2.00. DERBY, MILLER & CO. 3239 Publishers, Auburn, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATTSON, No. 198 MARKET, 6th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y239

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THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$50 to \$55 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.

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THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,

Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by Bro. J. R. CRAMPTON, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

MRS CATHERINE NELSON, (Widow of the late P. D. G. Sire Nelson), has taken a large house, No. 6 South street, 4 doors from Baltimore street, Baltimore, for the purpose of carrying on a permanent and transient Boarding House; and she takes this method of informing the members of the Order, and the traveling community, that they will find her house conveniently located, and her table and lodging apartments equal to any in the city of Baltimore. Prices moderate. 81237

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No. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK,
supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 11 WALL-STREET.—This Company completed its third year on the 1st of May last, at which time the surplus amounted to \$542,010 58, showing an amount of business unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

Dividends of profits are declared annually upon all life policies which have settled two or more premiums; the profits draw interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and can be made available at once, to the extent of two-thirds of their amount where the party has paid his premiums in full.

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Prospectus, and all papers necessary to effect insurance, and all information in relation to the plan of operations; may be obtained, gratis, at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st.

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Valentine Mott, M.D., Jer. Van Rensselaer, M.D., Medical Board of Consultation.

James Stewart, M.D., (Residence, No. 3 Abington Square) Medical Examiner, attends at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. 238-4

ORDER OF PHILOZOTHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in the United States of America, are now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country. Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S. 104 Forsyth-st. New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 238-15

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

AND GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT, 27 COURTLAND-STREET, a few doors below the Western Hotel.—Winter Clothing at Cost.—The Subscribers are clearing out their large stock of Winter Garments at Cost. Gentlemen arriving in the city requiring a full or partial outfit, will find at the above establishment all that is necessary to complete their wardrobe for the Sacramento or the States. The Stock embraces all the new styles of Sack and Pelto Overcoats, Albert Coats, Boston Wrappers of goat's-hair Camblet, Pantaloon and Vests of all prices. Also, a large assortment of Hunting Coats and Pants, made up in the strongest manner, with large pockets suitable for the Gold diggers. J. C. BOOTH & CO., 14239

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CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over One Thousand Dollars.

Single copies Fifty Cents each; twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y. 1y235

BERRY & WOODNUT'S

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WHOLE NO. 242.

Original Tales.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER, OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA.

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

PREFACE.

THE leading incidents of the following romance are founded upon real events which occurred in the years intervening between the first and second attempts of the British on Charleston. The adventures of Ernest Rivers are still traditional in the many branches of his distinguished descendants, who now occupy some of the highest stations in our country; and the character and fate of the plotting tory have for their basis many, traditional reminiscences of the South. Wherever the story has touched upon historical events, the most truthful accuracy has been preserved, as the reader will at once perceive; and throughout the story an effort has been made to depict powerful but natural traits of character, leading to the legitimate results of good or evil.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEFENDERS OF CHARLESTON.

Our country! 'tis a glorious land,
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar.—J. W. PRABODY.

On a June evening in 1776, a knot of men stood together upon an eminence commanding a view of Charleston, South Carolina, its roads and the ship-channel down the harbor-bar. Behind and above lay the city, reposing calmly beneath a summer moon, that clothed her scattered white mansions, her waving orchards, and blooming gardens, with a mantle of silver light. Far back in the distance, half enclosing the city in a semicircle of green, stretched the thick palmetto plantations, like a somber wall; and so brightly shone the moon's rays upon every object that the whole horizon presented the appearance of a vast panorama unrolled before the gazers. Below could be seen, at the harbor's mouth, a large fleet of vessels, steering directly for the land, while midway towered the rough log ramparts of the American fortifications on Sullivan's Island. That fleet was a British squadron under the command of Sir Peter Parker, and consisted of nine frigates and forty transports, the latter containing forty thousand soldiers, destined for the attack, and, as Sir Harry Clinton fondly anticipated, the destruction of that small American force which had dared to contest the key-channel of the South.

A year and upwards had passed since the shedding of the first American blood at Lexington and Bunker Hill. During that period, the disastrous expedition to Canada, in which the brave Montgomery fell, had thrown a gloom over the prospects of the patriots, and inspired the British and their tory partisans with renewed confidence in the invincibility of the royal arms. The siege of Boston, it is true, resulting in the evacuation of that city by Lord Howe, had contributed to raise the drooping spirits of the continentals at the north, where liberty was cradled amid mountains and nourished by bracing winds; but in the south, at this epoch, it was far different. There was not that unanimity of counsels which had marked the measures of New England, and consequently, a lack of the prompt efficiency which is so necessary to the success of co-operative efforts. The flame of freedom burned brightly, it is true, in scattered portions of the valleys and savannas which glowed beneath the influence of a southern sun; but the loyalists were in the majority, or, at least, were sufficient to keep down the general manifestation of patriotism.

The Carolinas and the glorious State of Virginia were exceptions, however, to the prevailing spirit of self-interest or not less unworthy timidity. A Henry, a Moultrie, a Marion, and a Sumpter, names bright as suns in the heaven of liberty, were and had been watchwords since the commencement of the struggle, and at the opening of the ever remarkable campaign of '76, the two Carolinas were especially noticed as objects of British vengeance.

South Carolina had replied to the trumpet-call of Bunker Hill with a defying blast against tyranny. She had raised regiments of horse and foot, she had issued commissions, levied contributions and nobly avowed her determination to conquer or perish in the conflict of freedom with despotism. Consequently, she had provoked, like Massachusetts, the inveterate hostility of the British government, and one of the first measures resolved upon by Lord North, at the beginning of 1776, was the sending of an expedition to the southern coast of America expressly for the subjugation of his majesty's rebellious provinces, the Carolinas. Forty thousand Hessians had been purchased, at four pounds eight shillings and seven pence per head, to assist the regular royalist army in reducing the American colonies to obedience, and it was of about three thousand of these united forces that the expedition now consisted, which, under the command of Sir Peter Parker and Sir Henry Clinton, was now preparing to attack the patriotic city of Charleston.

The group assembled on that calm summer's evening, upon the banks of the Ashley, consisted of about a dozen men, of different ages and appearances; and, as many will hereafter fig-

ure in our recital, we will sketch the persons of the more prominent for the reader's benefit, precisely as, at that eventful hour they appeared, watching anxiously the movements of the British squadron.

The foremost figure of the company, who stood upon the very edge of the bank, observing through a small telescope the maneuvers of the enemy, as well as the passage up and down the river of a line of boats engaged in the transport of ammunition and men from the city to Sullivan's Island, was a man of about forty-four years of age, though his countenance did not denote him to be more than thirty-three. This was owing to the bluff, good-humored expression which his features wore, and the air of soldierly promptness which his whole demeanor evinced. The hair, thick and long, rolled back from an expansive forehead, and fell in a mass upon his shoulders, and about his firm lip and fixed eye was a determined, self-relying expression that at once asserted him to be no ordinary man. In fact, the individual was no other than Colonel WILLIAM MOULTRIE, afterward a major-general in the continental army, and immortal in history as the heroic defender of the fort which bears his name.

A little in the rear of Moultrie stood a man of about the same age, though in appearance the very opposite of the bluff colonel. He was of low stature, sallow in complexion, and with nothing about him to mark a more than common person; if we except a certain quickness of eye and thoughtfulness of brow, which at the present moment were intensely evident. This man was FRANCIS MARION, a major in the regiment of foot commanded by Colonel Moultrie.

Leaning upon his rifle, a little apart from the two officers, was a man of fine proportions, and evidently of great muscular strength. He wore the dress of a continental soldier, and his fine frank face was shaded by a heavy foraging cap. He stood watching, like the others, the movements on the water, and at the same time closely attentive to the conversation about him.

A square-built intelligent looking negro was on the right of the soldier, and every now and then, as some new vessel hove in sight, addressed some quick remark to his neighbor.

"Yes, yes, massa Jasper," he exclaimed, as the long line of transports entered one by one, and stood directly for the small piece of land called Long Hole, where Clinton intended disembarking his troops; "yes, yes," he continued, exultingly, as the white sails of the ships, flashing in the moonlight, were relieved against the dark background by the water beyond, "they look very pretty, very fine, massa Jasper; but Col. Moultrie, he poke fire into 'em!"

"Hush your noise, Caesar," said the soldier, in whom the reader will doubtless recognize the

celebrated SERGEANT JASPER. "They have a tremendous force in those ships, and we shall have to fight like devils to keep them from landing."

"O, massa Marion take care o' dat. Nebber let 'em land while the fort stand, dats for sartin," said the negro.

"Pooh! the enemy's first broadside will knock that miserable log-wall to pieces," said a dark complexioned man, who stood near the negro, with a contemptuous smile upon his lip.

Both the negro and Sergeant Jasper were about to reply to the remark, but a sudden movement of their commander himself, who had caught the last words, anticipated them. Col. Moultrie turned quickly around, removing the telescope from his eye.

"Then, sir," said he, fixing a searching glance upon the speaker, who shrank back as he met it, "then, sir, we shall be behind the ruins, and prevent them from landing by our bodies."

Marion's eyes glittered like coals, as this heroic speech fell from his commander's lips, and his sallow cheeks flushed crimson. Jasper raised his rifle and brought it again to the ground with a ringing sound, and the negro gave vent at once to a half-yell of delight. "Ha-yah," he cried, "dats de way—dats de way we will do it."

At that moment the signal gun from the admiral's ship boomed over the waters, echoed and prolonged by the reverberations of the land, and in the next instant the answering flash and report from the American fort. Marion and Moultrie exchanged quick glances and turned toward the town. Their ears caught the sudden clatter of horses' hoofs, and presently a troop of horse hove in sight, advancing swiftly toward the beach.

"It is Lee!" cried the continental colonel, as with a glance he recognized the foremost rider.

"Ay, it is Lee!" said Marion, smiling, "he has heard the lion's roar, and, no doubt, it startled him."

As he spoke the horsemen rode up, and a gallant looking cavalier vaulted from the saddle, and grasped Moultrie's hand. It was Major-General Charles Lee, commander of the southern army of defense, second in rank to George Washington alone.

CHAPTER II.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDAL.

There was a sound of revelry by night—
And eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again.
And there was rushing in hot haste.—BYRON.

ABOUT nine of the clock, on the summer's evening at which our story opens, a bridal party was assembled in the mansion of one of the oldest families in the city of Charleston, to witness the marriage of as fair a maiden as ever a sire was proud of, or a lover called his own. Louise Arnout was, at this time, just turned of her seventeenth year, and united in her features and person the charming simplicity of the child, with the half-developed graces of early womanhood—that season of sunshine, music and love, at which the female heart uncloses, as it were, to drink in beauty from all outward things. In stature she was of the medium height, her form slight but perfectly modeled, its proportions rounded, not voluptuously, but with that beautiful waving symmetry, which we admire so much in the angelic creations of a Guido's or a Raffael's genius. She had gentle and calmly-expressive features which, to a careless observer, might seem indicative of too quiet a temperament; but no one who should study the deep, earnest language of her large black eyes, or the thoughtful breadth of her whole forehead, would doubt for a moment that this sweet young maiden, if aroused, might do and suffer things at which strong souls would falter.

There was in truth, much hidden in the nature of Louise—much of that exalted heroism of character that marked especially the women of the revolution, and which was largely shared in by the maids and matrons of the warm South. This young girl too inherited, it might be said, a spirit of lofty independence; since her ancestors on both sides were Huguenots, expatriated from their native soil for conscience sake, who

sought in the savannas of our southern country, a home and repose, where they might worship heaven unpersecuted. Her father was an opulent merchant, and at the breaking out of our revolution, was engaged in extensive commerce with the ports of the mother country. Nevertheless, he had not hesitated in the choice of parties. At the first clang of the tocsin, the Huguenot merchant's pulses thrilled with the fire of patriotism. He counted not the cost of opposition to the power of England, but at once boldly promulgated his sentiments and placed his means at the disposal of his native State, to aid in the impending struggle.

From infancy Louise had been betrothed to Ernest Rivers, the only child of one of her father's early friends, who had died many years before the period of which we speak, leaving his young son to the protection of the merchant. The two children had grown up together, shared in each other's sports and studies, and it was no wonder that a strong mutual affection had been the result; an affection tenderly encouraged by Mr. Arnout, who rejoiced that the early friendship of the elder Rivers with himself would be perpetuated, as it were, by the union of their children. The youth himself was every way worthy of his guardian's esteem, and the love of the gentle Louise. At this time he was just of age; in fact the evening on which we introduce him, was his twenty-first birth-night, and the happy hour in which he was to call his lovely betrothed with the holy name of wife.

In these details, tedious as they may appear, are comprised much of the ground-work of succeeding events; so the reader must particularly peruse them, satisfied that we shall have incident enough when we leave the threshold of our story, and mingle with the actors upon the stirring field of real life. At the present moment of time, it will be recollected, the British squadron is just heaving in sight of the mouth of the channel, attentively watched by a group upon the beach. At the same time, the work of fortifying Sullivan's Island is progressing rapidly, and a dozen boats are continually plying between the city and the fort, bearing men and ammunition for the defense of the harbor. And within the city of Charleston itself, at the mansion of the merchant Arnout, the bridal-party with which we have now to do, is assembled, and the ceremony about to commence.

Very beautiful, indeed, looked the young Louise, as with her aunt upon one side (for she was motherless,) and her proud father upon the other, she stood amid the group of richly-clad guests, stretching out her white hand to him who already claimed her heart. Very beautiful was she among all the brilliant array of gay ladies and gallant gentlemen, who filled the apartment, their gorgeous attire glittering in the lustre of a hundred waxen tapers.

Old men were there, shining in the ancient but splendid bravery of the courts of the first and second Georges, with big wigs, and richly-embroidered crimson coats, (albeit that color was no favorite among the patriots;) and old ladies in stiff brocade towering head-dresses, and high heeled shoes, gleaming with diamond buckles. There were young gallants, with powdered hair, ruffles of the most delicate fabric, spotless small clothes and coats bedizened with gold and silver embroidery, and every color of the rainbow.

The officiating clergyman, clad in the full costume of the altar, the wide flowing sleeves of his surplice depending half-way to the floor, while he raises his hands to heaven, invoking the blessing of God upon these nuptials, occupies a station in the center of the room, surrounded by the brilliant company. The bridegroom stands upon his left, his compact yet graceful figure attired in a suit of light blue, delicately worked with silver, and lined with fawn-colored satin, his square shoes and white small-clothes glittering with dazzling buckles, in strong contrast with the plain black scabbard of his sword, the only ornament of which is a single diamond blazing on the pommel. Behind him is the father of the bride, Mr. Arnout, and a group of guests, while at the outer edge of the circle, near the door, are assembled the family servants, their shining ebony faces and white teeth, eloquent with humble joy.

But Louise is still the loveliest feature of the gay assemblage,—clad in a rich dress of white satin, with ruffles of pointed lace, through which her arms and neck gleam like alabaster. In her dark hair are netted clusters of purest pearls, which depend also among the cloud of ringlets that shadows her neck. A necklace of the same, and a single diamond buckle clasping her gown, complete her ornaments, save the brilliants in her white satin shoes, which when she stepped, made a track of light along the carpet.

The windows of the brilliantly illuminated apartment are opened and the soft summer air, laden with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, flows gently through the lattice. The night without is bright and clear, and the skies are thick with stars that almost rival the advancing moon, as she climbs to her meridian. It is indeed such an evening as makes one love all nature and almost wish that no morrow may come, with the hum and bustle of its daylight.

And at this sweet moment, with light and beauty all around, Louise Arnout and Ernest Rivers clasp each other's hands, while the venerable clergyman presents the wedding ring, and pronounces the blessing of heaven upon the pair.

And at this moment, suddenly breaking the stillness, and startling every member of that brilliant company with its terrible import,—booms and crashes on the air, a sullen sound. It is the first gun from the enemy. It is the haughty summons of tyranny rolling from the cannon's mouth.

And now another—a nearer crash—follows, and reverberates through the silent town. 'Tis the first gun of Sullivan's Island,—the defying answer of liberty to the voice of her insulting foe.

And now, pealing from the towers of the city, is heard the solemn sound of bells. And then quick beats of drums, and the note of a solitary trumpet. And then the tread of men—of marching men; thrills through the hushed streets of Charleston.

One kiss upon the bride's forehead, as he places the ring upon her finger—one clinging embrace, as the trumpet-note falls on his ear—and then Ernest Rivers resigns the wife of his bosom to her father's arms. The next moment he is gone from the apartment and the house, and at the head of a gallant troop of patriots, hastens to the river's banks.

Such were the men of the Revolution.

CHAPTER III.

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

When our fathers fought for liberty,
Though weak in numbers then,
What mattered it to them so long
The few they had were men!

E. DUNN, ENGLISH.

"COLONEL MOULTRIE, that fort can never be defended!" were the first words of General Lee, as his rapid glance scanned the hasty works on Sullivan's Island. "We shall be attacked at day-break; and yet, look sir, there is nothing to oppose the enemy but a pile of palmetto logs!"

Moultrie's eye flashed: "You forget, General, my men will be behind those logs!"

"Still, I advise the immediate abandonment of the Island!" cried Lee, abruptly. "Remember sir, whom we attack—the veteran troops of Britain. I will withstand them *here* while a man remains at my side; but it is madness to attempt defending yonder fort!"

"I act under the orders of Governor Rutledge," answered Moultrie, "and must prevent the enemy's passing the Island!"

"And I will strive to cover your retreat!" said Lee, impatiently turning away.

As he said this a quick tramp was heard, and Ernest Rivers, at the head of thirty gallant youths of Charleston, appeared upon the beach. The young bridegroom had merely divested himself of the jewels which he had lately worn, and exchanged his wedding coat for a blue frock—the uniform of the little band. He still wore the white small-clothes, and embroidered vest, which were the fashionable costumes of the day. But instead of the black dress-sword, with its jeweled hilt, that he had before worn, a heavy iron-handled saber was buckled around his waist, and a pair of horseman's pistols hung from a sash

that crossed his breast. That sash had been embroidered by the fair hands of his bride, and bore a simple legend, "Love and my country."

Col. Moultrie warmly grasped the young volunteer's hand, while he glanced at his half-festive apparel.

"You are married, my brave youth?" said he.

"Scarce thirty minutes since, dear Colonel!" answered Rivers, his fine face gleaming with enthusiasm. "I have yet to win my bride, however."

"That you will have opportunity enough for, Captain Rivers," said Moultrie, and a shadow for a moment crossed his brow. "We will embark immediately for Sullivan's Island!"

"Here are the Governor's dispatches," cried Rivers, as a horseman was seen galloping towards them. "I ordered one of my men to wait for them, at his excellency's request!"

"That is well, Captain!" remarked General Lee, who had been attentively observing the enemy's squadron, and who had now fixed his sparkling gaze upon young Rivers.

As he spoke he hastily caught the letter which the horseman held, and rapidly perused its contents. Then turning to Col. Moultrie:

"You are directed to occupy and defend that fort," said he, "and to keep your post till ordered to retreat!"

Moultrie's countenance lit up with the generous devotion of his soul, and turning to Marion,—"Let us embark this instant," he cried. "What think you, Major—is the Governor right in trusting us? Will we abandon our post?"

"Never," come from the lips of Marion, his teeth firmly closed.

"Never, while I have life to obey orders," echoed the gallant Jasper.

"Me, too," cried the negro Caesar, drawing up his stout form in a soldierly attitude. "Stick by Massa Marion to de last. Ha-ah!"

Gen. Lee sprang into his saddle. "When you retreat, Colonel, I will protect you, and dispute the enemy's landing," said he.

"Thank you, General—if we need it," was the rejoinder of Moultrie, as he returned the military salute of his commander-in-chief, and watched his retiring form till it disappeared on the road leading to the American camp upon the mainland near the city.

Major General Charles Lee was then in the prime of life, and with a reputation for courage as yet undisputed. His life had partaken, up to the present period, more of the character of the old epochs of chivalry, than of the more modern military times. From his earliest youth, in fact his childhood, he had been a soldier, having entered the British army, as an officer, at the age of eleven years, served through the French wars of the colonies, and then, emigrating to Portugal, fought in defense of that country against her Spanish invaders. Afterwards, in the crisis of Polish affairs, brought about by the election of King Stanislaus, he journeyed to Warsaw, and offered his sword to that monarch. Thence he accompanied the Polish ambassador to Turkey, traveled through Bulgaria, and after involving himself in a perfect labyrinth of adventure, returned to Poland, and was made a Major General in the king's army. He soon, however, tired of an inactive life, and anticipating the troubles which soon after ensued between England and her colonies, set out for America, and on his arrival, took sides immediately with the patriots. Congress joyfully accepted his services, and he was made second in command of the continental army, of which Washington was chief. It was at this period of his life that he was introduced to the reader in connection with our story, as commanding the southern wing of the American army of operation.

Moultrie followed the general with his eyes, as he rode away, and then, turning once more to the other officers who were with him: "He is brave enough," said the partisan chief, "but he has a holy reverence for British valor which we must shake, my friends, by our deeds to-morrow. Now, Major Marion, and you, my gallant young bridegroom, let us embark for the Island."

"To return victorious, sir," cried Rivers in an animated voice.

"Or return no more," said Marion, in his low and peculiarly impressive tones.

"Gentlemen, let us embark," pursued Moul-

trie. "To-night we sleep not, perchance; but let us recollect that many eyes in yonder city will be as wakeful as our own."

A sudden pang shot through the heart of the young volunteer, as these words fell from Moultrie's lips. The thought of his devoted bride, whom with one kiss he had left, perhaps for ever. But he checked the weakness that for a moment unmanned him, and dashing his hand across his moistening eyes, drew himself proudly up beside his colonel, while the rest of the soldiers embarked in the boat, were rowed silently toward their destination. Then, following in the last batteau, with Moultrie and Marion, the youthful captain soon stood upon that island shore, which, to-morrow, was to be the theater of achievements rivaling, if not surpassing, the deeds of all the Iliad's heroes.

All was silent at the fort when the commanding officer arrived; but it was the silence of determined toil. The patriot soldiers were laboring with the most unwearied exertions to render more secure their frail entrenchments—at least to make them worthy of the name of fortifications. Stripped to their naked waists beneath the beautiful moonlight, the weather warm and sultry, those brave fellows worked like giants; throwing up new rows of the rough palmetto logs, filling it in with sand, which they brought from the beach in huge baskets upon their shoulders, and arranging in easy and elevated positions the small armament which they possessed. This consisted of twenty-six, eighteen, twelve, and nine pounders, amounting in the whole to forty guns; while the total of the fort's defenders was a little over four hundred men, rank and file. And it was with these feeble powers that Colonel William Moultrie had resolved to defend his city against three thousand picked troops of England, led by two of the best officers of those times, on land and sea.

It was a scene of anxious preparation, that small area which the fortifications embraced, and the most generous emulation seemed to inspire both officers and men in their arduous toils. It was such a scene as a little over a year before had been witnessed, when the proud bulwark of liberty was reared upon Bunker's heights—when the first astounding shock was hurled against the invincibility of British arms.

And, as Moultrie had well spoken, many were the sleepless eyes in Charleston itself. Many a wife, bending over the cradle of her first born, watched the solemn fingers of the clock, and longed for, yet dreaded the coming morrow. Many a mother clasped her hands in anguish as the thought of a gallant son at Sullivan's Island would force itself upon her fancy, picturing that loved one lost for ever from her arms. This, this it is that makes war terrible.

We will leave the brave men of Moultrie and Marion pursuing the livelong night their silent labors, and return to Charleston, to pursue the thread of our story, as it winds around new and darker characters. [To be continued.]

EARLY DAYS OF NEW ENGLAND.—We set out Day before Yesterday on a Journey to Newbury—* * * Our Route the first Day lay through the Woods and along the Borders of great Marshes, and Meadows on the Sea Shore. We came to Linne at Night, and stopped at the House of a Kinsman of Robert Pike's—a Man of Substance and Note in that Settlement. We were tired and hungry, and the Supper of warm Indian Bread and sweet Milk relished quite as well as any I ever ate in the Old Country. The next Day we went on, over a rough Road, to Wenham, through Salem, which is quite a pleasant Town. Here we stopped until this Morning, when we again mounted our Horses, and reached this place after a smart Ride of three Hours. The Weather in the Morning was warm and soft as are our Summer Days at Home; and as we rode through the Woods, where the young Leaves were fluttering, and the white Blossoms of the Wind flowers, and the blue Violets, and the yellow blooming of the Cowslips in the low Grounds, were seen on either hand, and the birds all the time making a great and pleasing melody in the Branches. I was glad of heart as a Child, and thought if my beloved Friends and Cousin Oliver were only with us, I could never wish to leave so fair a Country. Margaret Smith's Journal.—1678.

Selected Poetry.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY THOMAS POWER, ESQ.

COME, bring to our altar the thoughts that renew
The best gift of kindness where dearest it grew;

The firm, trusting Brother,
The kind-hearted Brother,
The Brother so true!

O, give me the kind one, whose friendship is found
Unmoved and unshaken, though dangers surround;
The firm, trusting Brother, &c.

When fancy has fled, and when passion is o'er,
I'll ask of kind Heaven one boon to restore;
The firm, trusting Brother, &c.

Though sorrow's sad form at my door may be found,
His voice shall be heard, like sweet music around;
The firm, trusting Brother, &c.

And ever, as time holds its silent career,
I'll mark, with affection, in each coming year.
The firm, trusting Brother, &c.

Then bring to our altar, as time we review,
The tie that shall bind in affection anew;
The firm, trusting Brother, &c.

[Freemason's Quarterly Review.]

OH! MARY, COME WITH ME.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

To the much loved shore, fair Mary,
When the evening shadow falls,
Lonely wanders, and on Juan
In the tend' rest accent calls.

Breathlessly amid the thicket
Doth she list some fond reply,
But from leafy covert only
Echo doth return her sigh.

Soon a light bark she desireth,
Which is swiftly gliding near,
And her Juan gaily singeth,
"My belov'd, behold me here."

Let us cross these dancing waters,
Oh! my Mary, come with me!
I will show thee mine own country
From its mountains to the sea.

From the Trebbia to the Enza
Fair Italia thou shalt know;
We will roam to Piacenza,
As my guardian angel go!

To the lake my home encircling
Where the wild swan builds her nest,
In that wave-worn isle together,
My own loved one, we will rest.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BEHOLD this wretched victim of despair,
Look on her haggard face and eyes that glare,
Upwardly fixed upon the vacant air,

As if the direst woe
That human soul can know,
Momentously expected hovered there,
And quenched all hope of mercy, while the prayer
Of wavering faith flows feebly from her lips
In agonizing accents, that declare
How dark and dreadful is the soul's eclipse.

And no one bringeth comfort—
Priests of God! why come ye not, why close
Your ears unto the death-cries of this soul?
Have ye no strength to calm its awful throes,
No balm to make the wounded spirits whole?
Oh, kindly look upon her piteous face,
And scan each feature well, ye cannot trace
The print of hoary sin or shameless crime—
'Tis a young mother in her vernal prime
Of life's most lovely season, whom the breath
Of scorching Fever smiteth unto death?

And meaning by her side,
Rest the glad objects of her pride,
Her infants lingering lie, and all alone,
And on her anguished ear rings groan on groan,
And no one bringeth comfort—
Heed ye not, Pastors, the divine command,
Whose echoes still pervade the weary land,
And bid ye still regard the lowly band
Of Poverty's sad children, ere it sweep
In vengeance o'er your houses—"Feed my sheep!"

[Hood's Magazine.]

Leaf from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY PEREGRINE PENDEGRASS.

IN the summer of 1837, a man named Rawson had been arrested and committed to jail for the alleged murder of Peter Garnut, in one of the towns of the county in which I resided. It was haying time. Garnut and his son, a lad of fourteen years, had been engaged during the day in hauling hay from a meadow some half mile distant from the bouse. As evening approached they completed their work, and the last load was upon the wagon. Garnut mounted upon the top to drive home, and directed his son to go round by the pasture, which lay in a different direction, for the cows. The boy proceeded in one direction and the father drove on across the fields in another. In the course of half an hour the lad reached home, and about the same time the team and load of hay arrived, but without a driver, and the lines dragging on the ground. Alarmed and fearful of accident, the boy and a hired man who was working about the house, hurried off in the direction of the meadow. On reaching the edge of the field they beheld Garnut lying on his back, and Rawson running rapidly across the lot, away from where the former lay. To reach Garnut was the work of a moment. He was dead, and weltering in gore! The hired man immediately pursued Rawson, shouting murder! at the top of his voice. Rawson heard him.

He turned his head; hesitated and slackened his pace. "Stop, murderer! stop!" cried the man, "You have killed him!" Rawson suddenly halted and wheeled round. His clothes were covered with blood and his countenance betrayed great agitation. He seemed stunned for a moment. Then suddenly starting he changed his course, and ran like a deer for the woods, which he soon entered far in advanced of his pursuer and disappeared amid the dense foliage. The man followed to the border, but finding pursuit hopeless, returned. In the meantime the boy had given the alarm, and several neighbors had arrived on the field. On examination, a deep wound was found on the left side of the deceased, tending upward under the ribs in the region of the heart. The hat was off, and there was a severe concussion on the back of the head, apparently the effect of a heavy blow. About four rods from the place where the dead man lay was a pitchfork that the deceased had used during the day, one prong of which and a part of the handle were covered with blood, near this instrument a dark pool of blood clotted the grass; while between the pool and the place where the corpse lay, a tract of crimson indicated that the body had been removed.

Garnut and Rawson were the owners of adjoining farms, and there had long been a bone of contention between them. There was a dispute about the division line. Garnut claimed that a mistake had been made in the original survey and that Rawson was in the possession of land rightfully belonging to the former; while the latter insisted that the first survey, accompanied by actual location and long possession, could not be questioned. The dispute ripened into an open quarrel, and finally Garnut commenced an action of ejectment to recover possession of the *locus in quo*. This suit was pending at the time of the alleged murder.

Rawson was working in a cornfield adjoining the meadow on the day in question, and angry words had then passed between them. The conduct and agitation of the accused, taken in connection with the long standing enmity between him and the deceased, appeared to satisfy every one of his guilt. Parties were formed for his pursuit. The woods were scoured, and the following day he was discovered concealed among the branches of a tree and captured. An examination was had and he was fully committed. The whole community had judged him, and in their minds he stood condemned. I was not present at the examination. His only coun-

sel on that occasion, was one of the windy and ignorant pettifoggers with which the country abounds, and no attempt had been made at a substantial defense.

The day after Rawson's committal to jail, I was seated in my office reading from the morning paper a detailed account of the "shocking murder," committed by him when a gentle knock aroused my attention. On opening the door a woman, some thirty years of age and of prepossessing appearance, entered. She was pale—very pale. Her eyes bore evidence of recent weeping, and her whole countenance betokened deep melancholy. Indeed I have seldom seen any person exhibit a more touching picture of sadness. She took the seat proffered her, and I waited with more than usual interest to hear the object of her visit.

"This is Mr. Pendegrass I presume," she began.

I nodded assent.

"I am the wife of Rawson."

I understood at once the cause of her sorrow and the object of her call upon me. A moment before, I regarded her husband with horror. I had taken the newspaper account as the true one, and acquiesced in the appellation of "murderer," which had been applied to him. I was now inclined to look upon the transaction differently. My indignation altered, and I really hoped, for the sake of the interesting woman before me that there might be some defense for her husband.

"This is a sad case," I replied, "I fear your husband will find it difficult to establish his innocence."

"O, sir, I fear so too; every one believes him guilty, and yet I know he cannot be; he is incapable of committing such a crime."

"I hope so, my dear madam, I hope so; but are you acquainted with the facts in the case?"

"I am not, I only know that he assured me of his innocence; and I believe him. I came for you to go and visit him in prison; he will tell you all and be able to convince you, I am sure, that he never, never committed that dreadful crime."

"I trust he may, madam. It would afford me the greatest satisfaction; I will go and see him immediately."

Taking my hat and cane, I departed on my errand. On reaching the jail, I was conducted to the prisoner. He was confined alone in a strongly grated cell. The door was opened, I entered, and we were locked in together. The only article of furniture in the cell was a small cot bed, on the foot of which Rawson was seated. I stood a moment, regarding him without speaking. I generally form an opinion of some kind from a person's appearance. The accused was a man of strong frame and rather above medium size. The expression of his countenance was frank and open, and his calm blue eye met mine without quailing, like a man conscious of innocence. The impression he made upon me was favorable, and taking his hand, I said, almost involuntarily:

"My friend, you are the last man I would take to be a murderer."

"Nor am I, thank God," said he with emotion; "though people call me so, I am as innocent of that crime as the child unborn."

His tone and manner increased my confidence, and I hoped that a full exposition of the facts would convince all of his innocence.

I continued: "Mr. Rawson, I am here as your counsel; whatever you tell me will be held as secret as the grave. But I must know all. I must have a full and true account of the whole matter from beginning to end. I must know the worst, and without such a statement, I cannot consent to act as your adviser."

"Mr. Pendegrass, I will tell you all. I have nothing that I wish to conceal. I blame myself for nought, except my weak and foolish, but innocent conduct, in running away."

I sat down by his side on the bed and motioned him to proceed.

"For several years past, Garnut and I have been on bad terms. He claimed a part of my orchard which I bought and paid for, and which I believe to be justly mine. He was not satisfied with the old lines, but wished to establish

new ones, and get a strip of land at my expense. I resisted, and at last he brought an ejectment suit against me, which is not yet tried. We seldom met without sharp words passing between us. On the day of his death, I was hoeing corn in an adjacent field. He taunted me with living upon other people's property; I retorted, and a good deal was said by both of us.

"About the time of quitting work, I saw that Garnut and his boy had got the last haycock on the wagon and the old man started off with the team, while the boy went the other way. I was ready to quit work, but thought I would wait a little while and let him pass on first, as I had no desire to go near him. When he had got about half way out of the meadow, and was driving along, not far from my fence, one wheel of the wagon appeared to sink into a hole, giving the load a sudden jerk and pitching Garnut to the ground. The horses went on without stopping, and I expected to see him jump up. He did not, however, and as the load passed on, I saw him extended on the ground. I immediately ran to his assistance, and to my horror, found that the pitchfork, which was on the road, had entered his side, and he was lying senseless. I pulled it out. The blood flowed copiously. I felt his pulse, it beat faintly. I thought I would be able to carry him to the nearest house. I raised him up, and carried him a few rods in my arms. He was too heavy, and I was obliged to lay him down. I pulled open his vest; the blood was still streaming out, and I knew not how to stop it. I then thought I would run for Dr. Morton, who lived nearly three fourths of a mile off, and leave Garnut where he was, as I could reach the doctor's nearly as soon as any other house. I started to do so. I had proceeded some distance, when I heard a voice behind me shouting murderer. I turned my head and saw the hired man running after me. At first I supposed he was on the same errand as myself, but when I heard him cry "stop, murderer! you have killed him!" I was thunderstruck. The position I was in flashed like lightning across my brain. Garnut and I were known to be enemies. We had a dispute that very afternoon. He was found killed; the pitchfork near him, and I running off, covered with blood. All this would be damning evidence against me, and there was no living witness but myself of the real transaction. I hesitated. Fear predominated. I took the very worst course and fled for the woods. You know the rest. I fled like a criminal, but without guilt, and no one will now believe me innocent."

"Do not say that, Mr. Rawson," I replied; "I do not doubt your innocence or the fidelity of your statement. I will examine the matter fully. Have courage; all may yet be well."

Soon afterward I took my leave of him and returned to my office, where I sat a long time considering the course to be adopted. The first thing I did was to go to one of the surgeons who held the *post mortem* examination and procure an accurate description of the wound. I learned that the instrument had entered beneath the fifth rib, and thence passing upward, grazed two other ribs and curved inwards, passing near the heart and producing the hemorrhage and death. From this description it was evident that the fork, to produce such a wound must have been nearly or quite perpendicular with the body, and turned in an awkward manner to be used with the hands. I next proceeded to examine the fork. The handle of this was at least eight feet long. I discovered that it would be impossible to inflict the wound with that instrument if the accused was standing on the ground at the time. The length of the handle would preclude the possibility of the prong being brought to the proper angle. This examination fully satisfied me that Garnut must have been as high above the ground as the length of the fork, and confirmed Rawson's statement. The next thing was to account for the confusion on the head. I determined to make a personal examination of the meadow. Taking an officer with me I started for that purpose. We called at Garnut's late residence, and taking along the boy that was with him in the field, proceeded to the meadow. The marks of blood were still visible. I looked for the hole into which the wheel had sunk; it was there plainly visible. A drain

had once ran through the field, but had become filled up with earth, except here and there a spot. Through one of these the wheel had passed. I now looked closely around the first pool of blood and soon discovered the object of my search. About three or four feet from the pool, half concealed in grass lay a cobble stone as large as a man's head. The top of it was stained with blood, and a few gray hairs (the color of Garnut's) were sticking to the stone. This explained the wound in the head of the deceased, he having doubtless struck upon it when he fell from the wagon. All present carefully examined the stone as it lay, and it was then raised to preserve as evidence on the trial. I now questioned the boy in relation to the pitchfork. He recollected distinctly that it was upon the load when his father started. There was still one other point which I desired to examine. I was satisfied that the fork must have been stuck in the deceased when he was in the act of falling from the wagon, and it struck me as very probable that some marks of blood would be found in the hay. We accordingly proceeded to the barn and commenced a careful examination. It was easy to identify the particular load, as it was the last drawn in, and lay upon the top of the mow. After pitching over a considerable quantity we at last found a small lock clotted with blood. I had now completed my search. Everything had turned out satisfactorily, and I returned home fully satisfied that Rawson's story was true in all its parts.

The session of the court of Oyer and Terminer, at which the prisoner was to be tried, drew near. It was known that I was his counsel, and several of my considerate friends inquired why I consented to injure my reputation by defending a known murderer, whom the whole community denounced?

My reply that I believed the accused innocent, was received with that half sarcastic and wholly incredulous smile, which seems to intimate that a man does not himself believe what he is saying.

The day of trial came at last. The court room was crowded to excess, and a deep interest was manifested by all. The district attorney opened the case in an eloquent speech. He dwelt upon the enormity of the crime that had been committed in the very face of day. He spoke of the long standing enmity, between the prisoner, and the deceased; the fact that they were alone together in the meadow, and no other person near; the evidence of conscious guilt, exhibited by Rawson, in running away and hiding in the forest, and the stains of blood found on his person. All going to establish conclusively the fact of his guilt.

Witnesses were then introduced, who found the facts to be as he had stated, and the prosecution rested. A strong *prima facie* case had been made out against the prisoner.

In the selection of the jury, I had freely used my challenges, and secured a panel of intelligent and unprejudiced men. I now proceeded to open the defense. In the first place, I related fully what had taken place at my first interview with Rawson. I then stated the examination which had been made in the field, and the array of facts that would be proved, corroborating Rawson's statement and establishing his innocence beyond a reasonable doubt. When the prosecution closed, deep anxiety marked the countenances of the jury. As I advanced in my statement of the defense, this wore away, and before I concluded, a heavy burden appeared to be removed from their minds.

The first witness introduced, was the surgeon, who proved the real nature of the wound, and that it was physically impossible to produce it with the fork, if the deceased was standing upon the ground. I next proved a description of the meadow, and the hole through which the wheel of the wagon had passed; then introduced the stone that had been taken from the field with the stains and hair upon it; and showed its position in relation to the pools of blood when taken up. I next produced the lock of clotted hay, which was found in the barn; then showed by the boy that the pitchfork was on the load when his father started, and finally proved that the course Rawson was running, when first seen,

was directly towards the house of Dr. Morton. The previous good character of the accused was admitted, and the testimony closed. A marked change was observable in all present. The prosecuting officer himself appeared satisfied, and offered to submit the cause under the direction of the court, without argument. I consented. The presiding judge delivered a very able and elaborate charge. He carefully reviewed all the testimony given, and finally submitted the case to the jury in a manner which, though strictly impartial, and fully warranted by the evidence, was eminently favorable to the prisoner. The jury consulted a moment, and without leaving their box, delivered a verdict of NOT GUILTY. A murmur of applause announced the satisfaction of the audience.

Yet this was the same man, that public opinion had prejudged and unfeelingly condemned. Rochester, September 1848.

English Magazine Literature.

THE REAPER'S SONG.

THE sheaves are all gathered, the reaping is done,
O! who are so joyous, so happy as we?

The last stook away to the haggard is gone,
And the pipe calls us off for a dance on the lea.
Then come, dearest Kate, be my partner to-night;
Tho' the sun's golden glory be quenched in the sea,

The amber moon shines with a mellow light,
A ray that is dearer to thee, love, and me.

Lo! the flow'ret* that folded its petals all day,
Now opes, that the night lamp is hung in the sky,
Like it, put thy coyness and blushes away,
And rival night's queen by the light of thine eye;
For dim is the gloom of moon and of star,
And sad is the music of labor and song,
And weary the time while from thee, love, afar,
To whom every pulse of this heart doth belong.

The Arcadians† of old deem'd deemed their goddess
spell-bound

By some wizard of earth, when eclipsed from
their sight,
And with cymbal and drum bade their valleys resound,
To dissolve the dark spell with their torches' red light.

Reversed is the magic, my goddess, with thee;
No shadow has e'er on thy fair brow been planted—

No veil o'er those orbs, so bewitching to me,
For thou art the sorceress—I the enchanted.

But come—if you will—weave new charms round
this heart,

For me, I now feel that retreat is in vain.
Enchantress! exert all the power of thine art,
But break not the spell—'twere anguish and pain.
Then come, dearest Kate, be my partner to-night,
Tho' the sun's golden glory be quenched in the sea,

The amber moon shines with a mellow light,
A ray that is dearer to thee, love, and me.

* The night-flowering cactus—it blows only when the moon is at the full, for one night, and closes again before morning.

† The Arcadians worshipped the moon, and whenever an eclipse occurred, believing her bewitched, beat drums and cymbals, and lighted torches, to ease her labors.—[Dublin University Magazine.

ELEONORE DE LAUTREX.

A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,
BY CLARENCE PARKER.

IN one of those extensive rooms which characterized the style of the sixteenth century, a family, were assembled round an old man who seemed to strive in vain to restrain the tears which rolled slowly down his pale and withered cheeks. Seated in a large oak chair, with one leg resting on a velvet cushion, he seemed completely helpless from age and the numerous wounds which he had received in battle.

"O my son!" said he, in a voice hoarse with rage and grief, "your unhappy father will perish, or revenge your death!"

His lady, the Countess de Lautrex, and a descendant from the illustrious Counts of Thoulouse, was silent, but pressed her husband

to her heart; while near them a young lady was kneeling, and kissed the old man's hands, which she bathed with her tears: she was Eleonore, the count's daughter. At the other end of the room a young man was seated. The convulsive working of his fine features, the fire which shone fiercely from his dark eyes, and the broken sentences that escaped from his clenched teeth, betrayed the stormy passions which raged within him. Suddenly he rose, and stood erect and menacingly before his father:

"My brother," said he, in a slow and measured voice, "did not meet with the glorious death to which he was entitled by his birth and his high deeds: he was basely murdered by the Duke de Blossac, that sworn enemy of the Huguenots. I, his brother, I swear by the name of our blessed Redeemer, and by the white hairs of my noble but unhappy father, that the revenge shall equal the crime, and that this sword, which has already done execution among the duke's party, shall sooner or later find its way to his heart. And if I do not accomplish this vow, may God punish me, and may I die dishonored."

"Well spoken, my son," said the old man; "your just indignation pleases me. Oh! would I had the strength of former days! then I myself would avenge your brother's death. But, alas! I am now but an infirm and weak old man." And he glanced mournfully at his armor which hung as a trophy upon the oaken panel of the wall. "Go, my son," he added, "Go, and may God protect you."

The young man knelt to receive his parent's blessing, and having embraced his mother and sister, quitted the castle.

These events took place in the year 1560. At this period, France was agitated by the wars of religion between the Catholics and the Protestants. The old Count de Lautrex's father had embraced Calvinism, and had thus found himself compelled to wage war against the King of France, whose cause was headed by Francis of Guise. This nobleman had ravaged the whole of Languedoc, and unmercifully butchered all those who still adhered to their sect. The present count had carried arms in these wars at a very early age, and in time he had been succeeded by his sons, who also entertained the same hereditary hatred towards the Catholics which had been handed down by their progenitors.

In those stormy times, when it was always necessary to guard against surprise, every castle was strongly fortified. The Chateau du Gange, surrounded by a large moat, and flanked by several turrets with loop-holes, had at different times sustained more than one attack, when the enemy had always been repulsed.

Having attained that age when the impetuosity of youth generally gives way to graver and more sober thoughts, Lautrex usually entertained his family with the recital of his campaigns, and above all, would often speak of the code of honor, and of the unerring loyalty which every man owed to its shrine. Uniting all the bluntness of a soldier to the tenderness of a father and a husband, he had accustomed those about him to obey his wishes without the slightest murmur. One hundred men-at-arms formed the garrison of the castle, and he had trained them to the passive submission which was peculiar to the serfs of that period.

Lautrex loved the castle where he was born as ardently as the eagle loves its nest. His daughter Eleonore sang to him every evening some of those charming romances of Provence which were in such high repute among the troubadours of those days; and then by nine all was silent in the fortress, save the tread of the sentry as he slowly paced the narrow limits of the watch-tower. The next day the same routine was observed, except when they were visited by some of the count's friends, when the monotony gave way to gaiety. On these rare occasions Eleonore had always been conspicuous for her beauty and her good sense. Under the reserved and austere habits which the high-born damsels of that period were wont to affect, Eleonore concealed a tender and ardent soul; and being gifted with a beautiful and melodious

voice, she was soon sought after by all the young men who by their birth could aspire to a daughter of the house of Lautrex.

In the mean time the name of the Duke de Blossac had become an object of terror in Languedoc. Young and impetuous, he became a formidable enemy to the Protestants; and in a battle which had been fought under the walls of Arriane, he encountered the eldest son of the count, and in the heat of the fray, he had struck him when unhorsed with his lance. The unfortunate youth had immediately expired, and the report was soon current among the Huguenots that the young Lautrex had been foully murdered.

But the duke de Blossac was a brave and loyal knight; loved and respected among his partisans, he would have been equally esteemed by the Protestants, but for the hatred which animated at that time even the most sensible men. Allied to the Cardinal de Bourbon on his mother's side, and attached to the royal cause, he had thrown himself by taste as much as by a sense of duty into those civil wars where no other glory was to be earned but that which consists in shedding the blood of our fellow men. Brave and generous as De Blossac was, there is no doubt that the young De Lautrex met his death by one of those random blows which it is very difficult to withhold in the heat of battle even towards a fallen foe. But his reputation alone was known in the house of Lautrex; for even Raymond, the same who had sworn the duke's death, even he had never seen him; never had they met in the field. But it was sufficient for him to desire the encounter to be certain of obtaining his end, and having heard that the duke was under the walls of Nismes, he set out for that place on the occasion already detailed.

CHAPTER II.

NEARLY a year had elapsed since these events had occurred, and still Raymond had not returned: burning with the desire of meeting his enemy, and always directing his course towards those places where he expected to find him, he was still absent from his home.

It was towards the beginning of May, and a large party had assembled at the castle; it was to celebrate the anniversary of the count's birthday. The night was far advanced, and still the company had not retired, when suddenly the captain of the guard came to say that some peasants had come to crave hospitality for a wounded knight. Immediately the order was given to lower the drawbridge, and the stranger was brought into the castle.

He was a handsome youth, and still carried his armor which was covered with blood. He was quite insensible, from loss of blood and a dangerous wound in the breast; but the surgeon having bandaged it, and stopped the bleeding, he appeared slowly to revive, and for the space of a fortnight but little hopes were entertained of his recovery. His name was still a mystery, and no papers had been found about him by which he might have been known.

When the stranger became convalescent, the family would sometimes assemble in his apartment, and then Eleonore, accompanied by her guitar, would sometimes sing upon the death of the poet Petrarchus, or one of those sweet romances of her native province. But it was not without some apprehension, that the knight beheld the time draw near when it would be necessary for him to reveal his name and religion; for Eleonore had made one of those deep impressions on his soul, which change the whole tenor of a man's existence. It seemed impossible for him to quit the roof where he was bound by gratitude and love. He believed that the difference of religion would be no obstacle to his union with Lautrex's daughter; but he little knew the unbending severity of the count, and, besides, he was far from suspecting all the extent of his misfortunes: he was well aware of having slain a young nobleman at the battle of Arriane, but he was ignorant that the ill-fated gentleman was the count's eldest son.

On his part, the old de Lautrex, notwithstanding the increasing interest which he took in his guest, could not help entertaining a wish of learn-

ing his origin. The young Duke de Blossac (for our readers have no doubt recognised in him the wounded knight) feeling all the awkwardness of his position, and that it was impossible for him to avoid any longer an explanation, he determined that for once, love should overrule all scruples of honor. He resolved to disguise the truth for a while, but in order to palliate in some measure an action which he looked upon in almost a criminal light, he assumed the name of a near relation, who passed for a staunch Calvinist. With this exception, he resolved to be candid in every other particular connected with his family, and the peculiarities of his education.

At last the critical moment arrived, the Duke de Blossac could no longer delay, and with slow and feeble steps he proceeded to the count apartment. At the end of a long gallery he met Eleonore, who, surprised to find him alone, and walking with difficulty, artlessly offered him her arm for a support.

"You are suffering," she said. "Oh! what a cruel thing is war."

"Alas!" he answered, "the only regret I feel, it is the thoughts of quitting one day, this roof, where I have passed the happiest hours of my life. But ought I to complain of the horrors of war? Otherwise would fate have led me hither? Should I ever have known or loved you? Oh! blessed be the day, when bleeding and dying I received at your hands the warmest sympathy. It is to you that I am now indebted for my life; it now belongs to you alone, for my heart tells me that it is no longer my own. It was your sweet voice, Eleonore, ringing in my ears like heavenly music, which revived me into another existence. The peaceful and happy hours I have passed, those charming melodies, and that infinite grace, all these have made me feel that life had still some attractions."

The young man was silent; so much excitement had exhausted his strength; his hands were clasped in Eleonore's.

"Are you not going to my father!" she said, quickly. "I know that an explanation is about to take place. The count's impatience will doubtless lead you to reveal matters which can but prove satisfactory to him, but which in your present state of health, others would not have wished to hear."

She left him at the door of her father's chamber, and from that day their hearts were united.

CHAPTER III.

NINE had struck from the castle bell, and the family having risen from their evening meal, had gone to take their accustomed walk on the esplanade facing the castle. It was a lovely night, and the moon, which had just risen, threw on the plain the bold shadow of the castle, with its dingy tower, like a huge spirit presiding over the mysterious approach of night. After a short walk, the party sat down to enjoy the coolness of the evening. The rays of the moon as it pierced through the thick foliage of the trees, lighted up the pale features of the duke, who was seated next to Eleonore. The count made some remarks upon the disasters of the war, and the young nobleman understanding the allusion to be an invitation for him to relate the history of his life, he began as follows:

"My father, the Duke de Clisson, whose fame is doubtless not unknown to you, married the daughter of Admiral Coligny, so justly celebrated in the annals of our naval history. I was the only fruit of that marriage; and at an early age I lost my father. Left the sole heir to an illustrious name and a large fortune, I was brought up by my mother in those strict principles of honor and integrity which are so becoming to a gentleman. But the grief she felt at losing her husband, had thrown my dear parent into a dangerous illness, and for some months her life was despaired of. I need not tell you all the anxiety I felt on her account; but thank God, I was not fated to lose her, and in a short time she completely recovered.

"I was then little more than sixteen; and at that early age all the young men began to carry arms in defense of our holy cause: I could not behold the sacrifice of our brave soldiers without also sharing some of their dangers. I was not exactly adapted for the hardships of war,

and I felt that the peaceful retirement of study would have been my more suitable vocation; but the cry of honor, and the all-powerful voice of humanity overcame my mild and quiet disposition. I flew to arms, and became separated from my kind mother, whom I have not seen for five years. I quitted Brittany, and constantly fighting from province to province, fate at last brought me to this beautiful country, this ancient Occitania, which has so often been the theme of the poet's song; and where, by a strange contrast, her sons display a cruelty unworthy of its pure sky and smiling nature.

"Wounded, unhorsed, and left for dead at the battle of St. Hyppolite,—where for the first time I had the misfortune to see my brave soldiers overthrown and completely routed by the enemy, I still retained sufficient strength to crawl towards a thick forest, which was hard by, having first taken the precaution to remove my scarf in, order that I might not be recognised by any of those who might have lingered behind for the sake of plunder. But hardly had I reached the skirts of the wood, than I became insensible from the loss of blood; and from that moment I am quite ignorant of all that passed, until I found myself in this castle where I have since received such generous treatment."

De Blossac's tale was told; and although he had concealed his real name and place of his birth, he had been candid in every other particular. He skillfully avoided the questions regarding his religion, and having been obliged to add another deceit, he was still regarded by the count as a Protestant. "Unknown to us, you still showed yourself worthy of my esteem; I need not tell you of the interest I now feel in your welfare. If we had been instrumental in saving your life, we are now amply repaid. Alas! the same good fortune did not befall my eldest son! He would still have lived had he not been foully murdered by the Duke de Blossac; he was struck for the second time when unhorsed and disabled. But you have doubtless heard of the dastardly act by which that nobleman has lately tarnished his escutcheon."

On hearing this, the duke recalled to mind the battle under the walls of Arriane, where he had slain a knight. For some time he was paralyzed with horror, but he soon gained sufficient command over himself.

"I have never heard," he said, "that the Duke de Blossac deserved the name dastard; and, to speak frankly, I look upon it as a singular prejudice, that in the heat of battle a gentleman should observe a rule that is not looked for in a common soldier!"

"No, no," said Lautrex, "I cannot agree with you on that point. I have been on many a battle field—I have often engaged an enemy hand to hand—but never have I been guilty of so vile an action. The Duke de Blossac murdered my son, and I look upon him as the most cowardly of men. But I have still another son, who longs to meet him; and he, I hope, will soon revenge his brother's death!"

The old count could not perceive, as he said these words, the indignant flush which mantled the proud features of his guest. For the first time de Blossac had heard his name branded with that of coward.

"Come," said the old man, rising, "take the countess' arm, and my daughter shall be my guide to-night, for we both need a support, but with this difference—you, in a few days, will be able to walk unassisted, while I, alas!—"

In a few minutes they had all entered the castle.

CHAPTER IV.

THE duke's position was becoming more and more complicated. He could not condemn Lautrex's hatred against the murderer of his son; but still, in his own conscience, he was far from considering himself guilty of a disloyal action. Before that fatal night on the esplanade, he had always flattered himself with the belief that in time the count might forgive the deceit he had practiced concerning his birth and religion; but that hope was now crushed, and a wide gulf yawned between him and Eleonore. Brave and daring, he little cared for Raymond's hatred; and if he wished to avoid him, it was merely that

he might spare a fresh calamity to his family. He now had but one course to follow, and that was to quit the castle. But how could he muster sufficient resolution to leave her who now ruled his heart?

Such was the state of things when Lautrex received one day the following letter from his son:

"ARLES, 10th August.

"My dear father:

"It has been reported here that the famous Duke de Blossac was slain at the battle of St. Hyppolite, on the 5th of May. It appears that he was overpowered by Mons. de Grammont; but notwithstanding the most careful search for his body, nothing was found save a small dagger on which his name was engraved. It is now presumed that he could have been only wounded, and that he must have succeeded in reaching his friends. You spoke, in your last letter, of a wounded knight whom you had received at the castle. Excuse me, my very dear father, but was it not imprudent on your part in not ascertaining the stranger's name before you received him? How do you know but what your attentions have been lavished upon a Catholic, or even the Duke de Blossac himself? Have a care, dear sir, for the more I reflect upon the incident, the more I am disposed to suspect that the fate of our mortal foe is in your hands. I am on the point of taking my departure for the castle, and I hope to kiss your hand a few hours after you receive this letter."

Great was de Lautrex's astonishment at this astounding missive. The duke was in his apartment at the time, and the old man, having sent for the countess and his daughter, he revealed to them the contents of Raymond's letter. There could be no mistake—the battle of St. Hyppolite, of which de Blossac had spoken on the esplanade, and many other incidents, all added to the suspicions which they already entertained.

Every one had retired, but not to sleep. All at once, yielding to one of those impulses, which can only be found in a person of strong mind, Eleonore rose, and accompanied by one of her attendants, she proceeded to her lover's apartment, and without any useless preamble, she said, in a tremulous, but dignified voice:

"You have cruelly deceived us, Sir Duke de Blossac!"

The young man was quite bewildered on hearing his real name pronounced, and made an effort to interrupt her.

"Hear me," she continued; "the night wears on apace, and time was never more precious to me than it is at this moment. Yes, you have deceived us, sir; for it was your duty to have quitted this place the moment that the cares of my family were no longer necessary to you, and from the time that you became aware that my brother had fallen by your hands. But do not believe that I view his death in the same light as my father does. No—in my eyes you are neither a murderer nor a coward. If this declaration, on the part of a maiden, can be of any satisfaction, I only tell you what I feel. But after what has happened you must be aware of the conduct which it was necessary for me to pursue; still, I cannot hesitate when such a danger threatens you as the present!"

Here Eleonore revealed to him the contents of her brother's letter, and the sensation it had produced in her family.

"My father's hatred," she added, "was awakened as strong as ever; and at this moment my brother is hastening to the castle; before daybreak he will be here, and then every evil may be feared from his ungovernable rage. Follow me—I will entreat the captain of the guards to open the gates—if it is necessary I will kneel to him, and I know that he will not be deaf to my prayers. Come, you must fly instantly, or you are lost!"

The young man remained unmoved.

"I have done too much to fly," he replied. "The count and his son are men of honor; and I do not believe they would attack a man who has no means of defense!"

"Rash man!" answered the girl. "Little do you know them; and besides, my brother is bound by a terrible vow. Oh, fly, I beg of you, and take pity on a maiden who is guilty in order to save you. I know that you have no fear of

death; a noble blood flows in your veins; but do not add to the misfortunes which already overpower me; for is it not a disgrace when a daughter of Lautrex is obliged to sue to the Duke de Blossac in her own cause?"

Still her lover remained calm and unshaken.

"Oh!" said Eleonore, "do not form a hopeless resolution. I appeal to your honor and loyalty—alas! I appeal to the love that you swore to me, one day. Fly—I entreat you on my knees—do not attempt to justify yourself, I believe you, I understand the past, and I swear that I shall never be a stranger to you, I will cherish your memory, and perhaps one day—"

At that moment a noise was heard in the courtyard—the drawbridge was lowered, and Raymond de Lautrex had entered the castle.

"Unhappy man," cried the young girl, "it is now too late. Oh, my God, have pity on us!"

A dead silence succeeded to this scene. Eleonore had regained her apartment, and nothing was heard save distant and confused steps. Raymond was with his father.

CHAPTER V.

At daylight the duke sent a message to the count, requesting an audience, which was immediately granted. On entering de Lautrex's chamber, he found Raymond, who, with flashing eyes and haughty strides, was impatiently awaiting him.

"I am not come," said the duke, "to claim any indulgence to which I may not be entitled. The same fate which made me fall into your power, has, by a singular coincidence, converted those who were my natural enemies into kind and generous benefactors; although I am fully aware that I am only indebted for this hospitality to the ignorance which you had of my name and religion, and had I not known that the mention of them was an object of hatred to you, I would have undeceived you ere this. But an inevitable fatality which ruled my destiny and which has been a source of perpetual anguish to my soul, has always paralyzed my intentions of being candid with you, and added to my misery, by the increase of your kind attentions. The Duke de Blossac, sir, will always think of them with the liveliest gratitude!"

"I was not mistaken, then," said Raymond impetuously, "my suspicions were true?"

"Allow me to continue!" replied de Blossac, still calm and dignified.

"No—no, sir!" exclaimed the young de Lautrex, "you have said enough—between you and my family there can be no explanations!"

"Sir! between men of honor an explanation is never refused!"

At these words the count rose furiously.

"With a dishonored knight," said he, "the rights of hospitality no longer exist. You have acted the part of an impostor under my roof. Passing as a Calvinist, and disguising your real name, you were not ashamed to accept of all the kindness which was bestowed upon you by my family! But this is not all, sir—you have inspired my only daughter with a disgraceful love! Was it not sufficient to murder her brother, without wishing to destroy her happiness for ever? Duke de Blossac, you are an infamous traitor!"

The duke gazed calmly on him who had spoken this insult.

"Sir, count," said he, "never has any man who was capable of maintaining his words dared to utter them to the Duke de Blossac. I never refused an honorable satisfaction, but I never allowed my name to be branded with impunity. I expected more moderation on your part, sir; and I even flattered myself that after having understood my position, you would have been ready to extend to me a friendly hand—"

"Enough!" interrupted Raymond, fiercely. "We shall never be guilty of so mean an action. A gentleman may give his hand to a foe, but never to a coward!"

"Oh! this is too much, sir!" said the duke; "you forget that such words as these can only be washed away in blood!"

"What! fight with you?" exclaimed Raymond, contemptuously. "No, sir! I have archers who shall do me speedy justice!" and throwing up the window, "Ho! there, guards!" he cried.

Then a terrible scene ensued. The duke, who had become aware of his danger, snatched a sword from the wall, and stepping back a few paces, he appeared determined to sell his life as dearly as possible.

There entered at the same time the men-at-arms, and Eleonore all disheveled, who rushing before them, clung wildly to her brother.

"Pity!" she cried, "pity, in the name of our holy religion, I entreat you not to stain your honor with so foul a crime! You see he is alone against you all—"

But Raymond was deaf to her entreaties.

"Away with him!" he cried to the guards.

"No!" shrieked Eleonore, "stand back, or you will have to pierce my heart before you touch him! Brother, listen to me! Mercy belongs to God, and God has given it to men that they may exercise it towards one another. You cannot be so cruel. You will not blast all your hopes of everlasting life. Oh! let me spare you an act that will render you miserable for ever!"

And bursting into tears the unhappy girl clung closer to her brother, while the voice of the old count was heard exclaiming:

"Leave the room, my daughter—leave us instantly!"

Eleonore was deaf to his commands. Suddenly Raymond succeeded in disengaging himself from her grasp, but quick as lightning she flew into her lover's arms.

"Now strike!" she cried.

Only following the impulse of his ungovernable rage, Raymond repeated his order at the risk of his sister's life. The soldiers advanced, but the two foremost soon lay bleeding on the floor. Then the furious din of voices was heard mingled with the clashing of swords. The ill-fated de Blossac succeeded in wounding all those who approached him; and at the same time he shielded Eleonore from the blows of his assailants. In this unequal encounter, in which, however, he seemed to be gaining the advantage, the young girl seemed to be a guardian angel protecting his life.

Raymond, ashamed, and furious at beholding the evident superiority of his enemy, seized an arquebus, and the next moment the gallant, but unfortunate youth fell dead, dragging in his fall the insensible form of Eleonore.

The traveler who may have visited the convent of St. Eleonore, in Languedoc, has doubtless remarked, in one of the chapels, the remains of a gothic monument of exquisite workmanship, which bears the following inscription:

Acte Posite

MARIE ELEONORE DE LAUTREX,

ET LE CORPS DE

TRÈS ILLUSTRÉ ET TRÈS PUISSANT SEIGNEUR

EDOUARD DUC DE BLOSSAC,

**LE SORT QUI LES AVAIT SEPARÉ PENDANT LA VIE
LES A UNI APRIS LEUR MORT.**

Shortly after de Blossac's death Eleonore had entered a convent, having previously abjured Calvinism. Her lover's remains were conveyed thither, and having become abbess of the monastery upon which she had bestowed her dower, she erected a monument over him; and after a life of exemplary piety she died, leaving as a last request that she should be laid near him whom she loved so well.—[Hood, Nov., 1848.]

FRIENDSHIP.—He who never forgets his old friends, and cherishes his attachment for them as warmly as ever, no matter how much time, space or fortune have kept them apart, is one of those rare beings with whom Heaven has endowed the earth, that society may not utterly wither, through the influence of ingratitude, selfishness and the incessant changes in life. As you advance in life, make new acquaintances, but never forget old friends. How much happier the human race would be if they followed this advice; those who parted, meeting after long absence not with lessened interest in each other, as now, but as Brothers meet Brothers, their affection more glowing than ever.—[Anon.]

There are two deep physicians
To whom I trust my cure—Wise Doctor Time,
And his meek colleague, Patience.

Choice Miscellany.

LOVE THAT FADES NOT.

ALAS! I know Time brings decay,
And Beauty!—even thine—must fade;
Who can expect the charms of May
When winter's blasts the fields invade?

But mine's the Love that will outlast
The stormy as the sunny hour,
And cling the closer, though the blast
Shall on it waste its restless power.

There's still a beauty of the mind,
Which blooms when all the rest are gone,
Oh! may its fadeless wreaths be twin'd
To bind our mingling souls in one.

Then shall I cherish in this breast,
Thee—lovely flow'r when drooped and fading,
Thy grief I'll share or lull to rest,
And shield thee from the world's upbraiding.

SILENT GRIEF.

NAY, cease to ask the reason why
I cannot gaily smile to-night—
Why gloom alone affects mine eye,
When all around are glad and bright!

My bosom owns a silent grief,
That even thou canst never share,
Too stern for smiles to give relief,
Since thine must pass unheeded there!

But dim not, love, that eye for me,
On others happier let it shine,
The last—worst pang must prove to see
One cloud reflected there from mine!

A REVOLUTIONARY EPISTLE.

Mr. Editor: By the politeness of William Latham, Esq., of Bridgewater, I was recently entrusted with a document in cipher, purporting to be a letter, and bearing upon it the following superscription, "*To Mr. Edward Hayward, at Bridgewater, South Parish.*" It was found among certain antique papers, in an ancient garret, now owned and occupied by the descendants of Mr. Hayward. Of its peculiar history I am ignorant, except from a vague tradition, which merely says that, shortly after the evacuation of Boston by the British, in March, 1776, this letter was received by Mr. Hayward in a very mysterious manner, he being at that time a young man just married, a citizen of high standing, and in no way suspected of hostility to the American cause. Being unacquainted with the characters in which it was written, and, therefore, unable to read its contents, or ascertain the source from whence it came, he carefully preserved it as a curious and somewhat sacred relic of the times. He always suspected it might be the bearer of some strange and perhaps important message of weal or woe to him—though to him unfortunately, it ever remained a message whose lips were sealed in an everlasting silence. As such it was left by him to his children, and by them handed down to his children's children, who seem to have succeeded no better in solving the hidden mystery. After a careful examination of the document, I had the good fortune to detect the cypher in which it was written, and thus upon this favorable introduction, an intimate acquaintance followed and a friendly communication was opened—whereupon this gray haired messenger had the kindness to open its venerable lips; and after an unbroken silence of seventy-three years related to me, for the first time, the object of his mission in the following terms:

"SIR: With pleasure I take it upon me now to let you know that I am well, hoping that the same will find you so. What makes me write to you now is to let you know that I am fixing a plan to blow up the town, and which will be done in a short time if I am not found out. What makes me write to you in this form is for fear that Old Dominie West shall trouble the Grand Committee with it—but I shall not write the name of the town where I live, nor my own name. Sir, be pleased to send me an answer as soon as you can, if you think it worth your trouble, and let me know how you like my plan. I

must conclude with subscribing myself, without formality your friend and very humble servant,
April 11th, 1776.
HUDYABRASE."

The characters in which it is written seem to be well formed, as if by a skillful penman, though the orthography is very bad in the letter as originally written, yet it is evident from the letter itself that the writer had language and style at his command. The name of the author his place of residence, and the town where it was written or to which it referred, are all carefully suppressed. Its contents smell somewhat of revolutionary gun-powder; and though of very little real importance to us at this late day, when the battle is past, and the victory won—yet under the circumstances mentioned, and as the voice of a revolutionary soldier just uttered, it may be interesting to the antiquarian. For this reason, therefore, and with the permission of those concerned in the document itself, I have taken the liberty of calling the attention of the public to a translation of its contents, trusting that some one, more familiar with revolutionary events, and better versed in the local history of the persons and places therein referred to, may be able and willing to throw additional light upon the matter.—[Boston Evening Transcript.

ON EARLY RISING.—The laborer and artisan commence their work at a very early hour. The countryman rises with the sun. The tradesman expects his young men to see to the opening of the shop at eight. The city man of business makes a point of being in his office at nine or ten. The idler, or the pleasure hunter, or the man of *ton*, breakfasts at ten or eleven. We may give each person from six to eight hours rest; as a matter of fact, the later we go to bed the more rest we require.

The quantity of repose necessary for each person depends, of course, much upon their age, sex, and state of health; but, on an average, and with healthy people, seven to eight hours are indispensable. Contrast the health of the late and early riser; the difference is detectable in a man's face. Late hours make a man look as though he had lived half as long again; his face shows deep and strongly marked furrows; and his flesh is relaxed; his eyes look vascular, and the lids look red and heavy. The next day always betrays a man who was up late the overnight. The early riser inspires the healthier portion of the atmosphere, and thereby is a great gainer (for the lie abed breathes a noxious one,) he secures a better appetite, also, and is better able to digest what he eats. The late riser comes down stairs as though he had been washing his face with warm water (a very bad habit when in constant practice; even shaving had better be executed in cold water—the face readily becomes accustomed to it, and is much more refreshing than when warm; a good razor will do its duty with cold as well as with warm lather.)

The face of the man just out of bed, after the day has begun for several hours, or half over is appears puffed and *soddened*, which, as it encounters the sharper air of daylight, or exchanges with that of the living room, or passage or street for his sleeping chamber, assumes a sharpness and thinness of feature indicative of distress—the shiver completes the tell tale.

A portion of the world live and are awake every hour in the twenty-four.

Let any man undertake a ride or a walk from five till eight on a summer's morning, and contrast the same with a similar stroll or adventure after breakfast, and depend upon it, if health be the object, and the beauty of nature be appreciated, he will give the preference to the former.

It is a healthy sign when a man can wake on the instant, at the slightest signal, and can jump out of bed as he would plunge into a river. The refreshing re-action awakens him up, and he feels as strong as a young lion; whereas, the heavy sleeper, the late man, if awoke suddenly finds himself petulant and annoyed, and then requires, if it be important he should get up, some ten minutes to yawn and stretch himself. He may be compared to the timid bather who stands on the brink of the stream fearing to venture in.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home? See the traveler—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished and his face turned toward home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him hope—"Thou shalt know also that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." Oh! the joys of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation, after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toils of business? what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his care; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, hastening home to enjoy sweet repose. Half way down the lane by which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness. His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats and is satisfied. He walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitants of this lonely dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace to this house! —[Rev. W. Jay.

ENGLAND IN 1685.—Could the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred, or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman could not recognize his own field. The inhabitant of the town would not recognize his own street. Every thing has been changed but the great features of nature, and a few massive and durable works of human art. We might find out Snowden and Windermere, the Cheddar Cliffs and Beachy Head. We might find out here and there a Norman minister, or a castle which witnessed the wars of the Roses. But with such rare exceptions, every thing would be strange to us. Many thousands of square miles which are now rich corn-land and meadow, intersected by green hedgerows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned to wild ducks. We should see straggling huts built of wood and covered with thatch, where we now see manufacturing towns, and seaports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding those of its present suburb on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings.—[Macaulay.

EVIL SPEAKING.—That you may not speak ill of any, do not delight to hear ill of them. Give no countenance to busy-bodies, who are running from house to house and love to talk of other men's faults. Those who delight to hear ill of others, will soon fall into the habit of speaking ill of them. When busy-bodies run out of matter of fact, they will soon resort to conjecture and idle stories to please those who are fond of hearing others spoken against. Such characters are common nuisances, often destroy good neighborhoods and the fellowship of old friends. If we endeavor in good earnest to mind ourselves, we shall find work enough, and but little time to talk to others.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. O. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1849.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

The South—Excitability of the Philadelphians—Periodicals and Newspapers—A new Railroad Project—Odd-Fellows and Philozatheans.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, Philadelphia, Feb. 10, 1849.

HERE we are again, in the city of brotherly love, on our return. We do not think, on the whole, that the journey from Philadelphia to Washington is a pleasant one, even in the pleasant season of the year, and surely not in this season of storms, and snow and mud. The railroads and steamboats, however, are rapidly improving, and so far as these go, this journey may be made comfortably enough. But the country through which one passes between Philadelphia and the Capital, is level, and apparently not very productive. We do not see, therefore, so many fertile fields, and fine farm houses and pleasant and thrifty villages as we do farther north and east. Still we find a polite, and hospitable and intelligent people, full of noble impulses, and capable of heroic deeds.

Philadelphia is distinguished for having the most excitable population of any city in this country. The people, whatever they engage in, act with all their mind, and heart and strength. All their speculations and enterprises are carried forward with wonderful enthusiasm. The spirit moveth them mightily at times. They become *Iconoclasts*—go forth and break the idols, and destroy the altars and burn the temples of the Gentiles. Sometimes they wax wroth with each other, and Benjamin striveth against Ephraim, and Ephraim striveth against Benjamin. Still the Philadelphians are a most worthy people. Their only frailty of note, is their impulsiveness; and even this is not without its redeeming features, for impulses are as likely to be noble, divine and unselfish, as they are to be mean, selfish and infernal. It is no small thing for a people to be capable of enthusiasm; for "*enthusiasm*," said the old Grecians, "*is the moving of God within us*." Mobs and riots are bad, we admit, but we know of vices a great deal worse. Mobs and riots are seasons of storm, where the passions of men are unchained, and they act without reflection, and do much harm to society and to themselves. But we know of terrible wrong inflicted on the property, persons, happiness, ay, and the souls of men, where the plea of irreflexion on the rebellion of the passions cannot be made.

In a former number we spoke of the prison-like appearance of certain portions of the city, caused by the thick wooden shutters—so unlike the light green blinds or shades in vogue with us—with which it is thought necessary to fortify the dwellings of the citizens. We said, or at least we meant to say, that this fashion seemed to imply a strange want of faith in virtue, and of confidence in each other. Philadelphia is, notwithstanding, a great and interesting city.

This city is famous for its periodical literature. Graham's Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book have long had a world-wide reputation; while in its weekly family reading papers, Philadelphia is without a rival. The Saturday Courier, over which Andrew McMakin presides, has a circulation of nearly fifty thousand, which surpasses considerably the circulation of our Gazette and Rule. The Courier has long been a favorite paper with the public. We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. McMakin. He is a judicious and able editor, and an agreeable gentleman.

Of the dailies, the Ledger and Sun are the chief, although there are others that are quite respecta-

ble. We know little of the Sun, however, save that it has a large patronage, and appears to be well conducted. The Ledger owes not a little of its popularity and prosperity to the able articles of its leading editor, Russel Jarvis, Esq. He is a gentleman of strong powers of mind, of extensive knowledge, and is one of our most vigorous writers. His editorials, gathered up and published together, would form a valuable and interesting commentary on the times, and a brilliant exposition of events, political, social and moral.

There are other journals here that are worthy of mention; and among them are the Saturday Post and the Sunday Dispatch. That which surprises us most of all, regarding the Philadelphia journals, is the exceeding cheapness of them. Papers of the largest class, containing the largest amount of reading matter, like the *Courier*, and *Scott's Weekly*, are offered to subscribers at a dollar a year! Will this pay? Certainly not in New York. This price would not meet the expense, scarcely pay for the paper, to say nothing of editors, contributors and compositors. Will our Philadelphia cotemporaries reveal to us this secret of cheapness?

We see that an effort is making to procure from the New Jersey Legislature, a charter for a new railroad from New York to Philadelphia. This project has been conceived by some restless and disappointed spirits, who hold grudges against the Camden and Amboy and New Jersey Railroad Companies. For our part, we see no room for a new route between these two cities. The present lines offer ample accommodations to the traveling public, and it would be worse than madness to establish another. The existing roads are well managed, and the administration of their affairs is in the hands of gentlemen of known probity and worth. We have no idea the new project will succeed.

The Odd-Fellows of this city are living and active, and so are the Odd-Ladies, of whom we are told there are many. The Philozatheans, for this is the name these lady Odd-Fellows have assumed, are full of zeal, and are rapidly increasing. We wish them much success.

To-morrow we shall leave our snug quarters here at the Franklin House, and return to New York. We again introduce Bro. Burroughs, the proprietor, to our readers, as the prince of hosts. His house is superbly kept, and all our friends must give him a call.

ODD-FELLOWS AND THE CHURCH.

POLISHED nations, from the remotest ages of antiquity, have always had their secret societies, either benevolent or political. The history of Egypt—that of the Assyrians—the schools of Philosophy in Greece—the traditions of Cosmogony—the sacred colleges of the Syrites, are many and sufficient proofs that their origin is founded upon the necessities of every age and nation. We find that Masonic Societies flourished before the Christian era, and afterward it was even countenanced by St. John, and by many other Evangelists. The principles of Masonry and Odd-Fellowship are just the same as those of Scripture—Love, Charity and Brotherhood. But in spite of the charitable objects of these societies, and the good performed by their members, the many thousands of hungry, perishing and cold helped by them, we find the Church of Rome hurling its bulls against them, and employing every art of intrigue and fanaticism to injure and calumniate those who have saved her religious children from starvation, in Ireland and elsewhere. In Europe, where secret societies were established for charitable and political purposes, they have suffered persecutions of all kinds by royal despots; but the Church has sometimes been equally culpable in torturing and executing the members of these societies.

Bulls of excommunication were hurled by the Popes against Masons and Carbonari in Italy, as tending to inspire religious indifference, contempt for the

Church sacraments and the mysteries of Catholicism, to deteriorate morals and destroy all social order! The members, when discovered, were anatomized, tortured by the Inquisition, and executed as criminals on the gallows of infamy. These monstrous persecutions were practiced but a few years since in Rome, under Gregory XVI; and here in this country, where there is no union between Church and State, the Catholic Bishops, impotent to practice corporal punishment, avenge themselves upon a dead body. They refuse to bury any member of the Order of Odd-Fellows, and look upon him as worse than a murderer or a parricide. The Church of Rome does not pardon even after death, nor regard the sanctity of the desolate family of the dead. We have often read and recorded the great intolerance of Priests toward Odd-Fellows and Masons; and we find at present another instance, in the *Rochester Democrat*, which we give to our readers as a good proof of our assertions. The *Democrat* says:

It will be remembered that some time since the Catholic Bishops or some other authority of the Church, issued letters against secret societies of all kinds; and the clergy prohibited from encouraging them in any way. Yesterday, at the funeral of Mr. Ray Marsh, several Lodges of Odd-Fellows, with their usual badges, followed his body into St. Patrick's Church. Father O'Reilly, however, before proceeding with the funeral services, gave notice that the rules of the Church forbade the tolerance of such badges, and unless they were removed, the ceremonies could not proceed. Whereupon the Odd-Fellows left in a body, followed by several of the citizens who sympathized with them, and returned to their Lodge rooms.

We admire the noble conduct of the Odd-Fellows of Rochester in general, in leaving the Church and returning to their Lodges, which are the sanctuaries of true religion; where is preached Love, Charity and Brotherhood. The persecutions of these demagogues in priestly gowns, who pretend to rule over people as absolute masters of the consciences and bodies of their communicants, should be stopped; and we think it is time to adopt urgent measures, so as to avoid in future anything disagreeable at the burial of a Catholic brother. The Catholic Church, which wishes to know by the way of confession, all the secrets of the human heart, cannot endure that another society, established on more noble principles, should prevent its members from revealing to a *religious spy* the secrets of its institutions. As the Pope has been overthrown by the Romans, so we hope that our Catholic brothers will throw off the authority of ignorant and fanatical Priests. We shall have more to say upon this subject.

S. D. C.

CYPRESS HILL CEMETERY.

Is a burial ground just consecrated on the most beautiful spot of Long-Island. It is as easy of access as could be desired, and afar from the struggle and strife of the world, and here the dead sleep in silence and peace, undisturbed and safe from vandal invasion. At the dedication of this place of graves, C. Edwards Lester, Esq., delivered an eloquent address, which is creditable to our Literature. The orator says, "at this solemn occasion, here midway between the creation of man and the great day of resurrection, we are come to prepare a tomb of repose for an hundred generations." It is time that there should be a burial place prepared, especially by philanthropic societies, where they can entomb their brethren, sure that their dust will return from whence it came, undisturbed, as is not often the case in the city cemeteries. This place affords an opportunity for the city authorities to purchase ground to bury the poor who leave the world without a friend, and are carried to "Potter's Field," where bodies are often stolen, mutilated and dissected. Only a few weeks since we had an account of a young man's search for the body of his father at the burying ground for paupers. Six coffins were opened, and found only—"mutilated remains"—"pieces of flesh"—"parts of bodies which had

undergone" all sorts of mutilations, too horrid to recount, and the cause of this great evil in our large city, is the want of *graves* for the poor! Certainly, no civilized or demi-civilized race exhibit so little consideration for the dead, as our beloved Anglo-Saxons on either side of the water, especially in large cities. The French dress graves in flowers; wherever Spanish manners prevail, a funeral is a festival. In Germany the grave is an object of affection; in Italy of sanctity. But among the Mahometans of all countries, the grave is specially an object of both piety and sanctity. When we visited the Turkish cemeteries in the vicinity of Constantinople, we felt shame for some parts of Christendom, especially Protestant Anglo-Saxon. The creation of the Cypress Hill Cemetery is one step toward the removal of this grievance.

BROTHERHOOD.

AMID the turmoils and strife and difficulties of this world, in the midst of its utter selfishness and abandonment of every social relation, it is sweet to realize that we can occupy one spot held sacred to the purer feelings of our nature, and that is Brotherhood! Man has ever been reaching for something more elevated than the mere instincts of his animal life. There is that within him, the tendencies and aspirations of which are far beyond the groveling appetites of earth, and which unite him, it may be remotely, to a nature altogether angelic. Hence, in a venerable book, we read that man "was created but *little* lower than the angels." If thus allied to the beings of a purer and a better world, we have reason to believe that his angel-life is begun here, and that all of good he is permitted to accomplish is by the influence, and under the direction of the spiritual influence, of his semi-angelic nature. This tends to Brotherhood,—under the belief that we owe our origin to a common cause, our Father, and our God. All nature teaches this; and her harmonious tunes go up to Heaven at morning, noon, and eve—when Winter comes, with its frost and snow, and bitter wind—or when Summer greets us with her spicy gales and flowers—or Autumn shares her ripened fruits and garnered stores. And the Son of Man also taught the same holy truth—he taught it by precept and example—he taught it through an advent of suffering and trial—mid his bitterness and tears! Yet, alas! and the earth mourns it—the teachings of nature are neglected, and the admonitions of the Son of God pass by as the idle winds, unheeded by thousands of his professed disciples! Oh, where is Brotherhood?

Answer: In Odd-Fellowship! And we say it is sweet to reflect that there is one spot in the world's wilderness where the angel of Brotherhood can rest her weary wings! A thousand altars are consecrated to her service,—and myriads of human beings, united in the holiest bonds, offer their nightly vows to love and serve each other,—to be friends in storm and shine,—to be *brothers* in weal and woe! While sects abound and fanatics rail, Odd-Fellowship is a Brotherhood! While strife and selfishness prevail in the world without, it is a blessed reflection that in our Lodge rooms the spirit of Brotherhood is cultivated,—that lessons of good are there learned, which benefit the world by practice.

Bless the Order, then! Its mission is a high and a holy one. It is an adjunct of all that is good, and is destined to effect its share in the redemption and regeneration of the world! Falter not, ye skeptics! Come and see, and you will perceive that something good can "come out of Nazareth." P.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

WITH other representatives of the Press, we visited Washington Hall, a few days since, to witness some experiments in aerial navigation. We confess frankly that we had no faith whatever in

the feasibility, nor even in the possibility of the project. We considered that there were several insuperable difficulties in the way of ever achieving a safe and rapid progress through the air; but the experiments which we witnessed at Washington Hall have vanquished all our doubts. That the sanguine expectations of Messrs. Hannegan and Porter, however, will be realized as speedily as they anticipate, we do not believe. Yet we have not a doubt that the efforts of those gentlemen will be successful, and that before the expiration of a year, we shall see several of these aerial steamships navigating the "waters that are above the earth."

The model exhibited on Thursday of last week is about twelve feet in length, sharp at both ends, so as to offer the least resistance to the air. The instrument of propulsion is a collection of paddles, made to revolve rapidly, and strike the air in a peculiar manner, producing a beautifully steady as well as rapid motion. We consider this one of the most important inventions of the age, and believe it will be productive of immense results.

ALLEN LODGE NO. XCII, HUDSON.

HUDSON, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1849.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE AND RULE: Much has been said by the New Constitution brethren in this State, in regard to the course pursued by Allen Lodge No. 92, and especially some of her members, in obeying, promptly and honorably, the mandates of the acknowledged supreme head of the Order, the Grand Lodge of the United States, in its decision upon the New York controversy. Many hard names have been heaped upon her, by those who profess to be governed by the pure spirit of Friendship, Love and Truth! She has wrongfully been accused of manifesting "a want of good faith," of "deserting her friends," of "committing an assault upon the New Constitution party," of "proving recreant to principles of reform," and so on to the end of the chapter. Not being satisfied of making an attack upon the Lodge, they have also grossly misrepresented, either ignorantly or intentionally, the motives of some of her members—they have been accused of having been governed, in the part which they took in the controversy, in submitting to the decision of the G. L. of the U. S., by sinister motives, because, forsooth, they had, during the difficulties in the Order in this State, advocated certain measures of reform.

I do not wish, and would not knowingly, offend any one; yet I must be allowed to say in all candor, there has been manifested by our opponents, in many instances, an utter disregard of plain and open fairness. They have many times exhibited a strong disposition to pervert facts, and use sophistry instead of truth. Many dark insinuations have been thrown out, and left unexplained for doubtful inferences to be drawn therefrom; and false imputations have been made, which it would have been much more manly, but not perhaps so easy of evasion, to have openly and bravely affirmed. Many of their assertions, I fear, have been dictated by something beside ignorance or good-will. It must, however, be a poor cause that cannot be sustained by strong arguments, but must bring in the aid of low wit and misrepresentation.

It will not be denied that Allen Lodge was in favor of certain needed reforms in the Order, and that some of her members advocated those reforms. It is a well known fact that she stood in the front ranks of those Lodges which were suspended by the Grand Lodge of this State, for insubordination to the legal authorities in this jurisdiction. She also sent a full delegation to the celebrated "Albany Convention," and also paid her "assessment" to carry on the warfare, which was no small sum, I can assure you. She had, however, previous to the holding of said Convention, at a regular meeting, (I think on the reading of Grand Master Joseph R. Taylor's Proclamation,) unanimously adopted resolutions, that she would abide by, and sustain, the decision of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., when

it should be made. She was induced to adopt resolutions of this kind, from a sense of duty which she owed the Order at large, and from the fact, that it was generally conceded the New Constitution brethren were perfectly willing to leave the question of our difficulties for settlement to the G. L. of the U. S., and that they would submit to that decision with cheerfulness and in good faith. But it should be remembered that there is a vast difference between advocating needed reforms, or remaining in open rebellion to that supreme head, to which both parties professed a perfect willingness to submit the question of difference for adjustment, and openly avowed their intention before-hand to acquiesce in said decision. The advocating of necessary reforms, if conducted in a proper manner and in the right spirit, the spirit of true friendship, conciliation, and marked by a love of truth, cannot result in evil consequences, either to individuals or to our vast-spread brotherhood. The right, in such controversies, carried on in the above named spirit, must and always will conquer. Light and knowledge will dispel darkness and ignorance. Truth will overcome error under all circumstances. But, on the other hand, insubordination or rebellion, call it which you please, will never accomplish any good purpose—will never satisfy any that you occupy the right position, or convince any one of error, but will be of lasting evil to all concerned. In my opinion, the end or result desired to be brought about by the New Constitution brethren, could be much better effected, by submitting to the decision of the G. L. of the U. S., than to remain in the position which they now occupy, and which they wished Allen Lodge to occupy. If they had complied with the mandates of the supreme tribunal of the Order, they would have given, as Allen Lodge has, an evidence of the sincerity and fidelity of their attachment to their cherished principles, which would have exerted a powerful influence over the minds of those who might compose the G. L. of the U. S. at any future time, when the professed friends of reform should feel disposed to carry the question of their grievances again before that body, for a rehearing. The New Constitution brethren could say: "We have, as brethren are in duty bound, obeyed your decision, although we conscientiously believe your decision was, in point of fact, wrong; that you overlooked many material facts and circumstances that we think have a strong bearing upon the case; we would therefore most respectfully petition your worthy body to give us a rehearing upon the subject."

But, as it now stands, that body have no good grounds to meddle in the matter at all. What evidence has it, or will it have, that its decision, if made a second time, would meet with any better reception from the New Constitution brethren than heretofore? It has none. If the question should, in any shape, go before the G. L. of the U. S. for a rehearing, that body would undoubtedly say: "Obey our late decision before you petitioned us to reverse, alter or amend our acts made in your cause, and then we shall have an evidence of your sincerity, and will believe you will obey our future decision. Until you do this, we cannot, consistently, as men and as Odd-Fellows, take any notice of your request. You are in a state of open rebellion to our laws and regulations; first become reconciled to our requirements, and then we will hear your petition."

Viewing the subject in this light, Allen Lodge was induced to take the steps she did, which resulted in her re-instatement into the Order; and thus she acquiesced in the decision of the G. L. of the U. S. I fully believe all the Lodges, situated as she was, should have followed her example. If all the other Lodges had gone back under the old order of things, they certainly could have in time, accomplished all they could wish; for they would have had a large majority in the Grand Lodge of this State, and as a matter of course, could have adopted such regulations and laws as they might deem for the best

interest of the whole Order. They having learned experience by the past, could easily have shunned the rocks upon which they had run in their previous voyage—they could eventually have adopted the New Constitution, or one that would have met the views of the Order generally in this State.

But, because Allen Lodge thought it not only proper, but right, to redeem her previous pledge to be governed by the decision of the highest tribunal in the Order, does not debar her from advocating, and being the friend of all necessary reforms, by any means. It does not necessarily follow that she has changed her views upon any of the questions which she previously took a part in. She always has, and does now, believe that the so called New Constitution was better calculated to meet the wants of the Order in this jurisdiction, than the Old Constitution. Although Allen Lodge was a New Constitution Lodge, she did not under the cry of reform, swallow it down at one gulp, simply, because it came from one particular party. She never believed it was perfect—it had as she viewed it many defects. What she saw in it that was good, she approved, and so she does at the present time, the ipse dixit of some to the contrary notwithstanding. She is as much in favor of all needful reforms as she ever was; and so far as I can judge, her members are in favor of introducing into our organization as much pure republicanism as possible, and of striking off all and every feature which has the least semblance of anti-republicanism.

Thine, as ever, AMICUS.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Boston, Feb. 16, 1849.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION: It is quite as cold as—"no consequence" Mr. Toots would swear at, in this goodly city. While I write, the mercury in a thermometer "in the shade," outside my window, has fallen to 3 below 0. It is difficult to get one's ideal steam up without its congealing instant.

En passant, talking of steam, I came on yesterday from your city, in the steamboat "State of Maine," an easy, substantial, and withal swift craft, with a most gentlemanly captain, a courteous clerk, and attentive servants. I like the Stonington route in many respects, only wishing that a better fire could be kept in the cars, without continual poking by the fireman. A stove should not be too much subject to the "man with the poker."

Boston is constantly and rapidly improving. It is astonishing what "seven league boots" these Yankees put on in the way of business. Nothing stays or daunts them. Salt marshes are to their eyes only so much foundation for future granite blocks, and as for useless or unimproved land, Boston contains none. Such unsightly and profitless buildings as one meets in Chatham, Center, Nassau, and other streets of New York, would not be tolerated a day by these good citizens. The "Five Points," under the influence of Yankee improvement, would have been covered five years ago with substantial warehouses. I verily believe there is no city in the Union which is so ambitious of excelling in architectural beauty, as that "of notions." Philadelphia and New York must make long strides to overtake the Yankee pioneers.

Amusements here are on the wane, except, indeed, "Mrs. Pierce Butler's" readings, which are the rage. It is estimated that the amiable Fanny nets \$1200 per week by these entertainments; better than a jointure with that "elegant man," her husband, or a "separate maintenance," at any rate.

The Buena Vista celebration, to take place on the 22nd inst., occupies a considerable share of public attention. The dominants will, no doubt, enjoy it. I see by the papers that various entertainments and celebrations will mark the anniversary of the *pater-patrae*. Among the rest, I perceive that Duganne, the poet, delivers an address or poem before the Mechanics' Association, at the Masonic Temple, on the evening of the 22nd.

I leave for the eastward to-morrow, and will

write again soon. My quarters in this city have been at the Pemberton House, kept by Murdoch, well-known as a gentlemanly host and good citizen. The location of this house is excellent, being at the same time central and quiet. It is in Howard-st., next door to the Athenaeum.

Sleighting continues good, and horses know it. The Temperance Convention, lately in session at the Tremont Temple, adjourned this evening.

The California fever is scarcely abated as yet; companies being still in process of formation. When will men get wise by experience? Echo answers, "Really, I don't know." *Buenos noches.* GUENDAN.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18, 1849.

THE people of Philadelphia have been "let down" a little since the "Hyer" excitement has passed away, and now that the "sober second thought" has come many of those who were turned topsyturvy in their mad enthusiasm in favor of the lion of the ring, begin to think the whole affair was most disgraceful and shockingly disgusting.

WITHIN the past week we have had very cold weather—some say the very coldest of the season. The skating on the Schuylkill is very fine. The Delaware is full of ice abreast of the city.

THE ship Mason sailed on Monday from this port for California. She took a full cargo of freight and 150 passengers, real good fellows, some of whom we know full well, who go to seek their fortunes on the banks of the Sacramento, the El Dorado of the 19th century. Well, we have only one wish to utter for the adventurers, and that is, may they be well dust-ed when they return.

A MEETING of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, I. O. of O. F., was held on Monday evening last. There was a pretty full attendance of the members, but little business of consequence was transacted.

IN the Subordinate Lodges the initiation of new members is increasing, I think—a pretty fair evidence that the rising generation fully appreciate the utility of Odd-Fellowship.

THE cold weather, it appears, has a tendency to drive people to our places of public amusement, if we may judge from the fact that they are all crowded nightly. The play of "Monte-Cristo," dramatized from one of Dumas' novels, was the "card" at the Walnut and the Arch for three consecutive weeks. It had a great "run," and now they've run it off to make room for other novelties. Burton has introduced a burlesque called "Monte-Christy," and a sparring piece called "Fistimania"—both are said to be good enough to laugh at, and the latter of a higher order than usual. Tom and Jerry has been revived at the Walnut by Marshall, and seems to take as well with the public as it did twenty years since.

THE National Circus is still the center of attraction. Welch (*the General*) is well patronized, and he deserves it. The Ethiopian Serenaders are doing well at the Chestnut. The concern is under good management, and the house is always well filled. The Athenaeum is the place where Major Littlefinger holds his levees, and where Harrington shows forth his ventriloquian powers. This place is looking up. Blitz, the great Blitz, is playing the devil at the lecture room of the Chinese Museum. He makes money, and he deserves to, for he's a clever fellow.

WHEN you visit Philadelphia again, you must permit me to introduce you to a young friend of ours who has just opened in front of the Masonic Hall, Chestnut-street, one of the neatest establishments for the manufacture and sale of Perfumery that we know of. His store is full of sweets, and all sorts of delightful matters for the hair, the face,

the clothes, the nose—for the ladies, the beaux and the babies. You must drop in at Harry Guiler's when you pass this way.

I ENCLOSE you a poetical effusion from a talented young friend and brother Odd-Fellow, James W. Coffroth, Esq. He is one who, by dint of persevering industry in cultivating the genius and powers which belong to him, has gained some deserved laurels in the literary world. He promises to send you other articles from time to time.

MICHIGAN.

HILLSDALE LODGE No. 17, meets on Thursday evening. Joel W. French, N. G.; Andrew Killiker, V. G.; E. Hatton, S.; C. Parish, T.; C. Skinner, P. S.

STURGES' PRAIRIE LODGE No. 37, meets on Wednesday evening. David Page, N. G.; James M. Tefft, V. G.; J. G. Wait, S.; Hiram Jacobs, T.; H. S. Fister, P. S.

FAYETTE LODGE No. 16, meets on Monday evening at Jonesville. W. J. Baxter, N. G.; L. L. Tucker, V. G.; R. S. Varnum, S.; E. P. Champlin, T.; C. North, P. S.

HUDSON LODGE No. 26, meets at Hudson. A. Thomas, N. G.; J. R. Hyde, V. G.; J. M. Johnson, S.; J. C. Hogaboam, T.; E. D. Larned, P. S.

COLD-WATER LODGE No. 31, meets on Wednesday evening. H. M. Wright, N. G.; H. Lockwood, V. G.; C. B. Fishe, S.; E. G. Fuller, T.; F. V. Smith, P. S.

ST. JOSEPH CO. LODGE No. 28, meets on Tuesday evening at Centerville. Charles Upson, N. G.; E. Steers, V. G.; W. A. Little, S.; Samuel Platt, T.; F. Pardu, P. S.

CONSTANTINE LODGE No. 22, meets on Thursday evening. E. Stevens, N. G.; F. Wells, V. G.; T. Mitchell, S.; J. K. Briggs, T.; H. Roberts, P. S.

DEATH OF AN ODD-FELLOW—AND BENEFITS OF THE INSTITUTION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On Thursday evening last, Mr. Caleb Parsons, late a member of the Quinpiac Lodge, No. 1, I. O. of O. F. in this city, departed this life, after suffering three years and more, with that insidious disease, consumption; and it is worthy of remark that this death, out of four hundred and fifty-one members which that Lodge comprises, is the first that has occurred in sixteen months; a circumstance by the way, which tends to show the healthy state of the members of that Lodge. Brother Parsons, during the whole period of his sickness, has been diligently cared for by the members of his Lodge. Not only has he been watched when his sick bed required it, but from the time he was reported sick, to the day of his death, he has been in the receipt of four dollars and twenty-five cents per week, from the funds of the Society, which the following receipts, copied from the books of the Lodge will show, amounts (funeral included) to seven hundred sixty-five dollars and twenty-five cents, viz:

1846—February 2, \$33 50; March 23, \$34; May 25, \$28 25; September 21, \$55 25; December 21, \$59 50.

1847—March 1, \$51; August 2, \$89 25.

1848—January 31, \$108; July 24, \$92.

1849—January 1, \$106; two weeks due \$8 50; funeral \$30. Total \$765 25.

Who will doubt after reading the above statement, but the institution of Odd-Fellowship is a noble one! By the way, a number of times has brother P., when I was Chairman of the "Sick Visitation Committee," expressed his thanks and gratitude to the members for their kindness and attention. "In fact," said he, "were it not for the Order I have the good fortune to be connected with, I must have gone to the Alms House ere this. Yes, brother G." added he, "the money I receive from that, not only keeps me off the town, and pays my board bill, but other contingent expenses that make me comfortable." Such were the generous, grateful sentiments of our departed brother; and such show the benevolence and usefulness of the I. O. of O. F. May the Order, and all such noble institutions flourish, is the wish of the writer, who has been a member of the same some thirty-five years, and has the pleasure now of subscribing himself in F. L. and T., yours very respectfully. W. G.

—[N. Haven Palladium.]

ARTISTS AND HONORS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE GAZETTE AND RULE.

NERO prided himself more upon his skill as a musician, than upon his position as Emperor of the Romans. When menaced by the downfall of his greatness, and fearing the loss of all the advantages of his station, he said: "What matters it?—talent is always wealth." Even when at the point of death, the musician thought not of his empire, but of his talent—"Proh Jupiter! qualis artifex pereo"—an almost sublime expression, but our historians have neither noticed or appreciated it. In giving the following extract from the old *Revue de Paris*, we will not commit any plagiarism:

"Nero died as he lived, an artist and a musician; he expired with consciousness of his talent; a skill acquired by twenty years of study and assiduous perseverance, and which he could not bequeath to any person. The artist was dead to his country and countrymen, then; nothing remained but to elect his successor to the empire. Nero thought no more of his regal estate, for he well knew how easy it was to fill up the vacancy. He also knew that the thunder-bolt, the plague, fever, the disease of Francis the First, could mow down all the potentates of the earth. This would certainly be a loss to the families and friends of these gentlemen, but would it be to the world in general? A rise or fall in the funds, a few notices in the newspapers, and profits to the undertaker for the pomp and parade of funerals, would be the only result of such an event. The next day you will find plenty of sons or brothers, adventurers or idiots, ready to succeed them. It requires the gifts of nature, genius and study, with a constant application, and twenty years' experience, to be an artist; and but ten minutes are sufficient to enthrone a king. He is supposed to be an ass, and is given seven or eight hundred tutors, among whom the fools are numerous, and is thus afforded a margin to choose from. You will always have more kings than you wish for; that is clearly seen; their history attests it. The great artist, however, resembles a meteor, a star, which illumines the horizon of the world at periods 'few and far between.' If a king be sick they laugh at him, and say that he has eaten too much soup or truffles; if he cut his throat, the philosophers discourse upon the danger of arrogating to oneself the right of taking away life; when they lose the reins of power by a pistol shot, as was the case with Gustavus the Third. Vagabonds perhaps will make an excuse for it, or may be sufficiently impertinent as to praise the courage of Ankastroem. Kings have their diseases, as well as butchers, or manufacturers of white lead, &c., &c., and thus run the hazard of dangers common to all. But if some infamous scoundrel should cut the throat of Rubini or Malibran, or stick a poniard into Rossini or Paganini, what a cry of horror would resound throughout Europe. All are bound to assist in the conservation of talents so precious, the loss of which would be a public calamity; and the senseless madman who would attempt lives so dear would be torn in pieces, burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds, by a host of enraged *dilletanti*.

"Nero hesitated long before he cut his throat, and when dying whispered these words, beautifully modulated, '*qualis artifex pereo*.' What an artist is to be mourned! Why did political events destroy such a musician? These words are among the most remarkable of antiquity, but barbarians turn them into ridicule. In the Order of St. Michael there have been but two ladies, and both of them belonged to the Opera—M^{lle} Quinault Dufresne, 1745; M^{me} St. Huberti, 1790. In 1745, the king sent his carriage to conduct M^{lle} Le Maure to Versailles, accompanied by a gentleman of the bed-chamber. When passing through Paris, M^{lle} Le Maure cried out, 'Oh, how I wish I were a window, in order to see myself passing!' In 1771, the Directors of the Colysée, which was built in the *Faubourg St. Honore* for public fetes, &c.,

&c., entered into a treaty with M^{lle} Le Maure to sing at their concerts. This heroine of French song had left the opera twenty-eight years previous, but accepted of their brilliant offers. Although sixty-eight years of age, her organ was still admirable, but she could only sing one song at each concert. M^{lle} Le Maure again wished to be treated as a queen, but not as the queen dowager of the Academy of Music. Two files of servants, elegantly attired, preceded her, and ladies of honor, in full dress, followed. These always accompanied her when she made her entrance into the great hall of the Colysée.

"The Marseillais, in August 1785, feted M^{me} St. Huberti on land and sea. After the different representations, this talented artist received homage worthy of a queen and many gold crowns and chaplets exquisitely wrought. M^{me} St. Huberti appeared at this fete attired in a rich modern Greek costume, given to her by the Greek ladies residing in Marseilles. In 1787, a young artillery officer was wont to attend her performances. All knew with what talent and sublimity she played and sung in the *solo* of Didon. Enthusiasm inspired to write the following, 'Romans, who vaunt of your illustrious origin, see upon what depended the existence of your growing country: Dido had not charms sufficiently powerful to arrest the flight of her obstinate lover. But if the other Dido, who ornaments this place, had been queen of Carthage, he would, to serve her, have abandoned his gods, and your beautiful country would still be barbarous.'

"These lines are by that Napoleon Bonaparte, who ultimately turned the Republic of France to his own account. We can vouch for the authenticity of them upon the assertion of Louis Gregoire of Marseilles, a friend of M^{me} St. Huberti, and secretary of music to the first consul. 'The emperor of France to the author of the *Bardes*,' such is the inscription engraved on a superb gold snuff box, which Napoleon sent to Le Sueur after the success of this opera in 1804. The celebrated singer Forst, refused the letters of nobility which Joseph the First wished to confer upon him. The artist however accepted the pension of three hundred florins which was proposed as an exchange. If the emperor wished to bestow a present equal in value, it would appear that he did not estimate his letters of nobility at a very high price. In 1690, Forst's voice was a deep bass, so well cultivated, and of such volume, that Joseph declared that he would willingly pay 100,000 ducats to have a similar voice if it could be purchased. The Italians belonging to the Imperial chapel, jealous of his astonishing success, poisoned him.

"Rameau received letters of nobility, as a necessary qualification for receiving the *cordons* of the order of St. Michael, which the king destined for him, 1760. In June, 1785, the minister Baron Breteuil offered the cordon of St. Michael to Beaumarchais, who refused it with disdain, saying, that men of recognised merit can do without decorations, that are prized only by fools. The King of Prussia had subscribed for a copy of Beethoven's Mass, No. 2. The Prince de Hatzfeld, ambassador from Prussia to Vienna, sent a counselor of the chancery to ask the great master, if he would not prefer a royal order or fifty ducats, the price of the subscription. Beethoven replied suddenly, with energy, 'Fifty ducats!' He always refused gifts of this kind, no matter from what quarter they came, and even titles voluntarily offered. If you offer a distinguished artist the embarrassing choice of an order or a sum of money, if he take the cross, for him it never can be an honorable distinction. Military men sollicit orders and consider themselves very fortunate if they obtain them. The cross of a soldier is always an object of general and profound veneration: it is above suspicion. We sometimes see artists refuse those which have been offered to them, and utter mysterious hints and prayers that they may not be decorated. Artists of negative merit go wandering about at literary and musical *soirees*, intriguing to obtain an insignia which their talents do not entitle

them to. It is no wonder therefore, that Rameau, Forst, Beethoven, &c., &c., refused to be enrolled in a regiment of cadet artists, lest by so doing they might tacitly admit of an equality between such great masters and those raw recruits."

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan. 29, 1849.

EDITOR GAZETTE AND RULE—Dear Sir and Bro.: In my last I noticed several typographical errors, of so little importance, however, as to be easily supplied by the attentive reader, and would probably pass unnoticed by any other.

Though we have nothing of very great importance within our jurisdiction in regard to the "work," yet there are some thoughts which might be rendered practical and useful, by being penned for inspection, and serving somewhat as mere chronicles of the times, if nothing else. Since my last, two deaths have transpired in our midst; Bro. Jno. Simmons, of No. 12, and Bro. Jacob Acker, of No. 10, are no more! They have gone to their long accounts in another and a better world. A large concourse of the brotherhood were present, and performed the last sad tribute of respect to departed worth. They were both industrious and kind husbands, and useful members of society. May they rest in peace, and green be the sod above their graves. "And this is the state of man! To-day the tender leaves of hope put forth; tomorrow they blossom, and bear their blushing honors thick and fresh upon them. The third day there comes a frost—a killing frost—and when he thinks, good and easy man, full surely that his greatness is ripening, all his glory vanishes, and he falls to the ground." Then let us boast no more of our power and greatness, but remember they are but as a shadow—this moment present, the next, gone for ever.

Some objection has been made by some of the good, pious ministers of our city, against attending Odd-Fellows' processions, especially on Sundays, and where music is an accompaniment. And this objection has become so inveterate in some minds as to be put in operation in the case of Bro. John Simmons. His minister objected to officiate at his funeral, because music was used in the procession that followed him to the grave. Now, as this question deserves a little notice, from the fact above cited, I propose to make a few passing remarks.

The reason why Odd-Fellows bury their dead on Sundays, is most obvious to the least reflecting mind. The mass of Odd-Fellows are working and business men, and cannot, on all occasions, afford to lose a day; or if they can afford it, their business would not admit of it; and we believe that they could not be engaged in a more solemn and important manner, than in performing those sad rites to a brother dead—in giving to his mortal remains decent sepulture. And further, to effect that object, they have music, which is employed on the occasion to perform mournful tunes and marches, suitable to the occasion, and also in order to secure a fuller attendance upon the processions. There was a class in days of yore, who chided even the Saviour of the world for healing on the Sabbath, or for pulling an ox out of the mire; others there are, in this, our day, whose scruples are alike delicately attuned, and who would bottle up the sunshine and veil the moon.

You noticed, in your paper of the 20th inst., the departure of many sterling Odd-Fellows from your goodly city of Gotham for the gold regions in California, that El Dorado which Spain so many years sought for in vain, and at last gave up the pursuit. We have a good many brethren also speeding their way to that great center of attraction, and have taken their lives in their hands to pursue, possibly to some, a mere phantom. While on the subject of California gold, I am reminded of the Sandwich Islands, not far from that happy, happy land, whose inhabitants, we are told, are all fleeing away to the diggings. You will recollect the Grand

Lodge of the United States are making up collections to build the Odd-Fellows in Honolulu a hall, devoted to the sacred teachings of F., L. and T. I, in conclusion, would submit whether it would not be well to hold on to the funds until this gold mania has subsided, for money is said, by a wise man, to be the root of all evil.

In a book called the Probe, edited by J. Carroll Judson, in which are some life-like portraits of men and things, and which abounds in "gems of eloquence," it is gravely asserted that Gen. George Washington was born in Fairfax Co., Va.

Our citizens are making great preparations for the two inaugurations balls, which are shortly coming off in this metropolis, commemorative of the hero of Buena Vista, &c. I must now conclude my much lengthened letter, by subscribing myself,
Yours, in F., L. & T., T. W. J.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN BALTIMORE.

THE FUNERAL OF P. G. JAMES PATTERSON.—The funeral of P. G. Patterson, which took place on Sunday of last week, was attended by a large number of Brothers of his own and of other Lodges. He was very justly held in the highest estimation by his very extensive circle of acquaintances. He possessed, in an eminent degree, all the traits which make the good Odd-Fellow, and all the virtues that adorn and ennoble the man. To the orphans and widows of deceased Odd-Fellows, his death is a serious loss. As a member of the "School Committee," he had for years been most indefatigable in his attentions to the education and other interests of the young. That portion of the city known as "Federal Hill," was, for the most part, the scene of his labors; and in that neighborhood many a widow and orphan have, by his death, lost a faithful friend. He combined, in an unusual degree, the qualities which constitute the humble Christian, the good citizen, and the sincere friend. He has gone from labor to reward.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MARYLAND.—At the late Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, the following named Brethren were elected Officers for the ensuing year:—N. T. Dushane, G.M.; B. F. Zimmerman, D.G.M.; Geo. D. Tewksbury, G. Sec.; J. McGooch, G. W.; Wm. Bayley, G. Treas.; J. Jarvis, G. Marshal; J. Hunt, G. Conductor. The interests of the Order in Maryland, under so able an officary, cannot fail of prosperity.

THE CALIFORNIA FEVER.—This fever continues to rage in Baltimore. Several expeditions have lately left the city, composed of our most worthy and enterprising young men. Among others who caught the fever and started away, was our old friend and associate, Wm. T. Preston, Esq., the former publisher of the "Iris and Odd-Fellow's Mirror." He sailed in the barque Sovereign, in company with as fine a set of fellows as could be well got together. He deserves success—may he reap it abundantly.

A WORK-HOUSE.—We were pleased to find in the late annual message of the Mayor of Baltimore, a strong recommendation to the Councils to adopt the necessary measures for the immediate establishment of a work-house. From the spirit manifested by the Councils, there is reason to believe that the incipient steps will forthwith be taken toward the getting up of this much needed institution. Nothing would conduce more to the moral improvement of the youth of the city than a work-house, where the tyro in crime might, by kindly restraint and discipline, be reclaimed or prevented in his career of vice.

EXHIBITION OF CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—We have heretofore taken occasion to allude to this promising juvenile Order, and would here again call attention to them.

FROM OUR LADY-CORRESPONDENT.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott's Sermon to the Students of Philadelphia. California Fever. Valentines.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 13, 1849.

FRIEND ARNOLD:

Last evening, a meeting was called by Lucretia Mott for the purpose of addressing the students of the different Colleges. It would be impossible for me to depict the novelty of the scene. I can but say it was in truth a sublime and imposing spectacle, to see that mass of human beings, most of them young men, wrapped in profound silence, listening to the words of divine truth from the lips of a woman, as she stood in their midst, with her melodious, rich and distinct delivery, preaching the gospel of Christ. It were enough to make one feel proud she was a woman; and to wonder if theologians did not envy her the talents which they had to strive to obtain.

I regret there is a dark side to the picture, but justice bids me say, that inimitable female preacher is on some points a fanatic, and most so on the subject of Slavery. I was sorry to hear her refer to it last evening, and in such plain terms, too, placing the negro equal with us, only differing in color. At this point, a low hissing sound came from the heretofore still audience, and general marks of disapprobation were heard. Quietness was restored by her changing the subject.

I think I hear you say, "My correspondent is in truth a fanatic to Quakerism, and will no doubt shortly put on a pasteboard bonnet." Not yet, Mr. Arnold. There are many things objectionable and uncongenial with my "spirit," even among the Quakers—so I am not yet ready to be a preacher.

I'll devote a little space to speaking of things in general, as 'tis against my conscience to leave this unwritten on. The California fever has somewhat abated. Men begin to think 'tis "paying dear for the whistle" to go so far in chasing an ignis fatuus, and so they sing "Home, sweet home."

The joyous season of "Saint Valentine" is at hand. I have heard but little else for the last few days, and I suppose shall not hear much else for the next few. I am most tired of the game, so far as writing of them is concerned, as I have, for the use of my friends, written some half a peck. For my own part, I shall send none, until I can send something worth reading.

You must be really tired; if you are not, I am, as my hand aches. It has been in constant motion for the last eight hours. I shall not attempt to correct this scrawl, for in doing so I shall have to read it over, and the consequence would be, I should commit it to the flames.

The clock just now has struck the hour,
When ghosts and witches have the power
To stalk abroad, and take a peep,
And fright all those who vigils keep
At midnight's hour. But I've no fear
Of supernatural visits here.

Farewell. Respectfully, K. W. S.

DIGGINS IN THE MINES OF NEW-YORK—NEWS.

A WHOLE week is a long period for this "pent-up Utica" of ours for its accumulation of expectancy. The city had been, until the arrival of the United States, very similar to a man holding his breath from a sudden fear, who, when the cause of alarm is removed, breathes again.

Dear reader, we held our breath, among many others, until we heard "the sound of revelry at night," created by Mr. Beach's extra *Sons*; and we can now breathe more freely than any one, save those who chanced to have a dear friend (or an enemy) in this staunch and well-tried steamer. The news is like last year's fruit, good for nothing after the new has come. It was brought by the Canada, well digested, and a craving for more created, just in season to be gratified by a dispatch from Maryland about the prize fight. The intensity of the excitement upon this subject exceeded all bounds—

exaggeration had reached the last round of the ladder leading into the realm of vague and unsatisfactory report. Extras were cried by the newsboys with their voices pitched a note higher than their natural tones will rise, in order to produce perfect music; and lo and behold! not until the next day did the precise intelligence arrive concerning these two important personages, and their lawless proceedings. These two philosophers (we have not decided as of what school) have the sympathies of the community with them far enough to regret that both were not killed. This must be a source of great consolation to either party. Hyer was the winner of the battle, which came off, notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of the Governor of Maryland to prevent that time-honored State from being the scene of this inhuman warfare.

In the midst of all this, brooding in the city-hall belfry, rings out its startling peal, and the town overflows with a hurried stream of red-shirted men—worthy, hardy fellows—who always, somehow or other, contrive to keep the "good servant, but bad master" within harmless limits.

"What fiend is like the might of fire?"

asks Schiller, and the Hoe, whose establishment was so much injured a few days since, can found an answer upon his own experience—perhaps.

PROMOTION.—LIEUT. A. A. HARWOOD.—We are gratified to see that this distinguished friend and brother has been promoted to the rank of Commodore U. S. N. Bro. Harwood is a gentleman of superior talents, an accomplished officer and a good Odd-Fellow. He is a P. G. of Mystic Lodge, located at Bordentown, N. J., where he resides. Capt. Harwood is also well known as a contributor to some of our best annuals and magazines.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE:
BY JOHN GUILLEY, JR.

I AM composed of fifty-five letters.
My 11, 25, 24, 24, 15, 40, 8, 23, was an American General.
My 47, 38, 2, 46, fell sword in hand at the battle of Buena Vista.
My 42, 52, 1, 4, 45, 16, was a celebrated architect and sculptor.
My 31, 40, 40, 44, 51, 14, was a Caledonian Bard.
My 5, 12, 20, 26, was a celebrated Swiss patriot.
My 18, 22, 53, 40, 88, 4, 24, was a Governor of Germany.
My 43, 48, 17, 24, 54, 12, was a President of the United States.
My 10, 24, 35, 55, 5, 31, 52, is a town in New Jersey.
My 36, 15, 50, 50, 42, 24, 33, is a living American writer.
My 14, 2, 50, 16, 87, 7, 31, 52, was a great warrior in modern times.
My 30, 4, 45, 28, 39, 2, 21, 22, is a river in the United States.
My 9, 24, 28, 55, 47, 5, is a Republic.
My 41, 24, 48, 15, 40, 40, 2, 42, 6, was an entertaining French chronicler.
My 24, 16, 20, 20, 53, 14, was a celebrated historian.
My 24, 42, 28, 21, 15, 29, 18, is a city in Pennsylvania.
My 13, 17, 44, 31, 55, is a canal in the United States.
My 32, 25, 30, 87, 12, 46, was an English statesman.
My 34, 19, 24, 24, 27, 40, 10, is a noted American actor.
My 49, 8, 16, 24, 4, is a Texian Commodore.
My 8, 15, 29, 47, is a semi-metal of a brilliant white color.
My 51, 24, 43, 2, 32, 15, 36, 20, 8, is an animal of Brazil.
My 53, 21, 4, 40, is a term which was anciently used among the Romans, with regard to time.
My whole receives a hearty welcome from thousands of intelligent persons throughout the United States of America. Answer next week.
READING, Pa., Jan., 1849.

CHARADE.

My first doth swiftly onward roll,
And soon it out of sight will be;
My second some love with all their soul,
Which you can in every city see;
My whole upon the floor is spread,
And upon its face you often tread.
READING, Pa., Jan., 1849.

OF WHAT USE IS ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—This is a question which is frequently asked, by not only our opponents, but by many, no doubt, who would at once become members of the Order if they rightly understood its principles and objects.

The advantages to be derived from a connection with the Order of Odd-Fellows are numerous and invaluable, when we take into consideration the beautiful and benign precepts which its laws inculcate, and the kind and fraternal feelings with which it endows its votaries. The Odd-Fellow that is in good standing in the Order, however far he may travel from kindred and friends and among strangers, if by accident or misfortune he is reduced to want or lain upon the sick bed, will then find those which are friends in deed, and friends that are sure and steadfast, if he can but converse with the cabalistic signs.

Odd-Fellowship not only renders pecuniary aid in time of need, but teaches us many useful and salutary lessons, if we will but profit by them. To obey its injunctions makes us better men, better citizens, more liberal hearted and more sympathizing.

These are some of the benefits derived from a connection with the Order. The husband and father on his death bed, who is about to bid his companion and offspring the last farewell, and who has but a scanty pittance to leave for their maintenance and support, has the consolation of knowing that they will not be left to the mercies of a cold hearted public, to suffer and grow up in ignorance, but that their wants will be relieved, and the orphan educated and fitted for after life.

Though Odd-Fellowship has already done much for the relief of the widow and orphan, we believe it as yet to be but in the dawn of its mission of good works. As its principles and objects become better known, and its benefits more visible, the acquisition of members and consequent funds will be such as to enable it to bestow still greater favors, and ere long be allowed by all as the most benign of all human institutions. What a world this would be if everybody were true Odd-Fellows!—[Boston Odd-Fel.]

TEMPERANCE AND FREE-MASONRY.—The Nashville Union relates the following interesting and curious fact:

"The Mercury of yesterday contains an ancient pledge of teetotalism, written and signed by a Bachelor of Divinity and Preacher of the Gospel, in England, two hundred and eleven years ago." It may be interesting to the friends of the cause to know, as a mere matter of history, that the first Temperance Society on record was established by the Free-Masons of Italy, just a century since. On the 28th of April, 1748, Pope Clement XII issued his celebrated Bull forbidding the practice of Free-Masonry by the members of the Roman Catholic Church. Many of the Masons of Italy continued, however, to meet; but for the purpose of evading the temporal penalties of the Bull, which extended in some instances to the infliction of capital punishment, they changed their exoteric name, and called themselves *Xerophagists*. This is a compound of two Greek words, signifying 'those who live without drinking.' This title they selected because they then introduced a pledge of total abstinence into their by-laws; and hence the Free-Masons of Italy may claim the honor of having taken the initiatory step in the great reformation which has since done so much good to mankind.

"A. G. M."

SECRET SOCIETIES.—But it is said to be inconsistent with the Gospel to hold societies thus secretly guarded. Let Him who "spake as never man spake," speak for Himself: "Unto you," He says to His disciples, "it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but unto them without all these things are done in parables." When He stood before the High Priest, and was asked of His doctrine, he replied, "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the Synagogue and in the Temple, and in secret have I said nothing" contrary thereto. This He said of His doctrine and teaching. But the secrets and mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven were another matter. It was only a few hours before He thus spake of His teaching—His doctrine—that he had instituted the great sacramental mystery of His religion, in secret, with His disciples alone. And this sacrament of the last supper was, for some centuries, always a secret mystery, known only to those who by baptism had been initiated; until, alas! the Church began to court the world, and then those sacred mysteries of that heart-rending event were made a public spectacle of—alas for the Church that it is so!—[Rev. E. M. P. Wells.]

The Gold Fever shows no abatement. Mining Companies are organising in every part of the Union for California.

THE MICHIGAN COPPER REGION.—A letter dated Ontonagon river, in the Lake Superior region, states that mining in that section is carried on pretty vigorously. Mr. L. O. Knapp, agent of the Minnesota Mining Company, has struck one new vein—in sinking a shaft eight feet he has raised to the surface four tons of pure copper, and fifteen tons for stamping, and he has about four tons more of pure copper in sight. They have also struck a sheet of thin copper, and after cutting through it they found underneath a solid mass of copper, that entirely blocked up the hole, and they had to stop work and commence at the surface, and sink anew in the solid wall rock. Mr. Knapp is putting on all the men he can procure on this new discovery. Mr. Stevens, the agent of the Ohio Trap Rock Company, is doing very well, and is making preparations to push his works. The Boston Company are doing well—their new vein has turned out much better than was expected. They have just ruck a new vein we filled with copper.

SISTERS OF CHARITY FOR CALIFORNIA.—A philanthropic lady in New York, aided by several wealthy gentlemen, proposes to charter a vessel for California, and freight it with every article necessary for the aid and comfort of the sick and disabled, including the frame of a hospital building. She is to be accompanied by several intelligent and respectable females, 25 years old and upwards, who will assist her in the benevolent enterprise. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the scheme, it speaks well for the noble heart that planned it.

TAR PLACER GOLD.—We yesterday had exhibited to us by Messrs. Logo & Nelms, gold beaters of this city, some of the gold found in California. The quantity we saw was worth about sixty dollars. It was that found in the sand washings, and it could easily be accounted for why it is called gold in scales. The particles were as thin as the scales of a fish, which it resembled somewhat in form, the scales varying from the size of a pin's head to the eighth of an inch in width. Except in color, they closely resemble the scales of the perch. It was a very fine quality of the metal.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

SHOCKING CASUALTY.—In Ellenville, N. Y., Mr. W. Hutchinson's house took fire from the boiling over of oil and turpentine on the stove. The room was instantly filled with smoke, when his daughter, aged nine years, seized her brother, a babe, and ran into the hall. A person living in the house caught the blazing vessel, but being burnt and blinded, threw it from him. It struck the little girl on the temple, knocked her down, and the blaze spread over her and the infant. The father coming in wrapt the carpet round them, but it was too late, and both died after lingering several hours in torment.

NEGROES IN CANADA.—According to a census taken one year since, the entire black population of Canada is 5571, being 4167 more than in 1842. So the statements of 15 or 20,000 slaves having escaped there from the United States are all moonshine. The majority of males over females is 145—accounted for on the reasonable supposition that those slaves who do escape are men. This disproportion is found chiefly in the districts of Gore, London and Western, nearest to and most convenient of access from the United States.

TRAVELERS inform us that in some mountainous countries meat cannot be cooked by the ordinary process of boiling. The superincumbent column of air becomes so short, and the pressure upon the water so much diminished, that the boiling point of water at which it passes off in steam, is so low that there is not sufficient heat to cook with; a descent of a little over eight hundred feet, lowers the boiling point one degree.

A LITTLE boy, that had been missed about two weeks from Pittsburg, was recently found in a lot, lying upon his face, dead. He was about seven years of age, and had evidently died from cold and exposure.

DEFENSE OF ROMPS.—Never, says the Chicago Journal, find fault with girls—young girls, in particular—if they are decided romps; but be thankful that they have the health and spirits necessary for romping. Better a romp than have a narrow chest and a hectic flush on the cheek. Better wild as a hawk than tame as a dove. Better pay the butcher and the shoemaker than the physician and the undertaker.

Humorous.

MAT MORGAN,

WHO WAS CURED OF THE CHOLERA BY FRIGHT.

We have heard of several persons whose fear of the cholera invited its attack. We know of no one except it be Mat Morgan, from whom fear banished it. Mat was gardener, groom and man of all work to a merchant up-town, and an honest fellow he was—and is, for that matter—and most assiduous in the discharge of his multifarious vocations. At early morning he might be heard, as he cultivated his vegetables, singing a "high faluting" song of some twenty-one verses, of which the following are the first three:

It was in the month of May,
When the lambkins sport and play,
I roved to receive a recreation:
I spied a comely maid
Sequestered in the shade—
On her beauty I did gaze with admiration.

Telemachus so grand,
Who e'er the scepter reached his hand,
Might be certainly prepanned if he'd perceive her,
Or Mentor her dissuade
From that sweet and simple shade,
If Calypso by her arts had not ensnared her.

His sire would seek no more,
Nor descend on Mammon's shore,
Nor venture on the tyrant's dire alarms;
But he'd daily place his care
On that emblematic fair;
He would barter coronation for her charms.

And then, at evening, as he brushed the "boss's" horse, he might be heard whistling in tones of thrilling pathos, the "*Colleen das scruihen amo*," or the "Black Bird." Mat was taken suddenly ill, on the twenty-third of last month, with cramps in his stomach, and he thought that his whistling and singing was all over with him. "Oh! ah! ee!" said he, running into the house of his employer, who happened at that time to be at his office; "Oh! ah! ee!" he repeated, clasping his hands over his abdomen.

"Why, what's the matter, Matthew?" said the wife of his employer.

"Oh, murder, madam! I'm kilt intirely. I feel me bowels tumblin' in me belly, like eels in a barrel. I've got the cholera morbus. Oh! ah! There it is agin!"

"Well, then, Matthew," said his mistress, "Sampson has the buggy at the door; get into it, and he will drive you right off to the Charity Hospital, for I am told the cholera patients have the very best nursing and medical attendance there."

Mat did as she bid him, and he was soon in the Charity Hospital. As soon as he went in, some medicine was administered to him, which alleviated in some measure his pain. He then looked about him, and sooth to say, he did not like the appearance of things in his ward over well. Some poor fellows were writing in pain; others, prostrated by the disease, were still as if death had already set his seal upon their lips, and others were breathing as men do when life is about to depart from them. Now some poor fellow was carried in, cold and livid—a strongly-marked case of the disease—now the porter's bell tolled fitfully, and two men entered, and rolling a corpse out of the bed where it lay, carried it between them down stairs. It was too much for poor Mat. Up he bounced from his bed, thrust himself into his clothes, and in twenty minutes was back to the house of his employer, whom he found within, before him.

"Why, Mat," said his employer, "I thought you were at the Hospital?"

"So I was, sir," said Mat.

"And why did you not remain there?" said his employer. Surely you are not well, yet?"

"Never was better in my life sir," said Mat. "Be Gor, half an hour in that establishment ought to kill or cure any one!"

"How so?" said his employer.

"O, there's such mortal sights there," said Mat. "I was not well laid in me bed when I heard the bell; it was not a natural ring, ather, but a kind of a growl, like the bark of a spirit that w'd assume the shape of a dog in a graveyard. What's that—fire is it? six I to an old fellow that was tying a bit of paper with my name on it, to the bed-post."

"No, it's the dead bell," said he. "No. 70 is to be taken to the dead-house."

"What for?" said he. "To be dissected," said he. "What! like a pork pig?" said he, "divided at the joints?" "Just so," said he. "And what's that for?"

siz I. "For the benefit of science," says he. An sure enough, a couple of fellows came in, and very unconcernedly, in they rooled "70" into their hand barrow, and carried him off. There it is agin, siz I. "What's that?" siz he. That frightful old bell, sez I. "Yis," siz he, "it's 73's turn this time." And does he go to the dead-house too? siz I. "Of course he does," siz he; "where else would you have him to go?" And do ye have no wakes here? siz I. "No, nor funerals neither," siz he. Nor no cryin' over the corpse? siz I. "No, that's vulgar," siz he—"no people does that but the Irish." O, murther? siz I, and ye call this a Christian country, but you won't catch me dyin' or livin' here long either, ould boy, siz I. When I want to die I want to drop off somewhere that they'll bury me decent, and with that I jumped up, had me clothes on in a jiffy and here I am, as well cured of the cholera as if I had swallowed a whole apothecary's shop."

"And what cured you so effectually, Mat?" said his employer.

"Well, to tell you the thruth," said Mat, "divil a thing did it but the fright!"

A YANKEE ATTORNEY ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The following oration was delivered somewhere, in Wisconsin, by one who would seem to have quite an aversion to capital punishment:

"May it please your Lordship and Gentlemen of the Jury—The case is as clear as ice, and sharp to the doin' as no from your sweetheart. The Scripture saith, 'Thou shalt not kill'; now if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by a humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny that fact of my client's having killed a man; but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen. You may bring the prisoner in guilty; the hangman may do his duty; will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers! Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day; who, freemen, in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie-knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal vertebrae until the spinal vertebrae of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of meddling with the internal prerogative. Beware, I say. Remember, the fate of the man who attempted to steady the ark, and tremble. Gentlemen, I adjure you by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity, to do no murder! I adjure you by the name of woman, the main-spring of the ticking time-piece of time's theoretical transmigration to do no murder! I adjure you by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin to do no murder! I adjure you by the American Eagle, that whipped the universal game-cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear long tailed coats—if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo—and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a sneaking, loafing, rascally, out-throated, braided, small ends of humanity, whittled down to indistinctly, acquit my client and save your country!"

The prisoner was acquitted.

A FAT JOKE.—The American Courier asserts it to be a fact. A lady in Spruce-street, wishing to get clear of the offal fat, grease, &c., that had accumulated in the kitchen, directed an English girl, who had recently come into her employ, to call the first fat man she saw in the street, stating that she wanted to see him. The good creature thinking that the term "fat" applied to the man's size, and not to his business—a little while after, on going to the door saw a man whose corporation justified her in informing him that her missus wished to see him if he would be so kind as to step in. He did so, and was seated in the parlor. The girl called her mistress down stairs to attend to the fat man. When she had descended she was informed he was in the parlor. "In the parlor!" exclaimed Mrs. —, "and what is he doing in the parlor?" She hurried in, and there discovered a gentlemanly looking personage, with hat off, waiting to hear the cause of his detention. The lady, whose presence of mind did

not forsake her, immediately saw the whole mistake, and apologized for the ridiculous error. The fat man left, evidently much amused at the joke.

DEEDS ETERNAL.

The deeds of reasonable men
As if engraved with a pen of iron grain,
And laid in flinty rock, they stand unchanged,
Written on the various pages of the past—
If good, in rosy characters of gold—
If bad, in letters of viadictive fire;
God may forgive, but cannot blot them out.

IMPORTANT FOR "JACK."—It will be seen by the report from Washington, that Jack is, as usual, to have his grog, and his flogging, too. Jack, it is understood in Washington, had no objection to reform in the matter of flogging; but if it is to be accompanied with the stoppage of his grog, Jack has great doubts whether it is any reform at all. The Senate by a vote of 32 to 17 decided that whatever was to be changed in this matter ought to come from the Naval Committee, not in an Appropriation bill.—[Express.

THE LARGEST LIBERTY.—The Senate of Indiana, on the 9th ult., adopted a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of so altering the civil and ecclesiastical laws of the State, as to render the marriage covenant void at the option of the parties, and that man and wife may abandon each other at pleasure.

ODD-FELLOW'S HALL, MILWAUKIE, WIS.
To the Editors and Publishers of the Golden Rule:

You are hereby notified that at a regular meeting of Milwaukee Lodge No. 2, held this evening, Brother James M. Warren, a member of this Lodge, was expelled, for fraudulently obtaining, and appropriating to his own use, money belonging to this Lodge.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the Seal of our Lodge to be hereunto affixed this fifth day of February, A.D. 1849. ALDEN S. SANBORN, Recording Secretary.

Publisher's Notices.

THAT we may protect the public and ourselves from imposition, we shall each and every week publish a complete list of our duly authorized Traveling Agents, and hereby caution all persons not to pay any dues or subscriptions to the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule to any one whose name is not in the list. Each Traveling Agent must also have a written certificate of such agency, duly executed by the present Publisher. Those who have until this time acted as Traveling Agents, and are now cut off by the omission of their names, are requested to make immediate returns of their respective accounts; and in case such Agency is to be continued, new arrangements must be made at the office.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

BRO. ALONZO WELTON, BRO. J. P. VAN VLECK,
WM. H. FAIRCHILD, PERRY E. TOLES,
HENRY L. BROUGHTON, L. W. ALDRICH,
CHAS. H. HARRISON, HORACE LAMB,
ISAAC H. RUSS,

Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD will visit Virginia and some of the adjacent States. We trust he will be received by the Brethren with the cordiality which he merits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk.

EDWARD McDONALD will please let us hear from him without delay.

Several of our Traveling Agents have failed to make returns to us recently, as we have a right to expect of them. By doing so immediately, there will be no necessity for referring to them individually.

Our Subscribers who are in arrears will remember that all money enclosed in presence of the Post Master, and directed to the Publisher, No 44 Ann-street, New-York, is at our risk.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Our thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for collecting and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our journal shall be worthy the support of Odd-Fellows from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that each one will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

NOTICE.

JAMES T. PALMATARY, of Philadelphia, and R. B. MORSE, of Adrian, Mich., are not authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

REGALIA IN READING, PA.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.

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232-11. 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P.

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REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 322f

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JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m235

OPPOSITION-TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers, for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Bareges, (green, plain & fancy,) Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdkfs., Fancy Silk Hdkfs., Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crape, Crape Lisse, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tiarltons, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable.

241 L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

FINE MILINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, New-York.—Pattern Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS, REJECTION NOTICES, Permanent Secretary's Receipts, Warrants on the Treasurer, and every description of Lodge and Encampment Blanks, Seals, printed and furnished, in the best style of workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others when requested to do so. Address, post-paid, E. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

JANUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (11 Wall street) have issued, during the month of January, 1849, three hundred and seven new Policies, viz:

To Merchants and Traders	97	To U. S. Officers	1
"Manufacturers	25	"Artists	3
"Mechanics	88	"Sea Captains	2
"Clerks	38	"Agents	4
"Lawyers	6	"Teachers	4
"Physicians	3	"Hotel Keepers	5
"Brokers	5	"Engineers	2
"Ladies	4	"Public Officers	2
"Farmers	11	"Other occupations	8
	277		30
			277

New Policies issued

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secretary.

Jos. L. LORD, Agent. JAMES STEWART, M.D., Medical Examiner, (Residence, Abingdon Square,) is at the office daily, from 2 to 3 o'clock. 1m240

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do. do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$50 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.

G. C. ALLEN,

Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS
VEGETABLE

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Office in Philadelphia, 189 Race street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,
Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sir:

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by Bro. J. R. CRAMPTON, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

MRS CATHERINE NEILSON, (Widow of the late P. D. G. Sir Neilson,) has taken a large house, No. 6 South street, 4 doors from Baltimore street, BALTIMORE, for the purpose of carrying on a permanent and transient Boarding House; and she takes this method of informing the members of the Order, and the traveling community, that they will find her house conveniently located, and her table and lodging apartments equal to any in the city of Baltimore. Prices moderate. 8/237

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, NO. 11 WALL-STREET.—This Company completed its third year on the 1st of May last, at which time the surplus amounted to \$542,010 68, showing an amount of business unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

Dividends of profits are declared annually upon all life policies which have settled two or more premiums; the profits draw interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and can be made available at once, to the extent of two-thirds of their amount, where the party has paid his premiums in full.

Premiums are payable annually, but may be paid semi-annually or quarterly, and parties taking Life policies may, if they prefer, give their individual notes for one half the annual premium, upon which they will be required to pay 6 per cent. interest per annum.

Prospectus, and all papers necessary to effect insurance, and all information in relation to the plan of operations; may be obtained, gratis, at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st.

DIRECTORS.—Robert L. Patterson, Seth Low, Charles S. Macknet, Joel W. Condit, Edward Anthony, Wm. A. F. Pentz, Lewis C. Grover, Thomas B. Segur, Henry McFarlan, Andrew S. Snelling, Wm. M. Simpson.

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James Stewart, M.D., (Residence, No. 3 Abington Square) Medical Examiner, attends at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. 238-11

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in the United States of America, are now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country. Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S. 101 Forsyth-st. New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 228-11

CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

AND GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT, 27 COURTLAND-STREET, a few doors below the Western Hotel.—Winter Clothing at Cost.—The Subscribers are clearing out their large stock of Winter Garments at Cost. Gentlemen arriving in the city requiring a full or partial outfit, will find at the above establishment all that is necessary to complete their wardrobe for the Sacramento or the States. The Stock embraces all the new styles of Sack and Felt Overcoats, Albert Coats, Boston Wrappers of goat's-hair Camblet. Pantaloons and Vests at all prices. Also, a large assortment of Hunting Coats and Pants, made up in the strongest manner, with large pockets suitable for the Gold diggers. J. C. BOOTH & CO. 41239

F. W. CORINTH,

HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 3d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228-6m.

BARD & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 2m229

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS. JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 3m236

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP. SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. of O. F., at the low price of FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over One Thousand Dollars.

Single copies Fifty Cents each; twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y. 1y235

BERRY & WOODNUTT'S GREAT CENTRAL OYSTER AND REFRESHMENT SALOON, under the Odd-Fellows Hall, North-Sixth-street, above Arch, Philadelphia, Pa. 235f

I. O. of O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA. J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235f

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN. VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venitian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235f

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE IN the city to get good Pocket Books, Bankers' Cases, Wallets, Porte Monnaies, Portable Writing Desks, Gold Pens, Chinese Razors, Pocket Knives, specimens of Vegetable Ivory and every article of Perfumery, is at JOHN SIMPSON'S No. 98 Fulton-st., a few doors from William. 232f

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CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE. TO the I. O. O. F. and the public in general. The subscriber, J. I. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City. J. I. CRISWELL'S, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia. 1y:mov.9.

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OLD DOCTOR Jacob Townsend, THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE GENUINE TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.



Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the AUTHOR and DISCOVERER of the GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA." Being poor, he was compelled to hunt its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who proved its worth and know its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, procured its excellence and wonderful HEALING POWER. Thus

Grand and Unequalled Preparation

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land. Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better, because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific man. The high knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the Art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the OLD DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. The SARSAPARILLA root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties which are hurt or injured, and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of SARSAPARILLA are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, when used in the system, it is not only a tonic, but, as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medicinal properties of the root, which give it all its value. Thus

Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's SARSAPARILLA

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the SARSAPARILLA root are first removed, every thing capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side in its favor by men, women and children. We find it does wonders in the cure of CONSUMPTION, DYSPPEPSIA, and LIVER COMPLAINT, and in RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA and PILES, COSTIVENESS, all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all affections arising from

Impurity of the Blood.

It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from Indigestion, from Acidity of the Stomach; from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head; palpitation of the heart; cold feet and cold hands, cold limbs and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in coughs and colds; and promotes easy expectoration, and gentle perspiration, relaxing structure of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.

It works wonders in cases of *four albes* or whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstruation, irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the Kidney Disease.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as Spinal Irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.

It is not so harmful to the medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it which is hurtful to the system; it can never become acid, and therefore, can never lose its curative properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflammation, purifies the skin, equalizes the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then, The Medicine you Pre-eminently need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,

because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETE-RIORATION and

Never Spoils,

while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments, acid liquid exudes, and damages other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system? What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid! What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know, that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischief it produces!—flatulence, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? Is it not Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Fever-Sores, and all ulcerations internal and external? Is it not itching under the arms, but an acid substance, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then, The Medicine you Pre-eminently need?

Now, is it not horrible to make and sell, and infinitely worse to use this

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound" OF S. P. TOWNSEND!

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's GENUINE ORIGINAL SARSAPARILLA, is an IMITATION of his inferior preparation!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article! and which would bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and examinations from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMMENTING COMPOUND.

We wish it understood, because it is the absolute truth, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's SARSAPARILLA are heaven-wide apart, and infinitely distant, that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmacist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of changes which might render them the AGENTS OF DISEASE instead of health?

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity—that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND HAS BOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy, within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!

and thus to have the unpurchasable satisfaction of having raised thousands and millions from the bed of sickness and dependency to hope, health, and a long life of vigor and usefulness to themselves, their families and friends.

Principal office 102 Nassau street, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATTSO, No. 198 MARKET, 6th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y239



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY J. R. CRAMPTON, AT NO. 44 ANN-STREET, TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 243.

Original Poetry.

THE INDIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY BRO. ALBERT G. LEARY.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour.

CHILDE HAROLD.

The wild beast from his covert broke,
The wild fowl clave the vacant air,
The birch-boat felt the paddle's stroke,
And the young eaglet nestled there;
Around, above, below, was heard
The sweet voice of that fabled bird,
Which erst Philomela was called—
The woods were vocal,—on each spray
The mock-bird sung his varied lay,
And earth looked beauteous and gay,
From icy fetters disenthralled.

A stranger came,—with lowering mien
And aspect dark,—with lordly pride
He trode the forest paths—I ween
Lord of the soil and all beside,
He ranged the wild wood—every flower
That e'er adorned a lady's bower
Beneath his feet in beauty grew.
And these were his, and as he prest
The eaglets from their storm-rocked nest
To cleave the vaulted blue,
I could discern a look of pride
Flashing in his dark-black eye,
To think the glorious prospect wide
Was his, e'en to the star-gemm'd sky.
A maiden form beside him stood—
Oh! do not ask, words cannot show
That maiden's beauty;—as the flood
Bears on its bosom many a prow
Of precious cargo,—never telling
The treasure on its bosom dwelling,
Upborne upon its heaving breast;
So in that maiden's eye, unknown
The Syren glance of love had flown,
And made its rosy nest.

A mother came, and by her side
Her cherub boy in childhood's glee;
And as he sped his father's stride,
Or clambered on that mother's knee,
A smile lit up her raven eye
To see her loved one standing by;
And as she clasped him to her heart,
Undreaming they were soon to part

By white man's guile—by white man's art,
No mother near his eyes to close;
Say, you who know a mother's joy
When gazing on her first-born boy,
Was hers not bliss without alloy?
Dreamed she of future foes?

A century had passed; and where
Was he, the lord of by-gone days?
The soil, the clime, the boat was there,
The wild fowl with its matin lays;
But where was he?—did he still roam,
Unchecked, untamed, his forest home?
Or did he bend the suppliant knee,
A slave in lands his fathers trod,
Nought left, save but the Indian's God,
To tell he once was free?

Where is that maiden? on her brow
There plays no smile of gladness now;
That youthful mother, dark and low
She slumbers with her boy.
The Indian is gone! Oh ask not his story,
Let it never be known how he sank to his rest;
'Twill tarnish the flag of American glory,
'Twill sully her name and dishonor her crest.
With open arms, the Indian gave
That soil—now but the Indian's grave.
What, but ingratitude
So long could nerve the red man's arm
To do the sons of white men harm,
And keep alive the feud?

'Tis past! let him sleep in Oblivion's dark shade,
His wrongs and his sorrows be it ours to forget,
For he fell, by the arts of the white man betrayed,
And he, round whom the sun-beams of glory had played,
Now mourns, for the star of his glory has set.

On history's page the deed is told,
On history's page the reason given,
How white men, for accursed gold,
To hell have turned the Indian's heaven.
With many a sigh thy doom we speak,
With many a tear thy wrongs survey,
As o'er the past our memories stray,
Ere treachery had made thee weak.
St. Louis, (Mo) Feb., 1849.

How swift and bright the thought, but slow behind!
The dull work lags, and mocks the fervid mind!
Yet still the work is good: to One alone
The winged and blooming phantom Thought is known;
But the pale image to earth, sea, and air,
Proclaims the unseen Spirit hovering there.
[John Sterling.]

Original Tales.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER, OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA.

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLOT TO MURDER.

Murder's ill-timed at best;
But now 'tis too ill-timed.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

LEE had gone to the American camp to superintend the preparations there going on, for what he anticipated would be a desperate and hopeless defense, upon the morrow. Moultrie and his brave comrades were toiling in the entrenchments of Sullivan's Island—each with that firm resolve which makes the benevolent man a hero. Yet still, along the shores of the starlit river, were gathered groups of anxious citizens, speculating, with longing hearts, upon the chances of the coming conflict.

Among those whom we introduced with Moultrie, as watching, an hour before, the first appearance of the British fleet, the reader will recall a dark-featured individual, who had ventured the contemptuous remarks regarding the fort, which had called forth a signal rebuke from the gallant Colonel. This dark-featured man still lingered by the river side.

There are some persons whom we meet in life, whose faces on the instant of beholding them win us to confidence or respect. And there are others which as instantaneously repel us, and perhaps cause a shuddering sensation to creep through our nerves. We may be able in neither case to account for our impressions, but experience will generally satisfy us that the instinctive warnings which thus are given, result from something more than mere nervous excitability. One of those repulsive countenances the individual possessed to whom we alluded in the last paragraph. A sneering, invidious smile dwelt continually upon his dark lip, the covert meaning of which was heightened by a cold, artful gray eye that seemed dozing in its sockets, yet ready to light up at any moment with fierce malignity.

He stood still upon the bank of the river, his arms folded across his breast, at times watching the far-off ships, or the glancing lights on the Island, then regarding stealthily the anxious faces of those about him, or listening attentively to their remarks. He was a man apparently of

Concluded from page 119.

about thirty years of age, strongly limbed, and of great muscular development, with a broad chest, and massy, bull-like throat. His complexion, nearly as dark as an Indian's, or rather of that bronzed hue which is more common to the Spanish race, seemed to have become so from exposure to the elements; and the seared and indurated look which it bore, appeared to denote that the man's life had been passed less upon the land than among the winds and tempests of the ocean. He wore a half-marine and half-soldier costume; his boots and breeches being of military style; while a thick pea-coat and slouched tarpaulin gave his upper proportions decidedly a nautical air.

He lingered, as we have said, upon the beach some length of time after the American officers had departed to their respective stations; and it was not until the last boat-load of volunteers had pushed off from the shore, that, with the same sardonic smile blackening his lip, he turned from the group around him, and slowly took his way toward the town.

Many troubled faces, many tearful eyes, met the dark man's gaze, as he walked with measured steps past the trembling citizens, hurrying back and forth along the river's banks. But he took no heed of them, save perchance when a half-stifled sob from some veiled woman caused his lip to curl with deeper scorn. Along the streets, beneath the shadow of the houses, and under the thick trees that lined the walk, the strange man pursued his way. He looked not up to the beautiful heavens, nor seemed to perceive the fragrance with which the night breeze was laden. On went he, through the moon-lit avenues, like a shadow of evil.

Arrived at a narrow street, at the upper extremity of the city, where were situated many of the ancient mansions of the first settlers, the pedestrian turned suddenly from the pavement, and entering a dark passage, knocked twice upon the panel of a door. It was almost immediately opened by a young man, clad in the most fashionable garb, and bearing the marks of high breeding, thought at the present moment it was apparent that he labored under some violent excitement. His clothes, of the finest material, were soiled and crushed, as if he had been sleeping in them; and his powdered hair was disordered, and hanging in tangled knots about his shoulders. His cheeks, too, were flushed; his eyes blood-shot; and his entire appearance indicated either a late debauch, or the most terrible mental agitation. He seized the dark-faced man's hand, as soon as he opened the door, and hastily drew him within the room.

The apartment in which the two men now were was a small, square chamber, with little or no furniture, if we except various implements of hunting and war, that were hung around its walls. A double-barreled gun crossed with a rifle, ornamented the space above the fire-place, which itself was filled with a saddle, bridle, game-bag, and knapsack. A table, on the edge of which was a small ebony writing-desk, stood in the corner of the room, and the greater portion of its surface was filled with a heterogeneous array of military and naval uniforms, hunting-coats, wagoner's frocks, and even the aboriginal head-gear, wampum, feathers, tunic and leggins, of the copper-headed denizens of our primal forests, interspersed likewise with drafts, maps, and half-finished plans of military works and surveys, pistols, daggers, and other offensive weapons; all in the most reckless confusion, and resembling more the paraphernalia of an actor's dressing room, than anything else which we can fancy.

"Well?—what?" asked, or rather gasped, the young man, as he drew his visitor within the room, and closed the door.

"I'm as thirsty as a red-skin," said the other, coolly seating himself upon the edge of the table, to the manifest danger of the desk which occupied the edge.

The young man pointed to a cupboard over the table, within reach of the speaker; and as the dark-faced individual proceeded to draw from its recess a bottle and glasses, threw himself in the only chair which the apartment contained, and covering his face with his hands, watched his companion's motions through his

parted fingers. The other leisurely filled a glass with the colored liquor which the bottle contained, and swallowed it at a draught. Then depositing the flask and another glass upon the table, he motioned to his host to help himself.

"Go on! In the devil's name, go on with what I wish to hear," cried the young man impatiently. "Tell me where you have been, and what you have done."

"In the devil's name I will do nothing, Master Robert Atree," returned the other. "But in the name, and for the sake of this good Jamaica rum that I now drink your health in, I will do and say anything you wish." So saying the familiar guest poured out another glass of the spirits, and raised it to his lips.

"Stop, Matthew, you shall drink no more till you answer my questions. Nay," continued he, as a frown lowered upon the other's brow, "there'll be time enough to drink by and by, and I will join you then, in a dozen glasses. But at the present moment, Mat, put down that liquor, and listen to me."

The young man spoke these words in a determined voice, and with the accent of one who expected obedience; and the dark-faced Matthew immediately removed the glass from his lips, and replaced it upon the table. "Well, Master Robert Atree—what would you of me?" he grumbled.

"Briefly, where have you been?" asked Robert Atree.

"First, to Arnault's mansion—secondly to the river—thirdly, back again," responded Matthew, with his usual sardonic grin.

"And what have you done?"

"As yet,—nothing."

"Is that accursed marriage consummated?" cried Atree, striking the table with his clenched hand. "Tell me—is it over?"

"From all that I could learn, I should say it was, Master Atree. The bride may, however, be a widow before to-morrow night, since there'll be doubtless some of the hottest kind of work down at the fort."

"Then he will go there, Matthew? You are sure young Rivers will be at Sullivan's Island?"

"If a man's own eyes can make him sure, I am; since I saw him embark with the colonel, and that devil, Marion. And if a man of them comes home alive, my name is not Matthew Orrall."

Atree mused a moment as his companion said this. Then pouring out a goblet of the raw Jamaica spirits, he motioned to Matthew Orrall to take up his glass. "Drink, Matthew," cried he, "drink to the success of your next service."

"Providing it pays me well," rejoined Orrall, as he lifted the liquor to his lips.

"Curse you, are you not always paid well by me?" exclaimed Atree, angrily. "When will you cease grumbling at fortune?"

"When I cease running my neck in a noose for the benefit of others who run no risk at all," retorted the other. "But, no matter! I'll drink, if it please you, Master Atree, to the success of my next unlawful service."

"Who said it was unlawful?" cried Atree, quickly, as he noticed the emphasis with which Orrall had pronounced the word. "I said your next service."

"Ha, ha," laughed Matthew. "If it were not unlawful, would Mat Orrall be employed to perform it? Drink, Master Atree, drink to the next hang-dog business you have in hand. May it prosper."

The young man affected to laugh as he drank the other's toast. But it was evident that his bosom was torn with an internal struggle. At last, however, he fixed his eyes upon Orrall's face, and regarded him with a scrutinizing glance. "You are a shrewd villain, Mat," said he, "as well as a bold one! Let us be friends and trust each other."

"With all my heart," replied the dark-faced man.

"To-morrow will be a bloody day, Matthew, and it is probable that all who are at Sullivan's Island will be killed."

"Very probable," returned Orrall.

"But—it is possible, also, that all may not be killed, Matthew. Some may survive! One may survive—eh, Mat—you understand me?"

"Ay, and that one may be Ernest Rivers," said Orrall, with his peculiar smile.

"That you must look out for," exclaimed Atree, hurriedly, while a demoniac glance lit up his blue eyes, which usually were calm and apparently passionless. "Ay, Mat—you must prevent that mischance. Rivers must never come back to claim his bride."

"And how must I prevent it, Master Atree?"

"Do you pretend not to understand me? Can you insure the death of Rivers in the fight to-morrow? Answer me, Mat. Orrall."

"It might be done," said the dark-faced man, pouring out another glass of the potent liquor. "It might be done, and the man who does it might not live to tell the tale."

"You have risked your life before this, Matthew. Serve me now, and I will reward you so well that you will have no necessity of risking it again. If Rivers returns not from Sullivan's Island, a thousand pounds shall be yours."

The dark ruffian's eyes glittered like a serpent's scales with cold grey light.

"That's a round sum, Master Atree," he said.

"It shall be yours, Mat, if Rivers crosses my path no more."

Matthew Orrall bent toward his employer, and gazed with singular earnestness upon his countenance. It was a fair, classic, and it might be called beautiful face that of Robert Atree. His forehead was clear and high, the skin pure and transparent, through which the blue veins could be distinctly seen. His eyes were of a deep blue, his lips round and swelling like a woman's, and curled at all times with a haughty expression, which, with his firm nostrils, imparted an almost disdainful air to all his features. Long, redundant ringlets, silky and soft, fell like gold about his shoulders, as if spurning the powder and ointments with which fashion had hardened it. Robert Atree was, in truth, such a man as women delight to look upon, if not to love.

And thus thought Matthew Orrall as he perused his companion's features, and marked the determined tone with which the young man had pronounced the last words.

"You are willing to pay a heavy price for a woman, Master Atree," said he, "a heavy price in money, and in—blood."

"What is that to you, Mat?" cried his employer abruptly. "Did I ask your opinion in the matter?"

"Oh, I forgot," returned Orrall. "You are a gentleman, and I am but a scoundrel. It is you who plan—I merely execute."

The ruffian laughed bitterly as he uttered these words.

"Well, well, say no more, Matthew," cried the young man. "We know each other, and I have no fear of you. I tell you I hate this Ernest Rivers with a bitterness only equaled by my love for his bride. My hate and my passion must both be gratified, and it is you, Mat., that I rely upon to assist me. Let but this romantic fool perish, and my path lies open before me. If Rivers dies to-morrow—"

"Then you marry the widow the day after," interrupted Orrall, with his low, sneering laugh.

Atree half sprung to his feet with an oath. But he caught the expression of his companion's lips, and restrained himself with a violent effort.

"A truce with your ill-timed jests, Matthew," said he. "We have more serious matter on hand. I want your aid, and will pay high. Shall I have it?"

"If you pay high, yes."

"Is not a thousand pounds—"

"Enough? yes! Your rival is scarcely worth more; being such a fool as to leave his wife on her wedding-eve, and lend his body for a merlon to a log fort. The fool shall die; there's my hand on it."

And the hardened bravo stretched out his hand in token of agreement to his employer's terms, while with the other he lifted his glass to his mouth and swallowed the remaining liquor. Robert Atree slightly pressed with his white fingers the hard wrist of his associate, and then rose from his chair.

"Enough, Matthew," said he, drawing a purse from his vest. "Here is money for you now. You will earn the thousand pounds to-morrow."

"I shall earn it, and yet not claim it," returned Orrall with a laugh. "The shots will, no doubt, fly thick on yon Island, and every bullet, you know, has its billet. Perhaps Mat. Orrall's leaden messenger may be rammed hard down already in one of Sir Peter's cannon."

"Persevere, Mat, you fear nothing of that kind, I am sure; and, besides, there's an old adage that protect's your life."

"Aha!" muttered Orrall, "I understand you; you think your friend Matthew is 'born to be hanged.' Well, well, as you will, good master Atree. I will earn the thousand pounds before you see me again."

"How do you intend to—to—"

"Speak out like a man, Master Atree," cried the villain with a laugh. "You wish to know how I shall kill him—how I shall murder your rival? Well, Master Atree, I shall pistol him in the smoke of a gun. Do you understand me? ha, ha!"

Robert Atree shuddered as he heard the cold sneering laugh, with which the bravo avowed the dark method in which he intended to assassinate his victim. He turned away toward the fire-place.

"Ha! ha! shoot him while the smoke is rolling around us, Master Atree. That will be a sure way. Through the head—through the head, for dead men tell no tales."

"Enough, Mathew," said Atree, who saw that the strong spirit he had imbibed was producing a powerful effect upon the ruffian's senses. "Enough, Mat, good night. To-morrow you will fail me not."

To-morrow he shall die," muttered Orrall, leaving his seat upon the table, and approaching his employer. "I will risk my life in that cursed fort, but I will go there, Master Robert Atree, I will earn the thousand pounds."

So saying the bravo deposited the purse which Atree handed him in the pocket of his rough outer garment, and shaking the young man's hand again, left the room. Atree bolted the door carefully behind him, and then resuming his seat, leaned his head upon the table and pondered long and deeply.

What were his reflections the reader will be at no loss to divine, since hate, revenge, and love united to make up an awful tempest of passion, beneath which the young man's soul rocked to and fro. At times he would murmur "Louise," and then, with a curse, he muttered the name of his rival, Rivers. When he lifted his fair head once more, and shook back the clustering ringlets from his brow, there were deeper traces upon his features of the storm within. His eyes were yet more bloodshot, and a strange fierce expression burned in their blue depths. He shook his clenched hand above his head, and hissed from his set teeth:

"To-morrow, Rivers dies, and his proud wife shall yet be mine."

As he spoke these words another double knock sounded at the door of the small apartment. Atree opened it, and admitted a stranger, who, although the night was oppressively warm, was enveloped in a heavy horseman's cloak.

"My lord, you are welcome," said the young man, as the visitor, throwing off his mantle, discovered the gorgeous uniform of a British officer.

CHAPTER V.

GEOFFREY OF WARMOUNT.

My daughter, once the solace of my life,
Lured by a villain from her native home.

BEGGAR'S PETITION.

We will now return to Charleston, and to the stranger whom we left in the apartment of Robert Atree.

"My lord, you are welcome!" had been the young man's exclamation, as he recognized the striking figure of his visitor. Then, carefully re-bolting the door of the chamber, he approached the arm-chair in which the new-comer had carelessly thrown himself, after a scrutinizing survey of every object in the room.

The bright scarlet-uniform which this individual wore, was thrown out in brilliant relief by the dark cloak that he had cast back from his shoulders, and as he sat erect in the chair, it could not but be noticed that he was evidently person of distinction. His form was majestic,

his limbs strong and well-formed, and the tout ensemble of his figure was that of a man accustomed to command. His countenance, though not pleasing, was one calculated to inspire respect. A high, mossy-looking brow, a perfectly Grecian nose, and small mouth, with thin lips, between which gleamed a set of teeth white as pearls, were its striking features, if we except the eyes, which were remarkable for a singular filmy look, as if they were continually clouded with tears. His age might be about fifty, but there were grey hairs sprinkled among his thick locks, which even the powder that was plentifully used in that day, could not entirely conceal from view.

"Well, Master Atree," said the visitor, as that individual drew nigh, and stood with folded arms beside the table, "what have we to talk about?"

"Will your lordship do me the favor to glance over these?" said Atree, taking a small packet of papers from beneath a pile of various articles that concealed it.

The British officer hastily broke the string which secured the packet, and as rapidly examined the papers. They consisted of an exact plan of the American camp of Gen. Lee, as well as a draft of the city of Charleston, together with a list of the firmest whigs of the rebellious colony of South Carolina.

"You have not been idle, I perceive," remarked the Englishman. "These papers will doubtless be of immediate service to us, as we shall attack the real position at day-break. When we have possession to-morrow evening, we will examine the list of traitors you have drawn up, somewhere more at our leisure."

Atree returned the confident smile of the Briton, and then drawing another packet from his vest, he handed it to his visitor. "Will your lordship glance likewise at that?" said he.

"Ha! this is indeed valuable," cried the Englishman. "You are, in truth, Master Atree, a most trusty and loyal agent. These are surely the genuine dispatches of the rebel Sumpter."

"Your lordship can see for yourself," answered Atree. "Sumpter is now in the interior, making himself the terror of all the king's adherents. Your lordship will perceive by these letters how seriously His Majesty's interests are compromised in that quarter."

"Ay, he must be looked to," answered the nobleman. "But how did you obtain possession of these important documents, Master Atree?"

"By intercepting the rebel messenger, replied the young tory agent. "Your lordship can understand how, by means of these various disguises, I gained access to many points without suspicion." As he said this, Robert Atree directed the stranger's attention to the motley collection of habiliments which were heaped together upon the table.

"But you run great risks, I fear."

"For the king's service, no risks are too great," answered Atree modestly.

"You are a loyal subject," said the Englishman, warmly grasping the tory's hand. "And such devotion as yours shall not go unrewarded. Trust me, Master Atree, when his Majesty's authority is once more recognized in these rebellious provinces, your services will receive the attention which they merit."

"Thanks, my lord," said the tory, with a low bow. "I shall even be grateful for your lordship's distinguished notice." A peculiar smile of exultation wreathed the young man's lip, as he said this, which, however, was unobserved by his guest.

"But, your lordship spoke of another matter, at our last interview," continued Atree. "A commission was confided to me at that time, which —"

"Ah!" exclaimed the nobleman, while a sudden flash lit up the film of his eye for a moment. "Have you learned aught in relation to —"

"I have ascertained that the man whom your lordship wished to gain tidings of, is alive."

"Thank God!" involuntarily murmured the stranger. "But his whereabouts!—speak!"

"At present I know not exactly," answered the tory. "But, I have ascertained sufficient to satisfy me that I have discovered the man you

seek. He passes now under the name of *Matthew Orrall*."

"It must be he," remarked the stranger, half to himself. "Yes, surely—he has borne that name before. Stay!" he continued, hastily unbuttoning his military coat, and drawing a pocket-book from his breast. "This will remove all doubt."

And while Atree watched him with a curious earnestness, the English nobleman took from the pocket-book a letter, which he glanced rapidly over. The young tory could see that it was written in a female hand, and as he caught a glance of the paper he fancied that it was smaller and blotched as if with tears.

"It is *he*," exclaimed the stranger, re-folding the letter, and depositing it again in the pocket-book. "Orrall was his name years ago, which he suppressed under many aliases. But, tell me—what have you learned concerning the man?"

"That he is living, and in the colony at present," answered Atree.

"Ha! But his pursuits—his companions—his family! have you learned aught of them?"

"Your lordship gave me no instructions concerning others but the man himself," replied the tory.

"True—true," said the stranger, evidently violently agitated. "But, you are sure—you are sure this is the man?"

"From your lordship's description, and from other circumstances which I have traced, I have not the least doubt, and the name, your lordship has remarked, corroborates the fact."

"Yes, yes! there can be no doubt. He must be found!"

"Can I be of further assistance in the matter?" asked Robert Atree, deferentially.

"Of much—of invaluable assistance, my friend," cried the nobleman, again pressing the tory's hand. "You are worthy of all confidence, and can be of the greatest service to me. I need not tell you that it is a secret which I am about to confide to you—a secret of great importance to me, which must be kept inviolable —"

"I have already sworn, my lord —"

"Enough—I trust you, Master Atree. Listen to me."

The tory bowed in acknowledgment to his guest, and remained in respectful attention while the Englishman proceeded:

"I shall be brief in what I am about to say, my friend," commenced the stranger, "for this night is valuable, and I must reach the fleet before midnight. Years ago the man whom we seek, this Matthew Orrall, was an officer in the service of the king, whose commission I have now the honor of bearing. He was a lieutenant at that time on board her majesty's ship the Dragon, and distinguished himself at an early age in many serious engagements. I think he sprung from a good family, though at the period of which I speak, he possessed no fortune but his commission and his personal abilities. He was ambitious and of a violent temperament, which, frequently, as I have understood, involved him in disputes with brother-officers, several of whom he killed in duels. But, I am wandering."

"Well, sir, in a foreign port this man saved an English nobleman from assassination, though beset by a half-dozen armed desperadoes. The rescued lord was enthusiastic in his gratitude, and exerted himself to the extent of his power for his preserver's interest. He succeeded in obtaining the lieutenant's promotion to a captaincy in the royal navy. The commission was made out and dispatched from the admiralty, and, sir, on the very day that it reached him, this Orrall deserted from the king's service."

The speaker uttered a low groan as he pronounced the last words, and paused for an instant, as if overcome with some harrowing memory. Robert Atree hastily drew a wine-glass from the closet, and knocked the neck off a bottle of wine which he likewise produced. But the stranger made a motion of tacit refusal to drink, and collecting himself, resumed his recital.

"On the very day of the lieutenant's desertion of his ship, the daughter of the nobleman whose life he had saved, eloped from her father's protection; fled with this Matthew Orrall,

and became, like him, an outcast on the face of the earth."

The stranger covered his features with his hands, and a heavy sigh shook his manly bosom. Robert Atree echoed it.

"You feel for me," said the stranger quickly. "Ay, me; for I, indeed, was that unhappy father. It was my only child, who then, scarce in her sixteenth year, left her sire's protection for the arms of the villain Matthew Orrall. Since then, and it is now fifteen years, I have unceasingly tracked this man, and till I behold him again I cannot die."

"But, sir," asked Atree, as if extremely agitated, "but, my lord, have you gained no tidings of your child? Does she yet live?"

"I know not," murmured the nobleman. "Once only have I heard from her, and that was shortly after her elopement. It was this letter," continued he, "which you saw me consult in regard to Orrall's name. I had forgotten the man's Christian appellation, and it was to strengthen my memory that I referred to the letter of my wretched child."

"But your lordship has tracked this man."

"I have; but never have I gained intelligence of my lost child. And yet—and yet—"

Again the strong man bowed his forehead upon the palms of his hands.

"She must have borne a child," he murmured, "for in this letter she speaks soon of becoming a mother. Read it—read it, Master Atree."

The stranger again drew the letter from the pocket-book and handed it to the young tory. It was, indeed, as Atree had fancied, stained and blistered with tears that had rained upon it years and years before. It was as might have been expected from an erring daughter to her sire, now praying for forgiveness, now casting herself on his indulgence, and now appealing to his affection, and asserting the violence of her love for him with whom she had fled. It was evident from every line that the noble's daughter had loved the man Orrall most devotedly, for she alluded constantly to his faithfulness and nobleness of soul. Robert Atree read the letter through to the signature, where it appeared the daughter's tears had fallen fastest. When he had finished he glanced once more at the father.

The nobleman still remained with his face hidden by his hands, while his breast quivered with the violence of his awakened recollections. The young man gazed at him unobserved, and a dark smile curled his lip, as the thought of what Matthew Orrall was now, and what he had and might have been, rose on his mind.

"Ha," he muttered to himself, "Robert Atree will plot deeper and surer than that miserable tool."

The stranger looked up at Atree's countenance, but instead of a sneer he beheld an expression of the strongest sympathy.

"I was right in confiding this to you, my friend," he murmured. "You will now assist me in my quest of this man."

"And if his wife still survives, my lord?"

"I dare not hope for that," answered the stranger.

"But a child may still be left."

"Perhaps steeped in his father's guilt; perhaps an outlaw even in infancy," groaned the nobleman.

"But he must surely be too young for that," said Robert Atree. "Let us hope my lord—"

"Hope!" interrupted the stranger. "Would that I could hope. Would that my daughter's child might escape the awful ignominy which hangs about his false father's mysterious life. For rumor says that this Orrall has been a pirate and bravo of the worst kind. Yet for the sake of my wronged and betrayed daughter, I will hope that the villain has not dared to lead her child in his own vile path."

"That may indeed be the case," said Atree. "Perhaps the mother and her child yet live estranged from the wretched Orrall."

"You inspire me with a new hope," cried the noble, his eye brightening at the thought. "O heaven grant that I may find it thus—that the child of my poor Alice may be worthy of the name which, otherwise when I die, will pass away from the list of English nobility."

"Is it indeed so?" asked Atree, while a sud-

den idea shot like lightning through his mind.

"Are you the last of your lordship's proud line?"

The stranger bowed his lofty head.

"If my daughter dies childless, then, indeed, the name and title of Geoffrey, of Marmount, fades away with his last breath for ever."

A thrill, as if of fire, ran through Robert Atree's veins as he heard these words, and the shadow of a mighty and ambitious thought brooded over his scheming mind. But no one might notice upon the young tory's brow the revelation of what throbbed within his brain.

He smiled with the same apparent sympathy as the nobleman's look met his; and as the haughty stranger rose to depart, returned with a warm grasp the pressure of his hand.

"Keep watch, Master Atree, and lose no opportunity of advancing the interests of our royal master. You will be well remembered when this unnatural conflict of kin with kin is happily ended. And to your friendship and discretion I confide the object nearest to my heart."

"I will do all that a loyal friend can," said Atree.

"Enough. Farewell, now, till we meet again to-morrow, when I think that there will be little need of precaution like this," said the stranger, wrapping his heavy horseman's cloak about him to conceal his glittering uniform.

"I will attend your lordship to the door," said Atree. "Your lordship doubtless took all needful precautions in regard to the concealment of the boat."

"It awaits me in a cove below the island," answered the stranger. "I apprehend not the least danger."

"I will attend your lordship thither, and then proceed to the camp of Gen. Lee."

"Ah—yes," said Geoffrey of Marmount, musingly. "Lee, a brave man he is, though sometimes wrong-headed. I served with him in Spain years ago. Well, well; doubtless we shall meet to-morrow when he and his rebels become our prisoners. And now, Master Atree, I am ready. Farewell."

"Shall I not accompany your lordship to the beach?"

"It is of no consequence. I shall not be molested; and, doubtless, you have the password, which will be as well as your presence, in case I am challenged by the rebel sentries."

"It is here," answered Atree, handing his visitor the countersign of Lee's troops for that day. "Fortunately I procured it this morning when at the camp. With it your lordship need fear nothing."

"Thanks, Master Atree," said Marmount. "Adieu till to-morrow."

And wrapping his form closely in the folds of his cloak, the Englishman bowed to the young tory and departed.

Robert Atree remained some moments in profound meditation. A wild throng of thought was rushing through his brain.

"Ha!" he cried, "this is a bright gleam of fortune! Matthew Orrall, the pirate, the bravo, the hired instrument of Robert Atree, is the son-in-law of the proud noble, Geoffrey of Marmount. He has a child, too; I know that much—a blind girl. I will stake my life this is the grand-daughter of Marmount—the heiress of his name and broad possessions. If it be so—ha! if it be so, I will play a new game with Madam Fortune. There is nothing difficult to a quick brain and a bold hand, and Robert Atree has never yet known the want of either."

And, with these words, the tory agent proceeded to invest himself with a suit of American regimentals, such as were then worn by the regiments raised and accoutered by the colony of South Carolina. Then, arming himself with sword and pistols, Robert Atree sallied out, not, however, by the door at which his visitor had been admitted, but by another opening on the interior of the house, and which he locked carefully after him on the outside.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The despised of some people are the looked-up-to of others. Were it not so, the little ones of the earth would not be able to hold up their head under the contumely of the great ones. —[Leon.

Ladies' Department.

ELLEN GRAY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

"Twas May-day morn, nor had a lovelier day
From out the eastern chambers e'er been given;
The lark had left the heath, and flown away.
Singing, into the clear blue vault of Heaven;
The bee went round to tell the flowers 'twas May,
The breeze and sunshine o'er the brook had driven,
Earth laughed with joy, the solemn wood looked gay,
As if its echoes yet might answer, "Ellen Gray."

Slow moving from a woodbined cottage door,
A mournful group in tear-bathed silence came;
Six white-robed village maids a coffin bore,
Their pallid cheeks did their deep grief proclaim;
Each on her bosom a pale lily wore,
An emblem of that virgin's spotless fame;
A white pet-lamb followed a little way,
And by its bleatings seemed to call for Ellen Gray.

But there was one who loved—Oh! where was he?
That night she died from home he frantic fled,
And in the wood, beneath the well-known tree,
On the old moss he laid his aching head,
And thus he answered to the bird or bee:
"Ye need not come here now, for she is dead!
Her hands were cold! she never spoke all day!"
Then would he pluck a flower, and call it "Ellen Gray."

They passed the May-pole—but not thoughtless by,—

The last year's garlands hung all withered there;
They had no colors then to catch the eye,
Yet many an eye gazed on them through a tear;
Blossom, and bud, and bell, and leaf were dry,
Time's crumbling hand had left them brown and sere:

Twelve months ago they decked the Queen of May,
And who?—oh! who was she? They answered,
"Ellen Gray!"

Twelve months ago, and they were blooming there
Lovely as she—then oaken bowers were seen,
And laugh, and shout, and song, rose loud and clear,
And light feet danced adown the daisied green,
And soft cloud-sounding music soothed the ear;
And smiles were showered upon their beauteous queen,

And young and old did willing homage pay
Before the flowery throne, graced by fair Ellen Gray.

They reached the church: the aisle looked dim and cold,

The columns' dreary shadows longer grew;
The old gray roof had never seemed so old;
The full-cheeked angels stood as if they blew
Their stony trumpets, and the dull bell tolled
In sadder tones; the deep-stained window threw
A dying splendor round; the echoes lay
Silent and mute as death, listening for Ellen Gray.

The earth fell hollow on her coffin-lid:

Who hath not felt that fall? The funeral bell
Brought not such wailing woe as that sound did;
It was indeed the eternal long farewell,—
The grave's long darkness. Age and name were hid,
And on the mould the tears in silence fell.
Just then a blackbird's song rose loud and gay,
And to our ears brought back the voice of Ellen Gray.

A hoary elm arose above her grave,
Whose boughs oft bore the silvery-footed show-
ers;

On these the gaudy garlands drooping wave,
Though destined to be worn in happier hours;
But Death the loveliest trophies still doth crave:
They decked her lowly tomb with choicest flow-
ers,

And in that still church-yard till night did stay,
And watered with tears the grave of Ellen Gray.

THE HUSBANDS AND THE WIVES.

A TALE OF THIS CENTURY.

ONE evening early, in the year 18—, two young men were seated in a pleasant-looking bachelor apartment, before a table covered with books and papers. The elder of the two was taller and stouter than his companion; his age was thirty-one, but he looked somewhat older, from the severe and slightly supercilious expression of a cold, greenish grey eye, and the occasionally drawn corners of a handsome mouth; his face was pale, and rather dark, but it was lighted by a warm smile as, shutting a large folio,

he looked up at his companion, and said, "Well, Edward, we may venture." His friend, looking up also, disclosed one of those truly radiant faces so delightful to behold, fair and frank, with a profusion of short, light, wavy hair, and smiling, feeling, deep blue eyes, and said, "Oh! that we may, Sidney; but little thanks to me; for the future I promise greater, the greatest attention to our affairs, and I know I shall have an encourager in Helen; my mother thinks so also, and she must be right."

"I will trust you, Ned, without the help of either. Women have their own small affairs to manage, sufficient for them. I shall never trouble my little Mary with what she does not understand."

"Ah, well! Sidney, I know we differ on this subject, but we shall see who makes the best husband; I declare I will not be surpassed. Oh! how happy I am—we are—for I know, Sidney, how you love Mary—that our single selfish lives are so soon to terminate, and wisely, too, thanks to your careful management."

"No thanks, Edward; you have but little to reproach yourself with. I have had the advantage of a few more years to sober me; and now that we are going to take equal responsibilities on us, I do not doubt your energy and activity equaling mine."

Sidney Beaumont and Edward Harley were only sons of partners, two wealthy London merchants; both lost their fathers at an early age, and Sidney's birth had cost his mother her life. Guardians appointed by their fathers had conducted the firm during the minority of the future partners; but as all, even slightly hazardous, speculation was avoided, they found, on its passing into their hands, great activity would be necessary to bring it to its former flourishing condition. For ten years Sidney had toiled early and late, and the effects were visible in his pale and somewhat melancholy countenance. Edward, too, had scarcely taken a less share since attaining his majority, but the fewer years—he was five years younger than Sidney—and a heart made of lighter material, had suffered him to bear his load without adding a wrinkle to his brow. They were both now, as Sidney observed, about to take equal responsibilities on them by marrying; both had chosen wisely, and as their hearts directed them, without that disgraceful searching after wealth in their future wives which contaminates the present generation. Neither would have despised it, had it accompanied the qualities that had won their hearts; neither would have married without a degree of wealth on his own side; but neither would have bartered himself—for what else is it but a barter?—for that worldly ease he was too idle to exert himself to procure.

Mary Graham was ten years younger than Sidney, the only child of a widower; brought up with the greatest care and delicacy, partly owing to a naturally delicate frame, partly to a timidity of disposition, she had scarcely left her own home, where the love of a doating father had surrounded her with every comfort; her life had passed, or rather glided, away untouched by sorrow, her memory not extending back to the loss of her mother; educated at home by a sensible, well meaning governess, she had become singularly gifted in what the world calls accomplishments. Not knowing her own superior proficiency, gentle, calm, and good, she appeared to Sidney, the first time he saw her, as she leaned over the chair of her invalid father, a being of the angel-world; and as she turned her soft, blue, liquid eyes upon him, and smoothed her auburn hair across her blushing brow, requesting him, if possible, to defer his conference with her father until his recovery from a sudden attack of illness.

Sidney felt he had seen a vision that was never to depart from his memory; excuses were easily made to call again and again on Mr. Graham. Mary was always there on his entrance, and on Mr. Graham's recovery Sidney was requested to continue and lengthen his visit as a friend. What wonder that in time Mary gave him that never sufficiently valued, indeed, inestimable treasure, a woman's first, entire, true affection! *It is something; to take the hand no other has touched, before; it is some-*

thing to press the lips no other has breathed upon; but what is it to possessing that miracle of unsullied purity, delicacy, and virtue—her heart; that shrine of noble, generous, and most holy gifts—her mind! Earth boasts no holier thing than a pure and gentle woman, whose only confidant has been her God, whose most earnest wishes have been breathed in prayer. Oh, woman woman! who so generously gives what she herself never receives, for the best of God's masculine creation who receive her love, return her but the impure dregs of their wasted affection; and no woman can give this love to man, unless through him it soars to heaven. God must be beyond and above her love, or this unequal confluence cannot last.

Helen Maitland, unlike Mary Graham, was the fourth of a family that extended to five beyond herself, one of those happy families not rich enough to allow one member selfishly to provide for his own comfort, regardless of the general benefit. Good breeding, as defined by the great Lord Chatham, "the preference of others over ourselves in the trifling daily occurrences of life," was their practical rule of conduct. Helen was but two years younger than Edward Harley, and had long seemed to him the most amiable, where all were so. Accustomed to direct and rule those younger than herself, Helen's judgment was truer and the tone of her mind firmer than Mary Graham's; in beauty, gentleness, and pureness, they were equals. Helen was well known and beloved by Edward's mother, a guarantee to him that in wedding her he was following the everlasting law of God, and taking "an help meet for him." Wisely had he chosen, and nobly and truly was his trust returned. He led his bride to the altar, feeling he was taking strength to his mind, purity to his feelings, virtue to his heart, wisdom to his counsels, fortitude to his trials, and, more than this—sanctification to his unbelief.

Great and glorious mission! Woman is the ascent by which man reaches heaven; she shows to him the faith to enter there, she is the temple of her God! Degrade her, place her lower, man himself deteriorates, and a nation disappears.

Sidney, too, was wedded to the pure and gentle Mary, but did he think, as Edward did, that *here* he had a moral strength greater than the physical strength of Samson? Oh, no! and to the early misfortune of losing his mother might be traced, in a great degree, the prevailing weakness of Sidney's character, an inferior appreciation of woman's nature. As he had grown up, he had known none intimately of "the best and loftiest of God's feminine creation;" conscious of considerable powers of mind, he fancied he held them in common with mankind only; women were only to amuse his hours of ease. His Maker had said, "It was not good for man to be alone. Sidney thought otherwise, at least he chose to limit its significance in his sole dependence on his mental resources.

Seven years passed away, and the wives had become mothers. Mary had only two children, sons; Helen, six; but Helen was still the Helen of other days, full of life, sense, and feeling seeming scarcely older, but more beautiful. Their homes were apart, as Mary's father had retired to the country, leaving all his affairs in Sidney's hands, and Mary wished to be near her father. Sidney, too, loved the country, but the distance often kept him from his wife, when Helen and Edward were together. Helen was still the friend to whom Edward referred on all occasions of doubt or difficulty, and in spite of energy and activity these had lately increased. The partners had suffered many severe losses; Edward never failed immediately to acquaint Helen with these, and also his dread of more impending; and in doing so, Edward lost half the burden of his anxiety, and Helen, faithful and true, helped him to many a right conclusion. Besides, Helen stopped many outlays in her family which can only be accomplished by female management, for here woman reigns supreme.

Happy would it have been for Sidney, had he followed in the same track; but now, when clouds were gathering over him, he could scarce-

ly have sought the shelter he had refused in sunshine, had he even now seen the error of his ways—and made a friend of the wife he had never done before. And yet Sidney was a good and thoughtful husband. Mary had no desire thwarted. Sidney was no tyrant; but well might she have addressed to him the plaint of Brutus' wife, the gentle Portia, for Mary saw gloom and sadness on her husband's brow, and if she asked the cause, was told it was nothing in which she could assist him. And, perhaps she could not now; her gentleness had turned to apathy, her mind had lost all vigor. She became vaguely impressed, and by slow degrees, that she was never necessary to her husband—the husband who had never uttered a harsh word! And Mary's beauty had sadly faded for want of the life within; yet Mary did her best to retain it, as if she felt a wife was a being only to be looked at. Mary's children, too, were dull and heavy; how could it be otherwise? Young children almost invariably follow in the mother's track; and worse than this, Mary knew of no embarrassments, and retained servants and expenses she could have well done without—all that useless luxury the unsatisfied heart and mind of woman heaps around herself, to stifle the cravings where there is no community of soul.

The worst had still to come; and when, by the failure of some, and the roguery of others, Edward and Sidney found they were ruined men, Edward was cast down, Sidney was crushed. Edward had nothing to disclose to Helen; she could divine it all—his second self!—and two hours after seeing her, he could smile again, for hope and peace had visited his heart; he had not a debt; and with such a woman, and the children of such a woman it was easy to descend to a lowlier state. Edward had many friends, and after some weeks of severe trial he was again in comparative prosperity, managing for the invalid partner of another firm; and in the passing of a year, Edward and Helen had nearly forgotten their misfortunes, and their former wealth and luxury.

Not so, Sidney; he had to inflict a dreadful, sudden blow on Mary, and to learn himself that he was personally involved to a great extent; Mary now, for the first time, learned the cause of her usual supplies being withheld. Sidney struggled for a time against his misfortunes, but his overburdened mind weakened his frame, a fever attacked him, and after weeks of suffering, he escaped with his life, only to be reduced to that saddest state of suffering humanity, one of partial imbecility. Mary was overwhelmed, bewildered by her woes; but she looked upon her children, their father; she saw the weakness of him who had been so strong in his own conceit, and recovered strength herself; she appealed for advice to Helen, and followed it, by removing to London, and assisted by Edward and Helen, and their many friends, Mary found the use of those accomplishments she had until now scarcely valued. Once engaged to impart them, she was sure to be recommended to others, her perfection was so rare, and once again the comforts of home grew around them. Sidney's mind was still unrestored, but Mary was another Mary! Required to exert the powers of her mind, meeting the sympathy of her pupils, the companionship of congenial minds, in Edward and Helen, and more than all, the consciousness of the duty she so ably fulfilled for father, husband, and children, here supported by her sole exertions, she felt the quivering of her increasing intelligence, she became again the noblest work of God—a woman of sense and sensibility, beautiful and blest! for Sidney at last improved, although never entirely regaining his health, and now he could not fail to mark the change in Mary, and Edward ventured to point out to him the error of his life, and show him that he also might have regained his position (for Edward was again becoming a wealthy man, a partner where he had served), had he not in his early days elevated himself on a pedestal of supposed mental superiority, from which he now humbly owned he had been justly hurled, and made to bow in conscious inferiority to that womanly nature that claims, by the laws of God and nature, equality though diversity, of mental gifts.

The Family Circle.

A REQUIEM.

BREATHE low, thou gentle wind,
Breathe soft and low;
The beautiful lies dead!
The joy of life is fled!
And my lone heart is wed
Henceforth to wo!

That thou should'st droop and die
At early morn!
While yet thy graceful dew,
A joyous fragrance drew
From every flower that grew
Life's path along!

The green earth mourns for thee,
Thou dearest one;
A plaintive tone is heard,
And flower and leaflet stirred,
And ev'ry fav'rite bird
Sings sad and lone.

Pale is thy brow, and dimm'd
Thy sparkling eye!
Affection's sweetest token
Is lost for'er and broken!
The last kind word is spoken—
Why did'st thou die?

Breathe low, thou gentle wind,
Breathe soft and low;
The beautiful lies dead!
The joy of life is fled!
And my lone heart is wed
Henceforth to wo!

THE RICH OPPRESSOR.

On the first of July, 1845, along a dusty road, and underneath a broiling sun, a man about fifty, dressed in a shabby parsonic black, might have been seen threading his way. Mr. Simpson—such was the name of the pedestrian—passed under the denomination of a mathematical tutor, though it was now some years since he had been known to have any pupil. He was now bent from the village of Q—to the country seat of Sir John Stevenson, which lay in its neighborhood. He had received the unusual honor of an invitation to dinner at the great man's house.

Notwithstanding the heat of the sun, our mathematician contrived to deliver himself in a tolerable state of preservation at the mansion of St. John. We pass over the ceremony of dinner, and draw up the curtain when Sir John Stevenson had contrived to withdraw Mr. Simpson from the drawing-room, without observation, to a little study adjoining. Our readers will naturally conclude that there existed some peculiar reason for the invitation passed on our hero, who was not, in many respects, altogether the person, under ordinary circumstances, to find himself a guest at rich men's tables. The following conversation will explain this departure from the usual course of things.

"You were some years," said Sir John, "a tutor in the family of the late Mr. Scott?"

"I was," responded Mr. Simpson, "and prepared his son for Cambridge. Had the young man lived—"

"He would I am sure," politely interrupted Sir John, "have borne testimony to the value of your instruction. I am, as you may be aware, the executor of Mr. Scott. That gentleman was so well satisfied with the exertions you made, and the interest you took in his son, that, on your quitting him, he presented you, I believe, with an annuity of fifty pounds, to be enjoyed during your life. This is, if I may be allowed to say so, the chief source of your income."

"The only one," answered Mr. Simpson. "For, although I proclaim myself teacher of mathematics, yet, if I may venture to say so, my life is, indeed, devoted to the science for the love of science itself, and with the hope of enrolling my name—although the very last and humblest—among those who have perfected our knowledge of mathematics, and extend their application. I have already conceived, and in part executed a work."

Mr. Simpson was launching on a full tide of his favorite subject.

"Very good," quickly interrupted Sir John; "very good; but with regard to the annuity. I have not yet looked over the papers relating to it; and I hope for your sake, I shall find it properly secured."

"I have a deed formally drawn up."

"True, true; and I hope all will be found straightforward in this, and in other affairs of the testator, and that nothing will compel me to call in the assistance or sanction of the Court of Chancery in administering the estate. In that case, although your claim might be ultimately substantiated, yet the payment of your annuity might for some years be suspended."

"I pray God not!" exclaimed our man of science, with some trepidation. "I have lived so much alone, so entirely among my figures and diagrams, that I have not a friend in the world of whom I could borrow sixpence."

"Well, I trust," resumed Sir John, after a short pause, "there will be no occasion for applying to the Court of Chancery. There ought to be none. There is but one child, Mrs. Vincent, who is now in the drawing room. The great essential is to keep prying and meddling attorneys from thrusting themselves into the business. You acted as confidential secretary as well as tutor, while you were domiciled with Mr. Scott?"

"I did."

"There was a pecuniary transaction between myself and Mr. Scott, to which, I think, you were privy."

"A loan of ten thousand pounds, for which you gave your bond."

"Exactly. I see that you are informed of that circumstance. You are not, perhaps, equally well informed that that bond was cancelled; that the debt, in short, was paid. This happened after you had left Mr. Scott. But although, as I tell you, this debt no longer exists, yet it might create a great embarrassment to me, and to every person interested in the estate of the testator, if it were known that such a debt ever existed. Mrs. Vincent has just returned from India, expecting a very considerable fortune from her late father. To her, in general, the whole property is left. She will be disappointed; there is much less than she anticipates. However, not to make a long story of this matter, all I have to request of you is this: if any one should question you as to the property of your late patron, and especially as to this transaction, be you silent—know nothing. As you have ever been a man of books, busied in abstractions, the answer will appear quite natural. This will save you, be assured, from much vexation, disquietude, and grievous interruption to your studies, and I shall rest your debtor for your considerate behavior. A contrary course will create embarrassment to all parties, and put in jeopardy your own annuity, on which, as you say, you depend entirely for subsistence."

During this speech Mr. Simpson had sat perfectly silent. When satisfied that he fully comprehended Sir John, he rose from his seat, and briefly intimating that he should not leave him long in doubt as to the manner in which he should act, turned, and abruptly left the room. Sir John had no time to arrest him, and could only follow and be a witness to his movements. He entered the drawing-room.

In the center of that apartment, throned, as it were, upon a sofa, were seated two ladies; the one was Lady Stevenson, the other Mrs. Vincent. Mr. Simpson drew a chair to the vacant spot beside Mrs. Vincent, and immediately entered into conversation upon the subject that at that moment engrossed all his thoughts; he reminded her of the confidential intimacy which had subsisted between himself and her late father; proffered his assistance to aid her in the arrangement of her affairs; and, in particular, gave a succinct account of the transaction which Sir John had manifested so great anxiety to conceal.

The manner in which all this was said so entirely took Sir John Stevenson by surprise, that he was unable to interfere with a single word. Mrs. Vincent, to whom the information was evidently quite new, concealed the embarrassment she felt in some general expressions of thanks to Mr. Simpson. He, when he had fulfilled his

object, rose, and making a bow to his host and hostess, quitted the house.

A year rolled round, and Mrs. Vincent became established in all her rights. Sir John Stevenson had been disappointed in the fraudulent scheme he had devised; not disappointed, however, as he deemed, in the revenge he had taken on the man who had frustrated it. Payment of Mr. Simpson's annuity was resisted, and the poor mathematician was in great straits for even the bare necessities of life. Ask not, reader, on what legal pretences Sir John had been successful in inflicting this revenge. Such pretences are "thick as blackberries." No rich suitor ever sought long for admission into the Court of Chancery, however difficult even he may have found the escape from it.

Poor Simpson knew not where to look for a pupil, nor for a friend who would recommend him. When a man has ceased to cultivate his relationship with society, and wishes, after a time, to return to them, he finds that a blank wall has been built up between him and the world. Some unavailing attempts the man of science made to obtain his rights through litigation; but he soon found that, to the loss of his money, he was adding the loss of all tranquillity of mind. The lawyer he employed neglected (and very naturally) a suit which would have required on his part great advances, the repayment of which was very precarious. In this predicament he bethought himself of making an appeal to Mrs. Vincent, the lady whom he had so greatly benefited by his honorable conduct. He therefore betook himself to London, where Mrs. Vincent had established herself.

Our readers must now imagine themselves introduced into an elegantly furnished drawing-room, in one of the most fashionable quarters of the metropolis. Nothing could exceed the graceful and kind manner in which Mrs. Vincent received poor Simpson, who was completely overpowered with his reception. The object of his visit seemed already accomplished. Hardly did it appear necessary to proceed with any verbal statement; surely she knew his position, and this was enough. She had been restored to her rights; she would not, she could not, allow him to suffer by an act which led to this restoration; still less would she consent to reap herself the benefit of an injustice perpetrated upon him.

Some explanation, however, of the object of his visit he found it necessary to make. When he had concluded the brief statement which he thought sufficient, the lady answered in the softest voice in the world—that she was sorry she could not enter upon that subject, as she had promised Sir John Stevenson not to interfere between him and Mr. Simpson—that Sir John had exacted this promise, and she had given it, as necessary to facilitate the arrangement of her affairs. She was bound, therefore, she regretted to say, not to intermeddle in the business. But then Mr. Simpson could proceed with his legal remedies. She did not presume to pass an opinion upon the justice of his claim, nor to advise him not to prosecute it. In brief, she had given up the brave and honorable man, who had befriended her at the peril of his fortune, to the revenge of the wealthy, unscrupulous baronet, who had intended to defraud her. It was so agreeable to be on amicable terms with her father's executor!

It was not in the disposition of Mr. Simpson to play the petitioner, and still less to give vent to feelings of indignation and anger, which would be thought to have their origin only in his own personal injuries. He permitted himself only to say,—"But surely, madam, you do not understand this matter. This annuity was honestly won by long services rendered to your father, and to his son. Instead of receiving other payments, I had preferred to be finally remunerated in this form; it was my desire to obtain what, in my humble ideas, was an independence, that I might devote my life to science. Well, this annuity, it is my all; it stands between me and absolute penury—it is the plank on which I sail over the waters of life. I have, too, an object for my existence, which this alone renders possible. I have studies to pursue, discoveries to make. This sum of money is more than my life, it is my license to study and to think."

"Oh, but, Mr. Simpson," interrupted the lady with a smile, "I understand nothing of mathematics."

Mr. Simpson checked himself. No, she did not understand him. What was his love of science, or his hope of fame to her? What to her was any one of the pains and pleasures that constituted his existence?

"Besides," added the lady, "you are a bachelor, Mr. Simpson. You have no children. It can matter little—"

A grim smile played upon the features of the mathematician. He was probably about to tell her that, as children are destined to become men, the interests of a man may not be an unworthy subject of anxiety. But at this moment a servant entered, and announced Sir John Stevenson.

On perceiving Mr. Simpson, that gentleman was about to retreat; and, with a look of something like distrust at Mrs. Vincent, he said that he would call again.

"Nay, come in!" exclaimed the mathematician with a clear voice. "Come in! The lady has not broken her word, nor by me shall she be petitioned to do so. It is I who will quit this place. You have succeeded, Sir John, in your cruel revenge—you have succeeded, and yet, perhaps, it is an imperfect success. You shall not rack the heart, though you should starve the body. You think, perhaps, that I shall pursue you with oburgation or entreaty. You are mistaken. I leave you to the enjoyment of your triumph, and to the peace which a blunted conscience will, I know, bestow upon you."

Sir John muttered, in reply, that he could not debate matters of business, but must refer him to his solicitor.

"Neither personally," continued Mr. Simpson, "nor by your solicitor, will you hear more of me. I shall forget you, Sir John. Whatever sufferings you may inflict, you shall not fill my heart with bitterness; your memory shall not call forth a single curse from me."

He strode out of the room. His parting word was no idle boast. Sir John heard of him and of his just claims no more; and the brave-hearted man swept the memory of the villain from his soul.

As we have already said, Mr. Simpson had lived too long out of the world to find either friends or pupils; and the more manifest his poverty the more hopeless became his applications. At last utter destitution stood face to face before him. Did he spend his last coin in the purchase of the mortal dose? Did he leap at night from any of the bridges of the metropolis? He was built of stouter stuff.

He collected together his manuscripts, a book or two, his ink-bottle, and an iron pen, and marched straight—to the parish work house. There was no refusing his claim there. Poverty and famine were legible in every garment and on every feature. In that asylum he ended his days, unknown, unsought for.

DAUGHTERS.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful—I mean from principle as well as nature—there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded, that, were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my very first counsel would not be, "Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such a behavior, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—[Fordyce.]

How to Look Young.—How is it that some men, thought to be so old, still look so young; whilst others, know to be so young, must still look old? The cause lies frequently within themselves. One who led an incorrupt life, on being asked the secret, gave this answer: "I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; and never get intoxicated. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive."

WAITING AND WATCHING.

Be waiting and watching
The signs of the times,
And daily keep thundering
At prevailing crimes.

The evils will lessen
With every stout blow;
The brighter the weapon,
The weaker the foe.

Till totter and crumble
The pillars of wrong;
'Tis Justice that maketh
Weak instruments strong.

The Right! it must prosper,
Whatever oppose;
However malignant
Or stout be her foes.

Like the steps of the morning,
Majestic and free,
She'll onward and triumph,
How gloriously!

IMPROVEMENT NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

REFLECTION is necessary to the enjoyment of all; therefore to acquire a habit of it is a point of the utmost importance to happiness, in every situation in life; yet it is a point too little attended to in most systems of education. According to the usual method, instruction consists in exercising the memory, while the other powers of the mind are neglected, and either become totally inactive, or else run wild into a thousand extravagances, and prove the most fatal enemies to that happiness which they were intended to promote. In order to do this it is necessary that they should be cultivated and improved, and directed to proper objects; not lost for want of exertion, or suppressed from a fear of the mischiefs they may occasion. The best book, or the most instructive conversation, will afford little pleasure or advantage by being merely remembered, in comparison of what it might afford by exciting new reflections in the mind; for these lead to new trains of thought, and make the riches of others become in some sort its own. Without this every kind of study will be dull and uninteresting, because it will only fill the memory, without improving the mind or affecting the heart. A new language will only furnish a new set of words; yet by comparing it with those already known, we may find means of explaining our sentiments and ideas more distinctly, and perhaps of setting things in a clearer light, even to ourselves. The study of any branch of philosophy, instead of being merely an employment for the memory, may tend to new observations and discoveries, and raise the mind by degrees to contemplations of a far higher kind. History, instead of supplying us only with a knowledge of facts, may give us a further insight into the human heart, and furnish many useful observations in regard to our conduct in life, if we accustom ourselves to seek the remote causes of great events, and trace to their source the secret springs of action, which will often be found far different from what at first sight they appeared to have been.

Poetry, from a trifling amusement, may be raised to a pleasure of the highest kind, if it makes us feel more strongly the exalted sentiments which it expresses, and elevates the mind to a contemplation of its native dignity, and a consciousness of powers for enjoyment beyond what anything in this world can satisfy. By such methods as these some kind of improvement may be found in almost every study, besides that which is its immediate object; and a consciousness of improvement is a never-failing source of pleasure.

The same method may also be applied to the common occurrences of private life. Whenever improvement is really the object of pursuit, numberless opportunities for attaining it—too generally overlooked—will be continually presenting themselves, and it is astonishing to observe how often such opportunities are lost from mere inattention, and from want of being accustomed to look within ourselves. Those who are continually employed in endeavoring to display

their talents to others, will scarcely ever do this to any purpose. Their attention is engaged by what they wish to appear to be, not by what they really are. This is often carried so far that they often impose upon themselves as well as others. And while this deception continues, the evil is without a remedy; all hope of improvement must be entirely at a stand still. There is, indeed, hardly anything in the world so fatal to improvement of every kind as the practice, which too generally prevails, of substituting appearances in the place of realities. Those instructions which teach the art of doing this, however plausible they may appear in many instances, will be found to be far more pernicious than at first sight would be imagined, not only by setting up another object of pursuit in the place of real improvement, and teaching a continual habit of deceit, but also by bringing true merit into discredit. Those who are conscious that they are acting a part themselves, will always be apt to suspect others of doing the same. Those who can find means of acquiring the reputation of merit of any kind, which they do not possess, will hardly be at the trouble afterwards of endeavoring to acquire the reality.

In solitude there is much less danger of self-deceit. Our thoughts are not dissipated by a variety of objects, nor employed in gaining the good opinion of others. The judgment we form of ourselves is not made dependent on that opinion, as it sometimes happens in society, especially when we have any reason to believe that it inclines to the side most favorable to our vanity. We must then feel and improve those powers which we possess, in order to enjoy them. For this reason, as well as for many others, it may be useful to all to be sometimes accustomed to solitude, especially in the early part of life, while the mind enjoys its full vigor, and the spirits are not broken by sickness and affliction. They will then find the resources which they possess, and learn that it is possible to amuse and improve themselves. Probably a time will come when solitude will be unavoidable, or when, from distaste to society, or from other causes, it may appear desirable. But to those who have never been accustomed to enjoy the pleasures and advantages it might afford, it will then, in all probability, be a painful and dangerous situation. Unconscious of those resources which they might have found within themselves, and unaccustomed to intellectual pleasures, they will hardly be able to acquire a relish for them at a time when the spirits, and perhaps the temper, are impaired by the disappointments and mortifications of society. They will be apt to dwell on discontented thoughts, and fancy themselves better than the rest of the world, merely because they are weary of it, till their benevolence is weakened by their continually viewing everything in the worst light, and they grow proud of the faults of others, not of their own good qualities. In such a state of mind, no advantage will be gained by being obliged to take a nearer view of their own character and conduct; for, instead of comparing themselves with that degree of excellence which they might have attained, they will form their judgment by a comparison of themselves with the unfavorable opinion they have formed of others. Their ill-humor, as well as their vanity, will secure to themselves the preference, yet will deprive them, at the same time, of any satisfaction this preference might afford; for their ill-humor will make them a burden to themselves, and their vanity will make them eager to gain the applause of others, and be continually mortified and disappointed at finding they do not succeed. Thus the gloom of solitude will be added to the disgust of society. The pleasures of the one will be lost, those of the other unknown or unenjoyed.

JOHN WILSON ROSS.

A GOOD ARRANGEMENT.—In France, all ladies who do not possess a decided ample fortune make it a point to learn some practical art of business, which, in case of reverses of fortune, they may use it to obtain living. There are doubtless many thousand females among the easy classes in this city who are destitute of any acquirement that could be made available in case of necessity.

Choice Miscellany.

SPURN NOT THE POOR MAN.

BY JOHN PARKER.

SPURN not the poor man, spurn him not,
Though horny be his hands;
Nor gold nor silver has he got,
Nor houses, no nor lands.
Yet cast not thou that scornful glance
Upon his sunburnt face;
For though he's poor, his poverty
Can never thee disgrace.

His coat may of the coarsest be,
Made out of hoddin gray,
And thine be of the best broad cloth,
And trimm'd so fine and gay.
Thy polish'd boots may brightly shine,
In fashion fitting neat;
And his poor clogs be dingy brown,
And shapeless on his feet.

Yes, his exterior may be rude,
And no attractions show;
And his connections be among
The lowest of the low;
But in that casket rough to view
A gem may be concealed,—
As bright a gem as ever yet
Was to the world revealed.

Full many a mine of priceless worth
Is hid within the breast
Of many a poor neglected one,
Cast down and sore oppress'd;
Among the poorest of the poor
Earth's noblest sons abound;
The best, the purest, greatest, still
The cottage hearth surround.

THE ATMOSPHERE.—The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching towards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonym and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that, when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow-flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us; its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snowfeathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall—hail, storm, nor fog diversify the face of this sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest and nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound forth from the bosom of night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eye-

lids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labor until the evening.—[Quarterly Review.

How SOME PEOPLE GET INTO SOCIETY.—Society means a certain set of people who bow to each other in the street, indulge in morning calls upon each other, and attend each other's parties. People who do no such things are said not to go into society.

Good society is made up of people who live in good houses, in good parts of the city, who have good furniture; wear good clothes, and are in some respectable business, or rich enough to live without any.

Fashionable society supposes a little more than this; a little more wealth, pretension and display. People in fashionable society must figure at the Opera and go to Saratoga. They must wear extensive shawls and diamonds, keep a carriage, and make themselves especially elegant and *recherche*.

There is a class of ultra fashionables, made up of what are called *parvenues*, or people grown rich by speculation, who, having lived all their lives in a vulgar manner, are very anxious to make up for lost time. They live extravagantly, keep servants in livery, make a great dash and display, and give themselves airs which to all sensible and well bred people are very ridiculous. Conscious that they have nothing but their wealth to recommend them, they make the greatest contempt for all that are destitute of their only claim upon public attention.

There is above all these a small class of an unobtrusive, pure and gentle aristocracy, dependent upon education, taste and refinement, which, without any display, is every where observed, and is the especial envy of the *parvenues* and fashionables. As the rank of this society does not depend on riches, the poor, to a certain extent, as well as the rich, belong to it; and it is by its qualities and constitution, the most exclusive of all societies, since it is impossible for any one to belong to it without possessing the proper qualifications. Besides, the ambition of aspirants is generally directed to the more showy sets of fashion and flash.

It is curious to observe the efforts which people make to get into the society of their ambition. The ladies are especially anxious. There is nothing they will not do to get introduced to certain people, and to obtain the recognition of certain coteries.

For this, they will break up housekeeping, and board at fashionable hotels. For this, they move from street to street, and square to square; paying rent beyond their incomes, and running their husbands in debt for carpets and upholstery. For this, they run up heavy bills at the dry goods stores, and ride about in a carriage, when their husbands are running their legs off, shinning to pay their notes in Wall street. For this, they struggle to get the best pew in the most fashionable churches where they go on Sunday, greatly against their inclinations, the only consolation being that some person of acknowledged position saw their new bonnet or shawl.

AN AUSTRALIAN NIGHT.—It is difficult for a writer to give a good description of the amazing beauty of an Australian sky. The transparency of its colors, various as those of the rainbow, could only be conveyed by a first-rate painter; if, indeed, it be in the power of any one to do justice to such a subject. But if the heavens are grand during the day, the night also, in its more subdued colors and tranquil loveliness, fully equals the daylight scene; then, indeed, the expansive vault claims all our admiration; and every star, shining out with wonderful distinctness, seems to court the attention of the silver moon as she majestically glides upon her allotted path. I have frequently been out on a journey on such a night, and while allowing the horse his own time to walk along the road, have solaced myself by reading in the still moonlight. In the bush, at a time like this, the birds having gone to roost (save a species of owl, and one or two other high-birds), all nature seems at rest, and the peace of the scene is unbroken, except by the watch-dogs at the stations challenging the lonely howl of the wild dogs by their deep bark,

which is echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill, until lost in the distance.—[Wilkinson's Australia.

VULGAR ERRORS.—That in order to disinherit an heir-at-law it is necessary to give him a shilling by the will, for that otherwise he would be entitled to the whole property. That a funeral passing over any place makes it a public highway. That the body of a debtor may be taken in execution after his death. That a man marrying a woman who is in debt, if he takes her from the hands of the priest clothed only in her shift, will not be liable for her engagements. That persons who are born at sea belong to Stepney parish. That second cousins may not marry, though first cousins may. That a husband has the power of divorcing his wife, by selling her in open market with a halter round her neck, first taking her through a tool-bar. That a woman's marrying a man under the gallows will save him from execution. That if a criminal has been hanged and revives, he cannot afterwards be executed. [English paper.

WAR.—Voltaire thus expresses himself on the subject of war: "A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or to be killed by their fellow-mortals covered with turbans. By this strange procedure, they want to know whether a tract of land, to which none of them has any claim, should belong to a certain man whom they call Sultan, or another whom they call Czar—neither of whom ever saw, or ever will see, the spot so furiously contended for; and very few of those creatures who thus mutually butcher each other ever beheld the animal for whom they cut each other's throats! From time immemorial this has been the way of mankind almost all over the earth. What an excess of madness is this! and how deservedly might a superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball—the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers!"

SAGACITY OF A MONKEY.—The servant of a medical gentleman, who was sometime in India, caught a young monkey, and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her progeny, that she never ceased uttering the most piteous tones, night or day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor at length tired out with the incessant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one back to its mother, which he did, when the poor animal cheerfully retired, and sped its way to the community to which it had belonged. Here, however, she found she could not be received. She and her progeny had lost caste, and, like the hunted deer, were beaten and rejected by the flock. A few days after, our medical friend was greatly surprised to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with it. It entered his tent of its own accord, apparently very much exhausted; and having deposited its young one, it then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid itself down and died. On examining the carcass of the poor animal, it was found in a most emaciated state, starved, wounded, and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt that it had been dreadfully maltreated by its comrades; and, finding no safety for itself or its offspring, returned the little one into the hands of those who were the cause of its misfortunes.

WHAT a mistake to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker. They are more easily excited—they are more violent and apparent; but they have less energy, less durability, less intense and concentrated power than in maturer life. In youth passion succeeds to passion, and one breaks upon the other, as waves upon a rock, till the heart frets itself to repose. In manhood, the great deep flows on more calmly, but more profound; its serenity is the proof of the might and terror of its course, were the wind to blow and the storm to rise. A young man's ambition is but vanity—it has no definite aim—it plays with a thousand toys. As with one passion, so with the rest.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. O. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

LONG ago we published a series of letters addressed by James L. Ridgely, Esq., of Baltimore, to the Hon. Wiley Williams, of Georgia, on the subject of education in connection with Odd-Fellowship, and more recently we have given our readers another letter of the same import from the last named gentleman.

These letters, it will be remembered, proposed a plan for the establishment of an extensive school for the education of the orphans of our Order. A most magnificent and benevolent plan all good Odd-Fellows must allow, although to some of its details we objected, and expressed our objections at the time.

This idea of a great national college, for the education of the indigent orphans of our deceased brothers, we most cordially approve; and under proper management it could not but be eminently successful. That the Order of Odd-Fellows has the means to establish such an institution, none can doubt, who knows anything of its present position, and of the number and character of its members. Its revenue now reaches to nearly a *million of dollars annually*, and not one half of this has ever been required to meet the various expenditures—including benefits, charity, &c. Three hundred thousand dollars may therefore be devoted annually to this cause of education. With such a revenue this Odd-Fellows' College would be the most efficient, the most extensive, and the most richly endowed of any university in the land. That such an institution will be founded, sooner or later, we have not a doubt. Indeed, we know of no other disposition that can be made of the immense funds of our association.

We would hope, however, that this great national school of charity, might differ in some respects from most existing schools. Our meaning will be easily gathered from the following brief exposition of our views on the education of the young:

1. Education should be practical, and ever have reference to the aptitude of the pupils. In most colleges education is little more than a barren routine of exercises, entirely mechanical, and which leaves the mind as poor as it found it. Consequently we find that the great majority of *liberally educated* men, are more ignorant than the same number of intelligent men, whose education has been obtained at the common schools. Of the graduates of our colleges there is not more than one in three hundred who is a respectable scholar, or who comes forth into the world with any *ideas*. Ideas are not taught, but *exercises* are imposed. One great cause of this serious error is, that science is regarded as an *end*, rather than a means. But the sciences themselves are dry, cold and dead, of no worth only as a means of communion with the eternal verities of the universe. True, science in its highest sense—or knowledge—is the end of all study. But the sciences of the schools have not this extensive import. The science of chemistry, for example, is the *means* of ascertaining the character and quality of substances. The science of language is the means of discovering the

thought of a people, which is thus expressed. But the systems of education in vogue do not recognise this fact. A man dreams of the treasures hid in the California gold mines, and purchases a pick-axe, and one of Leavenworth's gold-washers, and learns the use of it, and then stays at home, imagining that he holds in possession the pure ore of the *Rio del Plumas*, when he has only the *means* of possessing it. "Such a man would be a fool," one exclaims. We admit it, most readily; and yet he is the true type of a scholar fashioned by our present systems of education. He has his pick-axe and gold-washer, but no gold. So the graduate has his education, but no ideas. He knows how to read a little Latin, and a little Greek, knows that *psuchē* is a Greek noun of the first declension, and that *logos* is ditto of the second; and he has learned a few other things. But he never read a page of Cicero, Seneca, or Plato, for the purpose of getting at the *thoughts* of those sages, and probably never will. We are not among those who rail against the study of what are termed the dead languages, nor do we condemn the science of the olden time. On the contrary, we reverence the sages of antiquity, and have profited much by an earnest study of the literature and philosophy of the past. A classical education we consider highly important; but then, in our opinion, it implies something more than a knowledge of nouns and verbs.

The evil of which we complain arises chiefly from the fact that, in all our schools the same routine of instruction is prescribed for all, without reference to the capacity or aptitude of the pupil, or to his prospective occupation. In other words, *education is not practical*.

In the proposed university of our Order, we should desire a different system of instruction, which would be more thorough, and could accommodate itself to the idiosyncracies of each pupil. The London University is an institution of this description. The American University of Vermont is another. The latter is still in its infancy, but is rapidly increasing in strength, and rising in the estimation of the public. Captain Partridge, the president, has for the third of a century been an instructor, and has seized on the true idea of education. We have already suggested the idea of adopting this university as the basis of our great National Orphan Institute. This subject will be continued in our next.

"KEEP COOL."

WE are sorry to see an article like the following in the Boston *Odd-Fellow*, a journal for which, and for whose editor, we have ever had a high regard. But this article is so full of misrepresentation, that we fear we shall be obliged to charge Bro. Cochrane with at least a most remarkable ignorance of the whole subject. He would have it that Dr. Wallace and ourself are pecking at each other like two fighting cocks, for the amusement of the public. This is all wrong. With the *Mirror* of the Times we have never had any controversy; nor can we. We have never alluded to the *Mirror* in the spirit of controversy. Ever has our journal pursued the even tenor of its way, abusing nobody, but advocating earnestly, and we hope with charity, the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and the supremacy of law and order.

KEEP COOL.—Every thing in this region, in relation to Odd-Fellowship, is so quiet, that we find it difficult to catch a subject for a paragraph. We almost envy our brothers of the *Gazette of the Union*, and the *Mirror of the Times*, in New York. They are holding quite an animated discussion on the Constitution question, the former advocating the old, and the latter the new. The Odd-Fellows of New York feel a deep interest in

the discussion, and editors Arnold and Wallace, like two well-fed lawyers, are willing to keep the strife up as long as there is a single argument left which will bear the fiftieth repetition, and not show a break in its thread-bare fabric. It seems as though everything had been said and done on both sides which could be, without resorting to measures that would compromise the harmony and welfare of the Order forever. The New England Lodges, as a general thing, sympathize with the New Constitution party, and they regret that the Grand Lodge of the United States has not done what it ought to conciliate the aggrieved brethren. Whether or not a minority is as modest as it should be in its claims for redress or reform, it affords no excuse for the exercise of arbitrary power on the part of the majority. The spirit of the age is opposed to the usurpations of might. This country, of all, is the last for any institution to attempt to sustain itself by arbitrary enactments. It would soon be a throne without subjects, and its edicts, for their pompous emptiness, would only provoke a smile of contempt. The next session of the Grand Lodge, we confidently anticipate, will adopt some plan by which the difficulties in New York will be amicably adjusted. Till then, it should be the aim of all parties interested, to keep as cool and patient as possible.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN MISSISSIPPI.

LETTER FROM THE GRAND SECRETARY.

NATCHEZ, Feb. 12, 1849.

EDITOR GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE—*Sir and Bro.*: Having a little time that may be charged to account of *leisure*, I embrace it to advise you of the steady progression of Odd-Fellowship within the jurisdiction of the State of Mississippi. The Order here for the past eighteen months has done well. Within that period there has been instituted thirteen new Lodges, and we have had an accession of six hundred new members. In the Subordinate branch of the Order, there are now thirty-five working Lodges. In the Patriarchal branch, a Grand Encampment, located in this city, and some eight or nine Subordinate Camps, the oldest of which, Wildey No. 1, is located here. Our Grand Lodge held a Semi-Annual Session in this city on the 22d, 23d and 24th days of last month. The meeting was not so well attended as usual, on account of a rumor that the cholera was prevailing here, which deterred many from coming to the city; consequently a number of the interior Lodges failed to have Representatives present. A portion of the business before the G. L., and laid over from the July session, was therefore postponed; the most important of which is an amendment to the Constitution, contemplating a removal of the seat of the Grand Lodge, either to Vicksburg, or to the city of Jackson, the capital of the State. This, with us, is rather a vexed question. It has been in agitation for three or four years, and as no substantial reason can be urged for a change, the G. Lodge has, heretofore, repeatedly decided against such amendment to its Constitution. As the number of Lodges increase in the interior of the State, there would seem, at first sight, to be some injustice in keeping the G. Lodge at Natchez, the extreme of the jurisdiction; but this injustice is only apparent. The facilities for reaching this city by water, from the Northern part of the State, are such as to make it no more expensive to the Lodges to send Representatives to Natchez, than it would be to send them to the center of the State. Therefore, Natchez should have the preference, (no pecuniary difference existing that would prove detrimental to the Order,) from the fact that this place is the cradle of Odd-Fellowship in Mississippi, and now has four Subordinate Lodges in a flourishing condition, with a very respectable number of members to each, and it being the seat of the G. Encampment of the State, which holds its Semi-Annual Communications at the same time with the G. Lodge.

The revenue of the Lodges, so far as reported, for the past term, amounted to near \$8000; amount of relief afforded, same period, \$2,232; expulsions, only 4; whole number in membership, near 1,400.

Bro. Welton, of Baltimore, visited our city not many weeks since, in behalf of the "Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule." He spent a few days with us. During his stay he visited the Lodges, and made himself very agreeable. His very polite and persuasive manner, or the combined excellence of the *rule* by which he worked, or the *Rule* itself, with a *golden* influence, made a very respectable addition to the number of patrons here. He obtained some thirty or forty new subscribers, of which, no doubt, you are advised. He left this place for Baton Rouge.

In the bonds of the Order, truly yours,
Jno. B. Dicks, G. Sec.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

A NEW Lodge has recently been instituted at Bristol, N. H., under the title of Pennigewasset Lodge No. 27. The following list of officers was elected and duly installed by the M. G. Grand Master J. C. Lyford, assisted by Grand Rep. Stephen Brown, of Concord, P. Gs. Nath'l. Smith, of Mechanic's Lodge No. 13, C. W. Farker, C. W. Russell, and S. J. Osgood, of Winnipissioogee Lodge No. 7. J. C. Blaisdell, N. G.; Geo. B. Burns, V. G.; H. R. Fuller, Secretary; O. B. Davis, Treasurer.

The officers of Winnipissioogee Lodge No. 7, for the current term, are—S. J. Osgood, N. G.; B. F. Palmer, V. G.; E. S. Lawrence, Secretary; C. W. Cook, Treasurer. This Lodge numbered, at the commencement of the present year, one hundred and twenty-three members, since which time twelve have been added. We congratulate the Brethren of the Granite State upon the flourishing state of the Order among them.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN MISSOURI.

THE PRESENT STATE, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE ORDER IN MISSOURI.—The best evidence which can be adduced of the prosperity of our Order in this State, may be found in that harmony and union which every where prevails within its limits, not that harmony which results from, and is the legitimate offspring of apathy and lukewarmness, but the result of a fond and devoted attachment to the present and prospective interests of our beloved Order, and no where, within the territorial limits of the jurisdiction of an Order, does a more unqualified union exist among its members than in Missouri. The warm pressure of the hand, and the kindly kindling of the eye as brother meets brother, proclaims that the fountain of good feeling is no longer a "sealed one," and as the stranger-brother ever and anon, to assuage the pangs of absence from his family circle, loves to linger around the heart's next dearest tie, his mystic home in the love and affection which there is portrayed before him, seems himself almost at home while entwined by the endeared links of Friendship, Love and Truth. With grand and subordinate officers of no common merit, a brotherhood composed of noble and generous-hearted men, our Order is daily gaining favor. The world without, at first suspicious and cold, have looked on, with at best, only a semi-favoring eye. Every act entrusted to its argus-eyes has been closely canvassed in its various bearings—the character of every brother has been probed to the very core, and yet at last, being compelled to judge of the tree by its fruit, the world has been forced to admit that in our upward and onward path, we have given bright and glorious evidences that whenever and wherever the cheering principles of our beloved Order have been promulgated and lived up to, the human heart has yearned with a deeper and holier love to its fellow: and as the mists of prejudice have been gradually, yet surely dispelled from the minds of honest cavilers, by the soul-cheering evidence of alleviated widowhood and orphanage. Our Order has gathered into its fold many who in former years deemed associated christian organization the best medium of alleviating those ever-recurring wants which crowd our pathway, from the cradle to the grave. Our course, like the eagle in his airy flight, is upward, and every tendency of the tenets of our Order, prompts the heart to a firm and undeviating reliance on the Powers divine, "whom giving doth not impoverish, nor withholding make rich." And here, along the margin of the Father of Waters, where the foot of the poor and otherwise friendless stranger, so often rests, Providence has opened a field of benevolence, where the kindlier feelings of our nature, warmed into active benevolence, by the purifying precepts of our widely extended brotherhood, must ever teach man, as they have taught him, that as a component part of one universal whole, as offspring springing from one common

source, his highest earthward duty is to protect the innocent, relieve unmerited distress, and minister consolation around the couch of the sick and dying. We would not derogate from the claims of christianity, we revere its author, we bow with solemn admiration and deep devotion at the christian shrine, and recognizing in its broadest extent its mercy-clad mission, we claim only to be its hand-maid in its mission of love, a link in the same chain, weaker and of earthly frame, but yet bright and polished, We could not claim to be less, and pardonless assumption would it be in any mere earth-constituted agency to arrogate more; let us then, blended in sweet and beneficent union, prosecute our journey together, wherever human hearts are to be relieved and human sorrows ameliorated.

"—Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
"But yet a union in partition."
St. Louis, Feb. 10, 1849. CLARENCE.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

WE publish with pleasure the letter and resolutions below, and thank the brothers of Atlantic Lodge for making public their praiseworthy acts. Our Order, at best, makes but poor provision for widows and orphans. Atlantic Lodge has given an excellent example, and we hope it will be followed by every lodge in the country. Odd Fellowship will never be perfect until it makes a generous provision for all the widows and orphans of the Order:

LEWES, Del., Feb. 19th, 1849.

Dear Brother:

By a resolution of Atlantic Lodge, No. 15, of I. O. of O. F., I am instructed to send you a copy of the resolutions passed at our Lodge, towards the raising of a fund, called the "Widow and Orphan's Fund," and to request you to publish the same.

Resolutions passed at Atlantic Lodge, No. 15, towards the raising of a fund, called the "Widow and Orphan's Fund."

Resolved, That each member of Atlantic Lodge, No. 15, of I. O. of O. F. be, and he is hereby required to pay to the proper officers twenty-five cents, during this present and every succeeding term of six months, hereafter, towards the raising and maintaining of a fund, to be called the "Widow and Orphan's Fund," of this Lodge; and that every unappropriated dollar of this fund that may be in the hands of any officer or member of this Lodge, at the end of each succeeding term of six months, shall be loaned out or otherwise invested, and made payable both debt and interest at the end of each term, for which it was loaned, in time for said principle and interest to be reinvested perpetually and continually hereafter; and that all fines and forfeitures of the members of this Lodge, with such gifts and bequests that may be received, shall be added to this fund, and in like manner invested.

Resolved, That this said Widow and Orphan's Fund shall be separate and distinct from all other fund of the Lodge, and be applied or kept for the special benefit of the widows and orphans of the Order, under the direction of this Lodge.

Resolved, That these resolutions be carefully copied and filed: to be regarded as the fundamental rules of our faith, and practice on the subject hereafter.

Yours, in F. L. & T.,

LEMUEL W. WAPLES, Secretary.

GRAND MASTER ANDREWS' REPORT.

WE give below this able and interesting report, which our brethren, we know, will peruse with pleasure. It is concise, well written, and, taken altogether, is an official paper of distinguished merit:

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F.
of the State of New York.

In presenting this, the first semi-annual report made to a body assembled in conformity with the provisions of the revised Constitution, some allusion to the history of that instrument may not be out of place. At the session of February, 1848, a large committee was appointed, with instructions to report at the ensuing May session, such amendments to the Constitution then in force, as the condition of the Order in this jurisdiction seemed to render necessary. At the May session, that committee reported a series of amendments which were adopted; and, on being submitted to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States at its last

Annual Communication, the Constitution thus amended was, after the usual examination by the proper committee, by whom some alterations were made, approved by that R. W. Body. See *Journal of proceedings G. L. U. S. Vol. III, p. 206.*

This Constitution, which has now been in force for several months, has by the harmonious working of its provisions, proved that the amendments adopted were both wise and expedient. Embracing all the advantages of the once proposed District Committees, without the cumbersome and expensive machinery with which they were disfigured, the provisions, vesting in Subordinates the power to adjudicate matters of grievance, by calling upon sister Lodges in their immediate vicinity to sit in judgment, have proved eminently satisfactory.

In October last, the means resorted to by certain individuals to destroy the harmony of the Order, seemed to render some prompt and decisive measure necessary. The following proclamation was accordingly issued on the 30th of that month.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH:

WHEREAS, The R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States did, at the Annual Communication held in September last, after carefully, thoroughly and impartially hearing all the testimony offered by both the parties claiming to represent the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, adopt the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That John W. Hale and John J. Davies are the legal Representatives from the Grand Lodge of New York, and William W. Diblee and Joseph D. Stewart are the legal Representatives from the Grand Encampment of New York; and that they be hereby admitted to seats in this Grand Lodge."

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Bodies by whom the foregoing Representatives are elected or appointed, are hereby recognized as having a legal existence under the authority of the Grand Lodge of the United States."

AND, WHEREAS, By said decision, which is in itself complete and final, embracing all the questions at issue, the Grand Lodge of the State of New York is declared to be in possession of all the powers and privileges exercised or enjoyed by other State Grand Lodges, among which the exclusive jurisdiction over the Lodges within the limits of their respective States is the chief:

AND, WHEREAS, The Grand Lodge of the State of New York has, since said decision, adopted a course, at once kind, conciliatory and forbearing toward suspended Lodges, a number of which have, upon applying, been reinstated under the following form of resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That ——— Lodge, No. —, be and is hereby reinstated in the Order."

"*Resolved*, That the proceedings of the brethren of ——— Lodge, No. —, during its suspension, be and the same are hereby confirmed so far as they relate to the initiation of members, the conferring of degrees, and the payment of benefits."

"*Resolved*, That the officers who were incumbents at the time of the suspension of the Lodge, be and are hereby allowed the honors of the term; and that, on the restoration of the Charter to the Lodge, Officers shall be elected to serve the residue of this current term, with full honors."

AND WHEREAS, Said State Grand Lodge has further expressed sentiments extremely liberal, by the adoption of the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That applications for reinstatement, by Subordinate Lodges under suspension, will be cheerfully received and favorably considered by this R. W. Grand Body."

"*Resolved*, That the M. W. Grand Master be requested to call Special Sessions to take into consideration applications from suspended Lodges for reinstatement, whenever, in his opinion, the good of the Order may require."

AND, WHEREAS, In defiance of said decision of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, and notwithstanding the liberal and conciliatory course of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, certain evil-disposed persons, residents of this State, have extensively circulated both in and out of this jurisdiction, a pamphlet containing a paper or papers, purporting to be signed by several Odd-Fellows, now or late members of the Grand Lodge of the United States; the tendency of which is to subvert the authority of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and substitute therefor the mandate of a small minority of the members of that Body, in their individual capacity; thereby creating confusion in the Order, throughout the Union; the whole being a direct assault on the peace and dignity of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, GEORGE H. ANDREWS, GRAND MASTER of the I. O. of O. F. of the State of

New York, do issue this PROCLAMATION: admonishing all members of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of their duty, implicitly to obey the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States:—avowing the disposition of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York to treat as brethren all who manifest any inclination to acknowledge the authority of the Supreme tribunal of Odd-Fellowship; and informing the Order at large, that no Visiting or Withdrawal Card, from any Lodge in this jurisdiction, bearing date subsequent to the 5th day of October, 1848, is valid unless countersigned by Benjamin J. Pentz, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. Whereof take due notice.

Given under my hand and the seal of the R. L. S. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, this 30th day of October, 1848.

Attest: GEO. H. ANDREWS, G. Master.

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, G. Secretary.

In obedience to the resolutions passed at various times by the Grand Lodge, the following Lodges have been duly reinstated:

Hope, No. 3, Albany, Albany County,
Good Intent, 6, Stockport, Columbia County,
Allen, 92, Hudson, Columbia County,
Rhinebeck, 162, Rhinebeck, Dutchess County,
Albion, 212, Albion, Orleans County,
Lackawanna, 238, Kingston Ulster County,
Nassau, 89, Brooklyn, Kings County,
Rensselaer, 53, Troy, Rensselaer County,
Crusaders, 61, Williamsburg, Kings County,
Long Island, 63, Brooklyn, Kings County,
Ontario, 116, Canandaigua, Ontario County,
Huntington, 155, Huntington, Suffolk County,
Wawayonda, 157, Goshen, Orange County,
Freeman's, 170, Montgomery, Orange County,
Myrtle, 184, Brooklyn, Kings County,
Beacon Hill, 203, Canterbury, Orange County,
Pembroke, 241, Glen Cove, Queen's County,
Nundewaga, 267, Naples, Ontario County,
Montauk, 327, Brooklyn, Kings County,
Poughkeepsie, 21, Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County,
Brooklyn, 28, Brooklyn, Kings County,
Atlantic, 50, " " "
Dutchess, 59, Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County,
Highland, 65, Newburg, Orange County,
Commercial, 67, New York City,
Orange Co., 74, Newburg, Orange County,
Magnolia, 166, Brooklyn, Kings County,
Nepperhan, 181, Yonkers, Westchester County,
Hudson Riv., 281, Newburg, Orange County,
Myrtle Deg., 20, " " "

The following Lodges have been duly instituted: Corinthian, No. 351, in the city of New York, by the Grand Master.

Amaranthus, No. 352, in the city of New York, by the Grand Master.

Clockville, No. 353, Clockville, Madison County, by D. D. G. M. F. A. Marsh, of Onondaga.

Iris, No. 354, at Coeyman's, Albany County, by P. G. W. J. McBrair.

Constellation, No. 355, in the city of New York, by the Grand Master.

United Friends, No. 356, in the city of New York, by the Grand Master.

Ivanhoe, No. 357, at Brooklyn, Kings County, by the Grand Master.

Stafford, No. 358, at Stafford, Genesee County, by Special Deputy.

Anahawank, No. 359, Greene County, by P. G. J. R. Wilson.

Champion, No. 360, at Cohoes, Albany County, by D. D. G. M. E. E. Kendrick.

Algonac, No. 361, at Lockport, Niagara County, by D. D. G. M. P. L. Ely.

Pultneyville, No. 362, at Pultneyville, Wayne County, by Special Deputy.

St. Nicholas, No. 364, in the city of New York, by the Grand Master.

In the frequent opportunities afforded for observation, I have noticed with very great pleasure the truly fraternal feeling with which the members of reinstated Lodges regard their brethren with whom they have differed. The course pursued by this Grand Lodge has done much to promote those cordial feelings. That course has been mild, yet firm—liberal, but legal—conciliatory, still without a compromise of dignity. Revilers have not been reviled again. Detractors have not been abused. In a word, the course has been such as to afford enemies (if such there be,) no satisfaction, and to cause friends—and of such there are many—no mortification; affording evidence to which an Odd-Fellow can ever point with pride, that the gentle influences of fraternal love continue to operate with undiminished purity and vigor. The happy effects resulting from this line of conduct, should commend it to continued favor; and I hope still to see the same praiseworthy moderation exercised.

The Grand Lodge of the U. S. having impressed upon Representatives the necessity of requiring rigid uniformity in the work of the Order; pursu-

ant to notice, the elective officers of eighty-one Lodges met in the Grand Lodge Room on the 4th November, and were duly instructed. I have also visited and instructed in the Districts of Albany, Dutchess, Orange, Kings and Westchester—and in addition the following Subordinate Lodges:

United Brothers No. 52, Mercantile, 47, Covenant 85, Decatur 350, Alleghania 183, Ocean 321, Sincere, 233, Hospitalier 235, New York Degree 1, Stirling 190, Grenada 288, Independence 158, Fitz Ray 326, Templar 235, Mechanics' 113, Beacon 228.

Some excitement has been created among suspended Lodges, by the issuing of a Circular announcing that parties other than the legal authorities of this State, had been so far recognized by the officers of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., as to place them in possession of the A. T. P. W. Certain members of those suspended bodies, however, too honorable to use what they had any reason to suspect had been surreptitiously obtained, applied to the M. W. Grand Sire to ascertain the truth of the allegation. That officer promptly addressed me a letter, in which he declares the assertion contained in said Circular to be entirely groundless.

The finances of the Grand Lodge are rapidly assuming a most gratifying aspect, as by the report of the Finance Committee will more fully appear.

Since the close of the August Session, this jurisdiction has been threatened with a visit from that Scourge of Nations, which, after devastating Europe, gave the alarm at our very portals. But there the merciful hand of Hrm "in whom we live, move and have our being," stayed its progress, and saved us from a trial which, although it must have been a fearful one, would, I trust, have demonstrated our faithfulness to each other.

An influence however, is now at work, which, if permitted to pass unnoticed and unguarded against, may bring about results as deplorable as the fatal visitation of an epidemic. I allude to that insatiable thirst for gold which has allured hundreds of the vigorous and robust members of our Lodges from their peaceful and healthful avocations. These are abandoned. Some undertake a long, debilitating and dangerous voyage. Others hazard a tedious and perilous journey through an inhospitable country, peopled by hostile savages—while still others, risk the pestilential miasma of the lowlands of the Isthmus. All seek as their desired haven, a climate which makes fearful inroads on the constitution; while many expect to pursue a business which, more than almost any other, is detrimental to health. Indeed, a sacrifice of health, for a longer or shorter time, is a part of the price which every man expects to pay for his suddenly acquired wealth. When it is known that in some Lodges so many as eight or ten per cent. of the members have resorted to these death-fraught avenues to wealth, it is enough to arouse the attention of serious and reflecting men.

The late war with Mexico made heavy drafts upon the treasures of some Lodges; but considerations of patriotism forbade that any obstacle should be interposed to that self-sacrificing spirit, which should and does ever animate us in the hour of our Country's need. The migration to the Pacific coast, however, having solely for its object the aggrandizement of the adventurer, cannot be viewed in the same light. The experience of years has enabled Lodges to ascertain very nearly the maximum weekly benefits which can be paid from a minimum amount of dues; and the desire not to tax members unnecessarily, together with the wholesome result of competition, has induced most Lodges to adopt such a scale. But that system may prove inadequate to the demands likely to be made by the class of members now alluded to.

Taking these circumstances into consideration, together with the fact that nearly or quite every emigrant is a member of a company which is in effect a beneficial society, guaranteeing to each other mutual protection and care in the perils and diseases they may encounter together, several Lodges have it in contemplation to reduce their benefits to such members, to correspond in some degree with the augmented risks those members voluntarily incur.

This matter is not alluded to here, in the expectation that the Grand Lodge will legislate thereon, but merely for the purpose of suggesting to Subordinates the risks they are incurring; and of giving a general answer to many inquiries which have been made of me officially on the subject. That Lodges in acting on this matter, will have in view their obligations to the whole of their membership, is not doubted.

In this connection it is perhaps proper to mention, that within a few days the M. W. Grand Sire has, upon a proper application, issued a Charter for California Lodge, to be located at San Francisco.

The duties which, for some months past, have devolved upon the several Grand Officers, have been onerous, and it affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the readiness with which the exacting demands of official business have in all cases been responded to. The R. W. Grand Secretary especially, has been called upon to discharge duties more extensive in amount and more varied in character than were performed by any previous incumbent of that office.

In addition to those appointed at the August session, the following D. D. Grand Masters have been appointed during the recess:

DAVID B. LOOMIS,	District of Rockland.
THEODORE CALDWELL,	" Jefferson.
JOHN S. CROCKER,	" Washington.
LEVI GANO,	" Chemung.
D. P. CRUMPTON,	" Steuben.
JAMES M. WILSON,	" Greene.
F. W. BARROW,	" Putnam.
H. HUBBARD,	" Chenango.
JOHN S. GRAHAM,	" Ontario.
P. L. ELY,	" Niagara.
JAMES A. TIMPSON,	" Westchester.
JOHN T. MCCARTY,	" Dutchess.
R. A. LESLY,	" Otsego.
J. G. BARBER,	" Genesee.
R. O. REYNOLDS,	" Cortland.
E. C. TERRY,	" Columbia.
N. S. ELDERKIN,	" St. Lawrence.
ARCHD. BAMBER,	" Oneida.

The reports from the various District Deputy Grand Masters, bear concurrent testimony to the healthy condition of the Order in their respective Districts. That the Order in this jurisdiction is rapidly emerging from under the cloud which for some months has overshadowed it, is manifest from the fact, that thus early in the session very nearly twenty-five thousand members are reported in the returns already received.

Respectfully submitted, in F. L. & T.

GEO. H. ANDREWS, Grand Master.

YANKEE BLADE IN THE FIELD.—The Odd Fellow says:

"William Matthew, Esq., Editor of the Yankee Blade, of this city, addressed the Odd Fellows of Skowhegan, Me., a few evenings since, at the Methodist chapel. The People's Press says: 'The address was marked by a tone of religious feeling and sentiment too rarely met with in public speakers, at the present day. Bro. Mathews did himself great credit.'"

Good, Bro. Mathews, we would have traveled a hundred miles to have heard that same lecture. The Editor of the Blade is a gentleman of distinguished talent, and no doubt did the subject justice.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE AND ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

—Wherever the Yankees go, they carry their excellent institutions with them. Much as they love money, and much as they will hazard to obtain it, they know how to use it, and instead of appropriating their gains to sensual indulgence, they set about improving the condition of man by stimulating enterprise, extending the area of civilization, and aiming at an elevated standard of intellectual, social and religious refinement. If the Yankees can get money enough, towns and cities spring up, and the wilderness is made to blossom like the rose. Schools are founded, churches erected, religious ordinances established, railroads projected, manufactures and commerce nurtured, and the traces of their untiring enterprise are deeply impressed on the surface of the earth, and recognized in the oft eddying wave of the ocean. "The almighty dollar," of which the Yankee is stigmatized as the worshipper, is only an agency in his hands to lead to very mighty results. Among the many encouraging features of Yankee emigration to California, we are pleased to notice that of an early introduction of the Institution of Odd-Fellowship. Measures have been promptly taken by the Grand Lodge of the United States to send out a suitable commission for its legal establishment, under the jurisdiction of that Right Worthy body. Captain Alexander V. Fraser, of the Revenue Service, has been appointed Deputy Grand Sire for California, Oregon, Sandwich Islands, and ports in the Pacific, and, we presume, is invested with full power to grant charters, institute Lodges, and perform every duty which may be essential in the interval of the formation of a Territory or State Grand Lodge. Success to our noble brothers who are on their way to the San Francisco region. A large number of those adventurers from New England are Odd-Fellows. We hope they will not forget their obligations, to remain such during their absence. Live up to the principles, brothers, and all will be well with you, and yours may be a mission of vast importance to the world.—[Boston Odd-Fellow.

APOSTROPHE TO THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY JAMES W. COFFROTH.

ENGINE of thought! whose vast, mysterious might
Controls the subtle universe of mind—
Thy magic influence, like the electric light,
Pervades and quickens all with radiance bright;
The highest talent that has blessed mankind—
Though gifted with an all immortal fire—
Denied the blessings of thy kindly aid,
Would but a moment flicker, and then fade,
Or like a meteor, dubiously expire!
Thou canst incarnate man's divinest thought,
And unto unborn centuries assign—
Sharing immortality with the skies,
And upon man conferring gifts divine!

Ye guardians of the Press! how great your sway
Of good or evil! What an awful trust!
The minds of nations do your power obey,
You fashion them as potters would their clay,
Which porcelain may be, or worthless dust,
As you may will. In virtue's cause
Be all your efforts spent—opposed to lust—
Support your country's dignity and laws—
Avenge the wronged and succor the oppressed,
And blessing others, be yourselves most blessed.
Yours is the voice of freedom! Let it swell,
Till all the kingdoms hear the glad strains
That sweep resistless over hill and dell,—
And from the fettered limbs of serfs the chains
That eat into their souls, shall loose and fall
As the Apostles at the angel's call!

THE "GALLANT COLONEL'S" ADVENTURE.
A N-ICE TALE OF AN ICY TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE
BY CHAS. P. DARE.

A FEW weeks since, on the promenading side of Chesnut street, among the many of the genus homo styled fops, might frequently be seen a tall, rather spare individual, dressed in "the rage," his suit of the most recent cut, and distributed over his person with extreme nicety, and though an occasional gray hair was visible (despite Roussel,) in the drapery on his lip, yept moustache, his lordly bearing and shambling gait, announced (to himself at least,) a youth, the "pink of fashion." If there is any one point of character Col. M. prides himself in being more fully developed than another, it is his attention to the ladies; and though perhaps never recognised in the gaudy trappings of military uniform, at the head of a regiment, he is more generally known in the fashionable circles in which he moves, by the soubriquet of "the gallant Colonel," than by any other designation; and to establish fully his claim to a portion of this flattering title, is our present intention.

During the present winter our pavements, (in common with those of other cities, we presume,) have been occasionally so glibly coated with ice, as to endanger the heads of pedestrians, and during the existence of such a state of affairs, (or pavements, rather,) the Col. sallied forth to take his customary stroll in the vicinity of Chesnut and — streets. There was but little sign of life upon the sidewalks, as their usual occupants preferred the middle of the street, rather than risk their limbs upon the glassy covering which presented its smooth surface upon the former.

The "gallant Colonel" was bitterly opposed to aught that seemed like innovation, and as the pavements were created for the particular benefit of those who walked, he for one was determined to use them. A few steps in advance of him, and of equally aristocratic feelings with regard to street walking, was a lady, whose dress announced her respectability, and who appeared perfectly at home, notwithstanding her portliness, for it is necessary that the reader should know that she had amassed more of the "wealth of flesh" than man is generally

heir to. At any other time she would, perhaps, have passed almost unnoticed, but under existing circumstances the Col. felt no little anxiety for her safety. Nor were his fears without foundation, as the object of his solicitude presently slipped and fell, and the Col., with his usual gallantry, flew to the rescue. As we have before said, he was a tall man, and we now add, he was a man of muscle, possessing considerable strength; but it required every effort to raise two hundred weight from the icy pave, with no other purchase than that afforded by clasping so great a bulk beneath the arms; but an old adage has it, "where there is a will, there is a way," and so it appeared likely to prove in the present instance, for the Col., with a vigorous effort, raised his charge to nearly a perpendicular, when, unfortunately, his feet glancing from under him, he fell beneath a mass of living humanity, which threatened to annihilate him. Nor was this the least misfortune in store, for doors were filled with the lords of creation, and windows lined with a bevy of spectators of the fairer sex, (who were acquainted with our hero, and wreaths of smiles, if not of laurel, were showered on him; while a group of boys greeted him with, "Once more"—"Steady, Colonel." Another desperate effort and they were up; but the bitter fates had doomed them to farther disappointment. The lady's feet, disdaining earth, flew airwards, bringing the devoted Colonel again in contact with the ice. A loud guffaw from the outsiders fell upon his astonished ear, while a more melodious titter came echoing faintly from the windows, and dozens of open mouths around re-echoed the merriment. Partially aroused to the ludicrousness of the scene, the "gallant Colonel" braced every nerve, and with a more vigorous struggle the pair secured their footing.

The lady commenced a revolution (for as yet their faces had not met,) to return her thanks, while the Col., (with his body slightly inclined forward, and his hat elevated a few inches from his head,) stood waiting, intending to disavow anything farther than duty. With one glance at her countenance, the thunderstruck Colonel, pulling his hat down over his eyes, exclaimed:

"Black as the ace of spades, by Jupiter!" And turning on his heel, made rapid strides up Chesnut street, amid peal after peal of laughter. He still promenades, but has, since the occurrence, voted Chesnut a nuisance, and exhibits himself, accordingly, in Arch street, where no dread locality can bring to mind his adventure.

AN OBJECTION TO AERIAL NAVIGATION.

THE Hall where Messrs. Porter and Hannegan are exhibiting their invention, is occupied as a place of worship by a congregation of fanatics known as "Second Adventists." They belong to that ignorant class of men who materialize all spiritual ideas, and think of Heaven as a place above the clouds, into which, when one enters, he must of course be happy. One day our friend Hannegan was accosted by one of these disciples of Miller, and charged with being engaged in an impious enterprise. "You are an ungodly man," said the Millerite; "you are serving the devil; you annihilate all distinctions between saints and sinners." Mr. Hannegan was stupefied. He thought he was engaged in a very innocent enterprise, and, although he had heard all sorts of objections to aerial steam navigation, he was not prepared for this objection theological, nor could he comprehend it. "Will you explain yourself?" said he to the Millerite. "You know," resumed the latter, "that at the last day, which is near at hand, all the saints shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and go with Him to Heaven, while the wicked are to be left on the earth to be consumed in the final conflagration. Now, by your infernal machine, the wicked may also go up, defy the thunders of eternal justice, and laugh at hell and damnation!" This new view of the case appalled our friend, and not being an irreligious man, he hastened to consult his minister.

BROOKLYN, Saturday, Feb. 24, 1849.

MR. EDITOR: This is the answer to the Enigma published in the last No. of the Gazette.
The American General, Harrison.
The one who fell at Buena Vista, Clay.
The celebrated architect and sculptor, Angelo.
The Caledonia bard, Ossian.
The Swiss patriot, Tell.
The Governor of Germany, Geisler.
The President of the United States, Monroe.
The town in New Jersey, Trenton.
The American writer, Lippard.
The great warrior of modern times, Napoleon.
The river in the United States, Delaware,
The Republic, France.
The French chronicler, Froissart.
The historian, Rollin.
The city in Pennsylvania, Reading.
The canal in Pennsylvania, Union.
The English statesman, Dudley.
The American actor, Forrest.
The Texian Commodore, Moore.
The semi-metal, zinc.
The Brazilian animal, Armadillo.
The term for time among the Romans, Ides.
My whole is—GAZETTE OF THE UNION, GOLDEN RULE AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE.—My first is car—my second is pet—my whole is carpet.
DANIEL LADD, aged 15.

RHINEBECK GAZETTE.—This journal, we perceive, has passed into the hands of our worthy friend and Brother, William Huff, Esq., late of Poughkeepsie, and presents a very neat appearance. The No. before us is full of excellent matter. We are glad to see in its columns an Odd-Fellowship department.

PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE.—This popular journal is still in the ascendant. The Fowlers are the chiefs of the Phrenological School in this country, and their journal is the ablest exposition of the science now published.

THE PHILOZATHRANS.—We see that the ladies throughout the country are becoming quite interested in this new association of benevolence. It is composed entirely of ladies. We are requested to say to those ladies who have applied to Miss Gardiner, P. P. S., for information regarding the Order, that copies of the constitution and by-laws will be forwarded to them directly. Meanwhile we refer them to the advertisement.

DENTISTRY.

We publish the following letter with pleasure. We have ourselves experienced the skill of Dr. Crane:

MY DEAR GAZETTE.—Your columns having lately contained several articles in relation to Dentistry, you will perhaps spare me a short space to mention a portion of my own experience, which may be instructing to some of your readers. Some short time since I was under the disagreeable necessity of having a large back tooth extracted; the operation was performed by a well known and deservedly popular practitioner of this city; and owing to the tooth being locked into the jaw, occupied upwards of fifteen minutes; nor was this all, for more than a week afterwards I suffered the most excruciating agony. You may imagine my feelings, when I, this morning, found it necessary to submit again to a similar operation; and my astonishment when, in less than two seconds, the tooth was placed in my hand—I having suffered no pain whatever—and not even knowing that the extracting instrument had been put into my mouth. The tooth was hooked into the jaw, yet there was no jerking or jarring, nor have I suffered the slightest inconvenience since. The operation was not performed under the influence of ether or mesmerism, but the freedom from pain was owing entirely to the wonderful skill of the operator, Dr. J. W. CRANE, of No. 11 Le Roy Place, and to the excellence of the instruments used him, which are his own inventions, and differ essentially from those in common use.

If any of your readers should have occasion to have a tooth extracted, and will call on Dr. Crane, I am sure they will thank me for writing, and you for inserting this notice; which, I need hardly say to you, who know me so well, is sent to you without the knowledge of Dr. C.; but simply from a sincere wish to be of service to my fellow Gothamites.

Very truly yours,
THOMAS TOBIAS TODD.

From our Foreign Files.

"WANTED A GOVERNESS."

The following singular production is now going about in lithograph, in private circles; the writer being, we entirely believe, a respectable man, and quite in earnest in his inquiries:

"Residence Rent Free, for two Ladies, with Engagement of one of them as Governess."

"Wanted, a lady, to undertake, without the help of a maid, the nurture, admonition, and rudimental instruction of two affectionate little girls, aged seven and three years, who are bereaved of maternal care, but are the objects of tender and anxious solicitude. She should be a pious and moral member of the Church of England, good-tempered, benevolent, ingenuous, sincere, true, faithful, sensible, well-educated, industrious, orderly, careful, and economical; of meek, affectionate, and cheerful disposition, gentle and unassuming manners, staid and motherly deportment, mild, open, and intelligent countenance, soft and harmonious enunciation, simple and refined tastes, settled notions, healthy constitution, and possessing general appearance; fond and accustomed to little children, educational employment, and domestic and rural avocations; and disposed from inclination as well as principle, to employ the 'talents' committed to her in acting as a mother towards her unfortunate little charges. Her home would be a cottage and gardens of a single gentleman, near a dull and secluded village, in a north-western English county. Subject to arrangements for the board of the children and the domestic accommodation of the gentleman (who generally dines at a distant town), the house would be available for the use of the lady and an accompanying daughter, niece, mother, aunt or sister, much attached to each other, and certain to afford the children an example of happy and affectionate intercourse. Having regard to conventional propriety, it may be fitting that the lady should be from fifty to fifty-five years old—perhaps to the age of twenty-eight to thirty-eight there would not be a conventionable objection if the lady were accompanied by a mother, or elderly sister, or aunt; but as between that age and the age of the gentleman there is no undue disparity, and it is shown by a recent parliamentary report that even in the case of persons within the prohibited degrees of affinity the charge of children, involving intimate domestic relations between the father and a lady of suitable age, frequently induces mutual attachment, the gentleman, whose income, though considerable, arises mainly from professional exertions, dependent on the continuance of life and health, desires to engage a governess of advanced age, rather than run the risk (if risk there be) of increasing the responsibilities of his position, and prejudicing the prospects of the little girls, by a marriage, resulting perhaps in a large family of children deriving no provision, present or prospective, from their mother. If he cannot meet with an elderly lady of unimpaired health and faculties, and the requisite qualifications, he would engage a gentlewoman of from twenty-eight to thirty-eight years of age, as she, without being more amenable to conventionable remark, or more unsettled in notions than a lady some eight or ten years older, might be more agreeable to him than a lady not old enough to belong to the generation preceding him, and too old, possibly, to be altogether regarded as a contemporary. No lady, between thirty-eight and forty-eight, or under twenty-eight, is invited to apply; and it is hoped that no lady not possessing all the desired qualifications will apply, as the imitative and observant disposition of the children, and other circumstances, render all such qualifications essential. A widow, with an accompanying grand-daughter or daughter, of about eleven years of age, might not be deemed ineligible; and a widow who has had children, or even one who has not, would be preferred to a maiden lady. Letters, stating age, whether single or a widow, number and ages of the children, if any, former and present position in society, whether wholly dependent on own exertions or not; accomplishments, if any; the required domestic accommodation, and for whom; amount of salary expected; and full information in reference to the desired qualifications, or stating such of these particulars as have not been stated in reply to the advertisement, may be addressed to 'Box—, Post-office, Liverpool.'

"No references need be given before an interview mutually satisfactory has taken place, and no interview will, in any case, be requested if the communications of the lady [with regard to appearance, manners, deportment, and other apparent qualifications, are not sufficiently candid and explicit to enable the gentleman to judge whether it is worth

his while to take a journey, perhaps long and expensive, for the purpose of seeing the lady. To prevent fruitless trouble to both parties, he may be permitted to say, as to the word 'prepossessing,' which he has used, that though in his opinion, a lady may be of prepossessing appearance without being or having been strictly beautiful, he would consider as detracting characteristics, an over-corpulent or very big, or very diminutive figure, large red hands or ears, immense feet and ankles, bearded chin, long bony face, thin white lips, red or pimpled nose or complexion, bad teeth, small eyes and narrow flat chest."

CHARACTER OF THE AMERICANS.—Among the number of my fellow passengers from New York to Boston, there were neither old nor young, at least there were no venerable grey heads or cheerful boyish faces. In no part of the United States do the people seem to arrive at the average length of life of the Old World. The great and sudden changes of temperature, while, perhaps, they stimulate the energies of those who are exposed to them, wear out the stamina of the body, and exhaust its vitality. The cares of manhood, and the infirmities of second childhood, are equally premature, denying the population the two loveliest but most dependent stages of existence—the idle, but fresh and generous morning of youth—the feeble, but soft and soothing evening of old age. In this country we find even the climate in league with the practical, in its influence on the powers of man, a goad to material prosperity. The child is pushed, with a forcing power, into the duties and pursuits of maturer years; the man, when he ceases to be of active use, is hurried out of the busy scene, his part played. The cumberers of the ground are few—all work, none play. They go more awkwardly about their amusements than any people I have ever seen; theirs is a dark and sombre path through life, though every step were on gold. Sarcastic wit will win from them a sarcastic grin; the happy conclusion of some hard-driven bargain may raise a smile of satisfaction; but the joyful burst of cheerful laughter, the glee and hilarity of a happy heart, you must go elsewhere to seek. They are not a healthy-looking race; the countenance is sallow and marked early in life with lines of thought. The fresh, pure glow of the Saxon cheek is never seen here. The men are tall, but not robust or athletic; they have no idea of the sports of the field, and rarely or ever join in any more active game than bowls or billiards. They do not walk if they can ride; ride if they can drive; or drive if they can go by railway. Mind and body, day and night, youth and age, are given up for the one pursuit of gain. But this inordinate appetite for acquiring is, in their character, deprived of some of its most odious features; it is rarely accompanied by parsimony or want of charity. I believe no people on earth can be more hospitable to their equals in worldly wealth, or more open-handed to the poor. Their establishments for the relief of the distressed, are most unrivaled in liberality and excellence of arrangement; and many among them are as lavish in their expenditure as energetic in possessing themselves of the means to supply it.—[Hochelega.

A NORFOLK FARMER'S TALE.—The *Norfolk News* has been favored by a "respectable correspondent" with the following story: Among the many visitors to the late cattle show in London was a Norfolk farmer, who, on his return home by train, entered into conversation with a fellow-traveler, and gave him the following account of what had befallen him, and of the unexpected company into which he had been most extraordinarily introduced.

"After," said he, "I had been to the show, and carefully examined the different animals, and given my meed of praise to their breeders and their feeders, I thought I would devote a spare hour to another exhibition in the same neighborhood, Madame Tussaud's celebrated Wax Work. Accordingly I presented myself at the door, and paid my money. On entering I was surprised to find myself the only spectator. Undisturbed for some time, I wandered about, looking with astonishment at the waxen effigies, habited in their gorgeous apparel. In a few minutes some ladies and children arrived; and standing near to one of the former, I observed, 'What ugly, grim-looking people some of those kings and queens are.' The lady smiled, and answered, 'I perfectly agree with you; they are.' My attention was soon arrested by hearing one of the party, pointing to a figure, mention Lord Nelson; when, proud of having been born in the same county with the illustrious sailor, I could not help exclaiming, 'Ah! he was from my neighborhood' upon which one of the ladies, advancing, said to me, 'Then you are from Norfolk; pray, can you tell me anything about poor Mrs. Jermy, in whose melancholy fate I so deeply sympathize? Have

you any information different from that which has appeared in the public papers?' To which I replied, 'No, madam, for I have been some days from home.' Scarcely had this conversation ended, when Madame Tussaud entered, and seeing me there, asked me how I got in, and if I did not know she had forbidden the entrance of any one. I replied, 'I did not; but having paid my money, had walked in as a matter of course.' Judge of my surprise, when she informed me I had the honor of speaking to none other than our good and gracious queen, and that the lady whose tender anxiety had been so warmly expressed for the injured widow of Stanfield Hall, was the same illustrious person, whose exalted rank does not, however, so elevate her, but that the misfortunes and afflictions of others can reach her heart and excite her generous commiseration. The party who accompanied her majesty were the royal children and their attendants."

LAW OF MARRIAGE.—The Bishop of Exeter has given the following opinion on this matter, in a reply to a memorial addressed to him, by several of his clergy: "The judgment of the Church Catholic, in all ages, and of our own Church, in the 99th canon, has pronounced those marriages which it is now sought to legalize, to be prohibited by the law of God, to be incestuous and unlawful." He rejoices to think that it is also "the declared fundamental, constitutional law of England." His lordship further observes: "While, however, we assert this great principle, we shall always be ready to acknowledge the full right of the temporal Legislature, to release those subjects of her majesty who are not members of the Church, from all obedience to its decision. For such parties the State has already provided a mode of contracting marriages, without any of the sanctions of the Church. If it shall further be thought proper to release them from any or all of the existing restraints of affinity and consanguinity, Churchmen, as such, will have no right to consider themselves at all aggrieved."

THE BEGGING "PROFESSION."—At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr. Branch said, that a short time since he visited a room in Westminster, where he saw a woman with a dying child in her arms. Commiserating the wretched creature's condition, he inquired into her history and her means of livelihood; and in answer to his questions, she replied:

"Oh, sir, my sufferings are great, and so are those of my child; but when my child is gone I know not what to do!"

"But," observed Mr. Branch, "it will be a happy release for you and your child, as you can make no exertions while you are burdened with her!"

"Oh dear, sir," ejaculated the mother, "when she is gone, I'll have to pay ninepence a day for another child, while she costs me nothing. Unless I do so I'll earn nothing by begging, for it is the children that excite compassion!"

In another room in the house, Mr. Branch found forty beggars, vagabonds, and rogues, male and female, young, old, lame, and blind, gathered round a fire, all relating their exploits, and planning their next attacks upon the public. In a regular ware-room in Westminster he saw exhibited for hire and sale every variety of dresses, including widow's weeds and tattered rags, shabby-genteel costumes, clerical suits, &c., adapted to the different plans of mendicant operations, pursued by the several parties who patronised this extraordinary bazaar, and who made begging a "profession."—[Standard.

A CURIOUS COMPARISON.—Matrimony is like rum-punch. Man is the rum, sharp and violent; woman, the sugar, sweet and dissolving; love, the boiling water, which grows in time quite cold. The wedding day is, therefore a most important epoch in human life for both parties. With closed eyes they choose a brewed bumper, filled with happiness or misery, and must drink it to the bottom. Man, standing at the altar, gives up a great deal of his liberty and privileges, and the woman gains them; and such restriction of the rights of the former expands that of the latter. The destiny of all mankind is to be wedded—happy are those who wed in proper season and time.—[Heaven upon Earth, by a Polish Exile.

It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When this great law-giver was called upon to justify this enactment, he observed, "That in the choice of a wife merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches or neglected for their poverty."

Extracts from New Works.

HURRY AND HASTE.—'Never do anything in a hurry,' is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr Warren. 'No one in a hurry can possibly have his wits about him; and remember, that in the law there is ever an apponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence,—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him: he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life: he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquillity, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel where masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. "How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?" said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. "Because it's so expensive," he replied with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation, and don't you."—[Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.]

GOETHE AND CATALANI.—Almost entirely void of education, and, strange to relate, even in her own art, Catalani compensated for its want by the display of perhaps one of the most lovely voices with which Nature ever gifted any one. Her want of literary attainments, and her consequent ignorance of all that occurred in the *republique des belles lettres*, allied to her vivacity in conversation and well-known proneness to join in, at once produced a scene which I think I may venture to call *serio-comic*. When invited to the Count of Weimar, she was, at a dinner party, placed by the side of Goethe as a mark of honor paid on the part of her royal entertainer. Catalani knew nothing of the great poet philosopher, nor had, it is more than probable, ever heard his name; but, as she could not fail to be struck by his noble countenance and majestic appearance, independently of the respectful attention which was paid to him, she inquired of the gentleman who sat at her other side who he was. "The famous Goethe, madame," was the reply. "Pray, sir, on what instrument does he perform?" she next asked. "He is no musician, madame; he is the author of 'Werter.'" "Oh! yes, I remember now," returned Catalani, bowing her thanks, at the same time turning to the venerable poet and addressing him, "Oh, monsieur! what an admirer I am of 'Werter!'" A low bow expressed the acknowledgment of so flattering a compliment. "I never," continued Catalani, quite innocently, "I never read any thing half so laughable in all my life! What an admirable farce it is, monsieur!" "Madame!" exclaimed the thunderstruck poet, looking aghast, "the 'Sorrows of Werter' a farce?" "Oh, yes! ha! ha! ha! never was any thing so exquisitely ridiculous," added Catalani, laughing immoderately, as she enjoyed the mere remembrance. It subsequently appeared that she had been conversing the whole time about Werter, which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and in which all the ultra-sentimentality (so opposite to French national character) of Goethe's work had been unmercifully turned

into ridicule. But her illustrious neighbor did not get over his mortification and chagrin the whole evening, and the fair singer's reputation at the court of Weimar was terribly impaired by this unfortunate display of her ignorance of the "Sorrows of Werter!"—[Memoranda of a Musician.]

A SHIP AMONG ICEBERGS.—It is impossible to convey a correct idea of the beauty, the magnificence of some of the scenes through which we passed. Thousands of the most grotesque, fanciful, and beautiful icebergs and icefields surrounded us on all sides, intersected by numerous serpentine canals, which glittered in the sun (for the weather was fine all the time we were in the straits) like threads of silver twining round ruined palaces of crystal. The masses assumed every variety of form and size, and many of them bore such a resemblance to cathedrals, churches, columns, and spires, that I could almost fancy we had been transported to one of the floating cities of Fairyland. The rapid motion, too, of our ship, in what appeared to be a dead calm, added much to the magical effect of the scene. A light but steady breeze urged her along with considerable velocity, through a maze of ponds and canals, which, from the immense quantity of ice that surrounded them, were calm and unruffled as the surface of a mill-pond. Not a sound disturbed the delightful stillness of nature, save the gentle rippling of the vessel's bow as she sped on her way, or the occasional puffing of a lazy whale, awakened from a nap by our unceremonious intrusion on his domains. Now and then, however, my reveries were disagreeably interrupted by the ship coming into sudden contact with huge lumps of ice. This happened occasionally when we arrived at the termination of one of those natural canals through which we passed, and found it necessary to force our way into the next. These concussions were sometimes very severe, and even made the ship's bell ring; but we heeded this little, as the vessel was provided with huge blocks of timber on her bows, called ice pieces, and was besides built expressly for sailing in the northern seas. It only became annoying at meal times, when a spoonful of soup would sometimes make a little private excursion of its own, over the shoulder of the owner instead of into his mouth. As we proceeded, the ice became more closely packed, and at last compelled us to bore through it. The ship, however, was never altogether detained, though much retarded. I recollect, while thus surrounded, filling a bucket with water from a pool on the ice, to see whether it was fresh or not, as I had been rather skeptical upon this point. It was excellent, and might almost compete with the water from the famous spring of Crawley. —[Ballantyne's Hudson's Bay.]

OLD PSALM TUNES.—To forward the favorable reception of such tunes, two facts as to their original intention must be practically borne in mind. They were sung faster than we usually sing them, and, what is better, by a far greater number of voices. It is a great mistake to suppose that old tunes should be sung in a heavy drawing style. Our forefathers in the church were cheerful Christians. A psalm of a dozen verses was but short to them. Hence, as well as from other circumstances, it is clear that they sang in a quicker and livelier manner than is commonly conjectured. The Old Hundredth tune is made a dirge in our days, but in theirs it was a joyous and animating canticle. "All people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!" In like manner, York tune, which is shelved among the dull and obsolete, was little more than a century ago the liveliest and most popular tune of the entire kingdom. But to hear old tunes to advantage, they must be sung in old style. Not only must they be sung with decent gravity and sanctity, but by masses of people, by a multitude of voices, "by all the people together, as the original directions state. Six thousand voices were wont to be heard at St. Paul's Cross; three or four thousand singing at a time in a church in this city is but a trifle," said the excellent Roger Ascham, in a letter from Augsburg, dated the 14th of May, 1551.—[Hackett's National Psalmist.]

Lays of Many Lands.

THE WIDOWED YEW.

From the Norwegian of Erik Barolf.

- I.
Nigh the churchyard of Neild
Abode Wilberic Troll,
The lonest lone soul!
His own hands had buried his wife and only child.
- II.
Oft under the stars
Would he rest by their graves,
And up from their caves
His thoughts would arise and pierce him like
cimeters!
- III.
"Time I, too, were dead!"
He would sigh to the Night.
"Dim grows mine eyes light;
The snows of seventy Winters lie on my head!"
- IV.
In the churchyard grwe
A sad, strange tree.
Death-sable to see!
The villagers called it always The Widowed Yew!
- V.
It mourned atween
The infant and spouse;
And under its boughs
Old Wilberic hoped to repose from this weary scene.
- VI.
Ten long, long years
He lingered still,
Awaiting God's will
With nightly vigils, and prayers, and pious tears.
- VII.
When hark! one morn,
In the dawn so hoar,
A voice at his door!
"Up, up, old man, who liest there so forlorn!"
- VIII.
"Up! Thou, ere the sun
Be born of the wave,
Shalt delve me a grave
For an old, old man, a lone, oh! so lone a one!"—
- IX.
—"And where shall it be?
Where wouldst thou it, friend?"
—"Where the black boughs bend
Of the Widowed Yew, in the shade of that woful
tree!"
- X.
Old Wilberic Troll
Arises with tears,
And, arisen, hears
Through the stilly air of the dawn the death-bell
knoll.
- XI.
With a light and a spade
He hies to the ground,
Soon to show a new mound
For, alas! a stranger, under the Widowed Yew's
shade.
- XII.
"O, woe!" doth he sigh,
"That my bones may not rest
In the spot I love best,
Atween the graves where my Minna and Dietrie lie!"
- XIII.
And he delves and he delves,
And his task is done
Ere the round red sun
Has chased from their fairy-rings Titian's elves.
- XIV.
But the stranger? Is gone.
Gone whither? None know!
He returneth no mo,
But Wilberic's heart feels faint, and his lips wax
wan.
- XV.
And the Widowed Yew,
Ere three days had rolled,
O'ershadowed his mold!
This tale the villagers tell; and their tale is true.

LEAVES that strew the wintry chase,
Still the seeds ye mourn and nourish;
And in their succeeding race
Ye anew will greenly flourish.

[John Stirling.]

Scientific and Useful.

A PARACHUTE FOR COAL-PITS.—To descend into mines and coal-pits, and to ascend by means of vertical ladders, are operations so fatiguing, that the pitmen prefer, in spite of the regulations which forbid it, to expose their lives to the risk of the strength of a rope, which unfortunately, often breaks, and precipitates them to the bottom. We attended, last Wednesday, an experiment on a large scale, which demonstrated, in the most efficient manner, that henceforth this danger no longer exists for pitmen. By means of an extremely simple apparatus, the cuff remains suspended in the middle of the shaft when the rope breaks. This trial was not made by means of a working model, but in a pit of some depth; the apparatus was worked by men who remained suspended in the well when the rope broke short off. For the future, the parachute for coal pits is no longer a theory; its efficacy is now established by practical facts. The effect of this apparatus was shown before a numerous company, comprised of men of information, the greater part familiar with the working of mines. Their satisfaction was so great, that they spontaneously offered to the inventor to make affidavit on the spot of the facts to which they had been witness. Among the party was a gentleman who wished the experiment tried upon himself; the rope having snapped, he and the workman accompanying him were spontaneously stayed without feeling the slightest shock. We shall not fail to acquaint our readers of the new applications which will be made of this invention, doubly interesting, whether looked upon in a humane point of view, or as a matter of economy in the working of mines.—[Brussels Herald.]

GAS FROM WATER.—This new discovery, which is being adopted very generally in some of the Lancashire towns, is exciting much attention in this neighborhood; and as many of our readers may not be enabled to view the apparatus at the Basford Iron Works, we give a short description of it. That now supplying Mr. Wakefield's works only occupies about five feet square, without the gasometer, but including the fire, and consists of two retorts, one occupied by charcoal and a hollow piece of perforated iron, and the other by a mass of chains. Two pipes and a small iron box act as purifiers. For lace-gassing, &c., water, and water only, need be used; but where a brilliant light is required, as for factories, &c., a small quantity of oily matter (which Mr. Wakefield finds superior to rosin or tar) is added, and the result is, a gas more brilliant than that obtained from coal, and perfectly free from smell or dirt. The apparatus we have alluded to, will produce 1000 feet in ten hours, at an expense of less than 2s., and would cost from 40l. to 50l.; but one calculated for a private family would be put up for 10l., including the license.—[Nottinghamshire Guardian.]

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn, with three or four holes in it; and their harp or lyre had only three strings. The Jewish trumpets, that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only ram's horns; the psaltery was a small triangular harp or lyre, with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sacbut resembled the zagg used at Malta, in the present day, a species of bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery—such as are seen about the streets of London, in the present day. Imagine the discord produced by 200,000 of such instruments, while playing at the dedication of Solomon's temple.

ECONOMICAL HAIR-WASH.—Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor; powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be ready for use; damp the hair frequently. This wash not only effectually cleanses and beautifies, but strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness. This, we conceive, cannot be too generally made known.

The pontoon used by Sir Harry Smith in crossing the Orange river, was of American invention, consisting of six cylindrical India rubber tubes, about five feet in circumference, and twenty feet in length. They were inflated on the same principle as life-preservers. From thirty-six to forty men were taken across on this pontoon at each trip, without accident.

According to Professor Adelung, there are 3664 known languages and dialects in the world, of which 987 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1824 American.

SPAR.—In England ornamental masonry appears to have been carried on longest in Derbyshire, which country is singularly rich in mineral productions. The objects originally made of spars were urns, vases, columns, and obelisks; but generally they were solid lumps of stone, and from their great weight most inconvenient to move about. But later works, besides being copies of the most approved forms of the antique, are manufactured very thin and light, so that a taper placed within displays the most extraordinary and richest colors in the mineral world. Apart from its splendid veins and hues, this substance is valuable from its being peculiar to this country. A prodigal waste of this stone was once carried on when abundance could be obtained from the mine; but now it is extremely scarce and expensive, the price having risen from 40l. to 60l. per ton, and even larger sums have been given for very fine specimens.—[Builder.]

MARRIAGES.

On New Year's Day, in St. Matthias' Church, Waukesha, Wis., by the Rev. Mr. ABERCROMBIE, Bro. JOHN S. WARD, Past Grand of Prairie Lodge No. 33, Worthy Grand Guardian of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, to Miss ANNAH E., daughter of DAVID HYER, Esq., of Madison, Wis.

Publisher's Notices.

THAT we may protect the public and ourselves from imposition, we shall each and every week publish a complete list of our duly authorized Traveling Agents, and hereby caution all persons not to pay any dues or subscriptions to the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule to any one whose name is not in the list. Each Traveling Agent must also have a written certificate of such agency, duly executed by the present Publisher. Those who have until this time acted as Traveling Agents, and are now cut off by the omission of their names, are requested to make immediate returns of their respective accounts; and in case such Agency is to be continued, new arrangements must be made at the office.

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Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD will visit Virginia and some of the adjacent States. We trust he will be received by the Brethren with the cordiality which he merits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk.

NOTICE.

JAMES T. PALMATARY, of Philadelphia, and R. B. MORSE, of Adrian, Mich., are not authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

EDWARD McDONALD will please let us hear from him without delay.

Several of our Traveling Agents have failed to make returns to us recently, as we have a right to expect of them. By doing so immediately, there will be no necessity for referring to them individually.

Our Subscribers who are in arrears will remember that all money enclosed in presence of the Post Master, and directed to the Publisher, No. 44 Ann-street, New-York, is at our risk.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Our thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for collecting and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our journal shall be worthy the support of Odd-Fellows from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that each one will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

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Subscribers in this city, Brooklyn and Williamsburg, who do not receive their papers regularly and seasonably, are requested to give immediate notice at the Office. No Carrier is authorized to receive payment in advance, unless bringing a receipt signed by the Publisher or authorized Clerk in the Office. All Subscribers not paying in advance to the Office will be charged five cents per week, payable to the Carriers. Our friends who wish the Gazette and Rule from the commencement of the New and Enlarged Volume, will oblige us by handing in their names at the earliest moment. The edition will be limited, and early attention is necessary to prevent disappointment.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

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Dividends of profits are declared annually upon all life policies which have settled two or more premiums; the profits draw interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and can be made available at once, to the extent of two-thirds of their amount where the party has paid his premiums in full.

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Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

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The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by Bro. J. R. CRAMPTON, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

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JANUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEVOLENT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY (11 Wall street) have issued, during the month of January, 1849, three hundred and seven new Policies, viz:

To Merchants and Traders	97	To U. S. Officers	1
"Manufacturers	25	"Artists	3
"Mechanics	68	"Sea Captains	2
"Clerks	28	"Agents	4
"Lawyers	6	"Teachers	4
"Physicians	3	"Hotel Keepers	5
"Brokers	5	"Engineers	2
"Ladies	11	"Public Officers	2
"Farmers	11	"Other occupations	8
	277		30
			277

New Policies issued.

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secretary.
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THE great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, that while it eradicates the disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES

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Invigorating Cordial,

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BANK DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, May 10, 1845.—Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with the Dyspepsia in its worst form, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.

Yours, &c. W. W. VAN ZANDT.

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It is the safest and most effectual medicine for purifying the system, and relieving the sufferings attendant upon childbirth, ever discovered. It strengthens both the mother and child, prevents pain and disease, increases and enriches the food; those who have used it think it is indispensable. It is highly useful both before and after confinement, as it prevents diseases attendant upon childbirth. In Costiveness, Piles, Cramps, Swelling of the Feet, Despondency, Heartburn, Vomiting, Pain in the Back and Loins, False Pains, Hemorrhage, and in regulating the Secretions, and equalizing the Circulation, it has no equal. The great beauty of this medicine is, it is always safe, and the most delicate use it most successfully.

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Dr. S. P. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores; have taken four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under great obligation. Yours, respectfully, ISAAC W. ORAIN, 106 Wooster st.

Opinions of Physicians.

Dr. S. P. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from Physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify, that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the city of Albany, have, in numerous cases, prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations in the market.

H. P. FILLING, M.D., J. WILSON, M.D., R. B. BRIGGS, M.D., P. E. ELMENDORF, M.D. Albany, April, 1847.

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"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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VOL. X....NO. 10.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 244.

Original Poetry.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY HESTER S. DE GROVE.

He has gone to repose and I may not awake him,
Lost to the earth is the bravest and best;
No longer his voice is heard among mortals,
But deep are its echoes in love's widowed breast.

Henry, my loved one, awake from thy sleeping,
The night-wind blows chill o'er our blighted
hearth-stone;

Awake! for the bride of thy bosom is weeping,
The time is adrear, and my spirit is lone.

Cold are the lips that e'er met with love's greeting,
The arms that oft pressed to a bosom of truth,
And still is the heart whose once passionate beat-
ing
Woke passion in mine, in our earlier youth.

Why wears now the sun-light a mantle of sadness?
Why pales the fair moon in the dark arch of
night?

Why changed to sad moans are earth's voices of
gladness?
My life-star has set, death extinguished its light.

List to the tempest, love! wildly 'tis wailing;
So sighs my sad heart to be with thee in rest;
Thy Anna's lone grief has a fountain unfailling—
Are its moans ever heard in the land of the blest?

No longer around me is gentle love beaming,
Still turns my sad heart to its earliest shrine,
Where bright burns thy image, o'er memory
gleaming,

My guide thro' this world, 'till my life I resign.
DEC. 9, 1848.

MONODY UPON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY A. WIGHT.

GONE from our hearts is a dearly prized treasure,
And low'ring and dark is the star of our fates,
For the love that we bore thee was full beyond
measure,

And deep is the void which thy absence creates.
As the mariner's bark 'mid wild dangers is driven,
When storm-clouds obscure the beacon afar,
So thy loveful radiance, glowing only for Heaven,
Leaves us here to roam without compass or star.

Yet, while thou wert with us, the depth of pure
feeling

Within thy fond breast I hardly then knew,—
But now my cleft heart all its grief is revealing,
And shows that each throb and pulsation beat
true.

Before me now fondly comes each cherish'd token,
Tho' feelings of sadness these thoughts do beget,
When I know that the cistern for aye now is broken,
And the tide of the fountain for ever hath set.

Tears, deep and regretful, o'erwhelm me with
blindness,

When I think of thy goodness and love unto me;
And feel that perchance thy feelings of kindness
Were not met in the spirit they deserved most to
be.

But tears and regrets now nought me availeth,
For far thou'rt removed from neglect and from
pain;

Yet this lesson my spirit now timely inhaleteth,
To love those the better that still do remain.

SHERIDAN, Feb., 1849.

Original Tales.

CONSTANCE LEE.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY HENRY MAY.

It was the eve before the battle of ———; the sun had just sank behind a long range of blue hills, in the distance, yet leaving bright gleams on their summits, which brightened up the horizon with a warm, rich glow. A long, low, irregular farm-house, of goodly dimensions and quaint architecture, was bathed in a flood of mellow radiance; while the out-houses and appurtenances were now dim and undiscernible in the approaching twilight.

The farm-house was the domicile of good Stephen Lee, as firm and staunch a patriot as ever breathed in America, and the possessor of many a broad and fertile acre, which stretched away on either hand. Three children had blessed the union of Stephen Lee with the fair daughter of his neighbor—Anne Carleton. Two as sturdy sons, with bold, yet kindly hearts, as could cheer the old age of the parents; and a fair, fragile creature, just entering womanhood—Constance. Well might the old man, and the wife of his bosom, dote on the sweet daughter given them, and the noble brothers regard with undying affection the fair girl whom they held

so dear; for the young girl returned their love with a sincerity and ardor which well became the "lamb of the flock." Constance was young—but sixteen—fair and beautiful as the pure, unstained lily, and with an innocent expression in the finely traced features. There was a touching air of quiet hope and enduring, trusting affection in those exquisite eyes of violet blue, and an expression of utter love in the delicate lineaments of the countenance.

But now the trying war of the Revolution had broken out, and sore and troublous times waxed hard on the country. Rumors of bloodshed, of cruel rapine, and open depredations on the part of the invaders, often reached the ears of the hitherto quiet family. But the high souls of the young men could not ill brook this bearing of the enemy; and were indignant at the wrongs of their sister colonies; and ere the spring came they had received the blessings of their parent, taken arms in the defense of their country, and followed a brave commander to the Northern States.

It is useless to recount the succession of skirmishes and open battles which ensued; suffice it to say that ere many months had flown, the whole body of both armies had advanced southward, and were now on the eve of the eventful battle of ———.

Slowly faded the daylight, and the pale moon had just cast a few silver beams over the earth, as fair Constance Lee wandered forth from her father's home, towards a grove which skirted the home-field. The heart of Constance was overflowing with happiness, for William and James Lee were again beneath the paternal roof; and in their joyous bursts of glee the young girl forgot all her fears of the morrow. The eyes were liquid and soft in their heavenly expression, and the mouth was fixed in a sweet smile, as she took her way, almost mechanically, toward the grove. Unconsciously, as it seemed, she approached an old oak tree, on the borders of the wood, and threw her graceful form into a rude seat which had been constructed beneath it.

The sweet girl had been seated here but a few moments, ere the sound of a quick step approaching, aroused her from a deep revery into which she had fallen. She started—a faint blush mantled her cheek—and she assumed an irresolute attitude, as if wishing to fly, yet fearing to.

"Constance! my own Constance!" said a rich, manly voice by her side, and the next moment she was locked in the embrace of a young man, dressed in the British uniform. Yet, notwithstanding this, his face bore ample testimony to a noble soul and an honorable spirit; for it was manly, open, and prepossessing.

"Hubert! Hubert!" murmured Constance, faintly, half struggling to free herself from his

arms, "did you not say you would leave me alone—that you would spare me the pain of again parting with you?"

"True, dearest, I did!" replied the young man, somewhat bitterly; "but why did you seek the old trysting-place, if you did not wish to see me?"

A deep blush sprang to the features of the young girl, as her lover uttered these reproachful words; and she turned away, saying, in a faint voice:

"You will forgive me, Hubert, it was so natural. Yet it befits not well," she added, in a firmer tone, "the daughter of a true American patriot to hold such converse with an open enemy!"

"Constance Lee! is it you that say this? Then you do not love me!" and the young officer turned away with an expression of despair on his handsome face.

"Love you, Hubert Delmaine?" shrieked poor Constance, wildly. "Oh! God! if you knew but half the strength of my passion—but a moiety of my wild affection, you would not ask! Why is it that I, a true American girl, wishing and attempting destruction on our direct enemies, should have met you here, time after time, you a bitter, implacable foe to my beloved country; and vowed those vows which only love can prompt? Answer me, Hubert!" moaned the poor girl, in touching accents. "For what have I braved the fury of my father, the anger of my brothers, and the mild, yet fearful chidings of my mother, were it not for love to you?" and Constance lifted her sad, pale face to that of the young Briton.

The heart of young Delmaine was touched, yet his emotion choked his utterance.

"You do not answer me," continued Constance. "I may well ask if you love me? When you sought and obtained shelter under my father's roof, and stole my heart from me, had you no qualm of conscience, no thought for the many bitter moments which would ensue?"

"Forgive me, Constance! forgive me!" at length gasped forth the young man. And then changing his tone to one of playful *badinage*, he added: "but I do love you with all the strength of which my heart is capable, and ere long I trust to call you my pretty, charming wife!" and he threw his arms around her, fondly.

Constance shook her head mournfully.

"You are a foe to America—it can never be!" she said, at last.

"But suppose that I should turn rebel, and take up arms on the American side?" persisted Delmaine.

The fair girl's face brightened perceptibly.

"Say that you will, Hubert, and I will be what you wish—your own devoted wife!" she murmured.

"I will! I will! were it only for your sake, my dear Constance; but I feel that your countrymen are in the right; and were it not for my proud father and haughty brothers in old England, I should long ago have sided with them, even against my own kinsmen. After the morrow's encounter I shall be an American in heart, if not in blood; and then, Constance—and then—" and he finished the sentence by imprinting a warm kiss on the flushed cheek of his companion.

Constance placed her snowy hand confidently in that of her noble companion, and a deep, blissful silence ensued. At length it was broke by Hubert, who said in low tones:

"The moon is waxing high in the heavens, and the night wind sweeps chillingly by; I must go, Constance!"

The young girl clung to his arm, as if to detain him, and then relaxed her hold, half ashamed of her movements:

"Go then, Hubert; and if you must take part in the morrow's strife, oh! think of your Constance—think that she prays for your safety—fervently, unceasingly."

"Bless you, Constance! those words are cheering, indeed!" and Hubert Delmaine bent over the bright face, now pale, sad, and tearful in its impression, and snatched a hurried kiss from the blanched lips. "Adieu, Constance! Oh! God! this is agony!" and he turned away irresolutely.

Another moment, and he was gone.

Long before "the orient morn" had appeared

poor Constance had arisen from her sleepless couch, thrown open the sash, and seated herself with a sinking heart, to gaze intently in the direction that the two armies were drawn up in hostile array. It was perhaps a mile from the home of Stephen Lee that the engagement was expected to take place; yet the fields were level and the air delightfully clear, and each movement of the armies could be witnessed distinctly. There sat poor Constance, pale, and haggard, hoping everything, fearing everything—a father's life and property, the welfare of two brothers, and the country's liberty were at stake, on one side; and on the other, the life, honor, everything of her lover. Was it strange that her heart was filled with contending emotions?

At length, a single gun from the encampment, aroused her from her meditations. She looked out. Morning had come, and William and James, with their aged parent, were departing for the scene of battle. Constance extended her hands wildly, and called upon her father to return. It was of no avail; and heart-stricken, she sank back into her former position, to weep and pray. Another gun boomed upon her ear like a thunderbolt—another—another—and then a rapid volley followed. She looked forth fearfully into the "field of blood." The two armies were enveloped in a blue smoke, which hung in voluminous folds around them; yet, though she could see nought, the constant, unceasing roar of the artillery, the wild neighing of the affrighted chargers, the noisy din of battle; and the loud commands of the undaunted officers, met her ears, and betokened the bloody affray which was going on. Thus the day wore away, the combat still raged in unmitigated fierceness, and neither army had conquered. "Onward rolled the tide of battle," leaving behind their vast surges, scores of the dead and dying, mangled corpses and bleeding bodies, until, at last, the British retreated in shame and confusion—they were defeated by the rebel continentals!

Stephen Lee and his two brave sons had escaped the fate of many of their companions; they returned again to their home, unharmed by the ministers of death who had pressed sore around them, and thankful for the vanquishing of their enemies. There was the sound of subdued rejoicing, mingled with low tones of prayer, in the humble dwelling of Stephen Lee; yet there was one sad, mournful face among them, which often glanced from the low window with an expression of fearful anxiety upon it; or buried itself convulsively in the lily white hands raised to it. Poor Constance! her quiet sadness was unaccountable to the other members of the family, and they attempted to soothe her; but it was impossible, for there was a chill foreboding, an undefined, nameless fear, weighing down her heart, and she moved about, pallid and listless.

"Ho! good Stephen Lee! throw open thy doors to admit us, for we bear a heavy burden!" cried a sturdy neighbor, without, just as the sun was sinking in the west.

"Right willingly," answered the good man, coming to the door; "but what bear you in your arms? A British officer, as I live!" ejaculated the old man, partially lifting the cloak which covered the corpse. "But bear him in—though he was an enemy, he is so no longer!"

They bore the dead officer reverently into the best room of Stephen Lee's house, and laid him quietly on the plain table.

"We found him on the field," said one, in a low, scarce audible voice; "and deemed it a pity that one so young and comely should be food for wolves; and therefore brought him hither, our own houses being filled with the wounded British!"

"You did well," replied benevolent Stephen Lee, "for it seems not well that one nurtured in luxury and refinement, should meet with such a fate!"

Meanwhile, Constance Lee had followed them, with a vague and dreamy dread, into the apartment. There was a touching air of ineffable sadness in the face of the young girl, as she moved noiselessly around, executing those little affairs so befitting a woman in the solemn scenes of death; yet she involuntarily shrank from the

corpse of the young Englishman, spread forth in the chilling attitude of the grave.

The military cloak of the young soldier was lifted reverently and slowly from the fair, pale face by Stephen Lee, and he brushed back softly the disheveled masses of hair from the broad, white brow.

"Constance, Constance," he whispered, in a voice, husky with emotion, "bring me a basin of water to bathe his bloody face!"

Constance sprang to do his bidding, but as her foot touched the threshold, and her eye rested on the face of the dead, she shrieked wildly, and fell prostrate on the body of the officer:

"Oh! Hubert! Hubert! is it thus we meet again?" moaned the poor girl, lifting her fair head for a moment. "Oh, God! this is more than I can bear!" and she sank forward on the face of the corpse, senseless.

They lifted her gently from the body of Hubert Delmaine; yet long, very long did she remain in that mournful state, hovering between life and death—at length, however, they restored her momentarily to consciousness—but the shattered intellect did not again resume its throne. There were prayers and supplications in the home of Stephen Lee that night; but they were of no avail; for ere the morning came, as Mrs. Lee hung almost distracted over her darling daughter, there was a low sigh, a faint struggle, and the brief life of Constance Lee was over!

Lays of Many Lands.

PAUL AND THE HOSPODAR.

From the Servian of Iwan Tieslik.

I.

"HARK, Jeliska! hearest thou not a knock?
Go, good maiden, go and open the gate,
Though the moon shines bright the hour is late.
And the stormy wind, how loud it blows,
Blows as though 'twould shake the ocean rock!
Go! Some wandering pilgrim, well I guess,
Claims from us what every Christian owes
Unto every Christian in distress!"

II.

So spake Bathski-Dor, the Hospodár,
And while yet the words were on his tongue,
One of a swart and bearded countenance,
Like a soldier-traveler from afar,
Stood before him. Stout he seemed and young,
And with fire and lightning in his glance.
Word he spake not till the Hospodár
Pointed toward the bench beside the hearth,
Saying, "Cousin, these are days of dearth;
Little cheer, save bread and fruit and oil,
All we have saved from Autumn's golden spoil,
Can we tempt thee with—but these are thine.
Seat thee on the bench beside the hearth.
Would that we could give thee meats and wine?"

III.

"Thy false hospitality I share not!
For thy bread and fruits and oil I care not!
By thy smooth words will I not be entreated!
By thy hearth-flag will I not be seated!"
Bathski-Dor! I am here to slay and spare not!
Bathski-Dor! I had a cherished brother.
Him thy saber wounded unto death.
In my arms he breathed his dying breath.
Oft have I tried, and tried in vain to smother
The fierce wrath I felt against his slayer—
Felt and feel—it haunts me even in prayer.
Bathski-Dor! We twain must measure swords—
Nay, man, sleep not! Mine are no child's words!"

IV.

Bathski-Dor upraised his hanging head,
Opened his shut eyes, and calmly said—
"Kinsman Paul! thou hadst a cherished brother,
And my saber wounded him to death—
Knowest thou not that I, too, had another,
Whom thy father slew at Vlokonnov,
On the hill he sleeps this night beneath?
Well! what therefore? Both men fairly fell,
Both men fell, my brother and thine own;
Not by treacherous guile or magic spell,
But in open field, with naked blades.
Still if thou seek vengeance upon me,
Take it, cousin! Only bide till dawn.
'Twere ill combating 'mid Night's dusky shades.
Meanwhile, watch or slumber. Thou art free
I rest—I, though thousand swords were drawn!"

v.
But, list! hark!—the deep roll of a drum,
And the summoning sound of many horns,
And the tramp of steeds that go and come!
And a cry—"Ho! Bathski-Dor! there waits
Zervi-van* one of her bloodiest morns!
Bathski-Dor! the foe besets our gates!
Up and arm, thou noble Hospodár!
Up and arm for battle, thou and thine!"

vi.
Bathski-Dor hath donned his warrior-garb.
This is Servia's—this his country's call;
Yet before he mounts his coal-black barb,
With drawn sword he speaks his kinsman Paul:
"Paul! thou shouldst have been a Servian, thou,
Though thy father fled to far Croatia.
Wilt thou clasp my hand, Paul? Wilt thou now
Turn, with me, thy saber against Asia?
Or shall thou and I, like madmen, struggle
Here unto the death with one another?
Shall we shed each other's blood because
Thou hadst once, as I had once, a brother?
Perish such a pride-born, hell-born juggle!
Kinsman! thou shalt live to win applause
From thyself, thy country, and thy God!
Clasp my hand! Thy gallant fathers trod
That green soil I have not loved in vain—
And thou wilt not shame them, though thou drain
Thy last life-drop in fair Freedom's cause!"—

vii.
—"Kinsman! cousin! thou hast spoken well!"—
So in answer spake the warrior Paul—
"Be all feuds forgot at Servia's call!
Side by side we fight, knee-deep in gore!
Side by side we fight, and if we fall,
Servia's minstrels yet and oft shall tell
How Paul stood till death by Bathski-Dor,
And how he till death, too, stood by Paul!"

Sixteen hundred fifty, tenth of March—
Such the time and night these words were spoken;
And to-day a tomb, defaced and broken,
Yet still standing, and a broken arch,
Both with one half-worn engraven date,
"Sixteen hundred fifty, *twelfth* of March,"
Rise beside the slope of Dvina-vár
In White Servia. Two, so near to hate,
Mutual hate a few brief hours before,
Sleep in friendship there for evermore,
Paul and Bathski-Dor, the Hospodár.

* Servia.

THE TIME ERE THE ROSES WERE BLOWING

From the Persian of Kásem Zerbayer,* in Reply to
Mescehi's "Time of the Roses."

i.
BRILLIANTLY sparkle, Mescehi, thy flowing
Numbers, like streams amid lilies upgrowing,
Yet, wouldst thou mingle the sad and sublime,
Sing, too, the Time,
Sing the young Time ere the Roses were blowing!

ii.
Then was the Season when Hope was yet glowing,
Then the blithe year of the Spring and the Sowing;
Then the Soul dwelt in her own fairy clime;
Then was the Time,
Then the gay Time ere the Roses were blowing!

iii.
Soon, ah! too soon, came the Summer, bestowing
Glory and Light, but a Light ever showing
In the chill nearness the Autumn's gray rime.
Gone was the Time,
Gone the fresh Time ere the Roses were blowing!

iv.
Life is at best but a Coming and Going,
Now flitting past us on swift, now on slow wing;
Here fair with Goodness, there gloomy with Crime.
O, for the Time,
O, for the Time ere the Roses were blowing!

v.
Coldly, oh, coldly, goes Truth overthrowing
Fancy's bright palaces, coldly goes mowing
Down the sweet blossoms of Boyhood's young prime.
Give us the Time,
Give us the Time ere the Roses were blowing!

vi.
I am ZERBA'YEH, the Least of the Knowing;
Thou art Mescehi, the Golden and Glowing!
O, when again thou wouldst dazzle in rhyme
Sing of the Time,
Sing of the Time ere the Roses were blowing!

* Who died at Isfahan, in 1641.

Eastern Scenes and Customs.

GIPSEY SORCERIES IN THE DECCAN.

From their first appearance in Europe, about the middle of the fifteenth century, to the present day, the gipsies have been objects of wonder, curiosity, or interest, from the mystery in which their origin is enveloped, and from the singular manner in which they have kept apart from the nations among whom they wander. They were originally believed to be Egyptians, but the researches of late years establish the probability, if not the certainty, of India being their mother country. Their language is found to have no affinity with the Coptic; but it bears a strong resemblance to that of Hindoostan; and their arrival in Christendom followed at no great interval of time the period when Timour ravaged and desolated the East, practicing cruelties on the wretched natives of India, which might have very probably induced them to emigrate in vast numbers.

Whether this latter supposition be correct or not, it is difficult to determine; it is, however, a fact that the gipsies exist as a distinct and numerous caste in Asia; and during a recent visit to the Deccan, I chanced to have an opportunity of seeing a large tribe of these singular outcasts, who came down from the mountains to pay a rude homage to the governor, by exhibiting before him the magic arts which, from far-off ages, have been the heritage of their race.

For this purpose they were assembled outside the governor's bungalow at Dahpore, in a large open space, bounded on one side by the broad stream running through the garden in which the residence is built, and on the other by a hedge of giant jessamine, the post of a Hindoo sentinel. The whole population of the neighboring little village was assembled, and covered every part of the ground, sitting, after their own strange fashion, on their heels, and all gaping with intense eagerness on the space left near the verandah for the performance of their admired sorceries. Of the simple faith with which they were prepared to witness the spectacle, we had no doubt, both from the expression of their countenances and our knowledge of their extreme superstition; for near our seats stood a young Hindoo mother, carrying an infant whose tiny ankles were rapped up in rage, to preserve it from the effects of the "evil eye," which is peculiarly baneful when blue—and we had unhappily admired the little creature on the previous day.

It was about three in the afternoon, and the sun, still glorious in the cloudless, glowing sky, poured a flood of light upon the whole scene, which was highly picturesque. In a few seconds the circle by the verandah was occupied by an aged wizard, and an assistant beating a tom-tom, or drum. He placed a small pan of lighted charcoal on one side, and cast into it a few grains of incense, muttering at the same time an incantation. A wicker basket, of about the size used to hold a baby's wardrobe, was then brought forward, and our gipsy informed us that it was his intention to put a *baba* (youth) into it; afterwards to change him into a pigeon or dove, and make him fly off whithersoever we chose. The trick did not promise to be very difficult; but we thought differently when we saw the candidate for the metamorphosis. He was a tall, fine-looking lad of sixteen or seventeen, apparently much too big to occupy the place assigned him; but the wizard approaching, threw him on the ground, tied his feet to his hands, and literally doubling him together, dropped him into a sort of cabbage net, which he fastened over his head. He then brought him round for us to examine the strange prison; and certainly it appeared a clear case of "I can't get out." He was consigned to the basket, and a cloth thrown over him, both, of course, being raised and distended by the captive they covered. The wizard now began a solemn promenade round the basket to the sound of the tom-tom, muttering mysteriously the while. By degrees the cloth and basket shrank down, growing smaller and smaller, till the latter appeared empty; then the lid was gently raised, and the net and ligatures thrown

out: a second circuit made by the old gipsy effected the promised translation, and a white pigeon fluttered from the basket, and directed its flight (as we desired) to Poonah. The enchantment now affected great amazement, called on the boy to come forth, raised and shook the basket, and finally producing a long naked sword, thrust it with loud cries apparently into every crevice of the wicker-work. He then turned, and calling in the direction of Poonah, which was only seven miles off, was answered from a distance by the best ventriloquism I ever heard. This was a summons for the lad to return. He, or rather the pigeon, obeyed. The basket began to swell again, the cloth rose, and the young gipsy sprang forth, leaving us in admiration of his wonderful power of self-compression; as how he could have folded himself into so small a space, we were unable to conceive, nor how he avoided the sharp point of the sword.

The second exhibition was far more extraordinary, and more difficult; indeed I could not have believed it, had I not witnessed it myself. A young man stepped forward, and by the assistance of one of the Parsees, who acted as interpreter, informed us, "that though it was not usual for the eyes to work as the hands did, he would for once, and to show his respect, &c., for the *burra saib* (great man,) use them in a similar manner." A huge piece of stone, two or three feet thick and square, was then placed before him, to which two short lines were strongly attached, having at the ends a small round piece of tin, the size and shape of a sixpence. Lifting his eyelids, and rolling the ball of the eye on one side in a most extraordinary manner, he stooped, inserting these coins inside the lid on the eyes, and closed the lid on them. His hands were then bound behind him, and raising himself slowly, he actually lifted the huge mass by the eyelids from the ground to the level of his waist. How long he would have continued to hold it I cannot tell, for the ladies present were so shocked at the really terrible exhibition, that they insisted on his being commanded to let it go. He was rewarded by a gift of ten rupees. We afterwards inquired if this power or art were common among the gipsy tribes, and were told it was not: being rather rare, and highly esteemed by them, the performer always expected an extra present from the spectators. Our Parsee servant added that the practice entailed early blindness on its possessor.

A man then seated himself before us, and ordered one of his companions to "light the fire," a command which was immediately obeyed; the fireplace being actually the speaker's head, on which they placed a piece of something that looked like black mud, and on it kindled a blaze of some height. The fire-king, as he called himself, then opened his mouth and received a lump of fire into it, from which he puffed volumes of smoke both from his mouth and nostrils; and certainly no one could look more like the "Zatanai" he personated, than he did, for his eyes were large, and glitteringly black and white, his features deformed, and his skin swarthy. Then followed the equally common snake-charmers, with their huge basket of civilized reptiles. It is perhaps less curious to see these creatures move to the monotonous music which is supposed to influence them, than to examine at leisure, and with impunity, their different appearances; from the frightful cobra di capello, to the deadly cobra manilla, the bite of which I once narrowly escaped by the presence of mind of a young child, who, without speaking, pulled me back at the moment my foot was descending on the step where it lay. This snake exhibition is common all over India, as well as that which followed it—the juggler and his golden balls. Some of the gipsy women then advanced to display their skill; but they were anything but interesting "magas." For the most part they were old, and very ugly, and their chief cleverness appeared to consist in making a fountain of their nose, from which they showered in a continuous stream the water they drew into their mouth from a small tube.

Swordsmen followed, and really displayed the most wonderful skill with their weapons. When their fencing was concluded, they made

a huge pile of their swords, the points being upwards, and leaped over it with great agility and boldness. The entertainment concluded by several men breaking cocoa-nuts with their heads—a feat which they achieved by throwing the huge fruit high into the air, and catching it on their skulls, which were certainly of the thickest, as, though they sounded fearfully, they did not appear hurt by a blow which separated the shell of the cocoa-nut. By the time they had finished their employment of nut-cracking, the sun had nearly set, and the burra sahib, after gracious commendations, and a very liberal bucksheesh, dismissed her majesty's gipsy lieges, though they assured us they had many excellent tricks still in store. We were, however, weary, and believed the actors must be so too; therefore further proffers were declined, to their great surprise, as we were told; for the native princes or chiefs can never have enough of similar exhibitions, and tax the poor creatures' powers almost beyond endurance when they are thus brought before them. The exhibition had greatly amused us, both from the skill of the people and the picturesque effect of their wild appearance and costume. Their own apparent faith in the incantations they muttered, and the real credence bestowed on their powers by the native spectators, gave a reality to the scene which no English jugglery can ever possess. The sword exercise and cocoa-nut breaking were accompanied by shrill, animated, and exciting cries. Of their skill in palmistry we were unable to judge, as we did not understand their language; but we were told that their prophetic gifts are very similar to those of their European brethren.

About three or four days afterwards, as we were returning from a drive, we met the whole tribe on their return to the mountains. The road was narrow, and they were therefore obliged to move to one side, passing in a long-continued and most picturesque file, beneath the mimosa-trees that bordered the way. One might almost have fancied himself living in the age of the Patriarchs, and witnessed the journeyings of a people, as he gazed on them. The strong men came first, each armed with a tall staff; then the women, bearing their infants on their hips, or leading the young children by the hand; old crones and "ancient men" followed, with such cattle as they possessed, and bundles, containing, as we supposed, their property. They all saluted us with kindly smiles as they glided by; and we watched them with considerable interest for some time, the great plain they traversed permitting us to see them till they were lost in the dim though brief twilight. We never saw the gipsies of the Deccan more; but we have often thought and talked of them, and regretted that the energies they displayed, and the toil by which they must have brought many of their performances to perfection, had not been more worthily employed and better directed. They follow strictly the wise injunction, "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might*;" though unhappily their hand, through ignorance, finds little to do that is useful or becoming rational beings; and they are thus far examples to those who, living in the light of civilization, never exert their capabilities, whether mental or physical, which their Creator has bestowed. Many a sluggard of our enlightened Europe might thus derive a useful lesson from the wild gipsies of Hindoostan.—[Chamber's Journal.]

INDIAN BHANG.

No one who has lived in India, and is acquainted with Asiatic manners and customs, can fail to be struck, when he reads Stephen Barrow, and such writers, by the great similarity which exists between the Egyptian and the Hindoo. The hieroglyphics depicted in the tableaux of ancient lore—the pictures of implements of husbandry, household furniture, manner of irrigating the land, carrying water—all tell the same tale; and the conviction remains forcibly upon the mind, that the two nations must have had the same origin, or have been closely united perhaps by traffic, in days gone by. The use of hashish is common to both, and serves as another connecting link.

The hashish or bhang is used by the Hindoo because fermented and spirituous liquors are forbidden by his religion, although they are given to the gods as offerings, by placing them behind the idol, and out of human sight. Although even the Brahmin not unfrequently partakes of bhang, those who indulge in it are looked upon in the light of debauchees; and sober folk shake their heads at them, and bhangie and ganja khore are opprobrious terms.

Bhang is the leaf of the male plant of the hemp, dried in the sun; when fresh, the leaf has a pleasing odor; but I am not certain whether it retains it when dried. Ganja is the same leaf; but being rubbed down in the hand to powder; and smoked in a rariella (a kind of hookah), retains the name of the plant; and the epithet of *churres* is given to the dried flower and stamen, which must naturally be more delicate and scarce, and on that account dearer. Churres is frequently made into tablet and *luddos*, or balls of sugar-candy—a dainty sweetmeat for the Hindoo, who gets bemused as he sucks or nibbles the sweets; and I have heard the feeling they occasion described by a friend as that of being plunged into a pleasing reverie, which was, however, every now and then broken by a sensation of being hoisted up into the air, and let down again with a shock.

The preparing a *lotah*, or jug of bhang, is accompanied by as much joviality and gossip among the partakers as the mixing of a bowl of punch or negus is with us; and many a time have I noticed an old favorite servant as he sat over the orgies of the bhang. Wherever Peerun traveled, his bundle of bhang went with him, and at mid-day, after his ablution and *poojah*, and lunch of parched rice or peas, a stone mortar and a wooden thiel, made of hard baubel, or thornwood, were produced, at the sight of which a few favorite friends or fellow-servants speedily collected. The humblest of these would undertake the pulverising of the leaf, which was done by rapid friction in the stone mortar with the wooden pestle. This was accomplished in about ten minutes, and water being poured over it, the liquid was strained through a piece of muslin; to this was added some sugar, and sometimes ginger or pepper, to make it more palatable. The host generally took a draught himself first, taking care, as usual, not to touch the lotah, or brass goblet, with his lips; but sitting on his haunches, and putting back his head, allowing the favorite beverage to slide down his gullet. His humble friends generally got each a small brass *cotarah*, or cupful, and drank it with relish and applause. The party soon after dispersed, and Peerun was seldom fit for any work or business after this: his eyes became bloodshot, his speech thick, his mind confused; in a word, he became drunk, and retired to his hut, or, on a march, betook himself to the shade of a tree; and there he dozed or slumbered, and enjoyed his reveries till three or four hours sobered him again. He then bustled about, and began to think of a regular meal, which was always cooked by his own hands about the gloaming.

Although a daily bibber of bhang, Peerun was a faithful and trustworthy servant, and in good circumstances; and when known to me, the noxious weed had not impaired either his health or intellect. But this is not always the case; the bhangie and ganja khore must be able to live well and comfortably: he must have plenty of milk and *ghee* (clarified butter), and not be stinted in food, otherwise he grows lean and withered—his hands and feet become long and attenuated, his eyes dull, and the white of the eye yellow and bloodshot. Costiveness is also a consequence, and the poor debauchee at last falls a sacrifice to his favorite drug. Bhang is not a cheap luxury: it costs the Bengalee as much as our Souchong costs us; and considering the poor circumstances of the Indian, it occasions him a greater outlay than tea does here to a comfortable householder. A ganja khore and bhang bibber may frequently, therefore, be known by his rags and hungry look. Smoking does not produce so great a degree of intoxication as drinking, but the same evils follow in its train. However strange and incredible it may appear, I will not hesitate to relate a fact which I witnessed during a march; namely, the giving

of a small portion of bhang to some working bullocks. The oxen were in beautiful condition; and upon remonstrating with the man under whose charge they were, as to the bad effects the drug might have, he only laughed at my fears, and maintained that the bullocks, after being shampooed and currycombed, looked to their dram to invigorate them, as a hungry man to his food, and that they could stand their work and fatigue all the better for it—with what truth I never had time to investigate thoroughly, as I lost sight of the man and his cattle after the march was finished. Giving bhang to cattle is however, not a common thing, and may therefore be known to few Europeans.

Native doctors occasionally use bhang externally as a medicament, as we do laudanum, to deaden the pain. It is tied in a bundle, warmed at the fire, and applied as a fomentation.

The *datura* or *stramonium* is a common weed in Hindoostan; and, like the foxglove, delights in a rich and moist soil. Who that saw it in all its beauty, clad with large white, trumpet-shaped sweet-smelling flowers, would think that death and insanity may be brought on by its thorny apple, or rather the seed contained in the apple of this beautiful plant. It is a well-known poison to the Bengalee, who mixes it in small quantities with the rum which he sells to the European soldier, and gives it in large doses to an enemy whose mental powers he wishes to destroy for ever; and certainly, when not counteracted in time, the derangement of the brain brought on by *datura* becomes lasting. I have seen raving madness, melancholy and merry madness, all produced by the use of this; according to the constitution, the poison acted differently.

In one gentleman's family I witnessed a case in point. A Hookaberdar, who had been concerned in robbing a female, had clandestinely brought the property home; not undetected, however, by some of his fellow-servants. The woman suspected him, took out a warrant, and his master's premises were searched; but the cunning thief had thrown the purloined jewels into a well, which, on account of its brackish water, was in disuse in the household, and consequently it had almost got dry, and choked up with weeds and bushes. The police were unsuccessful in their search; but two of the servants, who knew of the well, threatened to inform unless they received a *douceur*. The pipeman therefore mixed up a large dose of *datura* seed, ground to powder, with their curry; of which, being mess-fellows, they both partook.

In a short time the cook began to rave about roasts and puddings, and although it was night, began to sweep out the kitchen, and make noisy preparations for the mid-day meal. The other man, who was sort of a valet, and had charge of his master's wardrobe, came up stairs, pretended he heard the bugle, and insisted upon laying out the clothes and accoutrements for parade, and in his confusion of mind upset the boxes and toilet of his master. All this of course occasioned a great stir and disturbance in the household. The patients, however, were not allowed to go on in their mad career, but were separately shut up for the night by the master's direction, and medical aid was procured for them in the morning. Cooling salts, lime-juice and water, also vinegar and water, were prescribed, with the frequent use of the shower-bath; which measures were successful, restoring in a few days the patients to sanity. I may add that ample evidence being produced against him, the Hookaberdar was brought to condign punishment, set to work on the road, and disgraced for life.—[Chamber's Journal.]

CATS SUCKING THE BREATH OF INFANTS.—It is a very prevalent notion that cats are fond of sucking the breath of infants, and, consequently, of producing disease and death. Upon the slightest reflection, however, nothing can be more obvious than that it is impossible for a cat to suck an infant's breath—at least so as to do it any injury; for even on the supposition that it did so, the construction of its mouth must preclude it from interrupting the process of breathing by the mouth and the nose at the same time. This vulgar error must have arisen from cats nestling about infants in beds and cradles to procure warmth.

The Family Circle.

"IT IS THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS."

BY ELIZA COOK.

It is the song my mother sings,
And gladly do I list the strain;
I never hear it but it brings
The wish to hear it sung again.

She breathed it to me long ago,
To lull me to my baby rest;
And as she murmur'd, soft and low,
I slept in peace upon her breast.

Oh, gentle song! though hast a throng
Of angel-tones within thy spell;
I feel that I shall love thee long,
And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
With doating glance of warm delight,
In after years I know not how
Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight.

That mother's voice will then be still—
I hear it falter day by day;
It soundeth like a fountain rill,
That trembles ere it cease to play.

And then this heart, thou gentle song,
Will find an anguish in thy spell;
'Twill wish it could not love so long,
Or had not loved thee half so well.

EDUCATION OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

PARENTS, possessed of tolerable means, seldom neglect to send their children to school. They are often heard to say of their young people, 'Whatever advantage money can purchase for them in the way of education, we are willing to give them.' Having expended the money ungrudgingly, they are often surprised that their children do not turn out very well. The fact is, they expect too much from liberality in school fees—they are too apt to feel their consciences relieved as to their duty to the young by mere considerations of the cost in money. However well it may suit a busy father to depute the nurture of his children, and use his own time in money-making or in needful recreation, it is very certain that the children will be imperfectly educated if they have not been reared carefully and rationally in the domestic circle, and cost their parents, or some persons standing in the light of parents, a great deal of trouble over and above all that is purchaseable from the school-master.

The education of the domestic circle is moral education. The fresh human beings continually coming into the world might be regarded as a colony of savages coming in among a civilized people, and requiring to be adjusted to the tone of the society of which they are henceforth to form a part. Their impulses are in full activity: the provocations to the working of these impulses lie full before them. The business is to train the impulses to submit to those checks and those modified or regulated movements which society pronounces to be desirable. It will not be by reading of texts, or hearing of precepts and maxims, that this will be done. It only can be done by training to habits—a duty requiring much time, great patience, and no small skill and judgment.

It is, then, an onerous duty, and yet its weight may be much lessened if a good method be adopted, and adopted sufficiently early. Something can be done with a child from a very early period of existence. For instance, if he cries, we may avoid a great evil if we abstain from administering dainties for the purpose of soothing him; or, on the other hand, from using him harshly by way of punishment. The crying of a child on account of any little accident or disappointment is less an evil to him than an annoyance to us: we probably attach too much consequence to the idea of keeping children quiet, as if quietness were in him a virtue. If, however, it appear really desirable to stop the crying of an infant, the best way is to produce a diversion in his mind. Create some novelty about or before him, and if it be sufficient to give a new turn to his feelings, he will become

what is called 'good' immediately. This is a cheap way of effecting the object, and it can be attended by no imaginable bad consequences. It must be remarked, however, that we—that is, grown-up people—are ourselves the causes of much avoidable squalling among the young. A child is looking at something, or is enjoying himself in some little sport with a companion: from fondness, or some other cause, we snatch him up of a sudden in our arms: he cries. Can we wonder? Should any of us like to be whipped up from a dinner-table in the midst of our soup, or from a concert-room when Jenny Lind is enchanting all ears? Undoubtedly it is injustice to a child to treat him thus, not to speak of the worse injustice of punishing him in such circumstances for crying. He is entitled to have his will consulted before we snatch him away merely for our own amusement. Should it be necessary to interfere with his amusements, or to put a stop to them, use diversion and kind words by way of softening matters, and we shall probably have nothing to complain of.

Even tolerably amiable children, when placed together, will be found to have frequent little quarrels, the consequence of disrespectful words, or, perhaps, interferences with each other's property. Some are much more liable both to give and take offense than others. Nothing is more troublesome to a parent; for it is scarcely possible entirely to ascertain the merits of any case. The liability to such collisions will at least be diminished if the parents never fail to observe towards each other, and towards their servants and children, the rules of good-breeding; and if they, moreover, take every opportunity of inculcating the beautiful and happy results of domestic peace. These means, however, will be in vain if children are allowed too much time to spend in idleness. If entirely occupied, in whatever way—with lessons, with work, with amusement, or with reading or drawing—they will be very little liable to fall into discord. It should, accordingly, be regarded as one of the first duties of those having a charge of young people to keep them incessantly engaged in something which may interest their faculties.

As soon as their understanding fits them for such intercommunion, children should be made the companions, friends, and confidants of their parents. The old rule was, that in their parents' presence they should be perfectly quiet. This might be a gratifying homage to the parent, but it was not education to the child. If a child is brought to a family table, he should be allowed to join in the family conversation, that he may learn to converse. It is both surprising and gratifying to observe how soon children work up to the standard of their parents' attainments, and how beautifully they repay the openness and confidence with which they are treated, by reposing the most unreserved confidence in return. They know the family position, the family prospects, objects, and wishes, and become deeply interested in them all. Affection proves a far more powerful check than severity: obedience is a word unknown in the family vocabulary, because the thing is never wanting. Co-operation, cheerful contribution by heart and hand to the family objects, is the principle of action. In such a family there is rarely anything entitled to the appellation of discord: there are no separations, no elopements, no acts of domestic rebellion. A smooth course of happy life flows on, and the old age of the parents, who have trained so much worth in their offspring, is soothed and cheered by the unremitting exercise of the very virtues which themselves have fostered and perfected.

This is no ideal picture. We could point to families where the scions of the house, and even the children of strangers, have been the subjects of a domestic education such as we describe, and where the results have been the realization of the desideratum we set out with, namely, the adjustment of the fresh generation to the civilization attained by the old.

CHANGE OF OPINION.—He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.—[Dr. Whicote.

SIMILES.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear;
As light as a drum—as free as the air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind;
As true as the gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow;
As yellow as saffron—as black as a shoe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle;
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As wide as a river—as deep as a well;
As still as a mouse—as loud as a bell;
As sure as a gun—as true as the clock;
As fair as a promise—as firm as a rock;
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As full as a tick—as solid as brass;
As lean as a greyhound—as rich as a Jew;
And ten thousand similes equally new.

BRINGING IN THE NEW YEAR IN GERMANY.—There is plenty of dancing going on in Germany. Glee-wine, a sort of negus and punch, is brought in after supper, and just before twelve o'clock. Every one is on the watch to win the New Year from the others—that is, to announce the New Year first. Accordingly, the instant the city bell is heard to commence tolling, 'Prost Neu Jahr!' starts from every one's lips; and happy is he who is acknowledged to have made the exclamation first, and to have won from all the others the New Year. In every house at that moment all over the country, is shouted 'Prost Neu Jahr!' prost being no German word, but a contraction of the Latin *prosit*. On one occasion, having retired to rest, our servants assembled at our room door and woke us, in order to cry 'Prost Neu Jahr!' On the following morning, every one that meets you salutes you with the exclamation. With the glee-wine are brought in, on a waiter, the New Year wishes of the family and its friends. These are written in verse, generally on very ornamented gilt note-paper, and sealed up. When the Prost Neu Jahr has passed, and all have drunk to one another a happy New Year, with a general touching of glasses, these are opened and read. For the most part they are without signatures, and occasion much guessing and joking. Under cover of these anonymous epistles, good hints and advice are often administered by parents and friends. Numbers of people, who never on any other occasion write a verse, now try their hands at one; and those who do not find themselves sufficiently inspired, present those ornamental cards of which I have spoken under Christmas, and which have all kinds of wishes, to suit all kinds of tastes and circumstances. These are to be purchased of all qualities and prices; and those sent by friends and lovers generally appear on New Year's day, and are signed or not, as suits the purpose of the sender. —[William Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.

Let him who expects one class in society to prosper to the highest degree, while the others are in distress, "Let him," as old Fuller says, "try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

CONSIDERATE persons have great pleasure in paying tradesmen's bills early; and by this means they render valuable assistance to an industrious class of persons, especially those who are struggling with a limited capital, to prevent insolvency and support their families.

Choice Miscellany.

THE SUPPER.

BY HENRY FRANK LOTT.

ONE night, about Christmas, with snow on the ground

That the loveliest moon ever lightened,
My way to my Carry's snug cottage I found—
By the cheerfulest wood-fire brightened.
She had hinted, as soon as they slaughtered the swine,

And the sausage was dried and well flavor'd,
If I'd try it and taste of the new elder wine,
That she should conceive herself favor'd.

The warm greeting over, I kicked off the snow,
And retired to the warm chimney-corner,
Where links of brown sausages hung in a row,—
Oh! I thought of the little Jack Horner!

For you know a cold night gives a zest to a treat,
And Car, though I never beheld her
On any occasion more rosy or neat,
Still I thought on the sausage and elder.

Though Carry scarce knows what an epicure means,
I declared that the feast was delicious;
And who sups from a pig he has oft fed with beans,
Is fit to be ranked with Appicus.

As I told how Silenus got drunk on grape juice
That some shirtless young Cupids were squeezing,
She laughingly said—"Ah! this elder's more use
On a night that to zero is freezing!"

Those berries in autumn I with my own hands
In her duck of a basket had gathered;
And I thought the spiced draught beat the wines of
all lands,

By bacchanal praises belather'd.
As jocund we sat by the hazel-root fire,
And let the last jorum boil over,
My Carry confessed she had all her desire,
And I was the happiest lover.

STORY OF AN APPARITION.

THE President d'Albi, a distinguished magistrate, possessed an estate a few leagues distant from Toulouse. Every year, during the vacation, he regularly went to pass some time at his estate, from the situation of which it was necessary to take a by-road. To avoid traveling by night, M. d'Albi always stopped at an *auberge* called L'Hotel de la Poste, sending his carriage and servants on before him, and the following morning proceeding on horseback, attended by his faithful companion, Castor, a fine bloodhound. On his return to Toulouse he acted in like manner, sending his carriage on before him to await him at the hotel.

On the first of March, 1758, M. d'Albi arrived on horseback, and being obliged to return in haste to Toulouse, he merely drew up at the hotel for the purpose of taking refreshment. But he was greatly surprised at finding the whole family in the utmost affliction: the master of the hotel had been missing for many days; and as yet all search to discover him had been in vain. The arrival of the president was a source of consolation to the afflicted family, and they looked with confidence to the measures which his counsel would suggest, and his authority enforce, in unraveling the mystery. Accordingly, he summoned the functionaries of the district around him, and gave orders that the most minute inquiries should be made in the environs. Foreseeing that this affair would detain him some time, he dispatched his servant with a letter to his lady, lest his delay might cause her uneasiness. These proceedings occupied the entire day; he was fatigued; but before retiring to rest he repaired to the stable, followed by his dog, lest in all this confusion they should have forgotten to feed his horse—an animal upon which he set a high value.

On returning to the house, which was at a little distance, he perceived that Castor had not followed him. He returned, and called him several times, but had the greatest difficulty in forcing him to return. The dog had buried himself in a sort of haggard, filled with fagots, which lay just behind the stable, and would not quit it. At length, his master having succeeded in forcing him out, shut the haggard-door, and proceeded to bed.

As it was yet early he disposed himself to read; but being overcome by fatigue, he fell into a sound sleep. He had scarcely slept a few hours when he was awakened by a frightful dream, in which he had seen Francois, the innkeeper, covered with blood. He was about to speak to him when a howling from his dog awoke him, and interrupted the dream. Being a man of strong mind, he attributed this nightmare to the agitation which the events of the day had produced, and considered it nothing more than nervous excitement. With this assurance he soon fell asleep again; but the same figure presented itself to his imagination, and this time with more distinctness. The innkeeper now addressed him:

"I have been assassinated," said he, "by the ostler whom I discharged last year, having had a quarrel with him, in which I charged him with dishonesty. He is a Catalan, and ever since retained a feeling of vengeance against me. It was he who committed the crime. My body will be found buried under the faggots, in the haggard, behind the stable. You must dig deep to verify the revelation I now make. Have my body buried with the rites of Christian burial. You shall be recompensed."

M. d'Albi awoke again, covered with a cold sweat. He reproached himself with pusillanimity; which, by allowing his sleep to be interrupted, betrayed his weakness. He endeavored to sleep, but twice more the same vision pursued him. No longer able to support his anxiety he lit a taper, and strove to captivate his attention with a book. Vain hope—he recommenced the same passage over and over again, without being able to understand a word of what he read.

At last, no longer able to resist the uneasiness which he felt, the president arose, dressed himself, and as soon as morning dawned he hastened to the stable, accompanied by his dog, which ran barking straight to the haggard. M. d'Albi felt influenced by a strange sentiment of terror, for he could not dissemble his belief that he was upon the point of seeing realized that which his good sense repudiated as an error inconsistent with the belief of any sound-minded person. How! bring himself to admit supernatural agencies in a matter of this description?

The inexplicable fact, however, was about to be established. Surprised by the singular motions of Castor, he called some peasants who were going to their work. After having removed the faggots, he made them dig up the earth at the precise spot where the dog was scraping with his paws. Judge of the fright of the work-people, and of the horror of the president, at discovering the remains of a corpse in a state of putrefaction. He came out of the haggard, had the door shut, and commanded the peasants to preserve the strictest secrecy, until they had discovered the assassin, and thus prevent him from escaping the hands of justice.

The formalities being accomplished, they succeeded in discovering the ostler in a neighboring village. All the details turned out to be exact, but the discovery was attributed to Castor, for M. d'Albi never spoke of the vision.

After the murderer had been conducted to prison, and the unfortunate Francois had been buried, the president departed for Toulouse, promising the family at the hotel to return when the trial came on.

As soon as the trial commenced, M. d'Albi repaired to the town to follow up the prosecution. The murderer was condemned, and the president made arrangements for his departure. During the trial, which lasted several days, he went to his estate every night, and returned to town in the morning; but as this was the eve of his departure for Toulouse, he remained at the Hotel de la Poste.

He had not his dog with him this night, Castor having followed the servant. M. d'Albi was alone in his chamber, when the apparition stood before him.

"You have had me honored," said the specter, "with Christian burial; through you I have obtained justice upon my assassin. What can I do to recompense you for this service?"

M. d'Albi, in his dream, asked him to inform him of the day on which he would die. The vision promised it, and disappeared.

The new episode caused a complete change in the president's manners; he became gloomy, pensive and absent; never hinting to his wife nor to his dearest friends the cause of this change. These habits continued for nearly twelve years, when M. d'Albi began to resume his wonted serenity. As further time elapsed his melancholy impression gradually disappeared; when on the night of the 25th of May, 1772, being in a profound sleep, one of his old dreams returned, and Francois, the innkeeper, stood before him. He approached him, covered with his shroud.

"You wished to know when your last hour should arrive," said he to him, in a sepulchral voice. The vision extended its bony arm to the clock, and placing its finger on the point of midnight, exclaimed: "In one month, and at this hour!"

The president violently pulled the bell which was at the head of his bed. His domestics found him in a state of great mental excitement, repeating incoherent words. His physician was sent for immediately, who, after having administered to him a narcotic draught, ordered him a warm bath. For several days the president was in a state of great dejection. At length, becoming gradually more calm, he requested his wife to leave him alone with his brother-in-law, a man of strong mind and sound judgement, whom he wished to consult. When every one had retired, he told him what we have just related.

The brother-in-law was not a little surprised at this strange revelation, and concluded that the president's mind was affected with a species of monomania. But every thing was narrated with the utmost precision, the circumstances minutely detailed, and the witnesses of the material fact were still living; besides, M. d'Albi was not a weak-minded man. Since that awful event had happened, he had, upon numerous occasions, manifested his excellent judgement in the capacity of a magistrate; but a fixed idea upon this point might have tormented his imagination, and his brother-in-law was at a loss what arguments to employ to convince a man so singularly infatuated.

"If you take my advice," said he, "you will consult our pastor upon the matter; he is your spiritual director; he is, besides, a man of merit, and an eminent guide."

M. d'Albi approved of this counsel, and sent to request the clergyman's attendance. He related to him all the circumstances of the apparition, and asked his advice upon the matter. The pastor was equally embarrassed as M. d'Albi's brother-in-law.

"The Divinity," said he at length, "may manifest himself to us in various ways; his miracles daily present themselves to our eyes. It seldom happens, notwithstanding, that the dead quit their graves to communicate with living men; but being impressed strongly with this idea, it would be prudent for you to approach the sacraments, and put your affairs in order. We must prevent this matter from making a noise; it might alarm the minds of the people, and give rise to a hundred ridiculous stories. You should not persist in concealing the circumstances from your wife, who is a woman of great fortitude and piety; but let it be kept a secret from your children."

The clergyman then, with M. d'Albi's consent, imparted the secret to the president's wife, who, in common with all those to whom it had been divulged, attributed it to a diseased mind.

The physician, though of the same opinion, as a professional man, thought that an imagination so violently excited might be attended with very serious consequences. He recommended, above all things, a variety of engaging pursuits—and that he should be constantly watched—never allowed to remain alone, or abandoned to his own thoughts.

As the appointed hour approached, the president became more pensive and gloomy. But, what was extraordinary, his health did not appear at all affected, which his friends often remarked to him. They even sometimes joked on the infallibility of the prediction.

The eve of the predicted day had now arrived; the president never enjoyed better health. His wife and friends began to reckon with confidence

on his recovery. But, from a feeling of superstitious fear, they not only resolved to change the hour of all the watches and clocks in the house, but they easily obtained permission to make all the clocks within the hearing of the president's hotel strike twelve at the hour of eleven. The family gave, on that evening, a grand supper, to which all their intimate friends were invited. M. d'Albi was distressingly agitated—every moment he looked at the clock. They laughed at him; and endeavored to make him, as well as the guests, merry by a plentiful outpouring of wine. The clergyman himself wore an air of extraordinary gaiety to encourage him. In fine the hands of all the clocks and watches indicated "twelve."

By a singular chance the *pendule*, in the president's chamber, had not been advanced. The town clocks had all sounded the hour, the glasses were filled, and every one rose to drink the president's health. He joined in this compliment with excellent grace, having quite resumed his serenity. He sustained with great animation the pleasantries which were addressed to him, and even improvised a pretty quatrain upon the interest which he had excited. This led the company naturally to speak of M. d'Albi's poetical talent, which he had neglected for some years; and the president could not refrain from entertaining his guests with a short poem, which he had composed upon his mental malady, and which they importuned him to favor them with a sight of. M. d'Albi said, in reply, that he must go to his dressing room, as no one else but himself could find it. He took a light and proceeded towards his apartment. Suddenly a pistol-shot was heard! The president's valet-de-chambre had just forced open his master's *secrétarie*, for the purpose of robbing him. Surprised in the act, he seized a pistol which lay at his hand, and blew out his master's brains. Midnight sounded at that instant by the clock in the president's chamber.

THE CHANGE.

THINE eyes are blue as when we met;
Nor is thy hair yet tinged with gray;
Thy teeth like glittering pearls are set,
Nor e'en show symptoms of decay.

Thy voice hath still its silv'ry tone,
And smooth as marble is thy brow;
Thy blooming cheek no change hath known;
And yet, and yet how changed art thou!

Oh! while I gaze on thy fair face,
Why are mine eyes thus fill'd with tears?
And why do I so sadly trace
The memory of other years?

The world discerns no change, whose eyes
But view thee lovely as thou art;
For deeper, deeper still it lies—
Alas! the change is in thy heart!

THE FROZEN SHIP.

ONE serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Captain Warrens, the master of the greenland, a whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about seventy-seven degs. of north latitude, on one side, and within a mile of his vessel. These were of immense height, and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach; showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Captain Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation, but there being no wind, he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places. About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crushing noises gave evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every second, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there was actually any at all on each side of them. The night was spent

in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Captain Warrens found, to his great joy, that the ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier had been separated by the wind, and that in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern. It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. Captain Warrens was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless. Captain Warrens immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He then hailed her crew, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main-chains caught his eye; and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair, with writing materials on a table before him; but the feebleness of the light made every thing very indistinct before him. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatch way, descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A terror seized him as he entered it; its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mold had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eye-balls. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him. The last sentence in its unfinished page ran thus: "Nov. 14th, 1792. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life; but a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore-part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where; but Captain Warrens was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book, returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, impressed with the awful example he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes. On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way; and, by comparing the results of those with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship, and of her unfortunate master; and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

INTELLIGENCE IN A FISH.—At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Philosophical Society, Dr. Warwick related an extraordinary instance of intelligence in a fish. 'When he resided at Durham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him,

darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a tenterhook in a post (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching), and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on the bank. He (the doctor) went and examined it, found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver tooth-pick, raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved; but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid its head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary; but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr. Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received; and as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fishes are sensible to sound.'

THRILLING ANECDOTE.—Hon. Andrew H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following thrilling anecdote: "A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect and direct him in his wanderings, reached, at nightfall, the house of a wealthy planter, who took him in, fed, lodged and sent him on his way with his blessing. Those little kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the ills and obstacles of life. Years rolled around: Providence led him along; he had reached the legal profession his hospitable host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get away from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him; and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her and her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and," Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, "that orphan boy stands before you!"

THERE is a story current, that when the present Pope was a youth, and in the Guardia Nobile at Rome, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful English girl. She refused his suit, although he was handsome, young, and noble, on account of the difference of religion; and he took the matter so much to heart that he retired to a convent, became an ecclesiastic, and eventually pope.

Ladies' Department.

SWEET LAVENDER.

Lavender is the emblem of "distant music" in the Language of Flowers.

'Tis the sound of distant music, and it comes from
o'er the hills,
Sweeping upon the breezy air by fields and summer
rills;

Up, up the valley—homesteads fair and sheltering
nooks are passed;

"Oh, Lavender—sweet Lavender!" is clearly heard
at last.

And forth she comes, the cottage girl, with basket
on her arm,
Singing loud that summer word, whose name breathes
many a charm:

"Twelve bunches for a single groat," she adds with
plaintive cry:

"Oh, Lavender—sweet Lavender!"—these treas-
ures who will buy?"

The village girls will seek the sweets—the faint per-
fume they prize;

By hoarded treasures, tokens dear, the annual gift-
flower lies;

And mourners seek its pensive hue—it suits well
with the dead—

To strew above that breathless form, now slumber-
ing on the bed.

Oh, bear it to the lone churchyard, and find a
nameless mound—

There, drooping mourner, cast these sweets upon
the grassy ground;

And as the sound steals on the breeze, across the
quiet vale,

That well-known music soothes thy heart, attuned
to sorrow's tale.

Perfume the air above the dead, the faithful, happy
dead!

Comfort and hope, sweet lavender, with healing in-
fluence shed;

This angel-music floateth past—on seraph's wings
'tis borne—

The mourner's heart can hear it oft, though tem-
pest-awayed and torn.

MEANS OF ENHANCING BEAUTY.

MANY of the fair sex, especially in France, attribute immense importance to the art of dress. We hold even the sublimest secrets of costume but lightly in comparison with the all-powerful effect of the thoughts, feelings, and passions upon the features; or even that of the health upon the complexion and form. A good or happy thought can lend a brightness to the eye, a sweetness to the expression, a healthy glow to the cheek, and an elasticity to the limbs, which not all the dyes of Araby or corsets of Paris can imitate. Nevertheless, to despise or neglect the art of costume, or pass it over without some notice, would be an unpardonable omission.

We shall endeavor to lay down such general rules regarding the arrangement of the attire as may at all times apply, despite the rapid changes in the laws of fashion, which, unlike those of the "Medes and Persians," that "altered not," are revolutionized so often, that nothing could enable us to keep pace with the variations of that idolizedameleon, *La mode*.

A woman's dress should be governed by precisely the same principles of harmony and contrast as an artist's picture; and however tastes may differ, there are certain points on which few, we trust, will disagree with us, in what we are about to write.

FIRSTLY.—Under all circumstances, even in the most hasty morning *deshabille*, the most scrupulous neatness should be preserved. There is no beauty but must suffer materially from hair carelessly arranged, a crumpled frill or collar, or an ill-fastened dress with perhaps an ungracefully-disposed shawl, and even—for there are such things, ladies—a slipshod shoe and soiled stocking.

It is an observation we have heard made and felt the truth of hundreds of times, that the materials, even the color of a dress, are matters of small moment compared to the way in which it is made, and what is technically called

the *fit*. Never should an ill-fitting dress be worn, however great the trouble of alteration. It destroys the *contour* of the most perfect figure, and gives an appearance of slovenliness to a costume otherwise unexceptionable.

Either a dress should fit closely to the shape, or be sufficiently loose to form graceful and natural folds. In the artistic treatment of *drapery*, this is a received axiom. For example, a sleeve should either display the arm as nearly as possible in its natural form, or hang quite loosely, becoming broader towards the bottom, as is the case in all historical pictures and on the stage, where costume is especially studied. Any thing between the two is deficient both in grace and dignity, and must form awkward, ill-looking folds.

With regard to the bust, the present simple following of the matchless proportions of nature on the one hand, and the flowing Greek robe on the other, are the two extremes in which beauty meets. Anything intermediate which interferes with, without concealing, the former, is a sacrifice both of the beauty of nature and of art. Both the Greeks and the modern Parisians agree on one point, that of ample flowing drapery from the waist to the feet; and we trust that so absurd an opposition to every rule of art will never again be attempted as short or scanty skirts, which detract fearfully from the graceful dignity that a lady should always observe however well they may suit the peasantry of the continent, or the figurantes at the Opera.

Any projection from the shoulders, of the nature of the tippet, spencer, frill, or trimming of any kind, is very unadvisable, inasmuch as it is at the shoulders that the most beautiful and important undulation in the whole figure begins to fall, and any loose projecting trimmings, &c., by forming a sort of angle or interruption to the line of beauty, cannot fail to displease the eye of taste. In fact, no curve in the form ought ever to be broken or converted into an angle: and on this ground we decidedly object to the Elizabethan frills, whatever excuse may be found for the hoops, which, however, on the ground of mere convenience, are well done away with.

With regard to the feet, we have but one rule to lay down; never let boots or shoes, on any consideration whatever, be worn one shade smaller than comfort requires; otherwise corns, and other worse enemies of the foot, will revenge themselves for the wrong done to nature; and, moreover, the shape of the ankle is by no means improved.

The *chaussure* should be very carefully attended to; for this reason, that, being less seen, the feet are the more observed. A tight shoe, and one too much covering the instep, are to be shunned; the latter gives the appearance of large feet.

OF HARMONY OF COLOR IN DRESS.—The reader will have observed, that in our remarks on Costume we have avoided all allusion to color. The reason is, that color and form are distinct things, and do not in the slightest degree depend upon each other. Through inferior in importance to form, still it is well known how much may be done by the harmonious arrangement of the hues in a dress to the advantage of a lady's personal appearance. All violent contrasts, such as red and blue, ought to be avoided. Where any primary color is introduced, it ought to be put next to secondaries. For example, a pink bonnet should be followed by a lilac scarf, which might be followed by either a pink or blue dress, or one in which those colors predominate. But black and white harmonize with every color, and it is desirable to introduce them in equal proportion with colors, in order to subdue the brilliancy of the latter, and avoid any approach to gaudiness. White and black suit most complexions, and are generally considered the most becoming. Otherwise red should be the dominant color for brunettes, and blue for blondes. Pale blue and pink, with white stripes, or arabesques, are to be preferred. Green will suit almost every complexion, and harmonizes with most other colors. Blue or yellow, however, must never be placed by the side of green, unless in flowers, were the smallness of the masses of color, and the necessity of brilliant contrast, is appreciable. The same rule applies

to jewelry, of which, with other matters, we shall treat of next

JEWELRY.—In the use of jewelry great care and taste are required; and we should advise our young lady friends to dispense with ornaments altogether. Indeed, we doubt not but ear-rings will one day be regarded with as much ridicule as are now the nose-rings of the savages. Till those days of pure taste and enlightenment arrive, it behoves us to use all our judgment in the selection of these ornaments, which are far more apt to detract from than add to beauty.

To brooches or pins, used either really or apparently to confine a dress, riband, or scarf, the above remarks scarcely apply. But in the choice of ear-rings, bracelets, or necklaces, worn obviously without any useful purpose beyond personal adornment, they are to be borne constantly in mind. The ear-rings should be light in appearance as well as weight, as they produce absolute deformity by dragging down the ear. The necklace or chain should be either of pearls, diamonds, or emeralds, in very plain settings. Pearls are specially adapted for fair complexions, as are also turquoises; sapphires, emeralds, or rubies, are more favourable to dark skins. A thin finely wrought gold chain may be worn by either. Ladies of refined taste really wear many jewels, well aware that gold and precious stones, while ineffectual to enhance beauty, only serve to make the contrary more painfully conspicuous.

EVE'S PUDDING.

If you like a good pudding, mind what you are taught:

First, take six eggs, when they are to be bought for a groat;

Next, take of the fruit which Eve once did cozen,
Well pared and well-chopped, at least half-a-dozen.
From six ounces of bread let Jane cut the crust,
And let it be crumbled as small as the dust.

Six ounces of currants from the stones you must sort,

Lest they break out your teeth and spoil all your sport;

Six ounces of sugar wont make it too sweet,
Then some salt and some nutmeg the whole will complete.

Mix well the whole, and your basin well butter,
Then boil it two hours without any flutter;
And now, if you wish to have a good treat,
Serve it up with some wine and melted butter made sweet.

CHIVALRY.—In the year 1369, John the Second, Duke de Bourbon, instituted an Order of Chivalry. One of the statutes of it is curious, and shows the high opinion he entertained of the influence of the female sex upon the virtue and happiness of mankind. According to this statute the knights were obliged to pay due respect to all ladies, both married and unmarried; and never to suffer anything derogatory to their reputation to be said in their presence; "for," adds the statute, "those who speak ill of women have very little honor, and (to their disgrace be it mentioned) say of that sex which cannot revenge itself what they would not dare say of a man; for from women—after God—arises a great part of the honor that there is in the world."

ON one occasion, as the anchorites around St. Anthony were communing together, there arose a question as to which of all the virtues was most necessary to perfection. One said, chastity; another, humility; a third, justice. St. Anthony remained silent until all had given their opinion, and then he spoke. "Ye have all said well, but none of you have said aright; the virtue most necessary to perfection is prudence; for the most virtuous actions of men, unless governed and directed by prudence, are neither pleasing to God, nor serviceable to others, nor profitable to themselves."

RELATIONS take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations it mostly happens, that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849.

EDUCATION--THE UNIVERSITY OF THE I. O. O. F.

In the last number of the Gazette of the Union we adverted to the proposition of Grand S., J. L. RIDGELY, to establish a National University for the I. O. O. F., and we expressed a belief that such an institution, endowed as it could be by the Order, and founded on right principles would far surpass, in efficiency and usefulness, any school in the Union. In showing what the proposed university should be, we commented, with considerable severity, on the system of instruction now universal in our schools, and suggested a system entirely different. We wished to see a method of instruction adopted, which would accommodate itself to the various capacities and aptitudes of the pupils, stimulating their mental energies, and give them *ideas* as well as a *parotial* knowledge of words and sentences. In a word, we said that education should be practical.

To-day we proceed to say that education should be *religious*. We are aware that we are now treading on dangerous ground, and approach a delicate question; for there are many who suppose that education cannot be religious without being sectarian; and sectarianism is not possible in a school which is established for all sects. But it is a great error to say that religion and sectarianism necessarily go together. Religion is everlasting and absolute—it is reverence and humility before the awful ideas of Infinity and Eternity—a sense of subjection to the great Law of Justice, which stretches through the universe, and of obligation to love and serve man on earth, and God in heaven. The ideas of God, retribution, a future life—these great facts of religion are not the property of any one sect or party—they form the groundwork of *all* creeds. Religion, we have said, is everlasting, and we will also add, it is unchanging. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Sectarianism is but the material framework, changeable and perishable, which men, and bodies of men of different notions, and in different ages, have raised around it. This material and human investiture of sectarian dogmas, changes with the times and seasons, so that sectarians may appropriate to themselves the words of the old Roman poet:

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur ab illis."

Pure religion—that religion sent forth into the world with the awful sanction of the Christ upon it—which, as an ancient says, "is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world," can exist, and be taught in all its ramifications, without sectarianism. Men and sects never dispute or quarrel about religion—they never did, and never will; but about their own private notions and interpretations of it. No! Religion shines over the human soul clear and bright, like the eternal stars, visible to all, and always and everywhere has her voice been heard, consoling the sorrowful, fortifying the weak, and bidding the sons of men to aspire to a celestial communion. Had Stephen Girard been less an infidel and more a philosopher, he would have comprehended this, and never have been guilty of the folly

of establishing a school, where religion is prohibited by law, and its ministers treated with contempt. In our common colleges, religious instruction may not, indeed, be considered indispensable, as most of the pupils are generally surrounded by home or family influences, more or less religious, besides being connected with religious societies, where their religious instruction is partially, at least, provided for. But in the Girard school, and the proposed university of our Order, the orphan is cut off from all these influences. The university is his home, his family, his church. Any system of education for orphans, therefore, which does not regard their religious wants, is terribly defective.

Our age is material, and education also partakes of this character. The physical sciences receive more attention than the moral; the body is thought more of than the soul. In this respect we are far behind the ancients. With them all the sciences were revelations from heaven, were all holy. Art was holy, literature was holy; and these all were parts of one vast philosophy or religion which addressed itself to the entire of the human faculties. Instruction with them was religious and moral. And were they not right?

We all love to read of great virtue, great self-denial, great generosity, devoted love and friendship, patriotism and enthusiasm. Our admiration of such excellence is much more impassioned than that for great talents. The heart tells that they are more deserving of love than mere intellectual attainments. Now, it is precisely for such moral excellences that the great men and women of ancient times are held up to admiration, and the philosophers of the ancient world are particularly careful to give the moral, the precedence of the intellectual accomplishments. Indeed, with them the moral are intellectual excellences of the highest order. Virtue with them is intelligence—prudence, temperance, justice, moderation, are the heights of wisdom. He who could show these virtues in his life and conduct, was a great man; however small the amount of his physical knowledge. Physical knowledge occupies a small and an inferior place in ancient philosophy. Heart is everything.

The great men of antiquity, therefore, were heroes, because their philosophy taught heroism and religion. The man who could throw away wealth as he would throw away a burdensome load, was not likely to be influenced by wealth in his public or private conduct. He would not cringe to wealth for the sake of a share, he would not teach a falsehood or conceal a truth for a fee, or the hope of a pecuniary reward; and as their philosophy was not physical philosophy, but moral and religious, it taught them to look beyond the confines of this mortal scene, and hope for the reward of their virtues in another life. To die struggling with evil was glorious, a fall even worthy of envy—the beginning of a new life of unalloyed happiness. This faith was the apex of philosophical instruction. It completed the character of a great man. But it was always the strongest in the primitive and simple times. Luxury weakened it—physical science mystified and shrouded, and at last extinguished it. The times of heroism are the times of faith. It matters not about the character of the faith, so be that it is faith—strong, young, healthy and vigorous faith. This makes the hero and the great man; and even now, whenever a hero appears amid the clouds of society, he is still a man of this description, and seldom remarkable for physical science. Ancient philosophy was re-

ligious—modern philosophy is merely a science.

Physical science lowers the tone of the moral attributes of man. We will not go so far as to say that it demoralizes man necessarily, for no truth whatever can with justice be reproached for this. But studied by itself alone, without relation to a higher sphere of thought, we have no hesitation in saying that it is by no means calculated to elevate the character of man. Physical philosophers, therefore, do not ascend to the heroic sphere. They do not occupy the intellectual apex. They do not mount so high as Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, and Epictetus, of the Pagan, or as Paul, Peter, and John of the Christian school. Let them praise and exalt this natural science as they may, let them expend all their poetry and all their eloquence in eulogising it, still the human heart can never admit that the highest scientific attainments are equal to the highest moral attainments. A physical philosopher may be a bad man, he may be a drunkard, a coarse and profane swearer, a liar, a swindler—but a moral and religious philosopher cannot. The excellence of the one consists in knowing facts about stones, earth, plants, animals, chemical agencies, and the laws of matter and motion, and vice can learn all this as well as virtue. The excellence of the other consists in knowing how to govern the passions, in exemplifying the virtues and the graces, and exhibiting the fruits of wisdom. The latter will ever excel the former, as spirit excels the body, as mind excels matter.

Such is our view of education; briefly expressed, it is true, but also, we believe, plainly. In a future number we may revert to the subject, and offer a more detailed exposition of it.

CEMETERIES.

THE project of establishing an Odd-Fellow's Cemetery in the vicinity of New York, has, for the last few years, been discussed in almost every lodge in the city.

Calls have been made and meetings held for the purpose of effecting this praiseworthy object; but in consequence of the great expense in procuring suitable grounds, little or nothing has been accomplished, excepting the purchasing of "burial plots" in Greenwood, by a few of the Brooklyn Lodges. All acquainted with the *wants* as well as the *objects* of our Order, felt convinced that this, and *all other* obstacles must be overcome, and a Cemetery, worthy of our high standing as a Philanthropic Institution, established. The necessity of providing a suitable and *exclusive* place of interment for our departed brothers and their families, has been so clearly set forth, both in the arguments of its advocates, and in circulars issued to the different Lodges, that a reiteration at this time is needless. The object of this communication is to inform the numerous readers of your useful and widely-extended journal, of the late, and it is believed effective action had in this matter, by a large number of the Lodges of this city and Brooklyn.

A circular, signed by the Grand Master of our State, and several other influential men of our Order, requesting the Lodges of this city and vicinity, to appoint each a committee of three, to meet in convention, at the Grand Lodge Room, Canal street, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 28th, for the purpose of taking, immediately, the preliminary steps of establishing an Odd-Fellow's Cemetery, was read in said Lodges, during the last week. To this call the Lodges, generally,

gave a hearty and prompt response; and on the evening designated, there was a large and respectable attendance of the members, at the G. Lodge Room, all anxious to coöperate with the signers of the call, in so desirable an undertaking. The Convention was called to order by P. G. WEEKS, of Mercantile Lodge, who nominated P. G. SKINNER, of Magnolia Lodge, as Chairman. The nomination being confirmed, P. G. SKINNER took the chair. On motion, P. G. WEEKS was appointed Secretary, who by the request of the Chairman, read the call of the meeting. The call being approved, the Chairman briefly addressed the meeting—showing the necessity of immediate action in the matter. At the close of his remarks, the chairman introduced to the convention, Brother C. EDWARDS LESTER, who is likewise a Trustee of Cypress Hills Cemetery. Brother LESTER made a short, but eloquent address—convincing all who heard him, of the indispensable duty of Odd-Fellows to procure a suitable place as the repository for their dead—the enclosing of the same with an emblematical railing, and erecting thereon a monument, that should tell the world that our brothers, though out of sight, were not forgotten. At the conclusion of Brother LESTER's address, several brothers present suggested the names of different Cemeteries in this neighborhood, they all being anxious to accommodate the Order.

The following resolution, offered by Brother W. D. Kennedy, was then adopted:

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed to make the necessary inquiries of the managers or directors of the several Cemeteries in this vicinity, as to the price of burial lots, and ascertain on what terms associated bodies can obtain them; also to ascertain the practicability of purchasing a suitable tract of land for an Odd-Fellow's Cemetery.

The Committee, as authorized by the above resolution, being appointed, on motion, the Convention adjourned until Wednesday evening, the 14th inst., when they will meet again, at the same place, to hear the report of the Committee. It is hoped that the members will be punctual in their attendance at that time; and those Lodges which have not yet appointed delegates, will do so at their next meeting; for on so important a subject it is desirable to have a full representation.

S. R. W.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN ALABAMA.

MOBILE, Ala., Feb. 18, 1849.

OUR Order is as flourishing here as could be expected, and is steadily and rapidly increasing through the State. About ten years ago it was first planted here, but those into whose hands it fell, not being over zealous in the cause, it lingered on until 1843, at which time there were three Lodges and the Grand Lodge, numbering some one hundred members. In the fall of 1843, that High Priest of Odd-Fellowship, (as well as religion,) Rev. I. D. Williamson, came among us, and "he spake as one having authority." A new spirit was infused into the Order; the luke-warm became ardent supporters, and the consequences have been as might be expected. It is now one of the most numerous, as well as respectable, institutions in the State, numbering about 1200, and possessing sufficient funds for the needy or the widow and orphan. With such men as Jennings, Snow, Chapman, Solomon, Porter, Shortridge, Silsby, Williams, and a host of others, no institution can recede—it must of necessity "go ahead."

There are no places in the Union where there is so much money paid out for the needy, as at Mobile and New Orleans. They are both at the little end of the funnel, where all travelers are bound to pass, and if sick or in distress they must be relieved;

and sometimes we have paid large amounts, which have not been refunded by Lodges, on the strength of whose cards it has been paid. Northern Lodges do not for a moment think that our expenses here are at least double theirs, and when they pay from \$3 to \$5 per week benefits, we pay \$10. Our Lodges don't complain, although they think it hard that their money should be spent for that which others, in honor, ought to pay. I may, at a future time, refer to this subject again.

Yours, in F., L. & T., ALPHA.

INSTITUTION OF A NEW LODGE.

MIDDLEPORT, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1849.

D. D. G. M. P. L. Ely, of Niagara District, assisted by D. D. G. M. J. W. Otto, of Orleans District, and P. Gs. O. C. Wright, W. Russ, W. Mack, S. M. Burroughs and S. M. Spencer, assembled in the new Lodge Room, and organized and summoned the charter members, and duly instituted Algonac Lodge No. 861, I. O. O. F. A large number of visiting brothers were in attendance, from neighboring Lodges, who were present during the ceremonies usual on such occasions.

The following officers were duly elected and installed in their respective stations, for the present term—viz: C. Craig, N. G.; W. S. Fenn, V. G.; G. L. Spalding, Jr., S.; A. Kittredge, T. Eight brothers were admitted by card, and five applicants for membership were elected. This Lodge starts with very good prospects, although it is located in the midst of quite a number of rabid anties, whose opposition we shall endeavor to appease by a straight-forward course of conduct, such as becomes true Odd-Fellows.

Respectfully yours, in F., L. & T., C.

A SHORT LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, March 5, 1849.

BRO. ARNOLD: What have you new in Gotham? Anything? If you have, distribute the contents of your letter bag, and send a fair proportion to the city of Penn; for, indeed, we are absolutely dying for want of something to stimulate our *mental* in'ards. The newsmongers, the politicians, the office-seekers and the reporters have all gone to Washington, to witness the inauguration, and secure little "odds and ends" for themselves, so that we have nothing left to console ourselves with, but a few items of scandal about police officers, small burglaries, &c. Why, we can't get up a "horrible murder" case, as you can, to sell our papers, or please the people. Cruel world, this. Well, no matter, after the inauguration is over, and the politicians, office-seekers and pick-pockets return to their usual avocations, we can give you something *fresh*.

How is the weather with you? Sloppy, or anything? What of your streets? Muddy, slushy, swashy, dashy, splashy? Yes, we know it is so. Now, don't say a word about it. It is so here, and the city of Penn can't be better off than York. Spring came to us a few days since, with a real warm, sun-shiny face. She stayed with us for an hour or so, chatting about green leaves and flowers, and all that sort of thing, until every one became pleased—with themselves, and the beautiful world her first appearance so beautifully pictured. But she had a "row," a *la* Hyer and Sullivan, with Old Boreas, and out of sheer spite, perhaps, this young jade, Spring, commenced pelting the poor devils of this terrene sphere with snow balls; and she did it to perfection, I can assure you.

I wish you had been here on Friday evening last. We had, or rather Lady Washington Association No. 2, of the "Independent Order of Philozatheans" (all ladies, you know,) had a festival—and it was a festival, indeed. They celebrated their first anniversary. Several hundred feminines were present on the occasion, and a small sprinkling of the "sterner sex." The ladies were all beautiful; they were well dressed, and, as ladies always are,

were modest in their demeanor, and courteous to their guests. They had delightful singing by a good choir, and an address from Mr. John Perry. The whole affair went off with decided *eclat*. Bro. Arnold, you should have been there—you, who are so well prepared to address an assemblage of this kind, to instruct and to amuse—you should have been there, to talk awhile to that beautiful group. It would have gratified you, and I know it would have been a matter of sincere delight to your numerous friends in Philadelphia. Never mind, we'll have another in April, and if there be any virtuous Rail-roads and steam, you must be here.

I write in haste, but I am as ever,

P.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

THIS lady commenced her readings of Shakspeare at the Stuyvesant Institute on Saturday evening last. She had a crowded audience to greet her, and a highly intellectual one. She came associated with the Kemble name, a proud one in dramatic annals, and also with her own brilliant displays of genius and histrionic powers, when in her early days she burst upon us on the stage. She brought with her great tact, experience, judgment and research—a powerful mind, a refined and highly cultivated taste, and a rich imagination. All her features are expressive, and her eye beyond all. It is not unlike that of the elder Kean. Her voice is powerful, flexible, and at times very musical. It is sustained in its higher notes, and her deep, guttural tones are solemn and impressive. Her style is at times lofty and impassioned, yet not extravagant. In her scenes of pathos she is thrilling in effect, and unsurpassed in depicting mental agony and profound emotion. She gives a warm and lifelike glow to the author's pictures of life. We see them vividly embodied. They are creatures of impulse, actuated by hopes, and aims and ambitions, like living men around us—full of passion, sensibilities, weaknesses and crime.

The scenes in her hands seem naturally wrought up, and the characters impressed with the stamp of reality and truth. We were familiar with Macbeth. We had conned over and over again every passage and word of the play. We had seen it portrayed by the greatest actors of the age. We had beheld Mrs. Butler herself enact that part in which her aunt was unrivaled before her. All was familiar as a tale, not twice, but a thousand times told; and yet we were delighted with the reading. It was full of freshness—there was a depth and a glow about it—there was a vivid reality in its scenes—there was a new force and beauty in its language. It was full of point, and pathos and dignity throughout.

We could have listened an hour longer to tones so powerful and sweet. It is indeed a delightful treat to hear such a play so well and feelingly read. There was voice, look and action, a just conception, soul, taste and nice discrimination, brought to the reading of one of the sublimest intellectual efforts of the immortal bard. And each was the best of its kind. No wonder the audience were absorbed—no wonder a death-like stillness was there, save when interrupted by an occasional burst of applause, loud and irresistible. It was an exhibition in which were displayed the highest dramatic powers, and in a mode new and exciting; divested of the illusions and accessories of the stage, but full of interest and intellectual charms.

D. D. GRAND MASTERS.—In the list of D. D. G. Masters appended to the Grand Master's Report, published last week, there were two important omissions, which we now supply:

P. G. MOORE, D. D. G. M., Ulster District,
P. G. O. WHISTON, " Sullivan "

AMARANTHUS LODGE No. 852.—Rev. Bro. B. B. HALLECK will deliver a lecture on Odd-Fellowship, before this Lodge, on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock, at 327 Bowery. Brethren of the Order are invited to attend.

LETTER FROM G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

A WINTER EXCURSION.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 26, 1849.

DEAR EDITOR: If a friend of yours should be in want of being relieved from a state of coma, without practical Mesmerism, advise him to travel during the winter season, and then he is sure to realize all the enjoyments of human life over the pleasure of being frozen to death before the end of his journey. In one of the past mornings of this *delightful* month, when the thermometer had fallen below zero, while sitting near a good fire, and was smoking out, with a cigar, the Pope's threats of excommunication, a telegraphic dispatch from Delaware carried me unexpectedly from my comfortable room to the steamboat of the South Amboy line. Like the Wandering Jew traveling over the eternal snows of Siberia, wrapped in some wintry rags, I began my march to the boat; but not a nose out of doors!—all were masked with enormous red scarfs, as if they were ashamed to show to the public their beautiful red nostrils. At noon we left New-York with a large number of passengers, and, being a stranger to all on board, I retired to the deck, desirous to be alone with my thoughts. What rude scenery around me!—the country desolate, and covered with its white snowy mantle—the bay *barricaded* in every way by immense blocks of ice floating from side to side—over me a dark sky, threatening to send down all its stormy elements; and, above all, I had to accomplish, before midnight, an excursion of one hundred and fifty miles! While I was profoundly meditating all this, behold! here two strange individuals come to disturb my peaceful solitude, by inquiring of me about the environs of New-York, and of our journey to South Amboy. That I should not have any bad idea of them, they informed me at once that they were husband and wife, natives of Jersey, and married in the same State. Since twenty years of connubial life, they had never had the courage to go out, even for a day, from their sandy State; but, having heard so much in their village of "Mose in California" at the Chatham theater, and of the "Quaker Giant and Giantess" at Barnum's Museum, they decided to see the elephant, and left the village and congregation, without even asking permission from the rector of their parish! What a scandal for our age!

Mr. Picktooth, my new acquaintance—

"He was a cold, good, honorable man,
Proud of his birth, and proud of everything,"

even of his State and of his wife, who had already run a race of two-quarters of a century. Mrs. Picktooth was proud only of herself, and of the score of petticoats around her person; but, not being a Coroner myself, I must not attempt an *ante mortem* examination, and, for modesty's sake, I shall say only that her head was covered with a kind of black wool-hair like the negro-slaves I saw in Alexandria, in Egypt, and her ears were stored with such a quantity of cotton, that I thought it proper to advise her not to approach the pipe of the boat, because the cotton would explode and blow out her delicate brains!

"I thank ye, Mister," answered Mrs. Picktooth. "I dare say that it would catch fire. I have had this cotton in my ears for six months—it is Jersey cotton;" and turning to her husband, "I told you, Mr. Picktooth, that we should have hard times sailing on the ocean!"

"Yes, wife," answered the husband, "we have never been so far and so long away from our village since the days of our honeymoon, when we went to Trenton; but we had to see the world, and at last we sail on the wide waters, and go to visit 'New-York as it is.' I hope we shall have something new to tell in our village. What knowledge I have already acquired the three days we have been out of our Jersey State!"

"Dear me!" answered Madam Picktooth, "you would become another *Salmon*, as you are a deacon."

I reckon that you would learn to preach in a short time. I wished we should be again at the National to hear the Rev. Mr. Chanfrau, alias Father Moses. What eloquence and elegance of style in his eulogies and speeches! Yet I dislike, in that congregation, the society of these dirty urchins who sell newspapers. They tortured me last night for an hour, throwing into my face peanuts and corn, and calling me an old hen—the wife of a deacon—of a farmer! A Jersey lady to be called an old chicken! I dare say, if they should come to our village, I would lick those little rogues."

Seeing Mrs. Picktooth almost out of patience, and fearing she would lose her senses, I changed the tone of conversation, and made some inquiries about their native State. Mr. Picktooth informed me of the immense richness of that country:

"There," said he, "we have roses in the winter season, like they do in Italy; we have mines of all kinds of minerals, even gold! My son, who is a physician, discovered the other day a gold mine near the house of our clergyman, and has carried home plenty of gold dust!"

If this is true, that New-Jersey has an El Dorado river, I hope they will employ some of their *dust* to improve agriculture, industry, and, above all, public education. By the last message of the Governor, I saw that nearly half of the population of New-Jersey receive no instruction!

We were near Staten Island, and Mrs. Picktooth desired to know what it was?

"Staten Island, Madam, where there is a quarantine."

"I dare say!" replied the rather-astonished Jersey lady. "The more I stay away from home the more I learn of new things and names. My patience! I reckon I have never heard of that place before. Did you, husband?"

"No," answered the *gentle*-man, "but I guess that an island must be surrounded by water. Is it not so, Mister?"

"Yes, sir; you are perfectly right in your observations. Did you learn that at the Chatham Academy, from Professor Chanfrau?"

"Moses spoke last night of a gold island and of a gold river in California, and I believe I heard it from him for the first time."

"Mister," inquired Mrs. Picktooth of me, "is there any danger from the sea-serpent?"

"No, Madam! The big sea-serpent of 1848 has passed from the ocean near Rome into the Tiber, and with its big *tale* has overthrown Pius IX; and his son, the little sea-serpent found near Liverpool, died at the London hospital a month since."

"And what do you think of Jersey pirates?"

"We have nothing to fear from them, as we don't go so far as Barnegat. We turn round and pass between Staten Island and the Deserts of Jersey. In less than an hour we will be at South Amboy."

"Excuse me, Mister," continued Mrs. Picktooth, "as you are so patient and kind, would you inform me if that is Cape Horn," pointing to the lighthouse at Sandy-Hook, "we read so much about in the papers?"

"No, Madam!—it is not the Horn, but the lighthouse at Sandy Hook, where are the plantations of Professor Chanfrau of the Chatham."

"Dear me!—what a great man is that Mr. Moses! I wondered we had to go as far as his plantation. I feel already tired of the sea, and also some sensation which I have not felt for some years, thanks to Heaven!"

At the same moment that Mrs. Picktooth felt so many things, a colored servant rung a bell, and making more noise with his infernal voice, invited *all* people to dinner. Before sitting down at table, I wished to see the doings of my new acquaintances, and heard Mr. Picktooth asking the servant if every one could go to dinner?

"Yes, Massa, ye can go, I dare say!"

Mr. and Mrs. T. went down, and were rather

surprised at the urbanity and politeness of the Captain, as well as of the waiters, and began to swallow anything around them. Certainly I never saw such destruction at any dinner.

"I dare say, husband, that traveling we find very generous people; even Bishop Doane has not such a dinner as this. I must say that I have never sat at a table like this in Jersey. Husband, will you have a *meal stake*?"

The clerk of the boat began his usual turn till he came to Mr. Picktooth, and he was just devouring a miserable chicken, when he was asked for his ticket.

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Picktooth, rather surprised. "Here is the railroad ticket for me and the woman."

"Not that, sir," answered the clerk, in a very peaceful manner; "I mean the dinner ticket, or one dollar for both."

"Oh Job! you had two friends: one's quite enough, Especially when we are ill at ease."

Mr. Picktooth, who never expected such an exaction, felt bitterly the summons of the clerk, for he believed that he had been invited by the dorky. He could not swallow the pill of one dollar.

"I reckon," said he to the clerk, "if you should come to our village, they would not charge you more than twenty-five cents, and we farmers never charge any thing when we invite some friend to dinner. Only think, wife!—one dollar for a dinner! It will take me twenty years before I leave the State again!"

The sea became more rough, and Mrs. Picktooth feeling a little headache, went on the deck, but, in spite of the fresh air, she felt so much sea-sickness, that she was obliged to lighten her body, like a Captain attempting to save his vessel in a storm, by throwing overboard a part of the cargo.

Mr. Picktooth did not seem to regret his wife's illness so much as the half-dollar spent for the dinner.

"There!" said he; "a bushel of corn thrown away! It is like throwing pearls before New-York Aldermen! I hope you will eat no more on any boat!"

But having reached the point of our destination, I left Mr. and Mrs. Picktooth to take care of themselves, and passed into the cars, glad to have missed their interesting company. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT US AGAIN—THE OFFICIAL ORGAN.

BRO. COCHRANE, of the Odd-Fellow, cannot reconcile himself to the idea that we have placed the Gazette of the Union under the charge of the M. W. Grand Master of the State of New York, and of the M. W. Grand Sire of the United States, thus making it the official organ. We have done this from a sense of duty. Having confidence in the common sense of Odd-Fellows, as expressed by their representatives, in the Grand Lodge of the United States, we endeavor to follow it; and our Journal, therefore, will ever, so long as we conduct its speech, speak in harmony with its decisions.

As for the article in "*The Symbol*," to which Bro. Cochrane refers, we have not seen it, nor have we seen the "*Symbol*" but once for nearly two months. How is this, Brother Jordan?

THE THIRTIETH CONGRESS closed its existence on Sunday morning last, the 4th inst., at 7 o'clock, after having been in session all night, transacting an immense amount of business, in the usual hurried manner, during the last few hours. Among the important bills passed was one for organizing a new Executive Department, called the Home Department, the head of which is to be called the Secretary of the Interior. The Department is to include the Bureau of Pensions, Indian Affairs, and Patent Office. Bills were also passed for minting Double Eagles and Gold Dollars. The bill for establishing a mint in New York, where one is so much needed, was defeated by the objection of a Pennsylvania Senator.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

THE "flying" steamship Europa has arrived at our port in less than fourteen days. The political news of the Old World is of great interest. It seems that royalty is more in danger at the present time than it was a few months past. Kings, queens and ministers make patriotic and flattering speeches; they declare themselves in favor of the people, and ready to defend their rights; they show the good they have performed, and conceal the evil they have caused to their fellow subjects. In one word, they try to lengthen their royal or ministerial career, blinding nations with California dust or gun-powder; but those times have passed in which rulers could successfully resort to these infamous means. The terrible *sea-serpent* of 1848 has appeared, and God knows when it will end its revolutionary tour.

A year ago the Sicilians rose against their bloody tyrant, and the Parisians dismissed Louis Philippe, the Napoleon of peace, the Lombards fought with the Austrians, Venice proclaimed herself a Republic, the Prussians obtained a Democratic Constitution and a National Assembly; while the stupid Emperor of Austria was obliged to abdicate in favor of a young royal snake, because the imperial crown was too heavy for his Christian majesty. Metternich, leaving Vienna for the land of exile, was sorry that he had not been able, in his long political life, to find out a secret how to annihilate printing, telegraphs and the progress of liberal ideas! and the present Pope is almost out of patience at the ridicule and contempt expressed by the Romans against his bull of excommunication.

ENGLAND

Was favored with a speech, read by Mrs. Victoria, before Bishops, Peers, and a fair bevy of Peeresses. The royal lady addressed herself to the dignitaries of the kingdom—to lords and gentlemen. The people were forgotten in that famous composition—not a word for the *canaille*. The Queen has troubles enough with her children and husband, without losing her precious time with common individuals.

In Manchester there was a splendid banquet, given by the friends of Free Trade, on the 1st of February, the day when expired the last shred of protective duties on foreign corn. The number of guests admitted by ticket was 2,981—700 of them ladies. Among the many notable persons who assisted at this beautiful festival, was the philanthropist, Mr. Cobden, who spoke with his usual energy, though less than his usual novelty. The toast offered by this eminent man was, "Free Trade and peace, as the best guarantees of popular rights; the best promoters of national industry, and the most effectual means for the reduction of national burdens."

Among the personages named by Queen Victoria as ambassadors to foreign countries, we find the brother of the novelist, Bulwer, who intrigued so much in Spain, and now is coming as *charge d'affaires* to the United States.

The cholera in England continues its ravages much the same. The total number of cases which have occurred from the first appearance of the disease, now amounts to 11,147, of which 4,939 have died, 3,053 have recovered, and 3,199 are under treatment.

IRELAND

Has not been visited by the cholera to any extent, with the exception of Belfast, where the disorder is already on the decline. The writs of error to the House of Lords, in the cases of Smith O'Brien, McManus and O'Donohoe, have been issued from the writ office of the Court of Chancery. As to Mr. Meagher, he has taken no steps for an appeal, and his own means being exhausted, he refuses all pecuniary aid from his friends, who are most anxious to afford him every facility that money can procure, for taking the step. Gavan Duffy asked to be discharged on bail, but he was refused. The treatment of this patriotic Irishman

has been barbarous and inhuman. Not only has his health been greatly impaired by confinement, but his property, which at the time it passed into the hands of his trustees, was assessed at £10,000, could now be made to realize only £2000. His paper, one of the most flourishing journals in Ireland, necessarily involving large business transactions, was immediately shut up—himself imprisoned, and all communication with his trustees denied. What a blessing for an editor or a political man to live under the sway of a royal ruler!

FRANCE

Has been on the eve of another bloody revolution, between the troops and the Socialists, united with the Garde Mobile. In our last "Glance at Europe" we predicted a collision between the red republicans and the ministry, which is formed of republicans of *la veille*, men who served under Charles X and Louis Philippe, and now think better to play the part of liberal men. The question of the dissolution of the National Assembly will cause great trouble to France, and to the President himself. The people are not excited against Louis Napoleon, but against his ministers, and desire a change in this office. The poor class of people in France are not better situated than in England or Ireland. Having passed under so many different forms of government, their situation has never been ameliorated. Thus the true cause of all their popular movements is originated more from misery than for the desire of a new government. The new French President, if he wishes to keep his Napoleonic head on his shoulders, must improve the condition of the poor people, and procure them buildings for public works, under the system of the noble Louis le Blanc.

The ministers, having discovered that a plot of conspiracy existed between the Garde Mobile and the red republicans, took the necessary measures to prevent bloodshed, and 80,000 men were ordered to march in the streets of Paris, while many thousands surrounded the palace of the National Assembly, to oppose the people, should they attempt to invade that national body. The President appeared in public, dressed in the uniform of a Colonel of the National Guard, and was received with applause by the people. We hope that Louis Napoleon, who, while a prisoner at Ham, wrote a work for ameliorating the state of the people, will now do something for those who elected him to such a high dignity, and will put in action his beautiful theory.

ITALY

Has quite forgotten that a Pope exists. Pius IX is in oblivion, and his bull of excommunication has banished his memory from the hearts of all his admirers and friends. Austria dares not interfere in re-establishing him on the Pontifical throne, and the King of Naples, who has just had a narrow escape from drowning, from a collision at sea, is not very anxious to march his troops in the Roman States, while there is danger of a revolution breaking out in the kingdoms of Naples and Calabria. Thus Pius IX remains at Gaeta, and we beg Almighty God to keep him there until Italy has reconquered her freedom and independence. The Spanish and Portuguese intervention will end in smoke, and we believe that such a war will never occur between two poor and destitute nations as Spain and Portugal.

Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia, opened the second session of the Chambers of Piedmont with a most eloquent and patriotic speech, concerning the last war with Austria, and expressed a desire to meet the Austrians again. His army, ready for the field of battle, consists of 190,000 men, beside the National Guard. His navy is superior to that of any Italian power, even of Austria. He has promised the Deputies and the nation that he will resume hostilities with the enemies of Italian independence after the decision of the Congress of Douxelles, on the 8d of March.

In Rome, Prince Canino, and all the present ministry have been returned members of the new Constituent Assembly, whose election by the unani-

mous vote of the people casts an everlasting banishment on Pius IX. and of any future Pope from the throne of Rome. The protests which Pius has addressed to the European powers, complaining of his dethronement, though certainly he ran away from his temporal throne, seem to produce no effect at all. It is nobody's especial business to interfere, and the business will be transacted accordingly.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY

Have decided to leave aside the question of electing an Emperor for the German Empire. The Austrian has trouble enough with his own subjects, and with the long and cruel war with Hungary, without aspiring to the supremacy of the German powers. Prussia has stated that Frederic is not willing to become more than he is. "Better be a popular King," said he, "than an Emperor hated by his nation." We fear that his royal person is not so popular among his subjects as he believes; and a proof of our assertion is the continued siege of Berlin by His Majesty's troops. The new Emperor of Austria has invited his beloved subjects of Lombardy to send Deputies to the Austrian Assembly; but the Lombards have refused—they won't have any communication nor take any interest in the affairs of their most hateful enemies.

DENMARK

Waits the spring to continue war against Germany, for the Sleivigh Holstein question. Russia seems disposed to help this power, in order to weaken and divide the German unity.

SPAIN.

The news received from this half barbarous country is as bloody as ever. Another battle has been fought between the Carlists and the royal troops in Catalonia, in the neighborhood of Vich, between Generals Concha and Cabrera, at the head of all the Carlist forces in the province. The latter had been completely beaten and dispersed, after an obstinate battle. General Narvaez, the prime minister, fought a duel with Senor Sagasti, after a stormy debate in the Senate. The nation is sorry that the General was not killed.

CONSTANTINOPLE

Has been visited by Abbas Pacha, of Egypt, who arrived on the 10th of January, and had an interview with the Sultan. He was invested by his sovereign with the vice-royalty of Egypt. The Emperor has grown in popularity among his subjects, and generally with the Christians, who are disposed to sacrifice their lives for the defense and dignity of the throne and the independence of the Empire.

GREECE

Has lost one of her talented children, Mr. Colocotroni, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and only thirty-eight years of age.

Thus ends our "Glance at Europe," and the account of what has transpired in Europe since the arrival of the steamship Niagara.

SECCHI DE CASALI.

Literary Notices.

✂ "RAPHAEL; OR, THE BOOK OF LIFE AT TWENTY." By Alphonse Lamartine. New-York: 1849.—This is one of the most eloquent of the effusions of its highly-gifted author. It is full of glowing and impassioned feeling, and its impulses spring from a soul that feels profoundly, and is imbued with elevated thoughts and high poetical tendencies. It has a strong original cast, and occasionally great power, and the interest is maintained throughout.

✂ "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY." Parts 1, 2, 3, 4. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—We have received four parts of this splendid work. No other edition is so beautifully embellished. The numerous designs by Chapman are admirable, and the book is replete with great and useful lessons to mankind. We hail the future numbers with great satisfaction.

✂ "HISTORY OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST." "HISTORY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT." "HISTORY OF HANNIBAL." By Jacob Abbott. New-York: Harper & Brothers.—These compose a part of a series of Histories written chiefly for the use of American Youth, but also for maturer minds, and adapted to "the position, the ideas, and intellectual wants" of an extensive class in our country, who have come within the range of our author's observation. They are written in a clear and concise style, and embody the most interesting and striking historical facts of the periods of which they treat. They have a rich title-page, and some wood engravings of a high order of merit.

✂ JUST IN TIME.—We have received Judge Thornton's "OREGON AND CALIFORNIA IN 1848," 2 vols., from Harper & Brothers. This is interesting and reliable information of what the author experienced during his journey, and while residing in those places. Almost every one being now deeply interested in regions abounding with gold, will eagerly peruse these volumes, which, at any time, would be found exceedingly interesting, but doubly so at this important period. The engravings and map accompanying the work will be found very useful.

✂ "ROLAND CASHEL." By Charles Lever. Part 1. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—This is a spirited and amusing book, and abounds in characters and scenes full of raciness and a rich humor, in the usual characteristic vein of the author. It will well repay in enjoyment the hour spent in its perusal.

✂ "LANETON PARSONAGE." Third Part. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1849. This is a continuation of a series of novels, under this name, by Miss Sewall, which have been favorably commented on by us. In the work before us there is the same deep interest, the same high moral tendency, the same graphic delineation of the scenes of life. The characters, before introduced to our acquaintances, have become matured; and in none of her charming narrations has she shown a greater knowledge of the human heart, more admirable descriptive powers, and religious thoughts and sentiments, so happily blended with the daily intercourse of life.

✂ "THE SACRED POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA." Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1849. There is no desideratum in our poetical literature, as a work of this kind. The religious poetry of the best English writers, as well as of our own, is little known among us. The editor of this volume has rearranged and combined the gems of the British sacred poets from their standard works, and made large and valuable additions to these by selections from the best poetical writers, on sacred subjects, in our own country. Writings like these elevate the mind and refine the taste, deepen the religious sentiments, stimulate devotion in the soul, and by their reflections on its responsibilities, its great moral aims in this life, and its high destinies, in that which is to come, are rendered of great importance to mankind. It is beautifully got up, and illustrated with steel engravings.

✂ "WHAT I SAW IN CALIFORNIA." By Edwin Bryant. "THE CALIFORNIA GUIDE BOOK." By Capt. Fremont. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1849. A great mass of geographical and statistical information is afforded in these volumes—the first containing a clever, spirited, graphic account of a tour by the south pass of the Rocky Mountains across the continent of North America, the great desert basin and through California, showing the capabilities, scenery and population of that country; and the manners, customs, and pursuits of the people. The latter is a scientific and elaborate treatise of the climate, productions of the soil, mineral resources and general features of an extensive tract of country, written by Major Emory and Captain

Fremont, respectively, during an overland journey to California, and while engaged in the exploring expedition. They will be found to be of great interest.

✂ "A CATECHISM OF THE STEAM ENGINE." By John Bourne. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1849. This is a practical treatise, intended for common use, and to explain in a plain and concise, but detailed manner, the scientific principles on which the operation of the steam engine depends, in its various applications, and showing also all the modern improvement in its structure. It is a sound, scientific and useful treatise on this most interesting subject.

Theatricals and Amusements.

At the BROADWAY the stock company are playing in the usual varieties. The gymnastic performances of the Martinette family are wonderful and striking, and have proved very attractive.

At the BOWERY, Tom and Jerry, the well known and amusing extravaganza, is played nightly, to crowded houses. Tom Hyer, the victor in the fight with Sullivan, and the two seconds, enact the principle roles. The whole is played with great spirit.

At the NATIONAL, Mose in California, a new piece by Chanfrau, has made a decided hit. Chanfrau is there at home, and Chapman plays a comic character, Mr. Adolphus Pillishroud, admirably.

At BURTON's the usual succession of clever extravaganzas and pointed satires are the prevailing attractions of the day.

MISS FANNY BUTLER commenced her dramatic reading on Saturday evening, with Macbeth. They are full of interest, and will be as successful here as at Boston.

SIGNOR BARILLE.—This accomplished composer and pianist gives a grand concert, aided by fifty performers, at the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening of this week, Le Desart being the music selected for the occasion. It will present a fine display of delightful melodies and scientific execution.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.—The first season is about closing. It has been, on the whole, much better supported than during the past winter. There have been some difficulties encountered by the manager, but he has surmounted them, and has shown decided firmness, judgement and ability. Yet such are the heavy expenses attending this refined and charming entertainment, that it is well known that the season has resulted in loss, and nothing but an advance in the price of seats, and an increased patronage during the ensuing season, can sustain it among us. We hope this support will be given. The new artists are said to possess talents of a high order. The baritone was said to be one of the best in Europe, and the tenor and prima donna enjoyed a very high reputation abroad. They were most favorably received on Friday evening last. The prima donna is a striking looking person, with a fine form, and expressive features: she is very young, and plays in a warm, impassioned style. Her voice is a high soprano, and is brilliant in effects. The tenor has a sweet voice of no great compass, and the bass was respectable; but the baritone in expression, volume, sustained power, and execution, and perfect good taste, has never been equaled or surpassed among us. The house was crowded; it was for the benefit of the director.

There are in the United States, among the Post-Office towns—12 Albanys, 12 Bostons, 18 Bristols, 8 Brightons, 16 Cambridges, 24 Chesters, 20 Camdens, 14 Canaans, 22 Dovers, 6 Dublins, 8 Durhams, 9 Exeters, 18 Fairfields, 12 Goshens, 7 Leeds, 8 Lincolns, 9 Newports, 28 Lebanons, 11 Lancasters, 20 Manchesters, 12 Londons, (but not quite so large,) 16 Rochesters, 19 Oxfords, 15 Plymouths, 28 Richmonds, 40 Salems, 17 Windsors, and 16 Yorks.

Varities.

AN EMIGRATION MARRIAGE.—A Devenport correspondent sends us the following:

A young woman, aged twenty-two, a servant, being taking ill of typhus, was removed to the workhouse at Devenport, where, by attention, she soon recovered. After her restoration to health she expressed a desire to emigrate to Australia, if the guardian would advance the sum of £2 10s., which is necessary to be paid to the Emigration Society for outfit previous to sailing, and which money is returned them on disembarking; and the guardians having received a most satisfactory character of her from the governor of the workhouse, they agreed to do so; and she accordingly went to the office to inquire about her passage. While waiting there, however, she was accosted by a respectable person, who asked her business, and if she were going to emigrate? She replied in the affirmative, when he rejoined:

"So am I; and if you have no objection I'll marry you previous to sailing!"

She replied that she was obliged for the offer, but thought it was very extraordinary and premature, seeing that he knew nothing about her. Upon which he remarked that he liked her honest countenance. At length the matter was most seriously entertained, and she referred him to the service she had lately left. He at once started off to the address, and received such a satisfactory character, that, on returning, he immediately purchased the license, and the hasty couple were married on Christmas-day. It may be added that previous to the wedding, he spent £20 for his wife's outfit, paid her passage, and returned the £2 10s. to the guardian, "with many thanks."

PUZZLE.—There is a barrel which has eight gallons of beer in it, and it is required to draw off exactly four gallons; but there are only two vessels at hand—one of which will hold three gallons, and the other will hold five gallons—how can four gallons be measured by the aid of these two vessels?

Solution.—This may be accomplished in two ways, but the following is readiest: 1. Fill the five gallon measure from the cask, and from it pour three gallons into the other measure; this will leave two gallons in the larger measure. 2. Empty the three gallons from the smaller measure into the cask again, and pour out the two gallons which remained in the larger measure into the smaller, as this holds three gallons, it will, of course, require one gallon to fill it up. 3. Again fill the five gallon measure from the cask, and out of it pour one gallon to make up the deficiency in the smaller measure, and we have four gallons remaining; or, fill the three gallon measure, empty it into the five gallon measure, fill it again, and from it fill up the two deficient gallons of the five gallon measure. We have now one gallon remaining in the smaller measure; empty the five gallon measure into the cask, and transfer the one gallon from the smaller measure, which again fill from the cask, and we have four gallons as in the former case.

ESAU ACKUM, a young Chinaman now employed by Labrey, Scholes & Co., tea-dealers, Manchester, has furnished the Manchester Guardian with an account of a Chinese wedding. If, says he, during courtship, any pot or earthen vessel is cracked or broken, it is considered a bad omen, and one that is never disregarded. Should the young gentleman, therefore, while in the house of the lady's parents, hear or see anything of her that is not to his mind, he generally manages (by accident, of course) to break his tea-cup—and so break off the match.

"HURRAH FOR THE ROAD!"—Two maiden ladies who have just taken a house at Western-super-Mare, have such a fondness for things as they were, and such an utter abhorrence of railways, that they last week dispatched from London a small wagon-load of furniture, drawn by three horses, and attended by two men. After five weary days' journey, the distance of 140 miles was performed at the expense of 12l., and the loss, through the breaking of a handsome mirror, valued above that sum. The same goods could have been conveyed by rail in a few hours, and delivered at less than one quarter the wagon charges.

THE PRESENT WINTER.—Dr. Robbins, Librarian of the Hartford Athenæum, (Conn.) now over eighty years of age, has kept a record of the weather from his youth up and acknowledges that the present winter beats all former ones within his recollection, for the extent of its coldness, as measured by the thermometer.

CANADIAN GOLD.—Recently some gold was found in the Valley of Chaudiere, Canada. A ton of gravel produced when washed, four dollars of gold.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR was inaugurated as President of the United States, at the capitol, in Washington, on Monday last, the 5th inst. The ceremonies were performed in the usual manner, in the presence of the Senate, the Justices of the Supreme Court, Foreign Diplomatic Agents, &c., &c.; and an immense assemblage of citizens. Previous to the administration of the oath of office, the President elect read the following Inaugural Address, which, for conciseness and clearness of expression, may be regarded as a model document:

Elected by the American people to the highest office known to our laws, I appear here to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution; and, in compliance with a time-honored custom, to address those who are now assembled.

The confidence and respect shown by my countrymen in calling me to be the chief magistrate of a Republic holding a high rank among the nations of the earth, have inspired me with the most profound gratitude; but, when I reflect that the acceptance of the office which their partiality has bestowed, imposes the discharge of the most arduous duties, and involves the weightiest obligations, I am conscious that the position which I have been called to fill, though sufficient to satisfy the loftiest ambition, is surrounded by fearful responsibilities. Happily, however, in the performance of my new duties, I shall not be without able co-operation. The legislative and judicial branches of the government present prominent examples of distinguished civil attainments, and matured experience; and it shall be my endeavor to call to my assistance in the Executive Departments, individuals whose talents, integrity, and purity of character will furnish ample guarantees for the faithful and honorable performance of the trusts to be committed to their charge.

With such aids and an honest purpose to do whatever is right, I hope to execute diligently, impartially, and for the best interests of the country, the manifold duties devolved upon me. In the discharge of these duties my guide will be the constitution, which I this day swear to "preserve, protect and defend."

For the interpretation of that instrument, I shall look to the decisions of the judicial tribunals, established by its authority, and to the practice of the government under the earlier Presidents, who had so large a share of its formation.

To the example of those illustrious patriots I shall always defer, with reverence; and especially to his example who was, by so many titles, "the father of his country."

To command the army and navy of the United States; with the advice of the Senate, to make treaties and to appoint ambassadors and other officers; to give to Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend such measures as he shall judge to be necessary; and to take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed—these are the most important functions entrusted to the President by the Constitution, and it may be expected that I shall briefly indicate the principles which will control me in their execution.

Chosen by the body of the people under the assurance that my administration would be devoted to the welfare of the whole country, and not to the support of any particular section, or merely local interests, I this day renew the declaration I have heretofore made, and proclaim my fixed determination to maintain, to the extent of my ability, the Government in its original purity, and to adopt as the basis of my public policy those great republican doctrines which constitute the strength of our national existence.

In reference to the army and navy, lately employed with so much distinction on active service, care shall be taken to insure the highest condition of efficiency; and, in furtherance of that object, the Military and Naval Schools, sustained by the liberality of Congress, shall receive the special attention of the Executive.

As American freemen we cannot but sympathize in all efforts to extend the blessings of civil and political liberty; but, at the same time, we are warned by the admonitions of history, and the voice of our beloved Washington, to abstain from entangling alliances with foreign nations.

In all disputes between conflicting Governments, it is our interest not less than our duty, to remain strictly neutral; while our geographical position, the genius of our institutions and our people, the advancing spirit of civilization, and above all, the dictates of religion, direct us to the cultivation of peaceful and friendly relations with all other powers.

It is to be hoped that no international question can now arise which a Government, confident in its own strength and resolved to protect its own just rights, may not settle by wise negotiation; and it eminently becomes a Government like our own, founded on the morality and intelligence of its citizens, and upheld by their affections, to exhaust every resort of honorable diplomacy before appealing to arms.

In the conduct of our foreign relations I shall conform to these views, as I believe them essential to the best interests and the true honor of the country. The appointing power vested in the President imposes delicate and onerous duties. So far as it is possible to be informed, I shall make *honesty, capacity, and fidelity* indispensable prerequisites to the bestowal of office, and the absence of either of these qualities shall be deemed sufficient cause for removal. It shall be my study to recommend such constitutional measures to Congress as may be necessary and proper to secure encouragement and protection to the great interests of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; to improve our rivers and harbors; to provide for the speedy extinguishment of the public debt; to enforce a strict accountability on the part of all officers of the Government, and the utmost economy in all public expenditures.

But it is for the wisdom of Congress itself, in which all legislative powers are vested by the Constitution, to regulate these and other matters of domestic policy. I shall look with confidence to the enlightened patriotism of that body to adopt such measures of conciliation as may harmonize conflicting interests, and tend to perpetuate that union which should be the paramount object of our hopes and affections. In any action calculated to promote an object so near the heart of every one who truly loves his country, I will zealously unite with the co-ordinate branches of the Government.

In conclusion, I congratulate you, my fellow-citizens, upon the high state of prosperity to which the goodness of Divine Providence has conducted our common country.

Let us invoke a continuance of the same protecting care, which has led us from small beginnings to the eminence we this day occupy. And let us seek to deserve that continuance by prudence and moderation in our counsels; by well-directed attempts to assuage the bitterness which too often marks unavoidable differences of opinion; by the promulgation and practice of just and liberal principles, and by an enlarged patriotism, which shall acknowledge no limits but those of our own wide-spread republic.

On the conclusion of the address, which was received by prolonged cheering by the assembled multitude, the following oath was administered to President Taylor by Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The president returned into the capitol amid prolonged vociferous cheering.

LECTURE ON CALIFORNIA.—Mr. Saxton, who visited California in Gen. Kearny's Expedition, will, on FRIDAY EVENING, the 9th inst., deliver a lecture on California, in the *American Hall*, corner of Grand street and Broadway, at half-past 7 o'clock. Admittance 25 cents. The citizens of New York, who take an interest in the literary, moral, and benevolent enterprises of the day, as well as strangers who are preparing to emigrate to California, may hear something of interest to them on that evening.

The subject will be discussed as follows:

1. Speak of the climate, soil, productions, and commercial advantages of California.
2. Of the conquest of California by Commodore Stockton and Lieut. Col. Fremont, and of the establishment of a Military Government there by General Kearny.
3. Of the mines of gold and quicksilver, and of the different routes, both by land and sea, to this El Dorado of the New World.
4. Conclude by offering some remarks to emigrants in reference to seeking gold as an ultimate object of pursuit, and of the opening for literary and benevolent enterprises in California.

MITCHEL.—A letter from Bermuda says that John Mitchel "is a poor, miserable, broken-hearted looking creature, and in wretched health."

Humorous.

HOW TO PAY THE CABMAN.—Every body has heard of the ingenious manner in which Sheridan evaded payment of a considerable sum for coach hire, by inveigling Richardson into the vehicle, getting up a quarrel—no very difficult matter—then jumping out in disgust, and leaving his irritable friend to recover his composure, and pay the fare. Hook, who, like all men of genius, augmented the resources of his own wit by a judicious borrowing from that of others, seems to have caught at that idea, when once, under similar circumstances, he found himself, after a long and agreeable ride, without money to satisfy the coachman; a friend happened to be passing, he was hailed and taken up, but unfortunately proved to be, on inquiry, as unprepared for any pecuniary transaction as Theodore himself. A dull copyist would have broken down at once; but, with a promptitude and felicity of conception that amply redeem the plagiarism, with whatever else he may be left chargeable, Hook pulled the check-string, and bade the driver proceed as rapidly as possible to No. —, — street, at the west end of the town, the residence of a well-known "surgeon, &c." Arrived, he ordered the coachman to "knock and ring," as desired, with energy; and, on the door opening, told his friend to follow, and hastily entered the house. "Mr. —, is he at home? I must see him immediately!" Mr. — soon made his appearance, when Hook, in an agitated and hurried tone, commenced: "My dear sir, I trust you are disengaged?" Mr. — bowed. "Thank heaven!—pardon my incoherence, sir—make allowance for the feelings of a husband, perhaps a father; your attendance, sir, is instantly required—*instantly*—by Mrs. —, No. —, &c.; pray lose not a moment, it is a *very* peculiar case, I assure you." "I will start directly," replied the medical man; "I have only to run up stairs, get my apparatus, and step into my carriage." "Ah! exactly," returned Hook; "but I am in agony till I see you fairly off; don't think of ordering out your own carriage—here's one at the door—jump into that." Mr. —, with a great mahogany case under his arm, made the jump, and quickly found himself at the house to which he had been directed. It was the abode of a very stiff-mannered, middle-aged maiden lady, not unknown to Hook; one, moreover, to whom he owed a grudge, a kind of debt he rarely failed to pay. The doctor was admitted; but, on explaining the object of his visit, soon found it convenient to make a precipitate retreat from the claws of the infuriate spinster into the arms of the hackney coachman, who deposited him in safety at his own door, which, however, he declined quitting without the full amount of his fare.—[Life of Theodore Hook.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE YOUNG.—Touch hundreds at the same time. Touch your hair.

Place three chairs in the middle of a room; then pull off your shoes and jump over them. Jump over your shoes.

Say nine times, without a mistake, "Three sieves of sifted thistles, and three sieves of unsifted thistles."

Go out of the room with two legs, and come in with six. Bring a chair in with you.

Place a ruler on the floor of a room so that no one can jump over it. Put it close to the wall.

Lay a handkerchief on the floor so that two persons can stand on it, and yet not be able to touch each other. Lay it under the door, and place one person on one side of the door and another on the other side.

Say twice, without a mistake, "Peter Piper's peacock pecked a peck of pepper out of a pewter platter; if Peter Piper's peacock pecked a peck of pepper out of a pewter platter, where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper's peacock pecked."

A FORTUNATE MAN.—About the year 1713, the government, suspecting the loyalty of some of the clans, sent John Duke of Argyle to inspect the country and its strongholds. On his way to the castle of Inverness, he stayed some days at Kilravock, and enjoyed himself with the hospitable laird. Now, it must be borne in mind that the duke had no family, and had separated from the duchess. Hugh Rose, the Black Baron of Kilravock, had seventeen children, and after dinner they were all marched in, from Hugh, the young baron, to the infant in the nurse's arms. The Duke of Argyle was astonished, and asked, "Are all these your children?" The baron smiled assent. "What! all by one mother?" "No, no, my lord; this is my fifth wife." "Your fifth wife! oh, Rose, how fortunate some people are!" But whether Macalluimore alluded to the numerous family or the loss of the wives, must be left to conjecture.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Sir John Sylvester, Recorder of London, was in my time robbed of his watch by a thief whom he tried at the Old Bailey. During the trial, he happened to say aloud that he had forgotten to bring his watch with him. The thief, being acquitted for want of evidence, went with the Recorder's love to Lady Sylvester, and requested that she would immediately send his watch to him by a constable he had ordered to fetch it. Soon after I was called to the bar, and had published the first number of my "Nisi Prius Reports," while defending a prisoner in the Crown Court, I had occasion to consult my client, and I went to the dock, where I conversed with him for a minute or two. I got him off, and he was immediately discharged. But my joy was soon disturbed; putting my hand in my pocket to pay the "junior" of the circuit my quota for yesterday's dinner, I found that my purse was gone, containing several bank-notes, the currency of that day. The incident causing much merriment, it was communicated to Lord Chief Baron Macdonald, the presiding judge, who said, "What! does Mr. Campbell think that no one is entitled to *take notes* in court except himself?"—[Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.]

DREAMING FOR A BREAKFAST.—Down in Aroos-took county, Maine, a Scotchman and an Irishman happened to be journeying together through the almost interminable forests of that region, and by some mishap had lost their way, and had wandered about in a starving condition for a while, when they fortunately came across a miserable hovel, which was deserted, save by a lone chicken. As this poor biped was the only thing eatable to be obtained, they eagerly dispatched and prepared it for supper. When laid before them, Pat concluded that it was insufficient for the supper of both himself and Sawney, and therefore made a proposition to his companion that they should spare their chicken until the next morning, and the one who had the most pleasant dream would have the chicken, which was agreed to by the Scotchman.

In the morning Sawney told his dream—said he thought angels were drawing him to Heaven in a basket, and he never was so happy in his life. Upon concluding his dream, Pat exclaimed: "Ooh, sure and be Jabers, I saw you going, and thought you wouldn't come back after the chicken, and I got up and ate it myself!"

MENDING MATTERS.—A short time ago, a lady and gentleman were married in the neighborhood of Nottingham, and proceeded, in their own carriage, to spend the honeymoon by the Cumberland lakes, the gentleman giving strict orders to Murphy, his Irish footman, on no account to state to inquirers that they were newly married. When leaving the first inn on the road, the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find the servants all assembled, and, pointing to the gentleman, mysteriously exclaiming, "That's him—that's the man!" On reaching the next stage, the indignant master told Murphy he must certainly discharge him, as he had divulged what he had impressed upon him as a secret. "An' pray, yer honor," inquired Murphy, "what is it yer complains of?" "That you told the servants at the last inn we were a new-married couple." "By the powers, an' it's not thrue, yer honor," replied Murphy; "I told the whole kit that yer honor, and yer honor's lady—God bless her!—wouldn't be married yet for a fortnight!"

FATHER FELIX'S SERMON.—An Irish priest, by name Felix Macabe, author of a grammar of the English language, was expatiating from the pulpit on the reciprocal duties of the pastor and his flock, and on the account to be given on the subject at the day of final retribution. "Well, Father Felix," he observed, "the great judge will say, 'And how have you fulfilled the duties of your office? Have you neglected the charge you undertook, or supplied the wants of your parishioners?' and I shall reply, 'Holy Father, I preached to them, and I prayed for their souls, and I gave them my blessing.' 'Well, Father Felix, and how did your flock trate you? Did they pay their dues, and bring you their offerings?' And then, you villains, what am I to say?" apostrophising the congregation, "you know you do nothing but chate me."

As a gentleman was dining at an inn in Coventry, on Christmas day, on a prime out of roast beef, a man, genteely dressed, opened the door of the room, saying, "Have you done, sir? Shall I change the dish?" The gentleman nodded assent, and the beef disappeared. Soon after, the gentleman rang the bell for the waiter, who attended the summons, and inquiringly asked where was the roast beef? An explanation ensued, which proved that some hungry customer had personated the waiter, and thus secured a good Christmas dinner.

DEATH OF A POLISH EXILE.—Mr. Henry A. Gaspar, a Polish exile, died at his residence in Brooklyn, on Thursday last. The funeral services, which took place on Sunday, at the Washington street M. E. Church, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, were attended by a large concourse of friends, and by the members of Magnolia Lodge, No. 166, I. O. of O. F., Washington Court No. 1, Independent Order of Ancient Foresters, and a tent of Rechabites. His remains were taken to Greenwood Cemetery for interment.

Publisher's Notices.

PHILADELPHIA.

BRO. JAMES J. DENHAM is our Agent for Philadelphia, and duly authorized to procure subscriptions and advertisements, collect dues, and transact any business involved in such Agency. Office No. 101 Cherry-street, above Sixth, near Odd Fellow's Hall.

N. B. Subscribers who are in arrears will pay their subscriptions to Mr. Denham, as no other person is authorized to receive them, all former Agencies being discontinued.

THAT we may protect the public and ourselves from imposition, we shall each and every week publish a complete list of our duly authorized Traveling Agents, and hereby caution all persons not to pay any dues or subscriptions to the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule to any one whose name is not in the list. Each Traveling Agent must also have a written certificate of such agency, duly executed by the present Publisher. Those who have until this time acted as Traveling Agents, and are now cut off by the omission of their names, are requested to make immediate returns of their respective accounts; and in case such Agency is to be continued, new arrangements must be made at the office.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

BRO. ALONZO WELTON,	BRO. ISAAC H. RUSS,
WM. H. FAIRCHILD,	PERRY E. TOLES,
HENRY L. BROUGHTON,	L. W. ALDRICH,
CHAS. H. HARRISON,	HORACE LAMB.
SAMUEL H. BARRETT.	

BRO. WM. H. FAIRCHILD will visit Virginia and some of the adjacent States. We trust he will be received by the Brethren with the cordiality which he merits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk.

NOTICE.

JAMES T. PALMATARY, of Philadelphia, and **R. B. MORSE**, of Adrian, Mich., are not authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

EDWARD McDONALD will please let us hear from him without delay.

Our Subscribers who are in arrears will remember that all money enclosed in presence of the Post Master, and directed to the Publisher, No. 44 Ann-street, New-York, is at our risk.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Ours thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for collecting and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our journal shall be worthy the support of *Odd-Fellows* from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that each one will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO I.

I KNEW a maiden once, named Julia Wright,
Whose form was beautiful beyond conception;
But then her skin was dark as moonless night—
Or, like in water, twilight's shades' reflection;
Her face was covered o'er with pimples quite;
A moustache marr'd her chisell'd lips' perfection;
Her eyes were brilliant and as black as coal,
But then her hair was red—upon my soul!

For a Dark, Tanned, Freckled, Sallow, Pimpled or Tettered Skin, no preparation in the world can vie with **GOURAUD'S Italian Medicated Soap**, which will also cure Ringworm, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and the like. **GOURAUD'S POUDEUR SUBTILE** is warranted to extirpate superfluous hair. **GOURAUD'S Grecian Hair Dye** will change red, light or gray hair to a jet black. **GOURAUD'S Lily White** is the best article extant for eliciting a delicate whiteness and smoothness to the skin.

Beware of imitations! The genuine preparations of **Dr. FELIX GOURAUD** can only be obtained at his Cosmetic Depot, 67 Walker-street, 1st store FROM Broadway. Boston, Bates & Jordan, 129 Washington-street.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! **J. WINCHESTER**, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved **CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP**, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. of O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over *One Thousand Dollars.*

Single copies Fifty Cents each; twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to **17235 J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.**

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

MRS CATHERINE NEILSON, (Widow of the late P. D. G. Sire Neilson,) has taken a large house, No. 6 South street, 4 doors from Baltimore street, BALTIMORE, for the purpose of carrying on a permanent and transient Boarding House; and she takes this method of informing the members of the Order, and the traveling community, that they will find her house conveniently located, and her table and lodging apartments equal to any in the city of Baltimore. Prices moderate. 81237

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia, &c. Costumes Tents, Crooks, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New-York. At the great Fair of the American Institute, 1847 and 1848, the highest premium was awarded for his work. aug.26:tf.

PREMIUM VANILLA TOOTH WASH.

At the late Fair of the American Institute, the Premium was awarded to the Proprietor for his Vanilla Tooth Wash, as being the best preparation for cleansing and preserving the Teeth, and purifying the breath. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, **THOS. MANSON**, Surgeon Dentist, No. 30 Eighth Avenue.

Also, for sale by the principal Druggists throughout the city. Liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 3m237

BERRY & WOODNUTT'S

GREAT CENTRAL OYSTER AND REFRESHMENT SALOON, under the Odd-Fellows Hall, North-Sixth-street, above Arch, Philadelphia, Pa. 336tf

F. W. CORINTH,

HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 2d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 238:6m.

BARD & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m239

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATTSO, No. 198 MARKET, 6th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y220

LODGE JEWELS.

ELEAZER AYERS, manufacturer of Jewelry, &c. No. 89 Nassau-st. New-York. Odd-Fellows', Masonic, and Sons of Temperance Jewels made to order. All orders from abroad punctually attended to. 3m235

BARNES & DENNEY,

MANUFACTURERS OF Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.

N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts.

W. DENNEY. (23:tf) **J. BARNES.**

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.

TO THE I. O. O. F. and the public in general.

The subscriber, **I. J. CRISWELL**, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City.

I. J. CRISWELL'S, No. 298 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia. 1y:mov.9.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 189 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

E. WINCHESTER, PRINTER, 44 ANN-STREET.

Anecdotes.

The Countess G— has very fine children. She brings them up in the English, or rather the Scotch fashion, for they always go out with bare legs. On the other hand, the Countess has a dear little Italian greyhound, who never goes out without being warmly covered. One very cold day recently, when the frost was most biting, one of these pretty children, who was walking in Regent street, between his mother and the favorite dog, said to his mother, showing her his little legs, which were quite red, "Ma, look how cold my legs are;" and then throwing an envious look at the dog, he added, beseechingly, "May I borrow Tiny's paletot?"

GENERAL RULE FOR POOR PEOPLE.—If you happen to have any relations in India or Australia who have amassed large fortunes, cease to regret they are so far away, and to sigh for their return, as their doing so would not alter the state of things in the least. They would be quite as distant then as they are now.—[Puppet-Show.]

EMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION.—"Ma," said a young lady to her mother the other day, "what is emigrating?" "Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to Australia." "What is colonizing, ma?" "Colonizing, dear, is marrying there and having a family." "Ma, I should like to go to Australia."

A duelist, who fancied himself insulted by one who had won the affections of his lady-love, left the room with the ominous words, "You will hear from me, sir!" "Well, do so!" replied the other, "glad on't; write once in a while; I shall be glad to hear from you as often as you have a mind to let us know how you get along."

"Would it were lawful to marry two wives!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young bachelor, desperately in love with a couple of country cousins. "Try one to begin with," was the remark of a surly old benedict.

SLEEPY.—"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a shocking bad one on. "No—why?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, because I think it is a long time since it has had a nap," was the answer.

David Fender, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say yes, dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,

Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by Bro. J. R. CRAMPTON, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON, CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia 243

REGALIA AND JEWELS MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY E. COMBS, 350 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.

Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 228:tf.

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN, VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venetian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235:tf

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. _____. Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth. Date, _____ (Signed.)

Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S. 101 Forsyth-st.

New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243:tf.

FINE MILINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.—Pattern Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants, and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE. THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do. do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$52 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.

G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

OPPOSITION—TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers, for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Bareges, (green, plain & fancy.) Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Laces and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdkfs., Fancy Silk Hdkfs., Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Gravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Crape Lisse, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tiarlets, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable. 241 L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of Established reputation.

N. B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. WM. A. CORRIE. 1y238

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

REGALIA IN READING, PA.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.

H. A. LANTZ, 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P. 232:tf.

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 232:tf

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JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m235

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS. JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 3m236

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS. CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS, REJECTION NOTICES, Permanent Secretary's Receipts, Warrants on the Treasurer, and every description of Lodge and Encampment Blanks, Seals, printed and furnished, in the best style of workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, post-paid, E. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

OLD DOCTOR Jacob Townsend, THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE GENUINE TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the AUTHOR and DISCOVERER of the GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA." Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, so that persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful HEALING POWER. This

Grand and Unequalled Preparation

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the latter, because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry and the latest discoveries of the Art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert and useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medical properties of the root, which give to it all its value. The

GENUINE

Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, every thing capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side in its favor by men, women and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of CONSUMPTION, DYSPPEPSIA, and LIVER COMPLAINT, and in RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA and PILES, COSTIVENESS, all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all affections arising from

Impurity of the Blood.

It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from Indigestion, from Acidity of the Stomach; from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and cold hands, cold shills and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in coughs and colds; and promotes easy expectoration, and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.

It works wonders in cases of *fluor albus* or whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstrues, Irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the Kidney Disease.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as Spinal Irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.

It is not possible for this medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it which can ever harm it. It can never sour or spoil, and therefore, can never lose its curative properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflammation, purifies the skin, equalizes the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then,

The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,

because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETE-RIORATION and

Never Spoils,

while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments; it creates acid, and acid liquid expires, and damages other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system? What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid! What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know, that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischief it produces!—flatulency, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Fever-Sore, and all ulcerations internal and external? It is nothing under heaven but an acid substance, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes Rheumatism, but a sour acid fluid, which insinuates itself between the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the tender and delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, of deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now, is it not horrible to make and sell, and infinitely worse to use this

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound"

OF S. P. TOWNSEND!

and yet no would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's GENUINE ORIGINAL SARSAPARILLA, is an IMITATION of his inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article! and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and criminations from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMENTING COMPOUND.

We wish it understood, because it is the absolute truth, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are heaven-wide apart, and infinitely dissimilar; that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmacist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of changing which might render them the AGENTS of DISEASE instead of health?

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity—that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has SOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy,

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!

and thus to have the unsurpassable satisfaction of having raised thousands and millions from the bed of sickness and despondency to hope, health, and a long life of vigor and usefulness to themselves, their families and friends.

Principal office 102 Nassau-street, N. Y.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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WHOLE NO. 245.

Original Poetry.

THE HUNTER'S LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY MRS. H. S. DE GROVE.

"Away! away! the couriers fly,
Nor stay for bridge or brake—
On! on! is heard the hunter's cry—
Speed, for my true love's sake!

"My love sitteth now in a lordly hall,
And vassals in waiting attend her call,
Yet would she gladly be riding with me,
On thro' the wild-wood, far over the lea.
Her sire is old, and his eyes are dim,
I shortly will sing him a pilgrim's hymn—
His wine will he pledge till his ear shall fail,
For age shall not stand the long night's wassail.
While his wardens guard, you will watch and wake,
As sleepless you thread this tangled brake;
And hold! for a sign when the warden must fall,
When the bravest shall scale the grim castle wall:
Have you heard the whoop of the bird that flies
Ever on, on, 'till in lighting she dies?
'Tis the sound of the shrillest winter blast,
And by it, ye know that he slumbers fast.
Then awake! awake!
For my true love's sake!

And guerdon true of the night shall be,
The lady's smile, and my love for thee!"

The pilgrim sat in this lordly hall,
And slowly his breath it came and went—
The palmer's cloak concealed him all,
As heavily on his staff he leant;
And gaily he sang in mirth and glee,
For a jolly old pilgrim he seemed to be,
Save for that restless and fiery eye,
That kept not pace with his melody.
Good wine was brought, and a bed for repose—
Not thus had Langwellan once dealt with his foes,
For he could display many trophies of war,
The bones of the dead, and the living scar,
Till many a cheek had blanched with fear,
Those trophies to see, and his tales to hear.
Ah! ne'er before was it understood,
Langwellan with foe had tasted food;
Now, with open heart and jovial hand,
He feasteth the chieftain of rival clan,
Till his tales are told, and the frequent pledge
Hath dimmed remembrance of wit's keen edge;
And the ringing laugh, and the beaker deep,
Remain unshared for his death-like sleep.

Aha! aha! the young hunter bold
Now doffs the guise of the pilgrim old,
And seeketh the chamber of lady fair,
And wotteth well of his welcome there.

"Knowest thou, lady, the mountain flower
It was once my pride to obtain?
Blossoms it still in thy maiden bower,
Chrished remembrance of happy hour—
Of a lover's farewell plain?"

"Knowest thou, ringlet of sunny hair,
Dy'd in blood of an anguished breast—
Kissed by thy lips, a seal that where
The red stain glowed thy heart was there,
Placed by my hand on its heaving rest?"

"Knowest thou, lady, the precipice edge
Where with chamois step he stood?
The flower I plucked from his rocky ledge,
And gave to thee as the hunter's pledge
Of faith and truth to the lady wooed!"

One glance to the maiden has all revealed—
Her own daring hunter before her kneeled;
In accents of love his name she breathes,
And tenderly round his form enweathes
Her snowy arms, in that long full clasp
That holdeth the heart in its earnest grasp,
Without fear or shame, for the one she loves
Hath come to win, and her faith she proves.
The silver-gemmed cestus that maidens wear
Is unloosed, and her robe, of texture rare,
Floats free as the waves of that shining hair.
Her truth stands confessed, for resting there
Lay the blood-stained lock; on its snowy throne,
The lord of her bosom his pledge must own.

Shrilly and clear was the signal-note given,
The air with answering echo is riven;
On, surely and bravely, his followers came,
Till the castle was ta'en in Lord Edgar's name!
Rough hands now arouse Langwellan from sleep,
Away to the chapel they hurried him on,
Where stood the priest, in tones solemn and deep,
Pronouncing the hunter and Agnes one!
"Forgive us, our father?" the lady cried—
"Forgive!" in response the robed priest replied.
"No base-born serf does thy pardon claim!
Thy castle is mine!—I honor thy name!—
I conquered for sake of true love alone—
Grant me my treasure, and let me begone!
I ask not thy castle—of lands not a rood,
For with thee in peace have I once broken food;
But offer thee friendship, on parole and hand,
To rank with thy allies Lord Edgar's stout band!"
The pledge is exchanged with the suppliant one,
And Edgar the hunter—is Langwellan's son!

Original Tales.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER, OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA.

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPY.

Rank treason—such as lurks
In villain minds, and plots the fate of virtue.—Brooks.

ROBERT ATREE, after leaving the room in which took place his interview with Lord Marmount, now emerged into a passage or gallery which terminated in a spiral stair-case. Ascending this stair-case to the second story of the house, the young man reached a door opening upon a spacious parlor. It was furnished sumptuously in the style of that period. Massy chairs of black walnut, mirrors, heavy with gilded carvings, and portraits in immense oval frames, were the first objects calculated to strike a stranger on entering; and the pictures, of cavaliers and ladies, bore, generally, resemblance enough to the owner of the house to inform one at once that they must be ancestors. The windows were open, but the night air was excluded by thick crimson curtains. Two large waxen candles burned upon an antique table near one of the windows, which itself opened upon a balcony that overlooked the gardens in the rear of the mansion.

But it is time, and here occurs a good opportunity, to give the reader an insight into the present position and plans of Robert Atree. We have already described his personal appearance, and shall therefore briefly glance at his character and prospects.

Atree was an orphan, like his rival, Ernest Rivers, but in point of worldly possessions, he ranked much higher than the young captain. He was at the present period in possession of a yearly income, which, though not large, would have been amply sufficient to cover the expenses of a less extravagant young man. But Robert, from his early youth upward, and even before the death of his last surviving parent, an indulgent mother, had been his own master, and consequently had been served badly. He was now, though not pecuniarily involved, in a fair way of dissipating what was left of an originally large fortune. He was, at the same time, artful, unscrupulous and ambitious.

He had been cunning enough, even at the commencement of ill-feeling between the pre-

Continued from page 136.

vinces and the mother country, to conceal any predilection for either side, and had all along maintained the reputation of a careless, generous youth, who would require maturity to ripen his ideas for or against either party which divided the country; and it was generally conceded that he knew and recked little about whig or tory views.

But in this many on both sides were mistaken. Robert Atree had laid his schemes from the beginning. He doubted not that England would soon crush the patriot spirit, and he devoted himself secretly to her service. At the same time, he abandoned not his non-committal stand, but maintained with whig and tory the same reckless unconcern as regarded political matters.

Such men as Robert Atree were the most dangerous foes with which the early lovers of freedom had to contend. They inspired confidence, and continually but secretly betrayed it. And many of them continued their machinations throughout the entire war, and even at its close, managed to conceal the fact of their ever having been other than the purest patriots.

Atree was unscrupulous in the means he employed on all occasions to effect his purposes, as we have seen from his bloody commission to the bravo Orrall. And all his schemes were subservient to a powerful ambition, which painted to his fancy the most unbounded dreams of future success and greatness. Such was the individual who had held a nocturnal interview with a British officer, and who was now about to visit the camp of Gen. Lee, where, as in other places, he had secret and sagacious emissaries.

The apartment which Robert Atree entered from the spiral stair-case, was already occupied by two persons—an old negress, black as jet, and a young quadroon. They were both slaves, belonging to the young man, and the negress had been long a house-servant in the family, and was, in fact, the ancient nurse of her present master. The quadroon was the old woman's daughter, and foster-sister to Atree.

This girl was in her sixteenth year, gracefully formed, and with a face containing scarce one negro feature. She had large, sleepy eyes, fringed with long lashes, a well-formed nose, a voluptuous looking mouth, and teeth dazzlingly white, like little pearls.

She sat with the old negress at the antique table, near the open window, busily employed, as it seemed, upon an embroidery pattern of a military sash. Her head was bent down over her lap, disclosing the graceful turn of a fair and polished neck; and she lifted not her eyes at the entrance of Atree, though an observer might have noticed that her shoulders and what could be seen of her face, were overspread with a sudden crimson flush.

"Well, mother Gotta," said the young man, approaching and speaking to the old woman, without apparently casting a glance upon her daughter; "I have come to plan with you."

The negress rose, and drew a chair with officious haste toward the table, and then waited till Atree was seated before venturing to resume her own position. Though her faded skin had once been of the blackest hue, this old woman had once been good-looking. Her features possessed none of the disagreeable characteristics of the Congolese or Guinea tribes, but partook more of the Moorish nature; and probably she had originally sprung from that part of the Afric family who inhabit that country bordering on Fezzan or Morocco. Indeed, it was a customary boast of Margarette, or Gotta, as she was usually called, that her ancestors had been princes, and made war upon the white men. Wherever might have been her birth-place, from which she had been brought in very early youth, she retained traces of superstition and ceremonies in her mind which could only have emanated from Mohamedan teachings. And there was a great deal remaining about the old woman, to show that in youth she had probably felt much of the queen in her untaught breast. There was even now, at times, a haughty glitter in her bright black eyes, and a sort of stateliness of mien, that were quite unusual things to meet with in a slave. Her figure, too, had doubtless once been elegant and graceful as that of her

quadroon daughter now was; and it still preserved a tall and erect bearing.

"Shall Filippa go away?" asked the negress, glancing at the young girl, who had not yet raised her eyes from her embroidery.

"Yes, Filippa may retire," answered Atree.

"Go!" was the monosyllable command of the mother, with a wave of the hand toward the young quadroon, who immediately gathered up her work basket and materials, and left the apartment without a word.

"How old is Filippa?" said the master, when the light figure of the girl had disappeared through the door. The negress pondered a moment, and then replied:

"Sixteen years, master Robert."

There was none of the broken patois of her class in the old woman's speech, but her voice trembled slightly as she uttered the last words.

"She is a tall child for her age," remarked Atree. "I was asked to part with her, nurse Gotta." Atree, as he said this, smiled to notice the shudder which ran through the old woman's frame. "But," he continued, "I refused a very large sum, because I promised you, good Gotta, not to sell Filippa."

Gotta seized her master's hand, and raised it respectfully to her withered lips. There was more strength in this mute manifestation of her gratitude, than would have been conveyed by a torrent of words. "Good master—kind master," she murmured, as if to herself.

"And I have not forgotten, nurse, that you saved my life," resumed Atree. "It was you who nursed me when every one, even my own mother, fled from me." The young tory alluded to a contagious fever that had nearly terminated his life in childhood, and from which he had only recovered through the untiring devotion of his black nurse.

"So, you see, good Gotta, I will never displease you, nor cause you any uneasiness."

"Dear master—good master Robert," cried the negress, her bright eyes filling with tears, while she bent over the young man's hand, and kissed it again and again.

Atree submitted to the endearments of his nurse's gratitude for a moment, and then, changing his tone, "Gotta," he said, "I want you to do something for me."

The negress dried her eyes, and listened.

"You must go away from Charleston, to Laurelwood."

The old woman's eyes lighted up as if with recollection.

"You know, Gotta, that was my father's favorite residence, and it is so secluded, and distant from the noise of the city, and safe from enemies, that I have concluded to place a treasure there."

The negress looked surprised.

"Not a treasure of gold, Gotta, but a child, a young girl, like Filippa. You must have charge of her, and keep her very close—you and Filippa."

The old woman peered into her master's face, to catch some expression which she doubtless expected to see there, while her small, black eyes twinkled brightly. Atree went on without seeming to regard her look:

"You must watch over the child day and night, and never let her be seen. She will never need to go out of the house, because she is blind."

The nurse clasped her hands together, and an expression of deep pity flitted across her face:

"Poor child—poor baby!" she murmured.

"You must take great care of her, Atree. She has no mother, like Filippa—so you must be her mother, and Filippa her sister."

Gotta began to weep, for the nature of the old negress was tender in the extreme, and this Atree well knew. Hence he anticipated the effect of his simple mode of communicating his wishes, in order to enlist the sympathies of his aged nurse.

"Now you must be ready to start with Filippa to-morrow, and go secretly to Laurelwood. I will soon visit you there; and before you go I will speak further with you about the matter."

With these words Robert Atree arose, and quickly leaving the apartment, he descended the spiral staircase. Gotta remained for a mo-

ment wrapped in thought, till the soft pressure of her daughter's hand upon her arm aroused her. The quadroon had returned, silently, and now whispered hurriedly to the negress.

"Quick, mother—come! I must go!" and she pulled rather than led the old woman through a small door opposite to that by which she had first left the room. Thence in the space of scarce three minutes, she returned with the negress.

She returned, or rather her metamorphose returned; for instead of the plain, close-fitted white dress she had worn, the quadroon was now clothed in a complete suit of male apparel, and presented the appearance of a handsome boy of twelve or thirteen years. A blue jacket, or rather coatee, with short curled tails, trousers of coarse blue cotton-jean, small shoes, or rather slippers, and a close skull-cap, gave her the *tout ensemble* of a sprightly youth, while her long black ringlets were wound into a plait upon the top of her head. She hurriedly thrust a pistol into the breast of her jacket, and kissing the old woman's forehead, started from the room.

Gotta clasped her hands together and raised her eyes:

"Poor child—sweet Filippa," she murmured; "she loves, as Gotta once loved!"

The quadroon ran swiftly down the spiral staircase, and out of the front door of the mansion, down an avenue overhung with trees, until she reached the street. The night was still bright as day, the starlight falling in a shower upon every object. Filippa looked anxiously around, and at last caught a glimpse of Atree's figure, just disappearing at a point in the distance; and with a joyful exclamation the disguised girl quickened her steps.

The young tory pursued his way without noticing that he was followed; until, in the space of half an hour, he reached the outskirts of the American camp, and answered the challenge of the sentinel. Then traversing through a clump of trees which grew near the line of outposts, he gained the shelter of a giant oak, beneath which he was joined by a man in the uniform of an American soldier.

"You are punctual," remarked Robert Atree, as the person, who had evidently expected his arrival, emerged suddenly from behind the oak.

"Not more so than you probably expected, sir," answered the other, a man of smaller stature, and slight dimensions, who appeared somewhat agitated as he spoke.

"I relied on your promptness, which I know well," said the tory; "but what have you learned further?"

"That the General is opposed to the stand which Colonel Moultrie takes, and predicts a total defeat," replied the soldier.

"And is this all you know? Why, my good Samuel Pappett, you are somewhat behind. I was aware of Lee's opposition hours ago!"

"All I know," said Pappett, sullenly, "that the General returned to the camp, and issued orders to these raw recruits to hold themselves ready to cover Moultrie's retreat."

"Fish!" cried Atree, impatiently. "Have you any more papers?"

"One," answered the soldier—"a letter from Washington—yes, and a plan of an expedition against the Floridas. Here they are; and I hope, sir, you will not forget to mention me to Sir Henry—"

"I shall not, you may depend, Pappett," said Atree, possessing himself of the papers.

"Because, you know I am risking my life!"

"Oh, I know your sacrifices," said the tory, with a slight sneer. "You shall be rewarded, never fear!"

"But if I am found in the Yankee camp, sir, it may go hard with me."

"Nonsense, man, I shall take care of that. However, if you desire it, Pappett, you may return with me to-night. Perhaps you can assist me in a small affair I have on hand."

"That is just what I want—to get away," cried the other, who appeared to be of an exceedingly timorous disposition. "If I could only—"

"You shall come with me, Pappett, and I will see that you're not harmed. We cannot afford

to spare you, though I believe, sincerely, a greater coward never disguised himself in soldier's clothes."

"But I'm of use in some things," said Pappett, whiningly.

"Oh, yes, everything has its uses," answered Atree; "but come along; time wears."

So saying the young tory retraced his steps; and followed by Pappett, repassed the guard. Filippa, the quadron, who had not ventured within sight of the sentinel; but, concealed at some distance from the outposts, had awaited anxiously the return of her master; now crept out from her hiding-place, and prepared to follow the young man's steps.

At the same moment, too, another person, clad like Pappett, in the American uniform, stole from the shadow of the oak tree, where he had evidently been a listener to the conversation of the two, and hastily giving the password to the sentry, hurried after the two spies.

The disguised Filippa noticed quickly this new pursuer of her master, and watched his movements.

Atree and Pappett walked rapidly along the river-road towards the city. It was a lonesome path, with a stretch of beach on one hand, and dense palmetto thickets upon the other; and in the shadow of these thickets the two pursuers crept, while the tories kept the unshaded road.

Suddenly, Filippa following slowly behind the person who had tracked her master from the camp, heard a short, quick cry, and immediately after discovered the man who had accompanied her master dashing swiftly down the road. She sprang forward and beheld Robert Atree struggling with the soldier who had tracked him from the oak tree.

The man had taken his opportunity to attack the tory while crossing a small bridge, which spanned a narrow creek, stretching in from the river. He had apparently counted upon no resistance from Pappett, whom doubtless he knew to be a coward, and had therefore directed his attack against Atree alone.

The two now stood upon the frail bridge, struggling desperately with each other for the mastery. But Atree was no match for the man with whom he had grappled, and was evidently fast sinking beneath the other's strength. Filippa drew the concealed pistol from her bosom, and still keeping in the shadow of the wood, ran towards the bridge. She heard the gasping voice of her master.

"What would you?" cried Atree to the soldier, who had wound one arm about his neck; and was almost strangling him by the tightness with which he compressed it. "Do you want to murder me?"

"No, unless you force me to that measure," answered the man, gruffly. "Submit quietly, and I'll not harm you!" And as he said this, the soldier, by a sudden jerk, threw Atree upon his back, with his head hanging over the side of the bridge.

"For God's sake, let me go! I have money—I will reward you," cried the tory.

"Yes, let you go with the general's letters in your pocket, which that traitor Pappett stole for you. No, sir! you are a prisoner, and must go to the camp!"

"My God! you will ruin me! Let me alone, and you shall have money. Take my watch—my purse!"

"You infernal tory, do you take me for a footpad?" cried the soldier, indignantly. "I've a mind to throw you into the creek for that last speech of your's. I'm an American, my young friend—a good whig, and not to be bribed. So, be quiet, while I secure you, my good sir."

Robert Atree's situation seemed desperate. It was plain that his powerful captor was not to be bought over; and it was equally certain that he knew enough of the tory's secret treachery, to render his life very insecure, should he be taken back a prisoner to the camp of General Lee. The young man inwardly cursed the timidity of his emissary Pappett, which had led that worthy to retreat so precipitately, as well as his own fool-hardiness in appointing an interview within the camp.

But neither of the two men noticed the slight figure, that, crouching in the obscurity of the

thicket, which threw the bridge and part of the road into a dense shadow, was even now at the edge of the creek. The patriot soldier, kneeling upon the prostrate Atree, was just in the act of drawing a stout cord from his pocket, with which to pinion the arms of his prisoner, when the scarcely perceptible tread of the disguised quadron upon the bridge, caused him suddenly to raise his head.

But he was too late. Filippa's pistol was, the next moment, pressed against his breast; and ere he could rise from his knee, or even utter an exclamation, she had fired. The soldier fell back heavily, over the edge of the log-bridge, into the dark creek below. Robert Atree was saved.

He sprang to his feet, while the reverberations of the pistol-shot rang through the stillness of night. But his preserver was gone.

One glimpse of a light, boyish figure, the tory caught, as he dashed his hair from his eyes, and gazed down the road; the next moment it had disappeared. Atree reeled to the side of the narrow bridge, and looked down into the water. He heard a slight struggle below, and a choked groan—then all was still.

"He will tell no tales," muttered the young man. "But, by the Fiend, I myself have had a narrow escape! My curse light on that treacherous Pappett!"

The tory drew a long breath, and pursued his way along the lonesome road, fearful that the pistol-shot might have alarmed the outposts of the camp, and that further pursuit would follow. But he had not proceeded a quarter of a mile, before a figure sprang into his path from the road-side. It was Pappett, who, more dead than alive, had concealed himself in the brushwood in dreadful apprehension that the entire army was in pursuit of him. He had recognised the figure of his employer, and at once knew that he had escaped.

"You cowardly wretch," muttered Robert Atree, seizing the spy by the throat, who threw himself on his knees before him, "you deserted me!"

"O, forgive me, master Atree! I was frightened, and knew not what I was about. O, for Heaven's sake, forgive me. That fellow, Tom Evans, I know him well. He's a terrible fellow. How did you escape him?"

"Terrible or not, he'll not harm us now, Pappett," said Atree, amused in spite of his anger, by the desponding look of the trembling wretch at his feet. "He lies cold enough, by this time, in the mud of yonder creek. But, up, you white-livered knave, and follow me. And, if you attempt another desertion in case of attack, I promise you that my first thought shall be to send a bullet after you instead of the assailant."

Pappett rose, and with trembling limbs, followed Atree, without speaking, save in reply to the question which the tory put, as to the man who had dogged them. It appeared that he had been a common soldier in Lee's camp, a determined fellow, well known as an ardent patriot; and it was doubtless a wish to signalize himself in his commander's eyes, as well as his love of the whig cause, that had prompted him to the daring attempt to secure the tory's person, and which had resulted so seriously to himself.

But of the mysterious preserver of his life, Robert Atree could imagine no clue to information. The sudden appearance, the pistol-shot, and immediate retreat of his strange coadjutor, constituted a problem which defied the young man's utmost ingenuity to solve.

Pappett trod mechanically in his employer's foot-steps, till they reached the upper extremity of the city, and stood before a hut, which will be hereafter described as the dwelling of MATTHEW ORRALL.

It was now past midnight, and the city was wrapped in profound silence, though many an anxious heart was awake in fearful anticipation of the morrow's struggle. Robert Atree beckoned Pappett to approach. "You mark this hut," he whispered.

The spy made an affirmative gesture.

"In that hut there are now two—a man and a child. The child is blind. Well, sir, what I wish you to do, is to remain about this place the rest of the night, until the man leaves the house.

Then you must manage to effect an entrance. You are cunning, Pappett, where there is no danger, and you can do this."

"Perhaps I can get in through yonder window," answered the spy, attentively examining the exterior of the hut.

"I perceive you understand the business," said Atree. "Well, sir, you must gain the interior of this house, and bring the blind child away."

"How old is the child?" whispered Pappett.

"A young girl of twelve. Doubtless, the man will leave his dwelling at day-break. You must then enter. If the child is sleeping, awake her, and say that her father has sent for her. Bring her immediately to my house, by the secret door. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, Master Atree," replied the spy, who had recovered from his terror, and whose cunning—which quality he possessed in a remarkable degree—was now called into exercise. "The thing shall be done; but are you sure that there will be no others in the house to prevent the—"

"If you perceive a dark, ruffian-looking man leave the hut, you may be sure of meeting with no obstacle."

"But, if this ruffian-looking fellow should return?"

"Will you never have done, Pappett, with your cowardly scruples? He will not return, you may be certain of that, until night. Are you satisfied to obey me, or do you longer need my protection?"

"I will do it, Master Atree. I did not refuse!"

"See to it, then. I shall wait your coming at the secret door. Be shrewd, and fear nothing. If any unforeseen obstacle should prevent your success, hurry to me at once. Now, sir, keep vigilant watch."

"I will do so, you may depend, sir," answered the spy.

"Stay," cried Atree, pausing for a moment, and then drawing a scrap of paper and a pencil from his pocket. "Take this, and write as I dictate."

Pappett took the pencil, and wrote upon the strip of paper, by the moonlight, which still was bright, a few words, at the tory's dictation.

"Now, leave this scrawl in the hut when you have secured the blind girl. Do you comprehend me?"

"All shall be done, Master Atree."

"Very well, Pappett, I shall depend upon your shrewdness. Good night."

Robert Atree turned and wended his path homeward, while the spy concealed himself among the brushwood that covered the bank against which the hut was built.

Pappett was one of those wretchedly nervous persons, whose constitutional timidity is often the cause of their becoming the most arrant rascals. He had all his life been engaged in plots and designs, in which he was invariably the tool of bolder villains. Nature, it seemed, had given him a large share of shrewdness, and in everything which required no physical or mental courage, he was clear-headed and calculating to the last degree. Had his peculiar qualities been directed to a good use, he might have been an invaluable citizen, living and dying with the reputation of a wise man. As it was, however, from early education and association, his shrewdness had ripened into cunning, which found its principal employment in carrying out or counseling the nefarious schemes of the dissolute and bad. At the breaking out of the Revolution, Pappett was the keeper of a drinking house at Charleston, and had been early employed by Atree in his treasonable intercourse with the British. At the young tory's direction he had afterwards connected himself with the American recruits, and carried on the trade of a camp-spy with all the ingenuity of his nature. But the near approach of the British, acting on his nervous timidity, had made him, as we have seen, anxious to leave the patriot camp, lest from one or the other belligerents his personal safety might be compromised.

Pappett was, in fact, a coward of the first water, and he trembled most violently as he encon-

sed himself, closely concealed, among the bushes in the rear of the hut, to await the egress of the dweller within.

But the spy had scarcely hidden himself, with noiseless precaution, when he observed a phenomenon which immediately caused the perspiration to ooze in large drops from his body. This was a faint light which appeared among the leaves a few feet from where he lay, apparently proceeding from a small opening in the bank itself. It was very dim, but yet distinctly visible, and Pappett trembled with the strongest apprehensions.

By degrees, however, as no increase was observable in the size of the light, the spy grew less uneasy, and finally ventured to draw nearer to the opening, to ascertain if possible whence it proceeded. And what was his surprise, when parting the bushes near the river's edge, he saw clearly that it was evidently the mouth of a passage connecting with the interior of the bank, perhaps with the hut itself.

On making this discovery Pappett shook with new alarm, and it was some minutes before he could summon courage enough to reflect coolly. Then his curiosity struggled hard with his fears, and he was strongly tempted to creep forward into the opening. He hesitated, however, and placed his ear down to the aperture.

Was it fancy? Pappett thought he recognized the clinking sound of gold coins. Then his curiosity and avarice were both stimulated, and he moved cautiously into the passage.

It was damp and clammy, and the sudden contact of the wet clay sent a chill through the spy's blood, which made him half withdraw his body. But as the subterranean path appeared gradually to widen, and as the thought happened to strike him, that probably the occupant of the hut was unaware of the existence of the outlet, he summoned a sort of desperate resolution, and crept further in.

The light still glimmered, and Pappett crowded by almost imperceptible degrees, towards the point whence it proceeded.

At last he came in sight of an object which riveted at once his gaze, though at the same time it banished every atom of strength for a moment from his frame. This was the appearance of a man kneeling beside a casket of jewels, the light of which flashed like fire in the rays of the taper which he held.

The most magnificent jewels heaped together met Pappett's dazzling sight—a spectacle that almost deprived him of his senses. His brain swam, and for a moment he lost his power of vision.

When he could recover himself once more he rapidly surveyed the objects around him. But the man was then in the act of closing the small chest, or casket, which he immediately pushed into a recess in the wall. Then, before the spy could catch more than a glimpse of his features, he turned away and passed from the cave in the opposite direction from where Pappett was concealed.

The sudden darkness which ensued from the withdrawal of the light, almost paralyzed the spy with terror. It was with difficulty that he could gather strength to draw his limbs back once more to the outlet; and even after he had gained the open air, and was again closely hidden among the thick bushes, at the summit of the bank, he could scarcely convince himself that all he had witnessed was not a vision of enchantment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ICE.—Every one has suffered by having bottles and pitchers cracked by their contents freezing but very few persons are aware of the cause—viz, that water, unlike any other liquid, swells in becoming solid. This is a wise and kind provision of God; for if, in freezing, water became more compact and heavier, the ice would sink to the bottom of our ponds and rivers,—and there, never thawing, the whole of the northern and temperate parts of the globe would become, in the course of a few years, as cold, and even more dreary, than the snow tracts inhabited by the Esquimaux. The force with which water expands or swells in freezing, has been shown by filling with it hollow balls or shells of iron, and then freezing them. The shells were split.

—[Cottage Gardener.

The Family Circle.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,
A languid music haunted every where,—
Like that with which a summer-eye abounds,
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,
Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,
With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;
And low of cattle on the distant plain,
And peal of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.
It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
The very air seemed sleepily to blow;
And choicest flowers enameled every dale,
Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy glow:
It was a valley drowsy with delight,
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight.

The golden-belted bees hummed in the air,
The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;
The trees slept in the steeping sunbeams glare,
The dreamy river chimed its undersong,
And took its own free course without a care:
Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng.

And the green valley throbbed beneath their lays,
While echo echo chased, through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,
Sent down to see the Summer-beauties dress,
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers;

Their eyes peeped out from many a green recess:
And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers;
The very flowers seemed eager to caress
Such living sisters; and the boughs, long-leaved,
Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-flushed bosoms heaved.

One through her long loose hair was backward peeping,

Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside;
Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,
Or looking love askance, and, when descried,
Her coy glance on the bedded greenward keeping;
She pulled the flowers to pieces as she sighed,—
Then blushed like timid daybreak, when the dawn
Looks crimson on the night, and then again 's withdrawn.

One, with her white and milk-white arms outspread,
On tip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade;
Half-turned the matchless sculpture of her head,
And half-shook down her silken circling braid;
She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;
Her back-blown scarf an archèd rainbow made;
She skimmed the wavy flowers as she passed by,
With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling;
Or, looking at her shadow in the brook,
Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling—
Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;
'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling:
She threw in flowers, and watched them float away,
Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,
The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,
And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,
As if they on the self-same stem had grown,
So close were rose and lip together twined,
A double flower that from one bud had blown,
Till none could tell, so sweetly were they blended,
Where swelled the curving lip, or where the rose-bloom ended.

One, half-asleep, crushing the twined flowers,
Upon a velvet-slope like Dian lay;
Still as a lark that mid the daisies cowers:
Her looped-up tunic, tossed in disarray,
Showed rounded limbs too fair for earthly bowers;
They looked like roses on a cloudy day,
The warm white dulle amid the colder green;
The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,
With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,
And singing to the waves for evermore;
Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,
If but a sound above the muffled roar
Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks,
Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,
Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,
Sail in our dreams across the Heaven's steep blue;
When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
Too beautiful to meet the naked view,
Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.
Women they were! such as the angels knew—
Such as the Mammoth looked on, ere he fled,
Scared by the lovers' wings, that streamed in sunset red.

HOW TO CORRECT A SPOILED TEMPER.

Dr. Ayscough one day, according to the rules of his office, as assistant librarian in the British Museum, London, attended through that grand magazine of curiosities a party of ladies and a gentleman, all of whom, except one lady, were disposed to be highly pleased with what they saw; and really would have been so, if this capricious fair one had not continually damped their gratification with such exclamations as these: "Oh, trumpery! come along! I see nothing worth looking at."

This lady being the handsomest of the group, Mr. A. (who, though an old bachelor, was a great admirer of beauty,) at first fixed upon her as his temporary favorite, but soon had reason to transfer his particular attentions to another less handsome, but more amiable.

On her continuing a similar strain of exclamations, uttered with correspondent looks and demeanor, he turned kindly towards her and said, "My sweet young lady, what pains you take to prevent that fine face of yours from killing half the beaux in London!" and then directed his conversation, explanatory of the different objects to the rest of the party.

So much influence, however, had she over her companions, that, beaten as the round was to the doctor, she caused him to finish it considerably sooner than was either pleasant to his mind or convenient to the state and ponderosity of his body. While in the last room, just before he made his parting bow, addressing himself to her, with that suavity of manner which was so peculiar to him, he smilingly said, "Why, what a cross little puss you are! Nothing pleases you. Here are ten thousand curious and valuable things, brought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you turn up your nose at the whole of them. Do you think, with these airs, that pretty face will ever get you a husband? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old bachelor; for I see so many charming, good-tempered women, that I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with her company. But I cannot fall in love with you, and I'll honestly tell you I shall pity the man that does; for I'm sure that you'll plague him out of his life."

During this singular valedictory speech (delivered with such pleasantry that even the reproved could not take offense at it), the gentleman who was of the party looked now at the speaker and then at the lady with considerable emotion, but said nothing; while she called up no small portion of lightning into a fine pair of dark eyes, and some transient flashes of it into her cheeks; and then with her friends (who affably wished their candid *cicerone* a good morning) withdrew.

Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, the doctor was particularly pleased with one lady of the party; and that one being the prettiest, he contrived, according to his wonted custom, (as a sailor would say) "to near her." Respectfully inquisitive concerning every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a number of questions; and most willingly "he taught his lovely fair one all he knew;" while in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities which they would otherwise have passed unobserved. In short, as good Bishop Rundle says, "she being disposed to be pleased with everything, everything conspired to please her." Nor was less pleased her worthy and benevolent guide; who, while she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature, was contemplating not only the charms

of her person, but also those of her mind. At length, "the wonders ended," he was about to make his best bow, when the fascinating fair one, with an arch smile (looking him rather askew in the face), asked him whether he remembered her?

"No, ma'am," said he, "but I shall not easily forget you."

Then linking her arm in that of a gentleman who was of the party, she asked in the same engaging manner whether he remembered him? To which he replied that he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before.

"Now, sir, don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady, who was pleased with nothing and displeased with everything, a smart lecture for her caprice and ill temper?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do."

"Well, sir, I am that lady; or I should rather say, I was; for you have been the means, in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being from what I then was; and I am now come to thank you for it. Your half-in-jest and half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself; and was of far more use than all that had been done before in correcting a spoiled temper. After we had left you," continued she, "I said to myself, if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends, especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me? You asked me, sir, if I expected to get a husband; I then had one—this gentleman—who was present at your just reproof; and I dare say he will join with me in thanking you for giving it so frankly and successfully."

The husband then cordially repeated his acknowledgments to him for having been instrumental in contributing so largely to their mutual felicity; "a felicity," said he, "which, should anything lead you, sir, into the neighborhood of—, you will gratify extremely both myself and my wife if you will call and witness." Then leaving his address, he and his lady shaking Dr. A. by the hand, they departed.

Here, surely, was a heroic triumph of temper; and, as the wise king observes, "greater" does this sensible and candid woman seem "in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city."

PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

COLDS.—The present time is opportune for saying something about "colds," as, during the next three or four weeks, almost every other person will carry one about with him. Few people pass through the winter without experiencing the nuisance of a cold; and some suffer from it almost continually during that season. In our climate, particularly about this time, one perpetually hears, as a matter of course, in answer to inquiries relating to the state of health, the stereotyped phrases, "Oh! I've only a cold;" "I'm in the fashion, I've caught a bad cold;" "We've all been laid up with colds;" "Very well, except a shocking cold." During the pauses of the service in a church or chapel, also, one is disagreeably impressed with the prevalence of catarrhs, by a frequent gruff coughing chorus, midgled with a trumpet accompaniment on the nasal organ.

Catarrh is an inflammation—perhaps of a specific kind—of the mucous membrane of the nostrils; extending generally to the eyes—to the cavities called sinuses, above and on each side of the bridge of the nose—and to the throat.

Cold and moisture, or sudden variations in temperature, are the chief causes of catarrh. It is probable, too, that irrespective of these causes, there is occasionally "something in the air," depending perhaps upon its electrical condition, which produces epidemic catarrh; for it has been observed that this complaint has prevailed very extensively and severely without any sufficient previous changes in the temperature, or in the degree of moisture, to account for it. By some authors, catarrh is considered to be infectious, from the fact of its attacking consecutively every member of even a large household. Professional opinion is, however, averse to this notion. Individuals of the lymphatic temper-

ament, long spare persons with contracted chests, those who live chiefly indoors, and all who are in a debilitated condition, or whose digestive organs are out of order, are most prone to colds.

The most common cause of colds is sudden alternation of temperature, either from heat to cold, or *vice versa*. Thus going from the cold air into a heated room—from a freezing temperature to one above 70 deg.; or emerging from a crowded theater or ball-room into the frosty, or still worse, chill and humid atmosphere of a January night, is very likely to give cold. How frequently one sees, in mid-winter, files of fair ladies with necks and arms barely covered by a light shawl, coming from the heated atmosphere of the ball-room into the cutting north-east wind. It requires no prophet to foretell that catarrhs, sore throats, perhaps more serious affections, must, in many instances, be the result of such incautious exposure; that the doctor will be sent for in the morning; and, perhaps, in the end, a more somber functionary. How many premature deaths may be attributed to this common indiscretion so easily avoidable! A very usual cause of catarrh is exposure to a draught of cold air, especially when the body is in a heated state; and it is worthy of remark, that the less the surface exposed to the draught, the greater is the likelihood of "catching" cold. Everybody knows, too, that wet feet and damp clothing will give cold, especially if the circulation is not kept up by brisk exercise.

EXEMPLIFICATIONS OF INSTINCT.

THE similarity between the simple instinctive actions of animals and their ordinary organic functions is so great, as to lead us to suppose that both sets of operations are arranged upon similar plans, though these may not be identical, and both are carried on with the forethought or the consciousness of the animal. Thus the young bee, on the day that it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey and form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds; and many species, at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flight to other countries. The insect, which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example, labors assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring, which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all the summer, and lay up stores for the winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such seasons, or being in any sensible way aware of its approach. We know that such actions are the result of involuntary and unreflective impulses, because we often find them performed in vain.

Sir Joseph Banks had a tame beaver, which was allowed to range at liberty in a ditch about his grounds, and was at all seasons liberally supplied with food. One day, about the end of autumn, it was discovered in the ditch very busily engaged in attempting to build a dam, after the manner of its companions in a state of nature. This was evidently the blind impulse of its instinctive feelings, for a moment's exercise of the lowest degree of reflection must have shown it that such labor, under the circumstances in which it was placed, was altogether superfluous.

A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tame and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migration, it became exceedingly restless and sleepless—it beat its head against the cage in many vain efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature.

A bee which can fly homewards, one or two miles in a straight line to its hive with extreme accuracy, if it happens to enter an open window in a room, will exhaust all its efforts in attempting to get out at the opposite window which is shut down, but never pauses to think of retracing its steps a little way backward, so as to fly out at the opening at which it entered. We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the

floor, turn himself several times around before he lies down, and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; while in his wild state he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes.

An acute observer of animals has remarked that a jackdaw, which, for want of its usual abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit hole, was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks, of which its nest was to be formed, within the narrow entrance. Again and again did it attempt to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it in the middle in its bill; and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by mere chance, it at last accomplished its object by happening to seize it near one end instead of the center. In this case it appeared to the observer that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range, but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberate foresight to guide its action.—[British Quarterly.]

MAN'S FOOD.—What do men really live upon? The answers will be various enough. The Guacho, who is the wild pampas of Buenos Ayres, managing his half-wild horse with incredible dexterity, throws the lasso or bolas to catch the ostrich, the guanaco, or the wild bull, consumes daily from ten to twelve pounds of meat, and regards it as a high feast day when in any hacienda he gains a variety in the shape of a morsel of pumpkin. The word bread does not exist in his vocabulary. The Irishman, on the other hand, regales himself in careless mirth on his "potatoes and point," after a day of painful labor, he who cannot help making a joke even of the name he gives to his scanty meal. Meat is a strange idea to him, and he is happy indeed if four times a-year he can add a herring to season the mealy tubers. The hunter of the prairies lays low the buffalo with sure bullet; and its juicy, fatstreaked hump, roasted between two hot stones, is to him the greatest of delicacies. Meanwhile, the industrious Chinese carries to market his carefully fattened rats, delicately arranged upon white sticks, certain to find a good customer among the epicures of Peking; and in his hot, smoky hut, fast buried beneath the snow and ice, the Greenland consumer his fat, which he has just carved, rejoicing over the costly prize, from a stranded whale. Here the black slave sucks the sugar-cane, and eats his banana; there the African merchant fills his wallet with sweet dates, his sole sustenance in the long desert journey; and there the Siamese crams himself with a quantity of rice from which an European would shrink appalled. And whosoever over the whole inhabited earth we approach and demand hospitality, in almost every little spot a different kind of food is set before us, and the "daily bread" offered in another form.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers, writers, and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast, which bespeak rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind. There is no man, however low in rank, who may not materially benefit his financial condition by following this advice, and cultivating at the same time such morals and manners as correspond in character with good words.

A governess advertising for a situation, says "she is perfect mistress of her own tongue!"

Ladies' Department.

MAIDEN, KEEP THY HEART FROM LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY MRS. H. S. DE GROVE.

MAIDEN, keep thy heart from love—
There is danger,
Which the trusting often prove,
In the ranger.
Oh! trust not, when gallants say
Thou art fair—
For they laugh, when once the prey
Of their snare.
Few there are, who'll not deceive
The unwary.—
Prithee, then, not one believe,
Gentle Mary.
Mother, now my heart doth ache—
Love's tale is known—
And thy gentle words but wake
Sad echo's moan.
Ah! it was a beauteous beam,
Swiftly cast,
Like bright fancies seen in dream
When sleep hath past.—
Was it, then, my fault alone,
I heedless grew?
For, with thy precept, ever shone
Example, too.

THE PROFLIGATE.

A TALE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

DURING the summer of 1839 I resided at Marseilles. The ravishing beauties of the Mediterranean presented infinite attractions; the picturesque costumes of the multiform population that crowded the streets of the town, exhibiting types of almost all the races that have sprang from Adam, likewise chained me to the spot.

On the last day of the year I received two visits—one was from Monsieur le Propriétaire, the other from my *portier*. Both visitors had a common object—to wish me many happy new years, and a thousand other good things, including that best of all, immortal felicity. Throughout France the new year is ushered in with a vast deal more of ceremony than we wot of in Old England, and new year's gifts are there universally exchanged.

I received my guests like a man who feels himself flattered by peculiar deference, although I felt perfectly assured that the visits with which I was "honored" were a matter of course. A couple of bottles of champagne and a few *bonbons* were the portion which I contributed to the ceremony. I gave M. le Propriétaire a most respectful embrace, and left in the *portier's* hand the customary gift of ten francs. The latter saluted me profoundly and retired. The Propriétaire installed himself right in front of my wood-fire, crossed his legs, and began speaking with true Gallican familiarity of horses, carriages, women, young bloods, and the opera. M. le Propriétaire was a consummate dandy! He was the owner in fee of several of the best houses in Marseilles, which brought him in an income of 80,000 francs per annum—more than 3000*l.* sterling. Such a man would not have been despised in England; in Marseilles he was a very important personage indeed.

"Have you any time to lose?" quoth M. le Propriétaire.

"Yes, undoubtedly, I am at your service. Pray, to what may your question relate?"

"I want you to give me your advice."

"You do me too much honor."

"I know that you are a man of taste, and desire to consult you."

"I am all attention."

"It is a private history. You will keep it secret?"

"Depend upon my fidelity."

"Here it is: Six years ago, when I purchased

this house, one of my friends recommended to me a poor fellow dying of hunger. Though we landlords—unfortunate wretches that we are—are besieged daily and hourly by applicants for relief, I could not help being moved, first by the poor wretch's appearance of genuine suffering, and next by an excessively pretty girl, whom he led by the hand—his daughter. She was just fourteen years old, a most charming girl; large black eyes, full of soul and sentiment; a shape remarkably fine for a girl of her age; small feet, small hands, a Grecian nose; hair glossy black and silken; add to all this a most seductive air of modesty, simplicity, and candor—"

"In short, you fell in love with her."

"I became their protector; I had a place to dispose of; I installed both father and child, and since that hour of good fortune, for myself as well as them I have been their good genius."

"Yours is a real happiness, my dear sir, to be able thus to congratulate yourself upon having performed a good action, from the most disinterested motives. Assuredly you cannot better employ either your time or your fortune."

M. le Propriétaire made a slight grimace, and proceeded:

"Stop—you have not heard all. When one is determined upon doing good, he should avoid, as far as possible, doing it by halves. The poor child interested me beyond measure. The ease and comfort which her modest employment procured her—a simple seamstress—her joy at seeing her dear father prosperous; the gay and cheerful vivacity of her age; and, lastly, the devil, who always mixes himself up in these matters, made her a most fascinating creature, whom I loved passionately, in spite of every effort to the contrary. One morning I sent for her father, who presented himself before me with all the profound respect and humility of a man whose life you have been the means of saving, when the following dialogue ensued between us:

"You did me the honor to send for me, sir?"

"Yes. Your daughter is fourteen years old is it not so?"

"At the feast of St. Benoit."

"For what station in life do you destine her?"

"Sir," replied the good man, in a tone of deep emotion, "my first object is to make her a good and honest woman, like her mother before her."

"But you must not be indifferent to her prospects for the future."

"Alas, sir, if I could only get her taught to become a good seamstress, so as to shine in the business in these parts, her fortune might be made, with a little prudence and economy."

"Will you permit me to make choice of a state of life for your daughter?"

"I owe you too much already, sir. You quite overwhelm me with your goodness," and the warm-hearted man was constrained to wipe away a tear.

"Will you leave me the choice without compliments?"

"Yes, yes, sir. Choose her condition. Make her a good and happy woman. Only recommend to her never to forget her poor old father in her elevation."

"Good! I undertake to provide for her."

"And what will you make of her, sir? What do you intend to make of the dear girl? Pardon me for asking this much."

"You shall know all that in a little time. It will depend on the abilities she displays. She shall enter a school to-morrow, where she shall be instructed by competent masters; and in three or four years, when she shall have become an accomplished woman, I shall restore her to you, with a position in life which shall be the just recompense of the diligence with which she will have availed herself of this liberal course of instruction."

"The tears which filled the old man's eyes rolled down his cheeks in a torrent of gratitude. He could find no other mode of expressing his feelings than by devoting to me the entire of his after-life."

"Arise," said I, "my good-hearted friend; go and tell your daughter the good that is in store for her, and hold her in readiness for ten o'clock to-morrow."

"The next day we set out together, and the

young girl was placed at a first-rate school, from whence she was destined to depart lovelier than ever, and far more accomplished than the most sanguine would have dared to hope. Each successive year she came to spend a short time with her father, and Rosalie's charms and wonderful grace soon began to attract universal admiration. I saw her with a joy which bordered on extravagance. Elated with my own work, I participated in the old man's pride at beholding this beautiful flower, which grew up in matchless loveliness by our side. I sounded her young heart, to discover, if possible, whether a place was reserved for me; and whether that place was yielded through love or gratitude. That heart retained its virgin purity. Love had not entered there."

"In truth, my good sir," I interposed, "this is a most interesting history, and redounds greatly to your honor."

"Not at all, not at all; the most difficult part is yet to come. This day concludes the fourth year of Rosalie's education. She has already surpassed her masters; and her age renders it necessary to withdraw her from a seminary where she has nothing more to learn. To-morrow I shall take her to her father. But to fulfil exactly the condition which I have voluntarily imposed upon myself, I must restore her to him with a social position, which her education renders it extremely difficult to choose. I desire to consult you. Speak without reserve, Monsieur l'Anglais, you are a man of the world—no speculator nor enthusiastic. How would you extricate yourself from this position?"

"I must first ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"Do you love this beautiful girl?"

"Do I love her? For four long years have I been dreaming but of her. Do I love her? Why, absolutely to distraction!"

"You can have no need of advice, then. You are the happiest of men. Receive my most sincere congratulations."

"What do you mean?"

"That you are speedily blest, my dear sir, since you have met with that which is often sought for through a whole lifetime in vain. You have formed the heart of a lovely and amiable woman to your own image. You can seat her by your side, and when you give her your hand, you can—"

"You are surely dreaming, my dear sir."

"How?"

"Would you have me marry the daughter of my servant?"

"My good sir, you have assured me that you love her. You have made her an accomplished lady, and I see no reason why you should not marry her."

Monsieur le Propriétaire burst into a loud fit of laughter, and overturned at once the entire of the romantic scaffolding which I had been erecting during the course of his recital. I remained silent and stupefied.

"Bless me, dear sir," he resumed, "you must really find me out something better than that. The marriage ceremony grows quite antiquated. It were a tasteless present for the new year. Let us find some more novel expedient."

"I have, in truth, no other means by which I can extricate you from your position, and am vexed at my incapacity."

"We must not despair too soon. Let us seek, and we may find something. Recollect that the business is of a pressing nature; it cannot be postponed beyond to-morrow. I must then find two new year's gifts—one for the father, the other for the daughter."

"The father," I said, "will be abundantly gifted by the restoration of his daughter. We need not trouble ourselves about him. Then for the young lady, there need be no difficulty in her case, either—unless your love for her should unfortunately take the wrong direction."

"This new year has absolutely turned your head. It is the love which I feel for the daughter that embarrasses me in the father's presence. It is the father alone that causes me my anxiety. As for the daughter I know well enough what is to be done with her."

"And what is that?"

"You wish to have a laugh at my expense."

"No; I have not a thought of laughter, for I begin to understand you. You have labored for four long years in perfecting the old man's new year's gift. You have a fertile genius, and your notion might figure in the darkest melodrama. To-morrow you will say to the father: 'Here is gold to recompense your faithful services; your daughter belongs to me; I have acquired an inalienable right over her, for to me she owes her expensive education. She can no longer live in your condition; and I am about to elevate her through your dishonor, to the social height for which I destined her from the very first day when you called me your preserver, and devoted to me your life.' All this will sound exceedingly pathetic; and the old man will doubtless murmur forth his thanks, and repeat that you have acted towards him 'as a God.'"

"My friend, you wax warm; and, in fact, you have laid hold of the thread of the whole intrigue. This is exactly what struck me from the first, and I mean to act precisely as you have said. I have bought a charming britschka, with two magnificent English horses. You shall see the lovely girl in her equipage; you shall see with what grace her exquisite little feet will spurn the leopard's skin on which they shall repose; with what an air she shall wear her furs and her satins. Prithee, be not envious. You are a furious moralist to-day. By the way, it is not surprising that you should be; for the 31st of December is most fatiguing, from the number of visits one is obliged to pay. *Au revoir, au revoir.*"

I was deeply mortified at the part which I was compelled to play in this frightful conversation. Contempt, disgust, and horror were the sole feelings which my mind could harbor. A knock was heard at my door. The porter presented himself, with his hat under his arm, and a small wooden case in his left hand.

"Are you engaged, sir?"

"No."

"Can you favor me with a few minute's conversation? I have to request your advice."

I could not help smiling ironically, and replied by requesting him to be seated.

"Ah, sir, I cannot hold myself down in a chair on a day like this. I am happier than a prince."

"So much the better for you. Speak."

"Sir, you are the friend of my master, the proprietor of this house."

"I am not his friend; but proceed."

"Ah, sir, you have been stopping here but a few months, and you do not know the history of Monsieur P., who is indeed the friend of the unfortunate."

I interrupted him with impatience.

"Well, sir, I will confess to you that, if I am now a living man—if I am at my ease—if my poor Rosalie is beautiful and accomplished, it is to Monsieur P. that I owe it all."

"You!" I cried, looking at the wretched father with the liveliest interest.

"Yes, sir, I was dying of hunger—had no clothes—no asylum. I presented myself before him—I did not supplicate him; yet this good Monsieur P. placed me here, in this house; for four years he has supported, clothed, befriended me. And then, sir, he has taken the charge of my daughter's education, placed her at one of the first schools in Marseilles, and taken as much care of her as if she were a duchess. To-morrow—yes, to-morrow, he is going to restore her to me—too charming, it is true, for me to look on without being dazzled. But this is not all. He has promised to make her a present, which will insure her happiness for life. How god-like he is in his actions!"

"And what do you desire me to do for you, my friend?"

"Sir, I know you to be a man of prudence, and I came to ask your advice."

"Well."

"You cannot but feel, sir, that I can ill-bear the burden of this debt without acquitting myself, as far as my humble means will permit, towards my noble benefactor."

"You are a man of the highest principles."

"My good sir, it is the heart that speaks—and my heart has never been ungrateful."

"Well, how are you going to act?"

"I am not rich, and my four years' savings do

not amount to a large sum. But my intention is good, and that is sufficient. I have long thought on the means of proving my gratitude to Monsieur P.; but my imagination is none of the liveliest, and it is not without a world of pains that I have thought of consecrating all my savings to immortalize my preserver's generosity."

"To immortalize? Your preserver?"

"Yes, to immortalize him! Look, sir," he said, as he opened the wooden case which he held in his left hand—"here is what they call 'a group'—it is of the finest marble, and the resemblance is striking. It represents Monsieur P. rescuing us from misery, covering us with his protection, and pointing to a brilliant future. How shall I introduce this into his sleeping apartment, so that to-morrow morning, at waking, he may find it for his new year's gift? I should never dare to make my appearance with it before him. Pray, give me your advice, and tell me first whether you think it prettily executed?"

"I shall give you both advice and warning. Listen to me attentively, and without interruption."

"Yes, sir."

"Break this marble into a thousand pieces! Your pretended benefactor is an infamous seducer, who for four years has been making you the victim of a cowardly deception. He has made an accomplished woman of your daughter—not for your sake, nor for hers, but for himself!"

"How? what?"

"Unhappy father! you will see to-morrow. To-morrow, instead of restoring you your daughter, he will present you, for your new year's gift, with a bag of crowns, (a mere trifle to him) and will make himself a present of your daughter."

"What a monstrous deed! It is impossible, sir!"

"To-morrow! Inform me of the moment when you will be all three together, and then you will see whether I have deceived you."

The poor old man had turned deadly pale, and shook as if in a palsy. His footsteps faltered as he took his leave, and I heard stifled sobs in my ante-chamber."

The 1st of January, 1840, was a lovely winter's day. Every roof in Marseilles was gilded by the sun. The streets were crowded with persons eager to partake of the festivities of the day; and the rich dashed the mud from their chariot-wheels upon the garments of the poor, as upon other days of the year. A splendid britschka stopped before my *porte-cochere*. A woman of admirable beauty descended from it. Monsieur P. gave her his arm. The porter gave me a sign to follow him; but I could not comply with his wish, for Monsieur P. politely shut the door in my face.

At the expiration of half an hour the porter came down stairs, leading his daughter by the hand. His air was calm and dignified, and he seemed to be the taller by some inches than before. I ran to the door; and endeavoring to hide his tears, he said:

"Monsieur P. is a demon, who has given me a glimpse of hell!"

"What do you intend doing?"

"He will pursue us!"

"I will take you under my protection."

"Alas! alas!" said the old man. His daughter was bathed in tears.

For nine years past Rosalie has been my wedded wife. Her father is the most excellent father the world ever saw. As for Rosalie, I shall keep to myself the radiant record of perhaps the sole wedded history that never has had one blot upon its page. OMEGA.

THE DEFECTS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.—The difference between the mental qualities of the sexes is owing, we apprehend, far more to education than to nature. At all events, there is no such natural difference as warrants the distinction we make in the mental discipline we provide for them. There are certain professional studies with which no one thinks of vexing the mind of any one, man or woman, but those who intend to practice the professions; but why, in a good

English library, there should be one half of it, and that the better half, which a young woman is not expected to read—this we never could understand, and never reflect on with common patience. Why may not a Locke, or a Paley, or a Dugald Stewart, train the mind of the future mother of a family? or why may not an intelligent young woman be a companion, for her brother or her husband in his more serious moods of thought, as well as in his gayer and more trifling? Would the world lose any thing of social happiness or moral refinement by this intellectual equality of the two sexes? You vex the memory of a young girl with dictionaries and vocabularies without end; you tax her memory in every conceivable manner; and at an after age you give the literature of sentiment freely to her pillage; but that which should step between the two—the culture of the reason this is entirely forbidden. If she learns a dozen modern languages, she does not read a single book in any one of them that would make her think. Even in her religious library the same distinction is preserved. Books of sentimental piety—some of them maudlin enough—are thrust with kindest anxiety and most liberal profusion upon her. Any work of theology, any work that discusses and examines, is as carefully excluded.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

GERTRUDE VON DER WART.

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair,
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed:
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her, clear and dark,
The holy heavens above;
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried;

"My Rudolph, say not so;

This is no time to quit thy side—

Peace, peace! I cannot go.

Hath the world sought for me to fear,

When death is on thy brow?

The world—what means it? mine is here!

I will not leave thee now.

"I have been with thee in thine hour

Of glory and of bliss;

Doubt not its memory's living power

To strengthen me in this.

And thou, my honored love and true,

Bear on—bear nobly on!

We have the blessed Heaven above,

Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow

From woman's breaking heart?

Through all that night of bitterest wo

She bore her lofty part.

But, oh! with such a glazing eye,

With such a curdling cheek,

Love—love of mortal agony—

Thou—only thou couldst speak.

The wind rose high, but with it rose

Her voice, that he might hear.

Perchance that dark hour brought repose

To happy bosoms near;

While she sat shivering with despair

Beside his tortured form,

And pouring her deep soul in prayer

Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,

With her pale hands and soft;

Whose touch upon the lute cords low

Had stilled his heart so oft.

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,

She bathed his lips with dew,

And on his cheek such kisses press'd

As hope and joy ne'er knew.

While even, as o'er a martyr's grave,

She knelt on that sad spot;

And weeping, blessed the God who gave

Her strength to forsake it not.

Oh, lovely are you, love and faith

Enduring to the last.

She had her meed—one smile in death;

And his worn spirit pass'd.

Those foes of Truth, they poke, and dig, and mine,—
The faithful Tree they soon will overthrow!
Nay, fear not, friend, though hosts their toil combine,
They move the earth and help the tree to grow.
[John Sterling.]

Choice Miscellany.

MY OWN.

BY ELIZA COOK.

- "My own, my own"—oh! who shall dare
To set this seal of claim on earth?
When "chance and change" are everywhere,
On all and each of human birth.
- "My own, my own"—these words are breathed,
By the young mother o'er her child;
Her Hope and Joy about it wreathed,
Like moss to wood-flowers—warm and wild.
- "My own, my own"—so gently sighs
The doting lover to his bride,
Finding his sunshine in her eyes,
His world of Pleasure by her side.
- "My own, my own"—so gaily sings
The merchant with exulting lip,
While the strong Eastern pinion brings
The heavy freight and gallant ship.
- "My own, my own"—the miser cries,
O'er tarnish'd dross and parchment fold,
Chain'd where his cumbrous coffer lies,
With hand all close, and heart all cold.
- "My own, my own"—the poet one
Thus fondly hails his minstrel power,
While dreaming in the summer sun,
Or musing in the moonlight hour.
- "My own, my own"—the fair girl says,
Noting her beauty, young and bright,
Smoothing her ringlet as it strays
Upon her cheek, with proud delight.
- "My own, own"—these words resound
Distinctly through the Babel noise,
From kings with mighty nations round,
And infants o'er their gather'd toys.
- "My own, my own"—ay, thus we boast—
Short-sighted worshippers of clay;
Yet where's the heart that holds no ghost
Of treasures lent and snatch'd away?
- Who has not stood beneath life's tree,
Reapt by some song-bird perching nigh;
And when the music seem'd to be
The sweetest, seen the warbler fly?
- Who has not planted some fair shoot,
Nursing it as the garden gem,
And seen foul canker sap its root,
Or rushing storm-wind snap the stem?
- Do we not meet hard blows, that fall
Upon the pile deem'd most secure?
Do we not grieve the strokes that leave
The poet mad, the rich man poor?
- Do we not see deep love estranged—
Thrust from the heart it held so dear;
And all the dazzling garlands changed
For willow-branches, dead and sere?
- Do we not see the pest-worm steal
The rose of beauty to destroy?
Does not the frantic mother kneel
Beside her "own," her coffin'd boy?
- "My own, my own,"—oh, cheating speech!
How soon its falsehood smites the breast
What monitors come nigh to teach
Man to be humble while he's blest!
- Who shall presume with boasting hand
To trace such words on ought below?
It is but writing on the sand,
Where troubled waters ebb and flow.
- Our "talents" are but held in trust,
Grasp them as closely as we will;
And draughts that swim with highest brim
The lightest touch will serve to spill.
- "My own, my own,"—oh! who shall dare
Thus to defy pain, wo, and strife,
When chance and change are everywhere,
And Death walks hand in hand with Life?

A GREEK FUNERAL.

I remember when they buried that bright-eyed Greek maiden, snatched suddenly from earth, when her young heart was light as her face was fair, they arrayed her, so rigid and motionless, in the gay dress she had never worn but for some great *fete* or gala, as through this, more than any, were a day of rejoicing for her; and thus attired, with her long hair spread out over her still bosom all decked with flowers, they laid her uncoffined

in her grave. At her feet they placed a small flask of wine and a basket of corn, in accordance with an ancient Greek superstition, which supposes that for three days and nights the disembodied spirit lingers mournfully round its tenement of clay, the garment of its mortality, wherein as a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth, it lived and loved, it sinned and suffered!

As soon as the first symptoms of decay announce that the curse of corruption is at work, they believe that the purer essence departs to purer realms. Before the grave was closed, while for the last time the warm radiance of the sunset cast a glow like the mockery of life over the marble face of the poor young girl, her friends, as a last precaution, took measures to ascertain that she was actually dead, and not in a swoon. The means they always take in such instances to ascertain a fact which elsewhere would be insured by a doctor's certificate, is touching in the extreme; the person whom, while alive, it was known the deceased loved best, the mother, or it may be the young betrothed, who had hoped to place on her head the gay and bridal crown, instead of the green laurel garland of death, advances and calls her by her name, repeating after it the word *ella* (come) several times, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty; if she is mute to this appeal, if she is deaf to the voice dearest to her on earth, then they no longer doubt that she is dead indeed; they cover up the grave, lift their eyes to the heaven where they believe her to be—for the Greeks do not hold to the doctrine of purgatory—and, having made the sign of the cross, they depart in silence to their homes. But a year after, on the anniversary of the death, they return to the grave, and kneeling down, lay their lips to the sod, and whisper to the silent tenant that they love her stile, that she is yet remembered and regretted.

THE BEAR.—The bear is capable of general attachment. Leopold Duke of Lorraine had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity of which we have the following remarkable instance: During the winter of 1709 a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran by exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until next morning, when he suffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The young Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat, and it added not a little to his joy to observe that the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner without the servants knowing any thing of the circumstances. At length, when one of them came one day to bring the bear his supper rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll its eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible for fear of waking the child, whom he had clasped to his breast. The bear, though ravenous, did not appear the least moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied with the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, was much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his temerity, begged pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavored to prevail on him to eat what had been brought the morning before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who afterwards conducted him to the prince. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard.

Pencilings from New Works.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

SIGHINGS AFTER THE PAST.—It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse; when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns; and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on, the coast of Guiana. We, too, shall in our turn be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with 15s. a week; that the carpenter of Greenwich may receive 10s. a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye-bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown or, confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science, have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.

CIVILIZATION.—Of the blessings which civilization and philosophy bring with them, a large proportion is common to all rank, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the laborer as by the peer. The market place which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an hour, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly-lighted walk, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset that he would not have been able to see his hand, so ill paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck, and so ill watched that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down, and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, may now have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science, and some have been banished by police.

CHARACTER OF CRANMER.—The man who took the chief part in settling the condition of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties which at that time needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of a divine he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the Bishops of Rome, and might now be expected to serve equally well the purposes of the English Kings and their Ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Sainly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a time-server in action, a placable enemy, and a luke-warm friend; he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of popery.

SENSE AND WIT.—Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1849.

I. O. OF O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ODD FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK, }
 March 13, 1849. }

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

We find the following remarks in the "Times" of last Sunday, and introduce them here as a text, to lead the way to certain thoughts we wish to utter, in regard to secret societies:

SECRET SOCIETIES.—We are realizing in this country some of the fruits which have made European monarchs, tyrants, and despots—and these are secret associations and societies of foreigners, who, accustomed at home to burrow in secret, and avoid spies and police, cannot in this country surrender the practice. Here they are not dangerous, because if ever directed against the government, or attempts are made to control the measures of government, there is a native power and energy ever ready to arrest the evil. We make these remarks in consequence of seeing in the German Schnellpost a proclamation from German secret societies, the secretary of which is a respectable man residing in Philadelphia, offering a large reward in money for the head of the Emperor of Austria, and corresponding amounts for that of the King of Prussia and other crowned heads, generals, and others, who have, in defending royalty, assailed, put down, and put to death the patriots who were struggling to establish free governments. It is very true that such individual acts cannot compromise our government, as we have no censorship of the press, and have no right to interfere with those who are not violating our laws; but it is extreme bad taste, and utterly repugnant to the wishes of every American citizen, for foreigners to make this country, which is affording them an asylum, the theater for fulminating such proclamations and decrees. Safe themselves, and beyond the reach of their own sovereigns and potentates, why should rewards be offered in this country for any king or general? If these patriots are so anxious to rid the world of tyrants, why not go in person, and take the hazard of such an act? Why, sitting in safety and comfort in their domicils, invite any assassin to kill the Emperor of Austria, and call for the money when the deed is done—as if it were carrying out a law to kill dogs? It is, as we conceive, a great act of assurance towards any nation at peace with the United States—a most unwarrantable measure—and under our laws, if complaint was made, they could be held answerable for such acts.

We are surprised that Maj. Noah, whose views are generally so correct, should allow himself to pen, or even to admit to his columns, an article so utterly absurd as the foregoing. Maj. Noah is wise, he is a philosopher, and especially is a republican—and yet he utters here the most

foolish, unphilosophical, and anti-republican doctrines imaginable. In the first place he attempts to throw ridicule and contempt upon those earnest, true, and self-sacrificing spirits, who are struggling in Europe for the establishment of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality." He compares the republicans of France, Germany and Italy, who employ the *secret principle*, as a means of human progress, to ferocious beasts, who "*burrow in secret*." He speaks of them as the enemies of "European Monarchs," as indeed they are, and apparently sympathizes with those outraged individuals, who are obliged by these secret societies to become "tyrants and despots." So then, kings, and princes, and emperors, are tyrannical and despotical *because* there are secret societies. What stupid ignorance! And what strange language to come from the lips of a republican editor, in this republican country and age!

Probably no person living is better acquainted with secret societies of all ages than our humble self, and we assert that so far from meriting reproof and condemnation, they are entitled to the gratitude and sympathy of all who seek to advance the interests of their race. To say nothing of those ancient societies which, in earlier ages, gave man a civilization, the arts, philosophy, and ethics, and which tamed and polished the primitive people, the secret societies which have been active in Europe for the last fifty years, have, with few exceptions, been composed of men wiser, purer, and nobler than the world around them, and who have earnestly labored to establish man in his primitive rights. What does not Republicanism owe to Freemasonry; that great and good association which has preserved and cherished the precious idea of liberty and brought it down safely through so many despotical ages? The assertion of the "Times" is a libel on all secret societies which have ever existed, and a base calumny of republicanism. Secret societies may be, and no doubt are, dangerous to despotical and tyrannical governments, for their very breath is freedom, and republicanism is the ideal they wish to incarnate in the world's life. To complain of secret societies, therefore, is to complain of freedom, to oppose them is to oppose its progress. With us they are not destructive, and cannot be destructive; but conservative. They are ordained by Providence to overturn gradually, despotism and aristocracy—to preserve order in times of transition and revolution, and to re-establish humanity in freedom and truth, and love, and to urge the race forward, unceasingly, towards a higher and more perfect state.

NEW-YORK ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY.

We have from time to time notified our readers of the progress of this great enterprise, which, we trust, will in a few weeks be brought to a successful result. It is expected the Library will open about the first of May, at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Grand-street, corner of Center. The plan for the establishment and support of the institution which was first offered by Bro. E. S. RALPHS—viz. the imposition of a weekly penny tax on the entire membership of the city—has been partially departed from, although we doubt not the Lodges will all come into this measure in the end.

The Library Committee, of which we have the honor to be a member, have prepared the Constitution, which will be presented to the Convention next Thursday evening, at which

time it is expected there will be a full representation of Lodges.

We are exceedingly gratified to see the deep interest which the entire Order in this city appears to feel in regard to this noble enterprise. It speaks well for our Association, and it gives us an opportunity of repeating an assertion we have more than once made, that Odd-Fellowship will each succeeding year reveal some new capacity for good, some new adaptation to the wants and circumstances of men. This Library will be a noble monument for our Order, more glorious and enduring than pillars of granite or of marble, as well as a never-failing means of intellectual and moral progress for the Brotherhood.

We shall publish hereafter a full account of this institution; meanwhile we hope our brethren of the city will not forget, that the Library Convention meets next Thursday evening, the 22d inst. at 38 Canal-street.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.—Those who remember this lady in her range of tragic personations, have formed the idea that her powers are confined to the higher walks of the tragic drama only, and that in no other she excels. So far is this from being the case, that we have been delighted with the reading of the "Tempest" and the "Midsummers' Night's Dream." Besides their exquisite poetry, these plays are characterized by a humor quaint and broad, and which requires comic powers of no ordinary cast to read with effect. In portraying the humorous characters of these respective pieces, she was peculiarly happy. They spoke and acted with the most striking reality. We were completely lost in the illusions which the Genius of her art created. She gave embodiment and form to the creations of the mighty bard, and they stood out before you with all their originality, piquancy and the charm of nature with which they are invested. The net-work of imagination and creative fancy, the sweet illusions of love, the sighs, the struggles, and the tender breathings of the impassioned soul, also came from her lips with an irresistible power and sweetness; and the delightful pictures and airy structures of the poet's brain, his rich and wild conceptions, his beautifully sweet and glowing language, awakened in our minds a deep, fresh and vivid pleasure before unfelt and unknown.

HENRY CLAY AGAINST SLAVERY.—This distinguished citizen has recently addressed a letter to Mr. Richard Pindel, of Kentucky, on the subject of Slavery, in which he takes ground in favor of a provision in the New Constitution for the gradual abolition of Slavery in Kentucky. Mr. Clay says he was in favor of the gradual emancipation of the Slaves in 1790, and he deeply laments that the Constitution then adopted did not provide for it, as in that event, Kentucky would now be a free State. His idea at present is to fix a period, say 1855 or 1860, when all born after it should be free at a certain age, which he suggests should be 25 years; after which they are to be liable to be hired out by the State for a period not exceeding three years, for the purpose of raising the funds necessary to defray the expenses of their conveyance to Liberia. Their colonization he regards as a condition absolutely indispensable to their emancipation.

PORTRAIT OF P. G. MASTER J. R. TAYLOR.—This excellent engraved portrait of our much esteemed Bro. Taylor, is the production of Bro. Rawson Packard, a young artist of great promise. The mechanical execution of the engraving is fine, and although it is not so handsome as the original, it is a most striking likeness. It is published by Bro. P. G. Wm. Worts, an Odd-Fellow who has a heart as big as a mountain, and a zeal as untiring as the falls of Niagara. The engraving is sold at fifty cents a copy, and every brother, of course, will send to this office for one.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CONSECRATION OF THE ODD-FELLOWS' REST, NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 27, 1849.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: It is so seldom that the readers of the Gazette and Golden Rule see any thing relative to the condition and prospects of the Order in this section of the Union, and particularly in this great commercial emporium of the South, that I have no doubt any information on the subject will be read with interest. Having looked for some time past in vain for some abler pen than mine to do justice to the theme, and finding communications in each number from every quarter except this, I have ventured upon the effort of saying a few words, in order to let your readers know that there is such a thing as Odd-Fellowship in New Orleans, as well as any where else.

There is, perhaps, no other section of the United States in which there is a wider field for the practice of those sublime principles of our Order, than this. Situated as it is, at the very extreme point of ingress and egress, it becomes the rendezvous of wanderers from every part of the Union and the world, in pursuit of either health or fortune, too often, alas! to the disappointment of both. How many of these, alone and friendless, would have perished in want and misery, without the helping aid of Odd-Fellowship, let the records of the Order tell. It is foreign both to its object and benefit, to publish them to the world; yet, although unheralded with pompous ceremonial and eclat, their good deeds have been no less certain, though in secret. Then again comes the ravages of the deadly pestilence, tearing asunder the bonds of earth, leaving the hearth desolate, and the widow and orphan a prey to misery and want, at a moment's warning. In such a strait is Odd-Fellowship ready to aid in binding the broken heart and causing the tear of gladness to succeed that of sorrow. And in no city does this occur more frequently than in New Orleans. To all such is our Order a heavenly blessing, and many are the prayers offered by such for its prosperity.

At present it is in a most flourishing condition, and unites within its folds the most respectable, intelligent and worthy of our citizens. Under the superintendence of our present efficient and well as most worthy Grand Master, (Bro. Emerson,) whose zeal in its behalf seems untiring, and who possesses the happy faculty of blending the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, we move along harmoniously and prosperously, daily with increasing strength, as well as usefulness. In no city in the Union does Odd-Fellowship enjoy a more enviable popularity, and comprise a larger proportion of its citizens, than does New Orleans at present.

Yesterday we had one of the most imposing processions ever witnessed in this city, an account of which I herewith enclose. It was on the occasion of dedicating a new cemetery, appropriately termed "Odd-Fellows' Rest." The following account of the same I clip from the *Daily Picayune*, which, if not too long, it will be very gratifying to every member of the Order in this city, and, no doubt, to your readers generally, many of whom may be found here, to see inserted. Wishing your excellent paper the success it deserves,

I remain yours, respectfully,
in F. L. & T., J. H. B.

CONSECRATION OF ODD-FELLOWS' REST.

The ceremonies of consecrating the new burial ground of the Odd-Fellows at Cypress Grove yesterday took place, and one of the finest turnouts we have ever witnessed in New Orleans honored the occasion. At about 10 o'clock, A. M., nearly one thousand members of the Order from the different Lodges of the city, all of which were represented, assembled in the *Place d'Armes*, where a procession was formed under the direction of Major Gen. J. L. Lewis, assisted by Col. Labuzan and others. The procession, with its bands of music, the showy regalia of its members, and the splendid funeral car, drawn by six white horses, with black housings,

formed a scene beautiful and picturesque in the extreme, and it was gazed upon with feelings of awe and respect as it marched to the sound of solemn music through the principal streets of the city. All contemplated the spectacle with emotion, and no one could fail to admire the sublime principles which draw together in the bands of brotherhood men of all classes and of all nations. The funeral car, driven by Mr. S. P. Stickney, a member of the Order, formed a grand feature in the procession, and excited general interest. It was got up with excellent taste, surmounted by a coffin, and bearing inside sixteen boxes, containing the ashes of Odd Fellows collected from the different cemeteries. The grand cortege moved from the *Place d'Armes* about half-past 11 o'clock, and proceeded down Conde and Moreau streets to Esplanade, up Royal to Canal, up north side of Canal to Rampart, down south side of Canal to Camp, up Camp to St. Joseph, and through St. Joseph to the New Basin, where conveyances to the cemetery were provided. The Shell Road from the Basin warehouse to the toll-gate was lined with omnibuses, thirty-five in number, chartered for the occasion, and they were all soon filled inside and covered on top.

The carriages were drawn by four horses each, all tastefully decorated and presenting a fine appearance. After a little delay, the procession, which, including the numerous vehicles of spectators, was more than a mile in length, was on its way again, the splendid band carriages of Messrs. Stone & McCollum's and Stickney's circuses leading the van. The carriages contained the circus bands, which discoursed some excellent music on the way down. The carriage of Messrs. Stone & McCollum was drawn by sixteen splendid horses, and that of Mr. Stickney by four, both of them being furnished for the occasion by the enterprising proprietors. The Grand Lodge proceeded to the cemetery in one of the passenger barges on the canal, and on its arrival the procession again formed on foot and marched over the bridge to the entrance of the "Odd-Fellows' Rest," where the Lodges were drawn up in line on each side of the road, and the funeral car, escorted by the Marshal and Grand Lodge, entered the enclosure. The scene at this point was also one of great interest and beauty. Every head was uncovered throughout the long lines as the car passed along and conveyed to their final resting place the mournful relics of deceased brothers.

Opposite the general reception tomb, erected to receive the remains of Odd-Fellows who have been buried elsewhere in the city, a comfortable stand was prepared, and to this the Grand Master, Mr. Emerson, Grand Chaplain, Mr. Hooper, the Rev. Brother Whitall, J. C. Larue, Esq., the orator of the day, and several other members of the Grand Lodge, ascended, when the procession marched in and formed with their banners around the spot. The Grand Master, Emerson, made some remarks in regard to the object for which they had assembled, and enjoined upon the brethren to attend with due respect to the solemn ceremonies. The Rev. Brother Whitall then made an eloquent and appropriate appeal to the Throne of Grace; after which the following ode, by J. L. Sheafe, was sung, the ladies, of whom there were a considerable number present, joining:

ODE.

I.

Field of repose! 'tis hallowed ground,
Where friends and Brothers peaceful sleep,
For here shall Friendship, Love and Truth
Their never-ceasing vigil keep.

II.

O! lost companions, on your urn
Sad wreaths we bind, sacred to you:
And while your hovering spirits bend,
Our high resolves we here renew.

III.

What, though in grim array ye came,
Nerveless and voiceless to our "Rest,"
Yet your free spirits spurn the clod,
Recalled to regions of the blest.

IV.

There in unbroken numbers met,
We'll emulate celestial powers,
Glad songs efface sad requiems
When their rapt spirits shall be ours.

V.

They are not here—the rescued dead—
Verdure and bloom spring from their dust.
Then to thy wave, on life's broad sea,
Return my soul, with constant trust.

The ode, sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," and given by the vast assemblage as with one voice, produced a powerful effect upon the feelings of all present, and we have never witnessed any thing more imposing. At the conclusion the Grand

Chaplain proceeded to dedicate the cemetery, to be known as the "Odd-Fellows' Rest." A psalm from the Bible was then read by the Chaplain and members generally, when the orator of the day, Mr. J. C. Larue, was announced. Mr. L. stepped forward and delivered the following address:

Brothers—We have dedicated the "Odd-Fellows' Rest." We have brought hither the ashes of our departed friends; we have here prepared a last earthly abode for ourselves, and those who shall come after us, in order that they who are bound together by the ties of our holy brotherhood in life may not be separated even in the grave. The work in which we are engaged is peculiarly appropriate to our Order. In all ages of the world, and among all the races of mankind, a degree of respect, bordering upon veneration, has been shown to the remains of the dead; and whether by the customs of the people they were embalmed or burned or buried, the ceremony has always been regarded as a religious duty, and has called into action the deepest sympathies of the human heart. No nation has yet existed so refined as to despise—none yet been discovered so rude as to neglect these touching rites. An unfeeling philosophy may sneer at this display of emotion, and the cold utilitarian may find in it something to condemn, but the warm instincts of nature will ever triumph over the deductions of unsympathising reason or the sordid calculations of interest. Men sink not heedlessly to the grave like the brutes that perish. The living fondly cherish the memory of the departed, and the last wish of the dying is that some token of their existence may remain on earth to recall them to the remembrance of those whom they loved and respected. We would not altogether die—

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

To this deep-seated feeling of our nature we owe the vast Asiatic cities of the dead; many of the beautiful temples of Greece and Rome; much of the gorgeous architecture of the middle ages, and the hundreds of tasteful cemeteries which lend a melancholy interest to the neighborhood of the great cities of Europe and America. The same feeling gave existence to the wondrous pyramids, fit monuments of earth's mightiest rulers, and the rude stone-heap of the desert, where rest the body of some robber-chief—to the sculptured pomp of Westminster Abbey, and the whitened pailing, unpretending cross, and flower-covered grave of the simple cottager. Cast your eye around you, and you behold its workings here—on the right hand and on the left, you may behold the monuments and tombs, erected by the piety of the living to the memory of their departed friends—and even beyond, where the poor, the unknown and the friendless are buried, their graves are distinguished by some frail memorial of their past existence. How meet, then, that this sentiment which pervades all, should be manifested by our fraternity. How natural that those whose hands have been joined in the offices of friendship, whose hearts have communed together in the spirit of love, whose minds have been united in the contemplation of the power and sublimity of truth, should desire to mingle their ashes in the tomb. How proper that those whose duty it is to relieve the distressed, visit the sick, and bury the dead, should make all needful preparations for the decorous performance of the last act of kindness that man can render to his brother man. This preparation we have made. This burial place we have set apart for the reception of our dead. Here, remote from the din of the crowded city—distant from the toil and turmoil of life, the anxieties of business, the excitement of passion, and the strife of avarice and ambition; here, where the mementoes of man's mortality are all around us, where the dark cypress, fitting emblem, waves its mournful branches to the breeze, we have fixed our "rest." Solemn, yet dearly nourished, will be the associations connected with it henceforward. Here all that is earthly of the wise and the good, the brave and the beautiful, must submit to the great law of nature and be resolved into its original elements. We who now perform these ceremonies full of life, and strength and hope, must yield to the inevitable doom, and follow the generations that have gone before us. The duty which we now discharge toward others, those who come after us will discharge toward us. Here will our bodies repose and here our epitaphs be read. A few short years at most and we shall have fulfilled our destinies on earth, and have passed beyond the reach of its pleasures and its pains. Here the mother will weep over the grave of a much loved son, the widow will mourn the husband departed, the fair maiden will shed tears of sorrow over a father or a brother dead, and even strong and lion-hearted man will lament over hopes destroyed and the friendships of a life severed for ever.

How vividly does this scene, and the knowledge of those which must follow, recall the lessons which we have been taught? How strongly do they speak of the vanity of worldly things, the instability of wealth and power, and the certain decay of all earthly greatness? How effectively do they impress upon our hearts, that

"Tis not in empty or in vain delights,
Nor in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robe or pleasure's flowery lap,"

that man should seek enjoyment. For what are all these things at last? What are they here while gilded vanity can make no more display, and squalid misery need not hide its head? Can the charms of beauty resist the progress of decay? Can the rich man carry his wealth to the grave, or the ambitious one wield his power beyond the tomb?

"Can honor's voice awake the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

No! Here all distinctions cease. The king and the beggar are at last but molding clay. What a lesson to human pride! But why should man be proud? What is the earth which he inhabits but a point in space—what is he himself but an ephemeron in duration? The busy ant on the mole-hill, the sluggish insect on the cabbage leaf, or the gaudy butterfly that flutters an instant in the light and then is seen no more, is as great, compared with this vast universe, as the mightiest and the proudest who treads with haughty step and imperious eye among those who cringe around and fawn before him. He may deem himself a god, and he is but dust. Let him come here and learn a lesson of humility—learn how little he is, and how much less he will be. But if his mind be not shut to wisdom, and his heart still open to instruction, as he learns to be humble let him learn to hope. The grave is not the end—death is not annihilation. However insignificant in the scale of being man may be, he is still under the care of Him to whom the infinite and the infinitesimal are alike,

"Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish and a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."

And He, the great creator and preserver, would not have lighted the promethean spark within us to let it glimmer for a moment and then be quenched in eternal night. He would not have planted in our minds the love of the sublime, the beautiful, and the true, the irradicable hope of immortality, and the ardent yearning after the mysterious and the unknown, had we been intended merely to pass a few days on the earth and then to live no more. He would not thus have mocked his creatures. The grave is the end of our earthly career, but it is not our end. When yonder sun shall sink beneath the horizon, he will be seen no more by our eyes, yet will not his luster be dimmed—he will be shorn of no beam, robbed of no ray of glory, but as he courses through boundless space, will continue to shine on, brightly and for ever. So with the soul of man—the grave will shut its actions from our view, but it will not die. The dark "valley and the shadow of death" must be traversed, but it terminates at the portals of endless day. And the spirit of man, disburdened from the clogs of earth—released from the dominion of the animal appetites and passions,

"Shall flourish in eternal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

scanning the workings of Almighty power, participating in the councils of divine wisdom, and basking for ever in the smiles of boundless and ineffable love.

Brothers, in view of our certain fate here, and of the bright and hopeful hereafter, with what devotion should we uphold the holy principles of our Order? These teach us to despise the vanities and selfishness of the world—to look beyond its wealth, its power, its titles or its praise—teach us to care but little what men say of us, or how we may be regarded by our fellow-worms—but to practice the virtues of temperance, prudence, honor and benevolence—to go about in the highways and byways, in the nooks and corners of the earth, doing good for the sake of good, not seeking the reward of men, but finding it in the improvement of our own hearts and in the bright hope of the treasure which we are laying up for ourselves in another and a better world. Let us never forget to practice lessons which we have been taught. Let us show that we are worthy members of that great brotherhood, by relieving distress, sharing our worldly goods with the destitute, smoothing the pillow and cooling the feverish brow of sickness, and finally, when all else has been done, by burying decently and respectfully the dead.

Brothers, neither my powers nor your patience will permit a long discourse. It is enough for me

to have recalled to your minds on an occasion like this the principles and duties of our beloved Order. It aims to establish Friendship, Love and Truth, and to do this by the workings of Faith, Hope and Charity—

In our hearts, enshrined and cherished,
May these feelings ever bloom,
Failing not when life has perished,
Living still beyond the tomb.

The remarks of Mr. Larue were listened to with profound attention, and they produced a pleasing effect. The orator sat down amid solemn strains of music from the bands, which harmonized with the feelings of the audience. The Grand Master then announced Mr. G. W. Christy, who rose and recited the following poem, written by himself for the occasion:

POEM:

DELIVERED BY BROTHER GEO. W. CHRISTY,
N. G. of Crescent Lodge No. 8.

The solitude of Nature reigns around,
Sweet Echo sleeps within these shades profound,
No broken strain, no hum from active life,
Recalls ambition, and its endless strife.
But all alone, with Nature and her God,
In humble prayer, we consecrate this sod!
The mournful Cypress, with its outstretched arms—
The moss-grown Oak, so wreath'd with hoary charms—

Like Sponsors stand: and deeper shadows spread,
While thus we found this "City of the Dead."
Oh! fitting time, befitting place indeed,
To scan the past, and Life's sad history read.
The curse of Adam, and a fallen race,
On every page our eager glances trace:
And as we close the Book, with trembling breath,
We sigh to think, Man's history is Death!

First, mark the course of wild, impetuous Youth,
All hope, all joy, all eloquence, all truth;
Like billowing waves, succeeding visions rise,
Heaven beyond, and Earth a Paradise.
Sweet fancies, like the breath of early Spring,
Unnumbered harmonies around him fling,
And ere the soul yet feels her steady aim,
Dream carves Renown upon the heights of Fame:

No doubt intrudes when aspirations swell;
No hopes betrayed their disappointments tell;
But, like the train of maidens round a bride,
Fair angel forms are ever at his side:
Love whispers with her soft, impassioned tone,
And wooing, wins, to wear him as her own;
Each bashful art but half conceals her chains,
Whose golden links, while yielding, still restrains:
And Friendship, poised in attitude of grief,
With silent tears claims generous relief;

While untold purposes, to noble end, [blend
Sweep through the soul, and, lingering, sweetly
Success and triumph with each vision fair,
Which painted life a joy without its care!
How changed each scene. The evanescent dream,
Like glittering sunlight from the summer stream,
Have passed away: the visions of an hour
Have faded with the freshness of the flower!
Hope yields to doubt, and o'er the trembling soul
Dark fantasies like troubled waters roll!

Lo! Manhood next appears upon the stage—
Connecting link 'twixt Youth and feeble Age—
Full-armed for strife and panopied in pride,
Stern energies enlisted at his side,
And God-like Action bannered the way,
He stands a warrior, impatient of delay!
Now plies the ready hand each thrifful art,
Now toils the dizzy brain to play its part,
Till Wealth, accumulating, centers power,
And pompous Pride plays Nabob for the hour.

The midnight taper marks the Student's toil,
Whose flame grows brighter with the waning oil.
And o'er the field where outraged Mercy strays,
The Hero rushes to his meed of praise,
The wayward Poet wakes his tuneful lyre,
To notes of scorn, or Love's more soft desire.
The Statesman, pondering, knits his shaggy brow,
As pliant Sympathy makes its bow.
And gifted Eloquence, sweet child of song,
With wild, impassioned bursts, enslaves the throng!
Vain efforts all. The onward course of Time
But proves each struggle idle as this rhyme.
And Manhood turns from each ambitious aim,
To weep, in solitude, the emptiness of Fame.

Old Age, last scene of Life's eventful play,
Steals over us, like twilight's lingering ray;
And dreams of peace in Angel forms appear,
To shield from ill, what still the heart holds dear,
Each passion, in its grave, the old man's eye
Grows brighter as he sees Tranquillity,
With dove-like wings descend upon his home,
And bid each wayward thought no longer roam.
The storms of Life have circled into calm,
And wounded grief hath found a healing balm.
The incense of a prayer ascends to God:
Faith meekly bows before the chastening rod:

Contentment teaches Wealth, and all around
The elements of Happiness abound!
The quiet hearth—the cheerful fireside,
Where childhood revels in the gushing tide
Of unrestrained merriment. The smile
Which paints each thought and shows it free from
guile,

All, all proclaim that Happiness, at last,
Hath taught the soul oblivion to the past!
It may not be! Grim Poverty is near,
And feeble Health untombs each buried fear.
The church-bell tolls: the mourners gather round—
The grave is closed, and rest eternal found!
What lesson doth each fleeting vision teach?
What moral doth the broken column preach?
Man stands in need of aid from fellow man:
And Time bids love to labor while it can.
Aye! "Labor while ye can"—the high command
Of boundless love—the motto of our band,
Is graven on each heart; and here to-day,
Before the world our principles we lay;
Nor blush to own that where Affection weeps,
There Odd-Fellowship, its untold treasure heaps.
We seek to dry the Widow's gushing tears—
We seek to calm the trembling Orphan's fears—
We seek to raise Humanity above
The ills of life, by ministries of love.
And when the tale is told, and Man resigns his trust,
We seek, in Friendship's name, to monument his
dust!

At the conclusion of the poem the caskets containing the ashes of Odd-Fellows were deposited in the reception tomb, the Grand Chaplain reading the Odd-Fellows' funeral service. The Rev. Brother Whitall then pronounced a prayer and benediction, when the procession again formed on foot and marched to Lafayette Square, from whence the Grand Lodge was escorted to its room by the two "Encampments;" the other Lodges filed off to their rooms—and thus ended the ceremonies of the day.

ODD-FELLOWS' CELEBRATION AT RHINEBECK, N. Y.—The celebration of the birth-day of Washington by the Odd-Fellows of this village, took place agreeably to announcement, on Thursday evening of last week, in the Reformed Dutch Church. The Sons of Temperance, United American Mechanics, and Cadets of Temperance participated by their presence in full regalia, in compliance with an invitation from the Odd-Fellows.

The various societies formed in front of their respective rendezvous at half-past six o'clock, and having formed a junction in front of the Council Room of the Mechanics' Association, marched in procession to the Church, headed by Capt. N. DARRING, as Marshal of the occasion, and a band of musicians. They entered the Church at 7 o'clock, and occupied the central pews, which had been reserved for their use. The galleries, and many of the side pews were occupied by the ladies, who only were allowed to enter before the arrival of the procession. The turnout of the members of the various Orders represented was large, and many of the spectators were consequently obliged to leave for want of room. A staging had been erected in front of the pulpit, which was occupied by the speakers, officers and clergy. The splendid banner of the Odd-Fellows was displayed over the pulpit, that of the Sons of Temperance on the East, and the flag of the Mechanics on the West of the pulpit. The banner of the Washingtonians, a relic of the old Temperance guard of that name, bearing a beautiful full length portrait of the noble Chief—a most suitable emblem for the occasion—was suspended from the East gallery, and that of the rising generation from the West.

The *tout ensemble* of the decorations was tasteful and appropriate.

The exercises were commenced by a Voluntary on the organ by Mr. E. Styles. This was followed by prayer from the Rev. B. Hoff, and this again by the singing of the Odd-Fellows' Opening Ode by the choir, when Jacob W. Elseffer, Esq., of Red Hook, addressed the audience in a brief, pertinent and forcible address. After the choir had again sung, Ambrose Wager, Esq., of this village, came forward and chained the rapt attention of the audience for more than an hour, in a strain of burning eloquence and soul-stirring philanthropy.

At the close of Mr. Wager's address, the Odd-Fellows' Closing Ode was performed by the choir, when the Rev. Chas. A. Smith made the closing prayer. He was followed by another Voluntary on the organ, when the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. T. Bradley, of this village.

The ceremonies were highly interesting throughout, and suitably commemorated the anniversary of the Father of our Country.

The Odd-Fellows, having returned to their Lodge Room and divested themselves of their regalia, proceeded to the house of Peter Pultz, to partake of a sumptuous repast, which had been prepared for them in the host's best style.—[Rhinebeck Gaz.

LETTER FROM G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

(CONCLUDED.)

FRANKLIN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 26, 1849.

MR. AND MRS. PICKTOOTH *exceunt* from my letter; may Heaven take good care of their precious bodies, and may we meet no more either on earth or on the *great ocean*! This was my solemn vow when I entered car B of the South Amboy line, on my way to the Quaker city. Was I a father—by no means a convent's father—I would advise my young pedigree to travel in order to become well acquainted with the strange and different varieties of the human family. Without sailing on the "wide waters," as said Mrs. Picktooth of blessed memory, between two commas, I would take my progeny on a railroad tour, to listen to the conversation of the different passengers in a car. What beautiful and amusing notes they would take, and what an interesting book they would write! I am sure to find there often sufficient matter and subjects for a funny drama for the *classic* stage of the Chatham or Burton's theater.

Near me was sitting a young lady, how old I cannot say, as there is nothing more unpleasant and annoying for a woman than to be asked about her age. You may be sure that she will *lie* down from her race five or ten years; and I shall only add, and this I hope will satisfy *you*, that my fair lady companion was a pure image of one of the Madonnas of Guido or Raffaello. Was I not pleasantly situated for this time? She was cheerful in spite of the bad weather; but was silent, and I thought her deaf and dumb, as she never answered to my questions. After a while, she had the kindness to let me know that she was not *dumb*—have you never found, dear Editor, a dumb woman?—but she could not talk with me for the very modest reason, that she had not been introduced to me by some acquaintance! Hurra for Jersey virtues! She asked me if I knew the conductor. "Very well, Miss," I replied; then, turning to the kind conductor, "Please," said the traveling lady, "relieve me from this horrible position; introduce me to this" — I could not understand what. Thus, thanks to our leader, we shake hands, and become very intimate friends. Miss Chastity, from Jersey State, was a very intelligent and accomplished young lady; she knew the Scriptures, but would not say a word out of church or appropriate place, and I may venture to assert that she would suit as a wife to any young clergyman. She would dress his sermons, and facilitate his painful ecclesiastical career.

During our questioning and answering, she gave me some very interesting information about the great progress of her State and of Princeton Seminary; she was well acquainted with Jersey History, from the hard times of the American Revolution to the present month; all the events that had transpired since that epoch, and all the distinguished men of the State, were very familiar to her memory. She believed that I, as well as many other foreigners, had very wrong and prejudicial ideas of her *blue State*, "because," said Miss Chastity, "we pass just over the poorest and most barren part of Jersey;" and she wished I should visit her village, which is the model place of the State. My handsome companion—whose beautiful mouth and fair curly hair would spoil any methodistical youth, and throw him into a state of love—knew, also, all the private and small affairs of every family in the village—from the Presbyterian minister's history, down to the sexton and deacon's, she knew all; and I have no doubt that, from her room, Miss Chastity could write the life, miracles and doings of all the inhabitants of Jersey, without the trouble of consulting Blackstone or Byron's Don Juan.

When at Bordentown, my companion informed me that she could go no farther with me, as this was her stopping place. She wished me a pleasant journey, and made me promise to visit N— next summer.

A young Philadelphian came to occupy the seat just vacated by Miss Chastity, who pitied me when

I informed him of the few acquaintances I had made since I left New-York. God spare Jersey State and people from such a friend as this young chap! I never heard a more severe and satirical critic than my new companion. He was a student, and had been to Bishop Doane's college, where, he said, he had learned nothing; and where he had conceived such an unjust opinion of Jersey people, although he had been in Bordentown but six months. He also narrated to me many interesting anecdotes and most amusing tales concerning the familiar customs of Jersey people. He assured me that even in his boarding-house the women—and, unfortunately, there were too many of them—sat down to breakfast without washing themselves or dressing their hair! "They used to sit at the table," said he, "with their d—d hair dressed in old newspapers, and their daily talk was about their State. It gave me the dyspepsy, and now I am glad to go home."

Arrived at Philadelphia, I went to the Baltimore Railroad office, and, after paying a dollar, was admitted into a car which they would not use in New-York to carry dead bodies from the Hospital to Potter's Field. Truly, I never traveled on a worse line, and in more filthy cars, than the Baltimore evening train. I had the *fortune* to have the company of a large party of young *Californians* going to Wilmington, on their way to San Francisco. I never before heard such profane language as was uttered by these modern adventurers; and wished that they had been compelled to swallow or put in their pockets the dirty juice of their disgusting chewing tobacco. Late at night I arrived at Newark, and was favored with a horse to reach the place of my destination. I wished, at that prospect, rather to be a sea-attorney, a peddler, or a missionary at Borneo, than a traveler at that hour. It was a stormy and cold night, and Jeremiah—I do not mean the good old prophet, but my horse—was moving as slowly as he could walk; he was blind and lame, and feared a fall in the ditch. At last, after *one* hour, I arrived at my friend's, satisfied with the length of my journey, and willing to remain there for that night.

I have a great deal to tell you about this beautiful State of Delaware, but, as my epistle is already too long, I shall trouble you next week with another letter, which I trust will be of some interest to your numerous subscribers in that State. I shall only ask you to send some honest and intelligent agents to Delaware, who will find no difficulties in the way of collecting subscribers. They should be supplied with traveling cards from their respective Lodges, and visit the Odd-Fellow's Rooms on the days of their re-union. I can assure them success.

I spoke to you sometime ago rather in favor of the Baltimore line. I am still of the same opinion concerning its chief engineer, Mr. Trimble, but I cannot speak in the same commendable manner of the conductors and other persons employed on this road. That they are rough and uncourteous towards passengers, I am not the only one who admits it. I think they should show themselves more gentlemanly to travelers, and especially to those who belong to the press. As I am not under obligations to the company for any favor, I may speak more fearlessly. One of the great abuses and impositions on this line is that kind of snake or man employed to receive the checks for the trunks. If you have the misfortune to refuse the offers of this worthy, when you arrive at the depot in Philadelphia you have to wait for your trunk until he has carried away all those which are entrusted to his care, with an addition of twenty-five cents besides the carriage. I had time enough to continue my way to New-York, but not willing to undergo this imposition, I was obliged to remain at the depot from half-past three to four o'clock. I think that travelers should be treated better, and not made to suffer this kind of extortion; and if the conductors and men who attend the stoves are in want of some advice, I would pray Mr. Trimble, the talented and gentlemanly engineer, to make them understand

not to seat themselves among the travelers, to be more prudent in their conversation, and to chew less in the cars. When I passed from New-York to Philadelphia, there were five young men seated near some young ladies, who enjoyed rather too freely—words. I knew them as employees on this road, whether as clerks or conductors I wont venture to say.

Being unable to go to New-York for that day—thanks to the officers at the depot—I went to the Franklin House to pay a visit to our good friends, Messrs. Burroughs and D. C. Burnett. At any hour you arrive at this place, you are sure of finding a sumptuous table, and plenty of servants to wait on you. The house was crowded to excess, and there was but a single spare room at that moment. Nothing is more imposing than the dinner-hour at the Franklin House; besides the abundance of the table, I had a company of more than two hundred persons. All of them spoke very highly of the house, and of the gentlemanly proprietors. I wish them all the success they so well merit, and would recommend every one visiting Philadelphia to give them a call. *Adieu a revoir.*

Literary Notices.

☞ "FRIDAY CHRISTIAN." D. Appleton & Co. 1849. We have here a little volume, containing an account of the discovery of Pitcairn's Island in the South Seas, and of Friday Christian, the first person born on the Island. The state of society here is perfectly unique, and the narrative of the voyage of the first settlers, their difficulties, dangers and privations on the land, their profound piety and resignation, and their religious life, is full of interest.

☞ "DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE." By Mons. Guizot. D. Appleton & Co. 1849. However much we may differ from M. Guizot on the subject of this book, we cannot deny to him the possession of a powerful mind, and that his works, on which his fame as a statesman and philosopher is founded, evince profound sagacity, and great powers of analysis and deduction. Such is also the work before us. Its applicability to the present state of France, and coming from one who was so long at the head of affairs in that country, gives it a great additional importance and value.

☞ "LITERARY SKETCHES AND LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB." By T. N. Talfourd. D. Appleton & Co. 1849. We have already commented on these Letters and Sketches of Lamb. They form delightful reading. Nowhere do we find that combination of whim, originality and racy humor. They abound in kindness, piquancy, and in a poetic tone of feeling. They portray the characters of distinguished men, his intimate companions, in that undress always so attractive. We commend the book to all.

☞ "SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE." By Henry Barnard. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1848. This work is a valuable contribution to the improvement of school-houses in this country. The condition of most of our District Schools shows a most culpable neglect in their construction and arrangements, and is a disgrace to the different States in which they are located. To state the evils, and point out the remedy, is the design of this book. Reforms in regard to construction, size, light, ventilation and temperature are greatly needed. Plans by distinguished architects, and buildings, now finished or in progress of erection, are analyzed and commented upon; and those best adapted to health, comfort and convenience, suggested. It is a work highly useful, well digested, and treats of a subject to which but little attention has been given.

☞ "FREE-MASONS MONTHLY MAGAZINE." We wish to call the attention of our Masonic friends to this excellent publication. As an exposition of Masonic science and laws it has no equal. Bro. Moore seems to understand every rope of our Masonic ship.

“THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING.”

By David P. Page. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1849. This book is of a practical character, and treats of School Government. The office of a school teacher is an important one. His duties should be felt and known by himself, as regards his relation to those under his charge. His responsibility, his personal habits, his literary qualifications, his views of education and right modes of teaching are here dwelt upon; and every man entering upon that profession should carefully peruse this volume. It is also valuable to the pupil, who has a deep interest in the subject.

“THE MINER’S GUIDE.”

By J. W. Orton. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1849. This little work is all essential to those who explore the Gold Mines. It is in a portable form, is an excellent book of reference, contains the researches of eminent metallurgists, and is a valuable companion to the practical miner.

“FRIENDS AND FORTUNE.”

By Anna Harriet Drury. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. This is a love story, portraying characters of much interest, and many struggles of duty, and trials of the heart. It is written in a simple and spirited style, and scenes and passages of eloquence and feeling are scattered throughout.

“ACTON; OR, THE CIRCLE OF LIFE.”

D. Appleton & Co. 1849. This work is designed to delineate Life, Man and the World. It consists of a series of maxims and reflections on all the subjects connected with daily life. These are given in a pithy style, have, at times, an original cast and a vein of satire, and are occasionally very suggestive. They are the thoughts of a man well read, and who has had opportunities of extended observation of men and society, of which he has availed himself. We shall make some extracts hereafter, to illustrate the author's style.

“THE YOUNG PEOPLE’S MIRROR.” We wish to call the attention of our readers to this admirable work. It is the delight of all young persons who are fortunate enough to see it. It has peculiar claims upon Odd-Fellows, not merely because it is published by Bro. E. Walker, of the Offering, and is edited by our worthy Bro. B. J. Lossing, so well known to the Order, but because of its intrinsic value. It is superbly illustrated with numerous engravings, and is only *one dollar a year*.

“AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL”

for March is received, and contains an immense quantity of reading matter, of great interest and value. The following are some of its contents: The Phrenological and Physiological Organization of Truman H. Safford, Jr. with a likeness; the Organization or Temperaments as Indicating Character, No. 7; Phrenology a Science, by J. R. Howard; quickening of the Mental Operations in Death; lectures to Young men on Idleness, by Henry Ward Beecher; reformation of the United States Post-Office.

“THE WATER CURE JOURNAL.” This is a very ably conducted publication, containing much information regarding the Hydropathic method of cure.

DR. MANSON’S VANILLA TOOTH WASH.—This is the most delightful tooth wash we have as yet met with, and we once more recommend it to our readers. The peculiar properties of the Vanilla Tooth Wash are such, that a piece of cotton wet with the wash, and placed in a decayed tooth prevents and cures tooth-ache in many cases, by destroying the acetous fermentation constantly going on. Sourvy of the teeth, spongy and tender gums are prevented by using this wash; and it is particularly useful in painful affections of the face, Tic Doloraux, Neuralgia, by simply using it as a gargle for the mouth, by bathing the face and temples.

CALIFORNIA GOLD DIGGING.

THE following article we find in the Boston Bee. If the statements it contains be true, our friends who have gone to California, will not find precisely the El Dorado they expected:

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS FROM CALIFORNIA.—Capt. William D. Phelps, late of bark *Moscow*, of this port, arrived here from California, via Panama, on Saturday morning. Capt. P. brings a quantity of gold, in grains, in scales, and in lumps—the largest of the latter weighing about an ounce and a half. The Traveller says:

The amount of gold brought by him has been much overrated in the published accounts, though he brings a considerable quantity—much less, however than the lowest amount stated (\$38,000.)

As Capt. P. worked personally at the mines—which was not the case with Mr. Atherton—his experience of the minutiae of the gold digging there is considerable. In the first place, as to the pieces of gold that have been reported to be found, he says the largest piece he has seen is in the possession of Mr. Mellus, and weighs but six ounces. He heard numerous stories at the mines of large pieces being found; but in every instance where they were investigated, they turned out to be false or exaggerated. One man was reported to have found a piece weighing several pounds; he went to see him, and found that its weight was only two ounces, and that it was the proceeds of an entire day's work.

As to the stories that the diggers were many of them averaging \$150 per day, he thinks that those who have done the best have not obtained more than \$3000 during the entire digging season. The hours of work were from four to five hours per day. Formerly the Indians were willing to work for a trifle, but they have since become better acquainted with the value of their toil. They are principally the remnants of tribes, and are not formidable.

Agriculture has been so totally neglected that a man who had a field containing 15,000 bushels of wheat, could not get it harvested, though he offered half the products; and was obliged to let his cattle eat it. Women and children, as well as their husbands and fathers, had become gold diggers. Capt. Phelps' opinion as to the success of expeditions daily starting from this country is, that it will depend upon the manner of their organization. There is no doubt, he says, of there being considerable quantities of gold in California, but there is gross exaggerations in the matter.

Letters had appeared in the papers from persons who had no existence in California, and in respect to vessels that had never been there.

Captain Phelps looks hearty and healthy, and bears no marks of a toilsome voyage from the other side of the world.

COL. WILLIAM B. MOORE.—A correspondent has sent us a communication signed “Many Voters,” in which many and cogent reasons are given why this gentleman should be the successor of Moses G. Leonard, the present Alms House Commissioner. We do not wish to make the “Review” a political journal, but, in this case, we must express the gratification we feel in adding our testimony of the worth and fitness of Col. Moore for the office of Alms House Commissioner. He has held an appointment of trust under Mr. Leonard for two years, and is fully conversant with the duties pertaining to this department of the City government. In the selection of city officers, we hold a man's politics should be a minor consideration, and his ability to fill a peculiar situation the only criterion; and we believe the citizens of New-York are prepared to make this issue at the approaching election. We hope Col. Moore will be put forward as the “People's” or “Independent Candidate,” and as he has a host of friends throughout the city, his success is, we think, certain.

The above is from the Military Review. We know Col. Moore well, and believe he is just the man for Alms House Commissioner. He is well acquainted with the business, and possesses every qualification for the office.

FLOOD IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—The lower Mississippi has overflowed its banks in many places, and at the last dates, the 24th ult., Bayou Sara, Baton Rouge, Natchez-under-the-Hill, and many other towns, were several feet under water. All the landings on the Red River were inundated. The damage will be immense, and fears were entertained of a break in the Levee at New-Orleans.

The Inaugural Address of Gen. Taylor was expressed from Washington to Boston in 18 hours.

POPE PIUS IX DEPOSED—ROME A REPUBLIC.

The last European steamer brought us the important intelligence that Pope Pius IX had been deposed, and that Rome had once more become a Republic! This event occurred at one o'clock in the morning of the 9th of February, the Assembly having sat from mid-day.

This sitting commenced on the 8th, at noon. M. Galletti occupied the chair, and all the Ministers were present. The number of representatives present was 144. The proceedings commenced with M. Armellini, in the name of the Provisional Government, coming forward, and resigning into the hands of the Assembly the powers which it had hitherto held. The Prince de Canino called upon the Assembly to declare that the Government had not done all it ought to have done relative to three things—arms, money, and the purging of different departments.

He concluded by a long examination of the acts of the Provisional Government, several of which he condemned. After some further remarks, M. Corio Rusconi proposed that the present Ministry be confirmed. The motion was carried unanimously, and after some further debate the sitting was suspended for half an hour. When the Assembly resumed, M. Savoni moved the following decree:

Art. 1. The Papedom has fallen, in fact, as well as in law, from the temporal Government of the Roman States.

Art. 2. The Roman Pontiff will enjoy all the guarantees necessary to the independence of the exercise of his spiritual power.

Art. 3. The form of Government of the Roman States will be pure democracy, and will take the glorious name of the Roman Republic.

Art. 4. The Roman Republic will have, with the rest of Italy, the relations which a common nationality requires.

M. Mamiani made a long speech, in which he declared that the temporal domination of the Popes had always been a misfortune to Italy, and that Rome was in such a state that she could not have any Government but that of the Popes or that of Rienzi. He then gave a historical sketch of the present state of Europe, which he examined at great length, and having come to the conclusion that it would be extremely difficult to maintain the Republic at Rome, he declared that in his opinion, the best thing the Assembly could do would be to postpone the settlement of the form of government for the present, and to leave the question to the decision of the Italian Constituent Assembly.

When he sat down, M. Mamiani was saluted with groans and murmurs of disapprobation.

At six o'clock the Assembly adjourned the debate for two hours.

On the resumption of the sitting, M. Audinot proposed that the Assembly should at once decree the deposition of the Pope, but that it should be left to the Italian Constituent Assembly to determine the form of Government to be adopted. A long debate on this proposition followed; but ultimately the Assembly resolved, almost unanimously, that the entire decree should be adopted; and that not only should the Pope be deposed, but the Republic be established. Of 144 members who voted, five only opposed the adoption of a Republican form of Government. The proceedings were not closed till past two in the morning.

The *Alba* says that the city of Rome was in a state of apparent joy and enthusiasm at the result. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th, the flag of the Republic was hoisted on the tower of the capitol, amid the cheering of thousands of spectators, and the young Republic was saluted at its birth by the firing of 101 guns from the Castle of St. Angelo.

There was a grand demonstration on the 10th, in honor of the Republic, and the decree relating to it was read from the capitol. The people loudly applauded the article providing for the independence of the Pope's spiritual power. On the 11th a grand *Te Deum* was chanted at St. Peter's, on the occasion of the proclamation of the Republic.

TOWNSEND AND ORR’S PANORAMA OF THE HUDSON RIVER.—This is a painting of vast extent of canvas and of great artistic excellence. Its views of the scenery of the river are excellent, and delineated most truthfully. The shores of the Hudson are, in parts, picturesque and grand, and afford fine subjects for the artist's pencil, and Mr. Orr has given to them great effect and beauty.

The Common Council of Boston on Monday, unanimously voted against licenses for the sale of liquors.

Macksauba a chief of the Ottawa Indians, was frozen to death a short time since, in Alegen county, Mich.

Humorous.

LATENT TALENT IN DISTRESS,
OR, RECREATIONS OF A KIND EDITOR.

Oh, dear! Mr. Editor, what shall I do!
I haven't a soul to complain to but you.
I'm sorry to plague you, but you are so kind;
And I want your advice, when I've opened my mind;
For I haven't a soul to consult with but you.
Oh, dear Mr. Editor, what shall I do?

I want to be known as a writer of fame—
To be guess'd at at first, and then talk'd of by name.
I begin many things, but I never get on;
If I lay them aside, then my thoughts are all gone—
But I wouldn't say this, if it wasn't to you—
Oh, dear Mr. Editor, what shall I do?

I've been trying hard lately to make myself clever;
Yet I fancy I'm growing more stupid than ever.
I'm thinking and writing almost night and day;
But somehow I don't seem to find out the way.
I wish very often that I was like you.
Oh, dear Mr. Editor, what shall I do?

I've spent a long while, too, in writing a story,
Which, after all, brings me more trouble than glory.

Though there isn't much plot, every reader complains

That the story's so puzzling, it addles his brains—
(And, between ourselves, sir, it has addled mine too)—

Oh, dear Mr. Editor, what shall I do?

I want to be clever—I want to be noted—
I want to be talk'd of—I want to be quoted.
If there is any secret, I wish you would tell it;
If it is to be bought, let me know where they sell it.
Oh, dear Mr. Editor, help me—pray, do—
And be sure, in return, I will try to help you.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT

WRITES TO HER DAUGHTER, MRS. SMITH.

DEAR MELISSY: I now take my pen in hand to tell you that I ruther guess you'll be considerably astonished when you read what I set down to rite. I've got some news to tell you that you can't guess if you try till next never, so you may as well give it up first as last afore you begin. And you aint to let on a word about it only to Jupiter, and Kier and Seliny. Come to think, I don't care if you tell Sam Pendergrasses wife, bein' as how she's a pertickler friend o' mine. But don't you open your head about it to no other individvial—for I want to supprise the Wiggletown folks, and make 'em open their eyes a leetle. Come to consider I guess you'd better not tell Miss Pendergrass, for I'm afeard she can't keep it to herself. She might let it out to the Kenipes, and they'd tell the Crosbys, and the Crosbys they'd carry it strait to Major Coon's wife, and she'd be sure to tell old Dawson's wife, (the widder Jinkins that was—she 'twas Poll Bingham,) and she's the verry undentical person I want to keep it from till it busts upon her all of a sudden, like a thunder clap. I guess I'll let her know I can hold my head up as high as hern in futur, for who did she git but a decrippid old bung head that she wouldn't a had if she could a got anybody else. I guess on the hull you handn't better say nothing about it to Kier's wife, for fear she'll tell her folks, and they'd sartintly devulgate it all round. If you dew tell her, you make her promise she wont hint a sillybly about it to her step-mother—she 'twas Keiser Winkle—nor to nobody else. You must all keep it a perfoundsecret till I come. If nothing happens to prevent, we shall be in Wiggletown next week a Saturday on our bride tower. A Sunday mornin' we kalkilate to go to meetin' long a you and Jupiter, and in the arternoon we shall tend the baptist meetin'. I tell ye, won't ther be some starin' in Wiggletown that day. I guess they'll find out that I'm as good as enny on 'em, if not a leetle better. I shan't hev on none o' the things they've ever seen me wear. My rigin' is to be intwiredly new. Yer uncle Magwire has made me a present of a handsome green merino dress, and yer aunt Magwire has gin me a new brown velvet bunnit, and yer cousin Jefferson has persented me a nelegant plaid shawl, and I kalkilate to come out in 'em all at Wiggletown.

Speakin' o' my new wardrobes, reminds me to tell you that if Jabe Clark comes your way a peddlin', not to trade a cent's worth with him. You remember how he come it over me about the shoes, don't ye? Well, it's amazin' I should ever be such a fool as to be took in by him agin—but so 'twas. He come along here a spell ago, and sarved me the

awfullest trick that you ever heerd on. I was alone in the house—yer uncle and aunt had gone to a sick nabor's, and the way he cheated me was perfectly dredful. My blood biles now a thinkin' on't. He pertended he'd experienced religion, and lamented over the way he used to cheat and lie; and as true as I live and breathe, actilly got round me so't he perswaded me to swop away a nelegant ston colored silk that cost me a dollar a yard, for a miserable slazy striped consarn, that he said was all the fashion now—called it "grody flewery"—and what makes it more aggravatin', made me pay tew dollars to boot. But that wasn't the worst on't, for come to onroll it, we found that three or four yards away at tother eend on't was all dammaged and stained up—'twant fit for nothin'. Yer aunt was mad at me for bein' so took in, and yer uncle he laft and hector'd me, and went on about it—you know what a critter he is to bother a boddly. At last I busted out a cryin', and went off and shot myself up in my room, and stayed there till tea time—and when I come down, lo and behold, yer uncle stept up and handed me a new green merino dress—he'd been off to the store and bought it a purpose for me, fringes and buttons and everthing to trim it with, and I've got it made up, and it sets like a dandy—and I'm gwine to be married in it. But I can't help feelin' awfully gauled about the silk. I took it to Parker and Pettibone's and swopt it for some things I wanted. They wouldn't allow me but eighteen pence a yard, and 'twas all 'twas worth. Jabe made me take a couple o' hankerchers tew, for a dollar a piece—said he'd stake his repertation on't they wan't half cotton—and no more they wan't, for come to dew 'em up, they showed out plain enuff that they was all cotton—did you ever? He got round the elder tew—made him pay five dollars for a buzzum pin—said 'twas topiz sot in gold, and it turned out to be yallar glass with a pinchback ring round it. I was clear out of pashence with the elder for bein' so green—but sittivated as I was I couldn't say anything, ye know. If yer I come acrost Jabe Clark agin, if he don't ketch it, no matter. But I'm wonderful bizzzy about these days—and so no more at present from your affectionate mother,

PRISSILLA P. BEDOTT.

P. S. Give my love to Jupiter. I'm grattified to hear that the baby is so forrard. What do you kalkilate to call him? I hope it won't be Jupiter—for somehow I don't egactly like the name, tho' it sounds well for a man. But don't in all favor name him arter yer par. Hesekier's an awful name. How do ye like Shadrack? That's the name of his grandfather that's to be. Yer uncle and aunt and Jeff sends love.

P. P. B.

P. S. Yer cousin Jeff asked permission to read this letter, and he says I haint told you who I'm a goin to be married tew, nor when the weddin's to be, nor nothin'. But taint to be wondered at that I forgot, for I've got such a numerous number o' things to think on now. My future companion is the baptist minister of this place—by the name of Elder Sniffles. The way we come acquainted was quite singular. You see I took to attendin' his meetin' because the presbyterian minister here is such small potatoes that 'twant eddifyin' for me to set under his preachin', and understandin' that Elder Sniffles was a verry gifted man I thought I'd go to hear him. Well, I liked him wonderful well, he's a powerful speaker, and his prayers is highly interestin'. So I goes to hear him a number o' times. He observed me, and was vidently pleased with me—but durin' all the time I was creatin' such a sensation in his feelins—I never knowed but what he had a wife. How I did feel when I found out he was a widdiwer. I was dredfully frustrated, and kep myself as scerce as possible. But he followed me up and persevered, till at last I consented to accept of him. It's so moloncholy to be alone in the world, and then ministers don't grow on every bush. The weddin' is to take place next week a Wensday evenin', at yer uncle's. Elder Yawper, from Slabtown, is to reform the ceremony, and preach in Elder Sniffleses place the next Sabbath when we're gone.

The elder lives in a gamble rufft yaller house. I mean to make him put wings to't and make it look ruther more fashionable. It stands on a desenden elevation that slants down to the canawl on one side, and not fur behind it is a morantic grove. He haint no family but a little highly tighty gal that they brought up. I tell ye if I don't make her stan' round when I get there I'm mistaken. We shall start for Wiggletown a Thursday, in the stage—and get there, I 'spose, a Saturday evenin'. Now, Melissy Smith, remember you're to keep it a perfound secret. I don't want nobody in Wiggletown to know a word about it till they see us come a walkin' into meetin'. If you anser this afore we come, direct your letter to the reverend Mrs. Sniffles.

Your affectionate mar,
P. P. BEDOTT. (till next week.)

P. S. I've writ an elegy on my marriage that Jeff thinks is one o' my best poems. He's gwine to send it to be printed in the Scrabble Hill Luminary, right under the marriage notice. He's a keepin' it from his par and mar, 'cause they haint no sense o' poetry—yer aunt especelly has always disencourridged my writin' for the papers. But she can't help herself.

P. P. B.

From the Scrabble Hill Luminary.

MARRIED.—In this village on Wed., the 20th inst., by the Rev. Elder Yawpers, of Slabtown, the Rev. O. Shadrack Sniffles, of Scrabble Hill, to Mrs. Prissilla P. Bedott, relict of the late deacon Hesekiah Bedott, Esq., of Wiggletown.

The fair bride has sent us the following morceau—which our readers will unite with us in pronouncing equal to a former effusion from the same gifted pen. We wish the happy pair all the felicity which their distinguished abilities so richly merit.—[Eds. Lum.]

TO SHADRACK.

Prissilla the fair and Shadrack the wise,
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest of ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connexion,
Have bid adoo to their previous affliction.

No more will they mourn their widdered sitiuation,
And continner to sythe without mitigation;
But pardners for life to be parted no more,
Their sorrers is cended, their troubles is o'er.

O Shadrack, my Shadrack! Prissilla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surmanted her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedoozled her eye,
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! I'm yourn till I die!

The heart that was scornful and cold as a stun,
Has surrendered at last to the fortinit one;
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had,
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my Shad!

CURIOUS REASON FOR DRINKING.—Mr. G——, who had by degrees become so attached to his cups that he could not comfortably go by ten o'clock without his "hip of brandy," and who was very anxious to avoid the suspicion of being a habitual drinker, was in the habit daily of inventing some excuse to the bar-keeper and those within hearing. He had used up all the stereotype reasons, such as a "slight pain," a "kind of sinking," not "feeling right," &c. One Saturday, at the usual hour, he called for his brandy and water, saying, "I am extremely dry: I am going to have salt fish for dinner."

Dean —, when residing on a living in the country, had occasion, one day, to unite a rustic couple in the bonds of matrimony. The ceremony being over, the husband began "to sink in resolution," and falling (as some husbands might do,) into a fit of repentance, he said, "Your reverence has tied the knot tightly, I fancy; but, under favor, may I ask your reverence, if so be you could untie it again?" "Why, no," replied the dean. "we never do that on this part of the consecrated ground." "Where then?" cried the man, eagerly. "On that!" pointing to the burying-ground.

A lady seeing at the window of a linen draper, who had not long been in business, that very common lure, "The goods of this shop selling under prime cost!" stepped into a friend's, who happened to live within two or three doors, and inquired whether he thought his neighbor was selling under prime cost, and would let her have any good bargains? "As to bargains," replied the friend, "I am really at a loss to answer; but, with respect to selling under prime cost, that I can most positively assure you must be impossible; for, to my certain knowledge, he has never paid a single farthing for any thing he has in his shop."

REMARKABLE CASE OF RECOVERY FROM INSANITY.—A man (says the *Boston Traveller*) who has for the last forty years been confined as a raving maniac, in the poor house, at Newton, has been suddenly restored to his reason. He has been regarded as incurable, and for a great part of the time during his confinement he has been so violent as to render it necessary to chain him. He appears like one awakened from a long sleep, and remembering distinctly events which occurred previous to the loss of his reason, but nothing that has transpired during the long years of his confinement.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.—A colored woman, named Antoinette Moxen, died in Louisiana, recently, at the extraordinary age of 181 years. She was a native of Louisiana.

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.—The proprietors of the New York Sun have completed arrangements for establishing, for the exclusive use of that journal, new Telegraph Lines between Boston, New York and Washington—the New York terminus to be within the editorial room of the Sun. The expense is estimated at \$125,000.

AT THE CONGRESS BOOT STORE, 150 Fulton-st., near Broadway, will be found the most splendid assortment of gentlemen's, boy's and youth's French and American Calf Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, manufactured of the best materials, with and without the patent shanks. Congress Gaiter Boots for ladies and gentlemen. Also, a large assortment of ladies and children's Gaiters and Shoes. Cork sole and water-proof Boots. Overshoes of every description for ladies, gentlemen, misses and children. No. 150 Fulton street, six doors from Broadway. Bro. E. A. Brooks is the very chief of shoe dealers, as well as an intelligent Odd-Fellow.

THOSE NEW CHAIRS.—Buxton and Franklin, those famous tonsorial artists, at 97 Nassau street, who shave all the editors in the vicinity, have recently added to the luxury of their establishment by introducing two new and superb chairs, worthy for an Emperor to sit in. This is the place, above all others, for luxurious shaving.

THE COVENTRY MURDER.—The *Hartford Courant* says that Brown, the murderer of a woman in Coventry, a few weeks since, has been identified fully as the individual who killed a Mrs. Hammond, in Mount Pleasant, and also injured the husband of her victim in April last. A reward of \$700 was offered for his apprehension, and every effort made to secure him, but without effect.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO II.

OUR Julia's neck was swan-like—I mean a black swan, That rare axis of the feather'd race, Which sometimes seen is Keewick's lake upon, And Derwent Water—(seldom in other place); Thus when our Julia walked the throng among, Her aspect was so queen-like in its grace, She seemed a stately Juno to all eyes; But her dark skin excited much surprise!

And well it might! for nothing looks so bad as a stately creature with a dark skin. Julia, at that time, was unacquainted with the surprising qualities of GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap*, in the removal of Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sallowiness, Salt Rheum, &c., and therefore she was obliged to submit to their evils. She was unaware of the magical properties of GOURAUD'S *Powder Subtilis* in eradicating superfluous hair; or GOURAUD'S *Grecian Hair Dye* for coloring red, light or gray hair a glossy black; otherwise she would have been provided with them. The sequel will show that she found out their worth afterward.

Remember! The genuine preparations of Dr. GOURAUD can only be obtained at his depot, 67 Walker-street, or last store FROM Broadway. No Agency in Brooklyn or New-York City. [To be continued.]

HAVANA AND PRINCEPIG CIGARS.

JAMES SADLER, No. 234 BROADWAY, (3d door above American Hotel).—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Principe Cigars, of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 3m245*

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON, Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charts, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 26 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

REGALIA AND JEWELS

MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS, 350 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice. Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 238:tf.

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN,

VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venetian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235:tf

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS, REJECTION NOTICES, Permanent Secretary's Receipts, Warrants on the Treasurer, and every description of Lodge and Encampment Blanks, Seals, printed and furnished, in the best style of workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, post-paid, E. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. ____.

Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth. Date, _____. (Signed.) Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. B. 101 Forsyth st.

New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243:tf.

FINE MILLINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.—Patrona Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants, and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

The Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches. Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, Do, and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$52 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN.

Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

OPPOSITION—TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers, for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash a auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Barges, (green, plain & fancy), Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdks, Fancy Silk Hdks, Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Grape Lises, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tartanets, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable. 241 L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c. with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation. WM. A. CORRIE.

N. B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work. 237

REGALIA IN READING, PA.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished. H. A. LANTZ, 43 West Washington-st., Reading, P. 239:tf.

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 232:tf

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage. MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m235

I. O. of O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA. J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Bashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS. JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap, Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 3m240

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. of O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

This Certificate is 19 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over One Thousand Dollars.

Single copies Fifty Cents each; twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty-seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y. 1y235

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE I. O. O. F.

MRS. CATHERINE NELSON, (Widow of the late P. D. G. Sire Neilson), has taken a large house, No. 6 South street, 4 doors from Baltimore street, BALTIMORE, for the purpose of carrying on a permanent and transient Boarding House; and she takes this method of informing the members of the Order, and the traveling community, that they will find her house conveniently located, and her table and lodging apartments equal to any in the city of Baltimore. Prices moderate. 8:237

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia, Costumes Tents, Crooks, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New-York. At the great Fair of the American Institute, 1847 and 1848, the highest premium was awarded for his work. aug.38:tf.

PREMIUM VANILLA TOOTH WASH.

AT the late Fair of the American Institute, the Premium was awarded to the Proprietor for his Vanilla Tooth Wash, as being the best preparation for cleansing and preserving the Teeth, and purifying the breath. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, THOS. MANSON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 20 Eighth Avenue. Also, for sale by the principal Druggists throughout the city. Liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 3m237

BERRY & WOODNUTT'S GREAT CENTRAL OYSTER AND REFRESHMENT SALOON, under the Odd-Fellows Hall, North-Sixth-street, above Arch, Philadelphia, Pa. 235:tf

F. W. CORINTH, HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 2d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m.

BARD & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINTED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m239

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATSON, No. 198 MARKET, 6th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y239

LODGE JEWELS.

ELEAZER AYERS, manufacturer of Jewelry, &c. No. 89 Nassau-st. New-York. Odd-Fellows', Masonic, and Sons of Temperance Jewels made to order. All orders from abroad punctually attended to. 3m236

BARNES & DENNEY.

MANUFACTURERS OF Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States. N. B. All kinds of Iron-Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts. W. DENNEY. (231:tf) J. BARNES.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE. To the I. O. O. F. and the public in general.

The subscriber, I. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City. I. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth. 1ymov.9. North side, Philadelphia.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 138 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

E. WINCHESTER, PRINTER, 44 ANN-STREET.

Varities.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S CABINET.—The Cabinet of the new President is as follows:

JOHN M. CLAYTON, of Delaware, Secretary of State.
WILLIAM M. MEREDITH, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury.

THOMAS EWING, of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior.
GEORGE W. CRAWFORD, of Georgia, Secretary of War.

WILLIAM B. PRESTON, of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy.

JACOB COLLAMER, of Vermont, Postmaster General.
REVERDY JOHNSON, of Maryland, Attorney General.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.—By a letter received from our brother, P. W. Cook, who was one that left Council Bluff last Spring for the Salt Lake, dated Aug. 2d, written while encamped on the Sweet Water River at the South Pass, (in sight of Fremont's Peak,) we gather some information which may not be uninteresting to our readers. The new Mormon Temple at the Salt Lake is to be a splendid building. They enclose a lot 17 miles long and 12 miles wide, with a mud wall eight feet high and four feet thick. There are to be four cities inside. They have discovered mountain rock that resembles Cornelian stone, which the writer says is beautiful for temples and pillars. The size of the temple is not stated, but its highest point is to be 600 feet, and can be seen eighty miles either way. The party that went out last season lost many of their oxen—having died with what they called the "swell head." Many of the streams which they crossed were so strongly impregnated with alkali that they dare not let their cattle drink. On the shores of many of the lakes a crust is formed an inch and a half thick. They break up this crust, scrape off the dirt on the bottom and the top, and find it pure saleratus. Strange as this may seem, it is nevertheless true, and the writer collected in a short time 75 pounds. A mountain of pure rock salt has been discovered near the Mormon settlement. The Mormons have discovered a rich gold mine 150 miles south-west from the Salt Lake. The last end of the journey to the Salt Lake, say 200 miles, is attended with little fatigue. Nearly all the way the roads are as good as on any prairie in Michigan. The writer was living on the meat of bears, antelope and buffaloes—animals very numerous on the route. He recommends mule teams instead of oxen, and that cows be driven along for their milk, and for beef if necessary.—[Niles Rep.]

INFORMATION WANTED.—Mrs. James Pinnell and daughter arrived in this city in October last, with a view to go to her husband at Geneva, and wrote to him to that effect. They were with several others who came over in the same ship, but did not appear, and have not since been heard of. Her husband, Arthur Pinnell, is now at Syracuse, and would be most grateful for any information leading to the discovery of his wife and child.

EARTHQUAKES IN THE WESTERN ISLANDS.—The Azores have been kept in a state of constant alarm for nearly two months past by a succession of earthquakes, which have thrown down many houses and churches on these Islands. The alarm was heightened to an intense consternation one night in December by the appearance of a brilliant Aurora Borealis in the West; such a phenomenon is without a precedent in that quarter.

LADY POSTMASTER.—One of the last acts of the late Postmaster General, was the appointment of Mrs. Maria J. Hornbeck to be Postmistress of Allentown, Pa. in place of E. R. Neweard, resigned. Mrs. H. is the widow of the late Hon. John W. Hornbeck, and has a large family dependent upon her for support.

Judge Timothy Farrar of N. H., died at Hollis, in that State, on the 21st ult, aged one hundred and one years, seven months and ten days. He graduated at Howard in 1767.

Judge Kingsbury, of Maine, dropped down dead in one of the streets of Gardiner, in that State, on Thursday of last week.

Col. J. H. Walton, formerly Mayor of Galveston, died of cholera, in Houston, on the 4th ult., where the disease was then prevalent.

MARRIAGES.

On the 22d Feb., in Salem, N. Y., by Rev. A. B. LAMBERT, Bro. THOMAS L. SHELTON, V. G. of Indian River Lodge No. 13, West Rupert, Vt., and Miss C. M. HOPKINS, of Salem.

On the 27th Feb., in Salem, N. Y., by Rev. A. B. LAMBERT, Bro. OMER B. SHERMAN, of Indian River Lodge No. 13, West Rupert, Vt., and Miss CAROLINE PORTER, of Salem.

Publisher's Notices.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,

Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by Bro. J. R. CRAMPTON, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

☞ All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

HILADELPHIA

Bro. JAMES J. DENHAM is our Agent for Philadelphia, and duly authorized to procure subscriptions and advertisements, collect dues, and transact any business involved in such Agency. Office No. 101 Cherry-street, above Sixth, near Odd Fellow's Hall.

N. B. Subscribers who are in arrears will pay their subscriptions to Mr. Denham, as no other person is authorized to receive them, all former Agencies being discontinued.

☞ That we may protect the public and ourselves from imposition, we shall each and every week publish a complete list of our duly authorized Traveling Agents, and hereby caution all persons not to pay any dues or subscriptions to the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule to any one whose name is not in the list. Each Traveling Agent must also have a written certificate of such agency, duly executed by the present Publisher. Those who have until this time acted as Traveling Agents, and are now out of by the omission of their names, are requested to make immediate returns of their respective accounts; and in case such Agency is to be continued, new arrangements must be made at the office.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

Bro. ALONZO WELTON,	Bro. ISAAC H. RUSSELL,
WM. H. FAIRCHILD,	PERRY E. TOLES,
HENRY L. BROUGHTON,	L. W. ALDRICH,
CHAS. H. HARRISON,	HORACE LAMB,
SAMUEL H. BARRETT.	

☞ Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD will visit Virginia and some of the adjacent States. We trust he will be received by the Brethren with the cordiality which he merits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk.

NOTICE.

JAMES T. PALMATARY, of Philadelphia, and R. B. MORSE, of Adrian, Mich., are not authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

☞ Our Subscribers who are in arrears will remember that all money enclosed in presence of the Post Master, and directed to the Publisher, No 44 Ann-street, New-York, is at our risk.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Our thanks are due to many of our Local Agents for collecting and remitting to us; and we earnestly request their continued aid and influence in further advancing the circulation of the Gazette and Rule, thus promoting the cause of "Friendship, Love and Truth." We are determined our journal shall be worthy the support of Odd-Fellows from its devotion to their principles, and be welcome to every family circle on account of its literary merit. We again ask that each one will promptly remit to us our dues for arrears, and increase our lists within the limits of such agency.

SELPHO'S PREMIUM ANGLESEY LEG, AND ARTIFICIAL HAND, patronized by the most eminent Surgeons throughout Europe, and by the most distinguished of their professional brethren in this country, and allowed by all to be the nearest approach to nature hitherto produced. Introduced into this country, and made solely by WILLIAM SELPHO, 94 Spring-st., N. York. Reference to Prof. V. Mott, and other eminent Surgeons in this city.

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF

SARSAPARILLA.

The Most Extraordinary Medicine in the World!!

This Extract is put up in Quart Bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures without vomiting, purging, or debilitating the Patient.

THE great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, that while it eradicates the disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best.

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES ever known: it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates rich, new and pure blood, a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed, within the last two years, more than 100,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 15,000 were considered incurable. It has saved the lives of more than 10,000 children the past two seasons in the city of New-York alone.

10,000 Cases of General Debility and want of Nervous Energy.

Dr. S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on by physical prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening toward that fatal disease Consumption, can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy. This Sarsaparilla is far superior to any.

Invigorating Cordial,

as it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the limbs, and strength to the muscular system, in a most extraordinary degree.

Consumption Cured.

Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Hætic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c., have been and can be Cured.

Spitting Blood.

New-York, April 28, 1847.—Dr. S. P. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad Cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla a short time, and there has been a wonderful change wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city. I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant, WM. RUSSELL, 65 Catharine st.

Dyspepsia.

No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food, and strengthening the organs of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla.

BANK DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, May 10, 1845.—Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with the Dyspepsia in its worst forms, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.
Yours, &c. W. W. VAN ZANDT.

Great Blessing to Mothers and Children.

It is the safest and most effectual medicine for purifying the system, and relieving the sufferings attendant upon childbirth, ever discovered. It strengthens both the mother and child, prevents pain and disease, increases and enriches the food; those who have used it think it is indispensable. It is highly useful both before and after confinement, as it prevents diseases attendant upon childbirth. In Costiveness, Piles, Cramps, Swelling of the Feet, Despondency, Heartburn, Vomiting, Pain in the Back and Loins, False Pains, Hemorrhage, and in regulating the Secretions, and equalizing the Circulation, it has no equal. The great beauty of this medicine is, it is always safe, and the most delicate use it most successfully.

Scrofula Cured.

This Certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the Blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

Three Children.

Dr. S. P. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores; have taken four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under great obligation. Yours, respectfully, ISAAC W. ORAIN, 106 Wooster st.

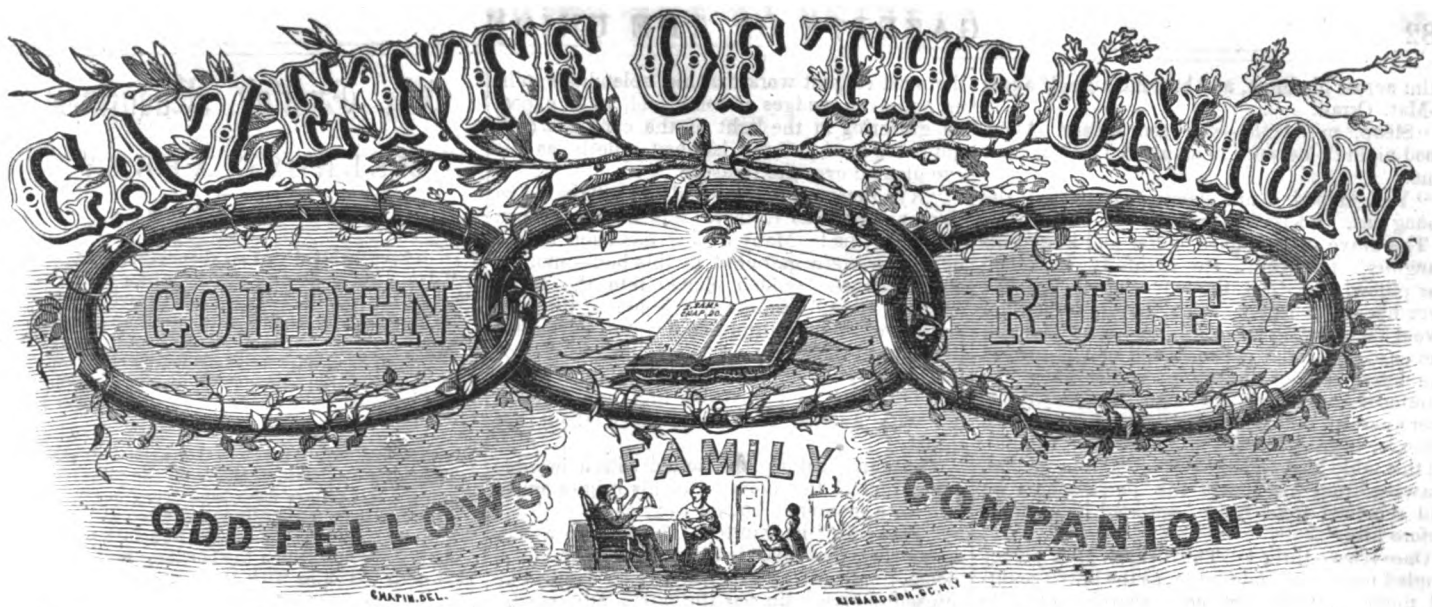
Opinions of Physicians.

Dr. S. P. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from Physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify, that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the city of Albany, have, in numerous cases, prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations in the market.

H. P. PILLING, M.D., J. WILSON, M.D., R. B. BRIGGS, M.D., P. E. ELMENDORF, M.D. Albany, April, 1847.

Principal Office, 126 PULTON STREET, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston; Dyott & Sons, 133 North Second street, Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co., 151 Chartres street, N. O.; 105 South Pearl street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India, and the Canadian Provinces.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY J. R. CRAMPTON, AT NO. 44 ANN-STREET, TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 12.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 246.

Original Tales.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER, OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA.

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BLIND CHILD.

A rude, dark, stormy man was he—
His passions, like his deeds, were wild,
And yet he loved that gentle child
Who crept upon his knee.—MANNERS.

MATTHEW ORRALL, after leaving the chamber in which took place the interview with Robert Atree, walked quickly toward the outskirts of the city, taking his way through the thickly-peopled quarter, which was the residence of the sea-faring class of the inhabitants of Charleston. It was at the water's edge that he at length paused and at nearly the extreme end of the low, rough, somber-looking habitations which lined the river's bank. The quarter was at this hour apparently deserted, since the approach of the British fleet had drawn nearly all the occupants of the dwellings to the lower extremity of the town, whence could be better obtained a view of the hostile squadron. Some few disconsolate-looking women might be seen, returning homeward, after having, perhaps, parted at the lower beach with husbands or sweethearts, destined for Sullivan's Island; but the general aspect of the neighborhood was lonesome and gloomy in the extreme.

Orrall unlocked and opened the door of a small weather-beaten house, or rather hut, close to the water's edge, and sheltered on one side by a high, wooded bank, round which the river swept in a sudden curve; so that in fact the dwelling occupied a small promontory, as it were, abruptly jutting into the stream. The door, as it appeared, was not fastened, and the bravo, on stepping over the threshold, paused for a moment to observe the scene within.

The room was far from being so uncomfortable as the forbidding aspect of the habitation without might have indicated. The only window, it is true, was half concealed by various articles of apparel, which had been inserted in the broken panes, to exclude the air; and the rafters were blackened with smoke, and discolored from rain, which in the wet season penetrated the roof. But, nevertheless, there was an air of neatness about the place, in fact, a certain degree of comfort if not elegance, that

Continued from page 166.

one would not probably have expected to find in so unpromising a locality. Over one portion of the plank-floor was spread a carpet, antiquated in pattern and worn nearly threadbare, yet evidently of a very costly fabric. A ship's locker, entire, with mahogany facings, intricately carved, and bearing still some tarnished traces of gilding, occupied a position near the corner of the room, while the corner itself was filled up by a curious contrivance.

This was a merchant-ship's caboose, evidently the relic of an East Indiaman, as it yet retained upon its top a broken fragment of a royal crown, surmounting the arms of the "Company." It seemed to have been newly painted, and presented a very gay appearance, as contrasted with the rough walls of the hut. Its front, which was toward Orrall as he entered the room, was half hidden by a pair of thick crimson velvet curtains, stained and torn in various places, looped up in the center by a gilt wooden bar. Between the depending folds of this curtain a glimpse could be obtained of a bed, draped with gayly-colored bunting. The other furniture of the apartment was extremely plain. A common ship's cooking-stove, with a rusty pipe, stood near the door, and behind it hung a rude sailor's hammock.

But the caboose was the object most calculated to arrest the visitor's attention, both from the unique appearance of this singular article of furniture itself, and from its likewise containing, at the present moment, a tenant. Matthew Orrall, after earnestly surveying, for a moment, the bed beyond the curtains, moved on tiptoe across the floor, and lifting a portion of the velvet, discovered a young girl, beautiful as an angel. She was wrapped in a profound slumber.

It was curious to behold the sudden change that came over the bravo's features as he gazed down upon the sleeping maiden. The sneer had left his lip, and the scowl faded from his dark brow. He seemed to hold his breath, as he bent over the couch, and in the light of a pendant cabin-lamp, which hung in the middle of the apartment, the man's eyes glittered with a moist light, as if a tear were struggling through their hard corners. Silently he lowered the velvet over the bed, and half turned away.

But as he moved, one white hand of the sleeping girl was lifted, parting again the curtain, and her head rose from the pillow.

"Father!" she murmured.

In the faint glow of that solitary lamp, swinging from the ceiling, the contrast between these two beings was striking. The massy form of Mat. Orrall towered by the bedside, his tangled hair falling in a thick mass over his broad shoulders, while the dress which he wore made his proportions seem almost gigantic. The slight, airy-looking figure of the awakened girl, or

child, for her age did not appear to be more than thirteen, was half upraised from the couch, and her small, delicately molded arm was stretched out toward him she addressed. Her face was a picture of loveliness—not the beauty of a woman, nor even of a child, but that strange unearthly loveliness, which pains almost as much as it pleases us; since we know that it cannot remain long upon earth—that it has no affinity with mortal things. Over her forehead, almost as clear and transparent as light itself, hung a cluster of golden curls, moist and soft, wreathing and wandering around a neck white as the purest marble. It was a wonder of wonders how such a being as this could be kin to the strange man whom she addressed as "Father."

The child's face was turned toward Matthew Orrall, and her small hands stretched out to embrace him. But in her eyes, which were of a dark hazel, though they were apparently fixed upon the man, no light of recognition beamed.

The beautiful child was blind!

It was a tear that now dimmed the bravo's glance, as he bent over the young maiden, and kissed her white forehead. But he dashed it quickly away, as if he would conceal emotion even from his stricken child.

"Father, I was dreaming of you."

These words were soft as music, and a light irradiated the face of the young girl as she uttered them, and at the same time raised the hard, rough hand of the bravo to her lips, and pressed it with a kiss. The man shook through every fiber.

"What ails you, father? Are you ill?"

"No, my child—no, Alice!" answered Mat. Orrall, recovering himself with an effort, and dropping his voice to a whisper. "But, tell me, what were you dreaming, Alice? Was it a happy dream?"

"Oh, a blessed dream, father," murmured the blind girl, clasping her tiny fingers together, while a calm, holy expression lit up her features. "It was of mother, and of the beautiful angels, and of you, father. But—"

"But—what, Alice? Was not your dream all happy?"

"O, father, I thought you was angry with the angels, and spoke cross to them. But, it was only a dream—you would not be angry with God's beautiful angels—would you, father?" murmured the child, pleadingly.

Matthew Orrall's countenance contracted with a violent but silent spasm. His limbs quivered convulsively, but he spake not a word in answer to his child.

"Would you, dear father?"

Again that spasm. But the bravo was a strong man, and why should the voice of a poor blind girl move him thus? He dashed his broad

palm across his brow, and became himself again—Mat. Orrall.

"Sleep, my child—you are weary, Alice. Good night!" he said, in an altered and harsher tone.

"Yes, indeed, I am sleepy," answered the young girl. "Kiss me, father!"

The bravo stooped once more, and kissed his daughter's forehead. He carefully smoothed her pillow, and drew the covering of the bed over her slight form. Then, as she turned her sweet face toward the wall, he drew together the curtains of the caboose, and moved toward the other part of the room, where hung the hammock, in which his own restless nights were passed, and where was also a rough deal table, or board, fastened to the wall of the hut. At this table Mat. Orrall now seated himself, and, drawing from his pocket the purse which he had received from Atree, emptied its contents before him.

One—two—three! The bright gold pieces jingled upon that rude table, as the bravo counted them, ringing each coin sharply to test its metal. The man's grey eyes twinkled brightly, as the pleasant music greeted his ears, and his lip curled with a triumphant smile.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Matthew Orrall. "This is the stuff that rules the world! What would your whip or your tory do without it? What would your King George be worth if he had not his gold to buy soldiers? And where would be your Congress troops, if money did not pay for their patriotism?"

The bravo smiled grimly, and gathered the pieces in a pile before him. Then rising, he went towards the stove, and taking a small iron candlestick from the hearth beneath, lit at the swinging lamp a fragment of candle that remained in its socket. He glanced cautiously, as he did this, at the closed curtains of the caboose, and then moving to the opposite wall of the hut, stooped down and proceeded to lift a portion of the plank flooring. When this was effected, a dark narrow passage appeared, apparently leading in a sloping direction immediately under the wall. Matthew Orrall trimmed the wick of his lamp, and after examining the bolt of the door, which he had fastened on entering the house, gathered the gold from the table, and descended the subterranean passage.

The path was exceedingly slippery—the excavation running through a bed of clay, and so narrow that it at first scarcely permitted the man to force his way between the clammy sides. But, after proceeding a couple of yards the space became wider, and terminated in a sort of cove, the air of which was chilly as the grave. The excavation, in fact, was beneath the bank, which we have described as forming the protection of one side of the hut, and around which the river swept with an abrupt curve. The damp atmosphere arose in part from the clayey nature of the soil, and partly from the river-fogs, which obtained entrance through another sloping passage, leading upward through the bank, and opening directly upon the water's edge. Thus a communication could be had from the interior of the hut to the river; and a person pursued from the landside, and taking refuge in the dwelling, might easily escape by means of a boat brought close to the outlet at the other side of the bank. The whole had doubtless been contrived for a purpose like this, as well as for a place of secure deposit for stolen or contraband goods; the neighborhood about the hut having been generally the residence of the most lawless and desperate characters of the city.

Orrall stopped on arriving at the widest part of the cave, and stooping to the base of the clay wall, drew forth from a narrow aperture near the ground a small iron-bound chest. This he unlocked with a key which he drew from his pocket, and raising its lid, brought the feeble rays of the candle to bear upon its contents, causing an instantaneous flash of reflected light that for a moment appeared to illuminate the whole cavern.

The chest was nearly full of gold coins and jewels—the latter consisting of every variety of costly ornaments. Rich pearl and diamond necklaces, and brooches, magnificent finger-rings, and heavy pendants, miniature cases of

the most elegant workmanship, splendid watches, and even wedges of solid gold, were exposed, glittering in the light of the candle, which the bravo held. Orrall laughed quietly as his eye gloated over the treasure.

"Ay, there ye lie," cried he; "there ye shine as bright as if there was no blood upon you. Ha! ha! Many a blow has been struck before ye were gathered in this box—many a quick stab and sudden plunge into the black ocean. Here," continued the bravo, lifting a pearl necklace from the heap, "here is a pretty thing that I once saw around as fair a neck as that of my bonnie Alice. Poor thing! she pleaded hard for her young life, but we sunk her with another sort of necklace about her throat."

The man's features contracted with a horrible expression as the memory of his crimes smote him for a moment; but he went on:

"This ring," he muttered, holding up a diamond ring, that sparkled like an eye amid the gloom. "It was on a delicate finger once. She refused to give it up, too, the proud lady, saying that it 'twas a love gift, and that she'd never part with it. And sure enough she kept it till we chopped her white finger off, when the breath had left her body."

Mat Orrall replaced the jewel in the chest, and with it the money he had received from Atree.

"Ay, ay," he muttered, "the heap grows bigger—the box will soon be full. Ha! 'twill be a fine fortune for the child—for Alice!"

The bravo's features once more softened into something like gentleness, but the momentary change was quickly succeeded by his dark, sneering smile.

"'Tis for her!" he cried fiercely. "'Tis for the blind girl, who shall never know that her father was a pirate and a murderer. It was for her that I've trod the bloody deck, and nailed my black flag to the mast. 'Twas for her that I've stabbed and throttled men, and been hunted like a wild beast, and outlawed from all good. Ha! ha! good! what does Mat. Orrall care for good? Who'll shed a tear when the buccaneer is run up to the yard-arm?"

The wretch buried his withering face in his hands, and almost sobbed with the terrible earnestness of his thoughts. Then, as if in answer to his last despairing question, he murmured, in an under tone:

"Alice!"

"Yes—yes!" he continued, "she'll remember Mat. Alice will remember the wretch who kissed her in her sleep!"

With these words the unhappy man closed and locked the chest, and deposited it once more in its receptacle. Then retracing his steps, the bravo regained the hut, and replaced the flooring as it had been before.

His candle had burned to its socket, but his swinging lamp still illuminated the apartment, and Mat. Orrall drew back the velvet curtain of the caboose to take a peep at his sleeping child.

She was not sleeping now. She was kneeling upon the couch, her hands clasped together, and her lips moving in prayer. There, in the darkness of her closed curtains, which was not darkness to her, was the child of the pirate and murderer, Matthew Orrall.

He now held his breath, and listened. The fall of a feather might have been heard in that rude hut, while the blind Alice prayed. She prayed that her father might not be angry with the beautiful angels of her dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UP WITH THE SUN.—To rise with the sun implies, in common parlance, very early habits of difficult attainment. "But," says Southey, "we rise with the sun at Christmas; and by continuing to do so till the middle of April, and without any perceptible change, we should find ourselves then rising at five o'clock, at which hour we might continue till September, and then accommodate ourselves again to the change of season, regulating always the time of retiring in the same proportion. They who require eight hours' sleep would, upon such a system, go to bed at nine during four months."

The English Magazines.

MELROSE ABBEY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

PAUSE here awhile! and on these ruins look,
Worn with the footsteps of forgotten years;
Peruse this page in Time's black-lettered book;
Gaze long, and read how he his trophies rears.
See how each shattered shrine and sculptured nook
The deep gray impress of his footmark bears.
Who was it reared this ponderous pile of stone?
Ask Time! he only knows, who now reigns here alone.

View it when sunset through that arch doth stream,
Throwing a solemn splendor on the pile;
When the tall pillars flash back every beam,
And dusky crimson fills the vaulted aisle,
While the bowed roof of darker hue doth seem
As if it frowned upon the mocking smile
That gilds the ruins with a golden gray,
And with its gloomy look would chase the light away.

Gaze on that oriel now, 'tis shorn of all
Its saintly forms and gaudy colorings;
The deep blue tunic, and the purple pall,
The glowing gold that formed the vests of kings,
No longer flash at sunset on the wall;
Gone are the checkered angels' rainbow wings;
The hollow wind alone blows bleakly there,
And the cold moonlight comes through the broad blank to stare.

Altar and crucifix are now o'erthrown,
The wild briar waves where Mary Mother smiled:
And He whose sculptured agony had grown
Grim as the ruins round about him piled,
Rude hands have ages long ago hurled down;
But Time has sanctified what man defiled:
Though gone the Virgin's shrine, and shorn-crown'd brow,
It ne'er more holy seem'd, more meet for prayer than now.

See how the roof from clustering columns sprung,
Like some high forest-walk embowered and lone;
No branch is there in wild disorder flung,
But each arched brow has with its fellow grown,
Looking as if, while they in beauty hung,
Their growth was check'd, and changed at once to stone;

The bundled stems of each low arm bereft,
And their wide-spreading boughs for spanning arches left.

And from the ruined roof with fixed frown
See the Enchanter's gaze who changed the scene,
With stony eyes doom'd to look ever down,
(The corbels locked each springing arch between)
Waiting for Summer's green or Autumn's brown,
The aching gray around once more to screen:
So fancy deemed did think those forms of stone,
Which on the cold floor looked, and heard the wind's low moan.

Drooping between the oriel and the sky,
Like a dark banner the green ivy waves;
Casting a shadow where the dead still lie,
Or moving to and fro athwart their graves
Like silent spectres, ever gliding by,
With noiseless motion when the tempest raves;
Checkering the tombs with many a varied light,
The pale now somber'd o'er, then dusk, or silver-bright.

There was a time when, 'mid these ruins gray,
The pomp of Church and Chivalry were seen;
Amice and armor mingled there to pray;
And Beauty from those galleries did lean
(Watching the entrance of the long array,
The abbot haught, and knight of austere mien,)
Her drooping eyelids glancing down abashed,
As some plumed warrior's gaze from the raised vizor flashed.

But they are gone! the dead that sleep below
Have left no record of their boasted deeds:
That time-worn stone once bore what thou wouldst know,

And, could it speak, would tell how moss and weeds
Did o'er its frail and chiseled glory grow;
But now within nought save the blind-worm feeds:
Where is the heart of Bruce? look round and see;
Perchance that nodding thistle yet may answer thee!

No more their war-cry shakes the battle-field,
Their trumpets wake the armed throng no more;
The cold gray granite is their only shield;
The tide of war has died upon the shore:

They who dealt death, to death themselves did yield:
The worms feed on those iron men of yore.
Look round and weep! here's all that thou canst see
Of pomp, and pride, and power, and gorgeous
chivalry.

And on these mighty landmarks of the past
The heart still rests and scarcely dares to beat;
A silence falls upon us deep and vast:
It seems a land where Life and Death now meet,
And calmly on each other gaze at last;
Looking like friends amid this still retreat;
Still as Eternity with ruins crowned,
Gazing on the mute world that's stretched in silence
round.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

A Fantastic Tale.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY JOHN OXENFORD.

COUNT MANFRED knelt, deeply affected, by the bed of his poor friend—now destined to be his death-bed. Silence and gloom were in the narrow room, which was only dimly lighted by a night-lamp. The moon shone, large and cold, through the one window, illuminating the wretched couch of the invalid. Soon loud groaning alone interrupted the melancholy stillness. Manfred felt a chill shudder in all his limbs, a sensation of horror came over him, and the bed of his slowly expiring friend, and he felt as if he must perforce go out among mankind, hear the breath of a living person instead of this death-rattle, and press a warm hand instead of the cold damp one of the dying man. He softly raised himself from his knees, and crept to the chimney to stir the almost extinct fire, that something bright and cheering might surround him. But the sick man raised himself up, and looked at him with fixed glassy eyes, while his heart rose higher and quicker with a breathless groaning.

The flame crackled and flew upward, casting a harsh gleam through the room. Suddenly a coal flew out with a loud noise and fell into the middle of the apartment upon the wooden floor. At the same time a terribly piercing cry arose from the bed, and Manfred who looked toward it with alarm, saw that the invalid was sitting up, and with eyes widely opened and out-stretched arms, was staring at the spot where the coal was lying. It was a frightful spectacle that of the dying man, who seemed to be struggling with a deep feeling of horror; on whose features death had already imprinted his seal; and whose short night gown was insufficient to conceal the dry and earth gray arms and legs which already assumed a death-like hue. Frightful was the loud rattle that proceeded from the heart of one who could scarcely be called alive or dead, and dull as from the grave sounded the isolated words which he uttered, still gazing upon the coal on the floor.

"Away—away with thee! why wilt thou remain there, specter? Leave me, I say."

Manfred stood overpowered with horror, his trembling feet refused to support him, and he leaned against the wall contemplating the actions of his friend, the sight of whom created the deepest terror. The voice of the invalid became louder and more shrill:

"Away with thee, I say! why dost thou cleave so fast to my heart? I say, leave me."

Then striking out with his arms he sprung out of the bed with unnatural force, and darting to the spot where the coal was lying, stooped down, grasped it in his hand, and flung it back upon the hearth. He then burst into a loud, wild laugh, which made poor Manfred's heart quail within him, and returned back to the bed.

But the coal had burned its very dross into the floor, and had left a black mark.

The room was again quiet. Manfred now breathed freely, and calmly crept to the couch of his friend, whose quiet regular breathing and closed eyes showed that he had fallen into a reposing sleep. Thus passed one hour, the slow progress of which Manfred observed on his friend's large watch, which lay upon the bed, and the regular ticking of which was the only interruption of the stillness of the night, except the still, quiet breathing of his friend.

The steeple clock in the vicinity announced by its striking that another hour had passed.

Manfred counted the strokes—it was twelve o'clock—midnight. He involuntarily shuddered, the thoughts of the legends and tales of his childhood darted through him like lightning, and he owned to himself that he had always felt a mysterious terror at the midnight hour. At the same moment his friend opened his eyes, and softly pronounced his name.

Manfred bent down to him. "Here I am, Karl."

"I thank you," said the sick man, in a faint voice, "for remaining by me thus faithfully. I am dying, Manfred."

"Do not speak so," replied the other, affectionately grasping the hand of his friend.

"I cease to see you," said Karl, more and more faintly and slowly; "dark clouds are before my eyes."

Suddenly he raised himself, took the watch which was lying by him, and placed it in Manfred's hands.

"I thank you," he said, "for all the love you have shown me; for all your kindness and consolation. Take this watch it is the only thing which now belongs to me. Wear it in remembrance of me. If it is permitted me, by this watch I will give you warning when I am near. Farewell."

He sunk back—his breath stopped—he was no more.

Manfred bent over him, called his name, laid his hand on the forehead, which was covered with perspiration; he felt it grow colder and colder. Tears of the deepest sympathy filled his eyes, and dropped upon the pale face of the dead man.

"Sleep softly," whispered Manfred, "and may the grave afford you that repose which you sought in vain upon earth!"

Once more he pressed to his bosom the hand of his deceased friend, wrapped himself in his cloak, put up the watch which Karl had bequeathed him, and retired to his residence.

The sun was already high when he awoke from an uneasy sleep. With feelings of pain he thought of the past night, and of his departed friend. In remembrance of him he drew out the watch, which pointed to the half hour, and held it to his ear. It had stopped; he tried to wind it up, but all in vain—it had not run down.

"Is it possible," murmured Manfred to himself, "that there was really some spiritual connexion between the deceased and this his favorite watch, which he constantly carried?"

He sank down upon a chair, and strange thoughts and forebodings passed through his excited mind.

"What is time?" he asked himself; "what is an hour? A machine artificially produced by human hands determines it, regulates it, and gives to life its significance, and to the mind its warnings. The awe which accompanies the midnight hour does not affect us if the hand of our watch goes wrong. The clock is the despot of man; regulating the actions both of kings and beggars. Nay, it is the ruler of time, which has subjected itself to its authority. The clock determines the very thoughts as well as the actions of man; is the propelling wheel of the human species. The maiden who reposes delighted in the arms of her lover, trembles when the ruthless clock strikes the hour which tears him from her. Her grief, her entreaties are all in vain. He must away, for the clock has ordered it. The murderer trembles in the full enjoyment of his fortune, for his eye falls on the hands of the clock, and they denote the hour when the already broken eye of the man he murdered looked upon him for the last time. In vain he endeavors to smile; it is beyond his power; for the clock has spoken, and his conscience awakes when he thinks of the horror of that hour. Shuddering with the feverish chill of mental anguish, the condemned culprit looks upon the clock, the hand of which slowly moving, brings nearer and nearer the hour of his death. It is not the rising and setting of the sun, it is not the light of day that determines the destruction; but the clock. When the hand, with cruel indifference, moves on and touches the figure of the hour which the judge has appointed for his death, the doors of the dungeon open, and he has ceased to live. As long as we live we are

governed by the hour, and death alone frees us from the hour and the clock! Perhaps the whole of eternity, with its bliss, is nothing but an hourless, clockless existence; eternal, because without measure; blissful because not bound to a measured time."

Manfred had once more entered the desolate residence of his deceased friend, and stood mourning by the corpse, the face of which bore, in its stiffened features, the peace which Karl had never known in life.

He thought of the life of the deceased—how poor it was in joy, and how, during the four years he had known him he had never seen him smile. Tears came into his eyes, and he turned away from the corpse. Then his glance fell upon the black spot in the floor. The whole frightful scene of the preceding day revived in his soul, and the thought suddenly struck him, whether there might not be some strange connection between that particular spot and the strange excitement of mind. Fearful suspicions crossed his mind; he thought how often conscience had unmasked the criminal, in the hour of death; he remembered the frequent mysterious gloom of his friend; he remembered the wife with whom he had long lived unhappily, from whom he had been separated, and after whose residence Manfred had often inquired. On this subject Karl had always preserved silence, and often broke out into an unusual warmth. He reflected with what obstinacy Karl had remained in this room, although Manfred often and earnestly entreated him, as a friend and near relative, to go into his house. Nay, he now recollected quite clearly, that in the newspaper in which, years before he had read the arrival of Count Karl Manfred, it was stated that he had arrived with his wife. A few weeks after he had read of the arrival of his relative, Manfred had gone to him, and found him alone; and when Karl had told him of his separation from his wife, had inquired no farther.

All this now passed before his mind. He looked timidly back at the corpse, and it seemed to him as if it were scornfully nodding at him in confirmation of his thoughts.

"I must have certainty," he cried aloud, and stooped down to the floor. He now plainly perceived that the middle board, upon which was the burn, was looser than the others, and that the nails, which must have been there firmly, and the marks of which were still plainly to be seen, were wanting. He tried to raise the middle board, which at first resisted, but at last gave way a little. With a piece of wood he knocked the knife deeper into the floor; the nails became more and more unfastened, and he lifted and pulled with all the might of anxiety and curiosity. With a loud crack the board gave way; he raised it, and—sight of horror!—saw that a skeleton lay stretched out beneath. Manfred at first almost fainted; then feeling how necessary were calmness and presence of mind, he collected himself with a strong effort, and looked hard at the skeleton. It held a paper between its teeth, which Manfred with averted face, drew forth. Opening it, he soon recognised the handwriting of Karl. The words were as follows:

"That no innocent person may be exposed to suspicion, I hereby declare that I, Karl Manfred, am the murderer of this woman. This declaration can never injure me, as I am determined never to quit this room before my death. This small, wretched house, is my own property, and as I inhabit it alone, I am secure from discovery. When I am no more the secret will be unveiled, and for the finder of these lines I add, for nearer explanation, a short portion of the history of my life.

"I am the son of a collateral branch of the rich Count Manfred. My father was tolerably rich, and loved me; but he was haughty even to excess, and quite capable of sacrificing the happiness of his child to the pride he took in his ancestors. One day I went to the shop of a clock-maker to buy a watch. The clockmaker's daughter stood at the counter in the place of her father; her beauty excited my admiration, her innocent air attracted me; I talked with her for a long time, and at last bought a valuable watch set with brilliants. I then departed, but returned in a few days, and again, and again; in

short, we were enamored of each other. I told my father that I had resolved to marry the clock-maker's daughter; he cursed me and disinherited me. But I persuaded my beloved to fly with me, and one night she robbed her father of his money and jewels, and effected her escape. We went far enough to remain undiscovered, and sold our brilliants, which, with the money we had taken, was sufficient to afford a considerable, nay, rather abundant fortune. As for the clock, which had been the cause of my acquaintance with my beloved Ulrica, I kept that constantly by me.

"Ulrica told me that her father had made it with his own hands. One day it stopped; I tried to wind it up, but all in vain, for it would not go. I laid it aside peevishly, and when, after some hours, I again took it in hand, it went. With a feeling of foreboding, inexplicable even to myself, I observed the hour, and some days afterwards read in the paper the announcement that Ulrica's father had died a beggar. We, however, continued happy in our mutual love. Years had passed away, when, one evening, I received an invitation from one of my friends. I was on the point of going, when Ulrica asked me when I should return. I named a time; "Leave me your watch then," said she, "that I may know exactly the hour at which I am to expect you, and delight myself with the prospect of your return." I gave her the watch, and departed. When the appointed hour had arrived, I hastened back to my dwelling, entered Ulrica's chamber, and—found her in the arms of one of my friends. She screamed with fright, while I stood petrified, and consequently unable to prevent the flight of the seducer. We remained opposite to each other, perfectly silent. "You must be more cautious," I said at last, and tried to smile; "you could have told by your watch when I was coming back, and when it was time to dismiss your other lover." At these words, I took the watch, and pointed at it scornfully. "It has stopped," said Ulrica, turning away. The watch had indeed stopped, and had thus deceived the deceiver, and caused the discovery of her crime. With unspeakable horror, I looked upon the watch, which I still held, when the hands slowly moved, and the watch was going. I swore to be revenged on the faithless woman, but preserved a bland exterior, and, with her, quitted the city. When, after a long journey, we arrived here, I inquired, whether it would be possible to purchase a small house, in which my wife and I might dwell alone, I soon found one, paid almost the entire remains of my ready money, and entered it with Ulrica. At night, when she was asleep, I tied a handkerchief about her mouth, that her cries might not alarm the neighborhood, and called her by her name. She awoke, and when she saw my ferocious countenance, stooping over her, knew my intention at once. She lay motionless, and I whispered into her ear: "I have awakened you, because I would not murder you in your sleep, and because I felt compelled to tell you why I kill you: it is because you have betrayed me." It is enough to say that I slew her. I had already turned the board from the floor, and now placed her in the cavity. I then took out the watch, as if, having betrayed the false one, it had a right to see how I revenged my wrong. It stood still, the unmoved hand pointing to the half-hour after midnight—the time when I murdered Ulrica. I laughed aloud, and sat down to write these lines: To-morrow morning I shall lock up my house, and travel for a time. When I return, the body will have decayed."

Manfred had read the manuscript, shuddering, and having finished it, looked again on the corpse of his friend. It had changed frightfully. The features, which before had been so calm and so clearly marked, now bore an aspect of despair, and were distorted by convulsions. At this moment the mysterious watch, which Count Manfred had put into his breast pocket, began its regular sound, but so very loudly, that Manfred heard plainly, without taking it out, that the watch was going.

An irresistible feeling of horror came over poor Manfred. He darted out of the room, and hurried into his own residence, in which he locked himself for the entire day. He had laid

the watch before him, stared at it, and fearful thoughts crossed his mind. On the following day he was calm, but could not summon resolution to see the corpse again. He caused it to be quietly buried. The house he had already bought of poor Karl for the sake of contributing something towards his support.

Some nights after the burial, the stillness of night was broken by an alarm of fire, and at the very house in which Count Karl had lived. At first, as the house was uninhabited, the opinion prevailed that it had been purposely set on fire, but, as it had not been insured, this opinion gained no credence. Count Manfred set out on his travels, that with the various scenes of a wanderer's life he might get rid of the gloomy mind that troubled him. The watch he took with him. He fancied that some great misfortune would befall him, if he did not attend to it; he considered it as a sort of demon, always wore it, and regularly wound it up. For years it went well. Count Manfred had recovered his former cheerfulness, and indeed was happier than ever, for he loved and was beloved in return. Dreaming of a happy future, he arose from his bed on the day appointed for his wedding. "I have slept long, perhaps too long" he said to himself. He caught up his watch to see how late it was, but—the watch had stopped. A loud cry of anguish arose from his heart. He hurried on his clothes, and hastened to his bride. She was well and cheerful, and Manfred laughed at himself for his foolish superstition. However, when the wedding was over, he could not refrain from looking at his watch once more. It was going. After some weeks, Count Manfred discovered that the ill-omened watch had spoken truly after all. He had been deceived in his wife, and found that she would bring nothing but unhappiness. A melancholy gloom took possession of the poor Count. For whole days he would stare at the watch, and grinning spectres seemed to rise from the dial-plate and to dance round him in derision. In the morning, when he arose from his bed, he looked trembling at his watch, always expecting that it would stop, and thus indicate some new calamity. He felt revived, and breathed again, when the hands moved on, but yet, from hour to hour, he would cast anxious glances at the watch. His wife bore him a son, and the feeling of parental joy seemed to dissipate his gloom. In an unusually cheerful mood he was seen to play with his child, sitting for half the day at the cradle, and by his own smile teaching the little one to smile also. The very watch, which had been the torment of his soul, must now serve to amuse the child, who laughed when it was held to his ear, and he could hear the soft ticking. One day, however, as Manfred approached the cradle, he found the child uncommonly pale. His heart trembled with anxiety, and following a momentary impulse, he drew out the watch, which stood still. With a fearful cry, Manfred flung it from him, so that it sounded on the ground, and scarcely in a state of consciousness, buried his face in his hands. The child fell into convulsions, and died in a few hours. Manfred was, at first, beside himself with grief; then he became still, and walked calm and uncomplaining around the room in which the corpse lay. Having struck his fist against something, he looked down, and saw that it was his watch, which was still on the floor. He picked it up and held it to his ear;—it was going! Manfred laughed aloud, till he made the silent room echo frightfully with the sound. "Good! good!" he cried, with an insane look. "You will not leave me, devil! stop with me, then!" From this time, it was his serious conviction that the spirit of Karl the murderer, whom he had called his friend, had found no rest in the grave, but had been placed in the watch, that it might hover round him as a messenger of evil. He ceased to think of, feel, hear anything but his watch; he wound it up, trembling, every evening; he held it in his hand throughout the night, and kept awake, gazing upon it. Some months afterwards his wife bore him a daughter, and died in childbirth. The news made no further impression upon Manfred than that he looked at his watch, and whispered, "It has not stopped."

When his new-born daughter was brought to

him, he looked at her with indifference, and glancing at the watch said, "It will stop soon!"

His bodily strength soon gave way under this ceaseless anguish of mind. He fell into a violent fever, and, in a few weeks, was buried by the side of his son.

Ethnographical Sketches.

MONTENEGRO WOMEN.

THOUGH able, the men are seldom inclined to carry any thing, or take any trouble they can transfer to the women, who are the beasts of burden in Montenegro; and I have seen women toiling up the steepest hills under loads which men seldom carry in other countries. They are, therefore, very muscular and strong, and the beauty they frequently possess is soon lost by the hard and coarse complexions they acquire, their youth being generally exhausted by laborious and unfeminine occupations. The sheaves of Indian corn, the bundles of wood, and every thing required for the house or the granary, are carried by women; and the men are supposed to be too much interested about the nobler pursuits of war or *pillage* to have time to attend to meaner labors. As soon as the tillage of the land is performed, they think that they have done all the duties incumbent upon men; the inferior drudgery is the province of the women, and the Montenegrin toils only when his inclination demands the effort. The men, therefore (as is often the case in that state of society), whenever active and exciting pursuits are wanting, instead of returning to participate in or lighten the toils necessity has imposed on the women, are contented to smoke the pipe of idleness, or indulge in desultory talk, imagining that they maintain the dignity of their sex by reducing women to the condition of slaves. The Montenegrin woman not only kisses the hand of her husband, as in the East, but also of strangers; and a traveler, as he passes through the country, is surprised to receive this strange token of welcome, at the house where he lodges, and even on the road. It must, however, be remembered, that he is thus honored as the guest, whose visit is sanctioned by the *Vladika*, and his hospitable reception depends on his being accompanied by some attendant from the capital.

A Molacco believes that if he murders any one he will be haunted by his shade, unless he carries about him a piece of the murdered man's dress. The part preferred for this purpose is taken from the sash; and, having once put it on his breast, beneath his clothes, he never goes without it. He has also a belief that the blood of the dead body will boil up, whenever he goes near it; and so strong is this fear, that if obliged to approach it, or when, in order to lull suspicion, he is induced to do so voluntarily, he will never look directly at it; and these two superstitious notions, as may be supposed, have frequently been taken advantage of for the detection of crime. The strong objection of the Morlacchi to take an oath has, in some instances, been construed into a proof of guilt; but this arises from mere prejudice; and the innocent man is quite as averse to it as the most culpable, even through he might thereby established his innocence, and it is only by degrees that the Austrians can succeed in overcoming this, and other strange scruples. They also believe that, when a man dies, especially one who has led a bad life, he comes out of the tomb, about forty days after his death, and haunts his neighbors, as a *Vukozlak*, or vampire, and sucks the blood of their children. The moment notice is given of his having appeared to any one, application is made to a priest, who proceeds forthwith to the tomb, and having pricked the body with pins or sharp thorns, thus prevents his future wanderings upon earth, and disarranges the domestic economy of the vampire, which consists of a body full of blood. When, as is sometimes the case, in these more enlightened days, a priest cannot be induced to perform the ceremony, the people do it themselves, and those who have the misfortune of living in bad company frequently take the precaution to pick the bodies of their

friends, at the time of the burial, to prevent accidents.

The Vistize (witches) are married women who have led a bad life, and who have made a compact with the devil. Even while living their spirits leave their bodies, and flying about by night, as sparks of fire, inflict great injuries on those they dislike. They unite together in numbers and hold a consultation beneath some large walnut tree, respecting the calamity they shall bring upon them. If a husband suspects his wife to be one of this community, he waits till she is asleep in bed, and then turns her head where her feet were, so that the spirit, on its return, being unable to re-enter the body, is obliged to request him to place it in its original position. The discovery, however, is far from agreeable, as he lives in constant fear that she will do him some injury; but I could not discover that this notion had the effect of improving the treatment of women by their husbands.

Morra is really a *nightmare*, but is rather more serious in its consequences in Dalmatia than in other countries. It is supposed to be caused by a girl, who, as a spirit, goes to seek the man she loves contrary to his wishes, he being at the time in love with some other person. She, therefore, torments him, and seeks by these means to force him to renounce his favorites, and marry her. In order to ascertain whether she really visits him as a *morra*, or if it is merely a dream, he places a handkerchief before his door, on going to bed, folded in the shape of a cross; and if he finds next morning that it has been unfolded, he feels persuaded she has been to visit him, and that seeing the cross she had abstained from molesting him, being satisfied in disturbing the charm. The consequence is that she comes no more; but still his apprehension is not over; he dreads lest she should become the wife of another man, and then turning *Viestizza*, should do him some great injury (for it is only married women who have the power of assuming the character), and his only chance of safety is to apply to a priest for an amulet to protect him. This consists of a piece of paper with the name of God written within, and a cross on the outside, which being folded up flat and sewed into a piece of cloth, is worn at the back of the neck, much in the same way as charms in the East.

Dreams are of great importance among the Morlacchi, who, when their parents or friends appear to them, apply to a priest to interpret the vision. With great seriousness, he persuaded them that the souls of their friends are in purgatory, and require alms and masses to release them; often extracting large sums by this appeal to their fears and generosity; and Loerich says that many have been impoverished by these tricks of priestly avarice.

The *Macich* is a '*spirito folletto*,' or elf, in the form of a boy, who is always laughing, and appears with a small cap on his head. The superstition is very common in the southern part of the Isle of Brazza. He who sees him is considered very fortunate, as he may order him to do whatever he likes. When commanded to bring him money, the boy generally proposes to go to some neighbor's house, and fetch it immediately; but if the man is honest, and objecting to this proposal, orders him to bring it from some place, in such a manner that no one shall be injured, he offers to go for it into the sea, and on his return, dripping with water, presents the wished for treasure.

The *Vila* (*fata*, or fairy) is the good companion of a man; not like the demon of Socrates, but a handsome girl, who accompanies him every where, assisting him in all his undertakings, and carrying him wherever he wishes. The fortunate man is called *Vilenik*, and is envied by his friends, and feared by his enemies.

RATHER A BAD LOOK OUT.

Young Sister.—"I should so like to go to a party, ma."

Mamma.—"My dear, don't be ridiculous. As I have told you before (I am sure a hundred and fifty times), that until Flora is married, it is utterly impossible for you to go out; so do not allude to the subject again I beg."—Punch.

Pencilings from New Works.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

JAMES I.—James was always boasting of his skill in what he called Kingcraft; and yet it is hardly possible even to imagine a course more directly opposed to all the rules of Kingcraft than that which he followed. The policy of wise rulers has always been to disguise strong acts under popular forms. It was thus that Augustus and Napoleon established absolute monarchies, while the public regarded them merely as eminent citizens, invested with temporary magistracies. The policy of James was the direct reverse to theirs. He enraged and alarmed his parliament by constantly telling them that they held their privileges merely during his pleasure, and that they had no more business to inquire what he might lawfully do than what the Deity might lawfully do. Yet he quailed before them, abandoned minister after minister to their vengeance, and suffered them to tease him into acts directly opposed to his strongest inclinations. Thus the indignation excited by his claims, and the scorn excited by his concessions, went on growing together. By his fondness for worthless minions, and by the sanction which he gave to their tyranny and rapacity, he kept discontent constantly alive. His cowardice, his childishness, his pedantry, his ungainly person and manners, his provincial accent, made him an object of derision. Even in his virtues and accomplishments there was something eminently unkingly. Thus during the whole course of his reign, all the venerable associations by which the throne had long been fenced, were gradually losing their strength. During two hundred years, all the sovereigns who had ruled England, with the single exception of the unfortunate Henry the Sixth, had been strong-minded, high-spirited, courageous, and of princely bearing. Almost all had possessed abilities above the ordinary level. It was no light thing, that on the very eve of the decisive struggle between our kings and their parliaments, royalty should be exhibited to the world, stammering, slobbering, shedding unmanly tears, trembling at a drawn sword, and talking in the style alternately of a buffoon and of a pedagogue.

THE LAST FEMALE POLITICAL VICTIM IN ENGLAND.—Among the persons concerned in the Rye House Plot was a man named James Burton. By his own confession he had been present when the design of assassination was discussed by his accomplices. When the conspiracy was detected a reward was offered for his apprehension. He was saved from death by an ancient matron, of the Anabaptist persuasion, named Elizabeth Gaunt. This woman, with the peculiar manners and phraseology which then distinguished her sect, had a large charity. Her life was passed in relieving the unhappy of all religious denominations, and she was well known as a common visitor of the jails. Her political and theological opinions, as well as her compassionate disposition, led her to do every thing in her power for Burton. She procured a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he got on board a ship bound for Amsterdam. At the moment of parting she put into his hand a sum of money which, for her means, was very large. Burton, after living some time in exile, returned to England with Monmouth; fought at Sedgemoor, fled to London, and took refuge in the house of John Fernley, a barber in Whitechapel. Fernley was very poor; he was besieged by creditors; he knew that a reward of 100*l.* was offered for the apprehension of Burton; but the honest man was incapable of betraying one who, in extreme peril, had come under the shadow of his roof. Unhappily, it was soon noised abroad that the anger of James was more excited against those who harbored rebels than against rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that, of all forms of treason, the hiding of a traitor from his vengeance was the most unpardonable. Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the government; and he gave information against Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt. They were

brought to trial. The villain whose life they had preserved had the heart and the forehead to appear as the principal witness against them. They were convicted—Fernley was sentenced to the gallows, Elizabeth Gaunt to the stake. Even after all the horrors of that year, many thought it impossible that these judgments could be carried into execution. But the king was without pity. Fernley was hanged; Elizabeth Gaunt was burned alive at Tyburn on the same day on which Cornish suffered death at Cheapside. She left a paper, written indeed in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror.

"My fault," she said, "was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it!"

She complained of the insolence of the judges, of the ferocity of the jailer, and the tyranny of him, the great one of all, to whose pleasure she and so many other victims had fallen a sacrifice. In as far as they had injured herself she forgave them; but in that they were implacable enemies of that good cause, which would yet revive and flourish, she left them to the judgment of the King of kings. To the last she preserved a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox. William Penn, for whom exhibitions which humane men generally avoid seem to have had a strong attraction, hastened from Cheapside, where he had seen Cornish hanged, to Tyburn, in order to see Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterwards related that, when she calmly disposed the straw around her in such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, the bystanders burst into tears. It was much noticed that, while the foulest judicial murder which had disgraced even those times was perpetrated, a tempest burst forth, such as had not been known since the great hurricane which had raged round the death-bed of Oliver. The oppressed Puritans reckoned up, not without a gloomy satisfaction, the houses which had been blown down and the ships which had been cast away, and derived some consolation from thinking that Heaven was bearing awful testimony against the iniquity which afflicted the earth. Since that terrible day no woman has suffered death in England for any political offense.

A MAIDEN'S DEFENSE.—The following is from "Pepy's Diary," just brought out by Lord Braybrooke: "18th August, 1667.—Walked towards Whitehall, just being wearied turned into St. Dunstan's church, where I heard an able sermon by the minister of the place, and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labor to take by the hand; but she would not, and got further and further from me; and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again; which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew." So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also.

BUILDING HOUSES FOR BURNING.—On examining into the causes of the rapidity of the spread of flames in London houses when on fire, it will almost invariably be found that, whatever may have occasioned the fire to break out, the rapidity of its progress has been in proportion to the greater or less extent of the lath and plaster partitions, the hollow wooden floors, and the wooden staircases. Were the occupiers of houses sufficiently aware of the danger from lath and plaster partitions, especially when they enclose staircases, they would never occupy such houses; or, if they did, they would not give such rents for them as they would for houses with brick nogging partitions. And again and again we protest against the absurdity of constructing buildings as if for the express purpose of readily burning; and urge, on the other hand, the importance of adopting every precaution to render them fire-proof, and the sin against society which the neglect of this precaution involves.—[Builder,

Ladies' Department.

A TOAST.

BY T. HOOD.

COME! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,
A cold pulse, or a spirit supine;
All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips,
To commingle its flow with the wine!

Bring a cup, of the purest and solidest ware,
But a little antique in its shape;
And the juice it shall be the most racy and rare,
All the bloom with the age of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,
At once young, and mature, and in prime—
Like the tree of the orange, that bears on its bough
The bud, blossom and fruit at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honors be paid,
While I give with my hand, heart, and head—
Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind
maid,
Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!

ADELA.

FROM reason and observation, we are led to infer that every creature has its share of joy, and is no less certain than his fellows of undergoing his allotted portion of sorrow. Such at least is the universal opinion; and it cannot be denied that, in the hours of the most placid ease of ecstatic enjoyments, we are not unfrequently awakened from our dream of happiness to the recollection of misfortunes which belong to human nature; and I believe that the cloud which then overshadows our spirit derives as much of its darkness from our sympathy with the woes of others, as from that mere selfish feeling which would lead us to exclusive regard to our own destiny in the checkered mazes of life. I believe I may say that those who have themselves felt the miseries known to others by mere description, are softened by misfortune, and that they are rendered more compassionate by the sense of suffering which they have themselves endured. To use the metaphor of an eastern poet, "The sandal tree sheds its perfume on the axe that wounds it." To these I dedicate my tale.

In one of those beautiful towns that dot the southern coast of our island, I made some stay in the course of a tour through the western counties of England. It was here that I saw the heroine of my story, at one of the annual balls which attract the fair denizens of the neighborhood.

Adela Mowbray was in her eighteenth year; her stature was that of middle height, which exquisite art has chosen for its beau ideal of feminine beauty; her dark blue eyes were fringed with long and silken eye-lashes; her glossy hair, which vied in blackness with the plumage of the raven, fell in thick clustered ringlets upon her shoulders; the polished forehead, the Grecian mouth, bordered as it was with lips of the purest vermilion, added to the exquisite symmetry which was displayed in the formation of her limbs, it was not without difficulty that the eyes were withdrawn from their gazing. But as she was the most lovely of the many beautiful forms which graced that assembly, so also it was easy to perceive that she was the least happy. Her manner was not without cheerfulness, but it appeared to be the result of a painful effort, and the hectic spot that flushed her pale cheek seemed to tell that an inward melancholy had taken possession of her heart, and that as the soul was crushed by the weight of sorrow, so the body was soon to follow in the race of destruction. Her appearance, in good sooth, did not belie her situation—for Death had already laid his icy hand upon her. There was something so uncommon and interesting in the pensive gaiety (if I may use such an expression) of this angelic creature, that I made such inquiries concerning her as were in my power; and one of those good-natured, gossiping old ladies, to whom the affairs of every one else are more important than their own, furnished me with the outlines of her history.

Sir Robert Mowbray was the last male repre-

sentative of a long line of noble ancestors; and the immense estates, which by inheritance and bequest, had centered in him, were the magnificent appanage of this, his only daughter. He was the proudest scion of a proud stock; and although his haughtiness was never shown in overbearing conduct to his inferiors, it was not the less deeply seated in his bosom. The rector of one of the parishes belonging to Sir Robert, and in which he usually resided, was his most intimate, perhaps his only intimate friend. The connection had begun during their residence at college, and these ties, as they had not been broken by years of separation, were therefore drawn more closely together; and the similarity of their circumstances, each of them having been early deprived of the beloved partners of their fortunes, added not a little to the strength of their friendship.

Mr. Clifford (such was his name) had a son and daughter of the same age as Adela, in whose society she passed the greater part of her time. They were brought up together, and received their instructions from the same masters; in fact, they were hardly ever separated. This intimacy between the young ladies was the means of bringing William Clifford very frequently into the presence of Adela. As he was by no means destitute of personal advantages, and a good share of intellect, which he well knew how to render available in conversation, it is not surprising that his fascinating manners would have made a deep impression on the mind of his young friend; and the attentions which he paid her were the more calculated to rivet her attachment. The retired habits of her father prevented her from meeting with the same assiduous respect from others which pervaded the conduct of her admirer; and the friendship in which this intimacy had commenced was shortly superceded by the most dangerous bonds of love. He, too, with the unthinking rashness of youth, had yielded to the impulse of passion; and forgetting the distance which fortune had set between him and the adored of his heart, thought only of how he might draw her affections more closely around him, and perhaps indulging a species of selfishness the most excusable, if that vice ever admits of apology, regarded only his present enjoyment, and the possible fulfilment of his aspiring hopes, to the neglect of her future happiness and his own peace of mind. The presence of his sister, though it was a cover for their frequent meetings, was yet a restraint upon their conduct, and might have prevented the evils which I have to relate. But Death, who with an unsparing hand crops the spring-blossom as well as the ripe fruit, summoned her to an early tomb; and the affection of Adela, which before had been divided between the brother and the sister, were now centered in one object. Their meetings were not now less frequent than formerly, but they were not so public. They were forced to snatch those hours by stealth in which they communed together; and the secrecy which they were obliged to observe, the danger and mystery of these meetings, and their necessarily lonely character, were not calculated to wean their young hearts from this ill-advised connection. Notwithstanding their caution they were unable to elude discovery; and the surprise and shock which it occasioned their parents was not a little increased by its being totally unexpected. The friendship which Sir Robert felt for Clifford was not extended with so lavish a hand to his children; and, if he had been the tenderest and most amiable of fathers, could not have been otherwise than displeased at so untoward an alliance.

The very moderate prospects of the young Clifford were not such as entitled him to think for a moment of uniting himself to the heiress of the Mowbrays; and if he had ever, in his cooler moments, entertained such a hope, it must have had, even to his sanguine temperament, only the appearance of a fading vision, a dream so indistinct and undefined, that the mind of man could not look forward to its accomplishment without incurring a suspicion of insanity.

I have said that the most affectionate and forgiving of parents would not have felt flattered by this discovery. Judge then of the effect which it produced on the mind of the haughty Mow-

bray. He insisted on the immediate removal of young Clifford; nor could his father make any reasonable objection to this requisition of parental jealousy.

He was destined for the law, and previously to his entering upon the actual study of that arduous profession, it was thought fit that he should graduate at one of the universities. He was forthwith sent to Cambridge, and amid the mathematical sons of Granta he soon forgot the sorrows of separation; at least the pangs that he first suffered were deadened by the dissipation of his gayer hours, or by the close reasoning which was necessary for his more serious occupations.

Not so with the fair object of his vows and protestations. Man has many ways in employing his mind; many paths in which he may tread, free from the seductive blandishments of love. Ambition, interest, and glory, are to him such powerful incentives, that the softer passions are merged and drowned in the more lofty sensations excited by the former. But woman, excluded as she is from all these views of honor and advancement, is taught by nature to cherish the more amiable feelings of humanity; her heart is more open to the tender impressions of love, and is so much more capable of restraining them, that they are scarcely ever effaced from the tablet on which they have been once imprinted. He who receives her virgin affections, has them, and holds them even in the grave. It is but too true that she loves once and for ever. Adela had too intensely and too entirely loved to forget the object on which she had bestowed her heart. She made no attempt to soften the dictum of her father, for she knew him to be unrelenting as he was proud. "Concealment preyed on her damask cheek," and she was fast sinking into the grave, a victim of unguarded passion.

It was some month after the *eclaircissement* I have mentioned, that I saw her, and I was told that this was the first time that she had been in public since her parting with her lover. Nay, that she was here only in the faint hope of catching one glance of him for whom she had abandoned all her prospects of grandeur, and was soon to give a more melancholy proof of the constancy of her attachment. He was not there, and she returned home sad and sick at heart, borne down by the weight of former grief and present disappointment. The remainder of the story I learned on my return to the university, from a common friend of Clifford and myself.

Shortly after I had seen her she fell into a rapid decline, and the physicians that were called in by the miserable parent could give but faint hopes of her recovery. Diseases of the mind are beyond the most subtle remedies, and the skill of the acutest physician cannot administer consolation to a broken spirit. They could but recommend the removal of the cause of her malady, and even then the chance of her amendment was but trifling. A drowning man will catch at a straw for support, so strong is the principle of hope within us, and the distracted father immediately sent an express to Clifford to summon him to her presence. But his consent to Adela's union had not been wrung from him till it was too late to preserve her. She lived, however, till Clifford arrived in breathless haste at her father's bidding. Nor had she lost all consciousness, for as he approached the couch on which her extended form was laid, her eye seemed to recover its wonted brightness, and her thin lips moved as if in thanksgiving for the bliss that was permitted her in her parting moments. As the warm tears fell on her cheek from the eyes of her disconsolate lover, she heaved a faint sigh. He clasped her frantically to his bosom, but her pure spirit had flitted from its earthly tenement, and he embraced but the corpse of his once beautiful Adela.

He that you mark for your friend, let him be a virtuous person; for an ill man can neither long love, or be long beloved. Thus the friendships of wicked men are rather to be called conspiracies than friendships.

Ages of activity are hardly sufficient to create an empire; one day of slumber can destroy it.

BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine;
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine;
Nor yet like rose-buds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below:
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace, that dwells in *her*,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change *her* sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
Far better far than beauty
Is one kind heart to me.

BEAUTY.

THE COUNTENANCE.

To preserve to the complexion that freshness and brilliancy of appearance which is so necessary to beauty, and to remove from the skin those incidental evils to which it is exposed by a variety of circumstances, is an object of considerable importance, and requiring great care. All applications of cosmetics, and other preparations containing mineral substances, should, (unless in extreme cases, when they must be applied under the management and direction of skilful medical advice) be carefully avoided. Any transient advantage they may possess is more than counterbalanced by the inevitable ruin they never fail, sooner or later, to produce.

The recipes given in this chapter are of at least a harmless, and in most instances they will be found of a beneficial character, having been recommended by eminent medical authorities.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Freckles are occasioned by exposure to heat, and give to the complexion a very disagreeable appearance; they are removed by the following applications, the surface of the skin having been previously softened by a little mild balsam or emollient paste.

FRECKLE PASTE.—One ounce of bitter almonds, one ounce of barley flour. Mix with a sufficient quantity of honey to make the whole into a smooth paste, with which the face, particularly where freckles appear, is to be anointed at night, and the paste washed off in the morning.

FRECKLE WASH.—Take one drachm of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain water, half a teaspoonful of spirit of lavender. Mix them well together, and apply two or three times a day to the freckles with a camel's hair brush.

PURIFYING WASH FOR THE SKIN.—Take one teaspoonful of liquor of potash, two ounces and a half of pure water, and a few drops of eau-de-cologne. Mix and apply as above.

If these means do not prove effectual, it is plain that the blood or bile is in a state of disorder, and recourse must be had to internal and more active remedies.

SUNBURN.

Sunburn and freckles are of the same nature, and generally originate in the same causes. If sunburn arises solely from external heat the following remedies will, in most cases, prove effectual.

LEMON CREAM FOR SUNBURN AND FRECKLES.—Put two spoonfuls of fresh cream into half a pint of new milk; squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, and half a pint of brandy, a little alum, and loaf sugar; boil the whole, skim well, and when cool, it is fit for use.

GRAPE LOTION FOR SUNBURN.—Dip a bunch of green grapes in a basin of water; sprinkle it with powdered alum and salt mixed together; wrap it in paper, and bake it under hot ashes;

then express the remaining juice, and wash the face with the liquor.

PREVENTIVE WASH FOR SUNBURN.—Take two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar candy, a pound of ox gall; mix and stir well together, and repeat the stirring three or four times a day, until the mixture becomes transparent. Then strain it through filtering paper, and it is fit for use.

PIMPLES.

Pimples appear frequently on the face, especially on the sides of the nose; when full, they must be pierced with a needle, and the matter entirely pressed out. This done, the following preparation usually prevents their return:

Take one ounce of bitter almonds, one ounce of barley flour, mix them with honey, until they form a smooth paste, and anoint the skin at night.

A little friction with the hand, covered with a soft glove, is often found to be of essential service. Small red pimples are of frequent recurrence, and very troublesome, but it is dangerous to remove them by repellant applications; they are produced by various causes, such as surfeit, drinking cold milk, or water, when in a state of unnatural heat, or eating cold vegetables. When they arise from these causes they become fixed, and continue occasionally to make their appearance to old age. They are almost the certain results of gluttony and intemperance, and are sometimes produced by hot rooms or violent exercise. Dr. Darwin mentions a lady who became afflicted with them from drinking vinegar. Persons so afflicted should by all means avoid the exciting cause, whatever it may be.

THE FIRST WIFE OF MILTON.

"Such virtues must prevail, and day by day
Perfect their power; for, though of gentlest kind,
Yet urg'd perpetual, such the sternest heart
Must gradual soften, and at length subdue.
Hast thou not seen the fountain's falling drops
Scoop, in long time, the most obdurate stone?"

MASON GOOD'S *Lucretius*.

MILTON had not lived long with his first wife before a difference arose, which ended in a separation; the lady returned to the house of her father, and Milton published his work on the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorces," with the intention, it is said, of marrying another wife. In this, however, he was prevented, by a singular reconciliation with the lady from whom he had separated. One day, when he was visiting a friend, his wife, who had been planted in the adjoining room, burst suddenly upon him; and he was surprised to find one whom he thought never to have seen again, making submission, and begging pardon on her knees before him. His own generous nature, and the intercession of friends, soon effected a reconciliation; and they lived happily together for the remainder of her life.

It is said that this interview left such an imagination, as contributed very materially to his writing that beautifully pathetic scene in "Paradise Lost," in which Eve addresses Adam for pardon and peace. The passage will indeed be seen to be strikingly applicable:

"He added not, and from her turned; but Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that cens'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them, besought
His peace; and thus proceeded in her plaint:
'Forsake me not thus, Adam; witness Heaven
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart,
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knee; bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me—where subsist?
While yet we live (scarce one short hour, perhaps),
Between us two let there be peace!'"

The selfish man may accumulate the most property, but the benevolent man is most happy; the former may roll over beds of golden sands, and be the most miserable of God's creatures, while the latter has a peace and joy within which he would not exchange for all the world.

Choice Miscellany.

SCHOOLS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE schools, the schools of other days!

These were the schools for me;
When, in a frock and trousers dress'd,
I learn'd my A B C;
When, with my dinner in my hat,
I trudged away to school;
Nor dared to stop, as boys do now,
For school-ma'ams had a rule.
With locks well-comb'd, and face so clean,
(Boys wash'd their faces then,)
And a "stick-horse" to ride upon,
(What happy little men!)
And if a traveler we met,
We threw no sticks or stones,
To fright the horses as they pass'd,
Or break good people's bones;
But, with our hats beneath our arms,
We bent our heads full low;
For ne'er the school-ma'am fail'd to ask,
"Boys, did you make a bow?"

PARISIAN CLEANLINESS.

In Paris, every species of refuse is husbanded in the most careful manner. No refuse is allowed to be thrown into the streets after a very early hour in the morning, nor until after 10 o'clock at night. The refuse consists of what may be called the house dirt, and is laid in heaps in front of the houses near the gutters. A very numerous class of people, called chiffonniers, consisting of as many women as men, with deep baskets on their backs, and a small stick with a hook at the end, carefully turn over every one of these heaps, selecting from them every article of bone, leather, iron, paper, and glass, which are thrown at once into their baskets, and being carried to their places of general deposit, are there again examined and assorted, and appropriated to any specific application for which they may be suited. These persons appear like a most degraded class; they inhabit particular quarters of the city, and the interior of their habitations is such as might be expected from their occupation. The profession descends in families from father to son, and from mother to daughter. They are a most industrious race of people; and many of them may be seen, even at midnight, with their lanterns, taking advantage of the first pickings, and anticipating the labors of the coming morning, and with the earliest dawn they are sure to be found at their tasks. No article of food escapes them, and they call the street their mother, because she often thus literally gives them bread. Though their occupation is necessarily dirty, yet they are almost always comfortably clad, and are never ragged. They never beg, and disdain to be considered objects of charity. They are licensed by the city authorities for which some trifling sum is paid, and for which they must be recommended for their sobriety and good conduct. They have their particular district assigned them, and are very careful to prevent all foreign intrusion.

The chiffonniers have done their work, next come the sweepers and collectors of dirt. Every inhabitant of Paris is required, under a penalty, to have the sidewalk in front of his place of business or residence carefully swept every morning. The sweepers of the streets of Paris are almost uniformly women, who with long twig or birch brooms, sweep the streets thoroughly, and all the accumulations are taken in carts to be transported to the great places of deposit. The women assist as much in loading the carts as the men. These women appear to work extremely hard, carrying always a long broom in their hands, and a shovel fastened to their backs, to be used as occasion may require. The gutters in Paris are washed out every morning, by fountains which are placed in every street, and what these sweepers are not able to collect for the carts they are careful to sweep into the drains leading into the common sewers. I have looked at these people and the chiffonniers with great interest; and, filthy and disgusting as their occupation necessarily is, I have always felt in my heart a sincere respect for persons who, poor as they are, would be ashamed to beg; and who by the

severest and most useful labor, are proud to obtain for them selves and their families, though a very humble, an honest living. All this refuse is transported to places appropriated for its deposit, where it remains until it is decomposed, and is then sold to the farmers for manure. —[Coleman's European Agriculture.

SAMUEL BAMFORD'S MARRIAGE.

THE banns had been duly published, the day agreed upon, and all was ready. So I made an appointment with my friend Booth to rise early on Sunday morning, and take a good swim in the river before I went to meet my bride and her friends. Booth and I were up betimes, and as speedily in the water at Sandy well, luxuriating in the cool element most gleefully, when what should start us from our enjoyment but the sound of the old church bell ringing seven o'clock, within a quarter of an hour of the very time at which we should have met Mima and her company at Harpurhey? We had been mistaken in the time an hour. So we put on our clothes, and hastened towards the place appointed; but before we arrived there we espied the party coming on the road, and meeting them, we all came to Manchester, in a very good humor, as wedding folks ought to be. After breakfasting at my sister's in Greengate, where I lodged, we proceeded to the old church, and lo! when the ring was produced, the bride's finger was so swollen with walking, that the ring could not be passed over the joint. The minister, who was the Reverend Joshua Brooks, seeing that the ring was not placed according to custom, began, as he read the service, to thumb it with his nail, in order to force it over. I was afraid he would hurt the dear little woman, and was about to remonstrate, when he suddenly quitted us, and hastening to one side of the communion rails, he gave a boy who stood leaning upon them a smart box on the ear, and then, without saying a word, he returned to us. Meantime, in order to prevent his further annoyance, I had taken hold of the whole of the finger, and held it, with the ring on, in my hand. But he now attempted to thrust my hand away, and tried to commence forcing the ring up again.

"Let the ring go over," he said.

"It can't go further," I replied, "her finger is swelled."

"It can go further, and it shall go further," said the irritable little being.

"It shan't go further," said I quickly, almost as irritable.

"Oh, very well," then observed he, "stand down; you are not man and wife until I have bestowed the benediction."

"Benediction, indeed!" thought I; "a blessed benediction it must be that has to pass those lips."

However, we stood back, and as he had finished the ceremony for us, except the benediction, he went through the same form with four or five other couples, after which the clerk ordered us all to kneel down; we, of course, kneeled with the others, and the benediction have been bestowed indiscriminately, we rose from our knees, and I suppose each bridegroom did as I did, for there was a sound of kisses in the place.

"How stupid you were!" said the revered personage, when we went into the vestry to sign the registers, and to pay the fees. No, I had forgotten, the fees were paid beforehand.

"How stupid you were," said he, "not to let the ring go on the finger."

"The ring was on the finger," I said.

"Yes, but not properly; not over the joint."

"That is not required," I said. "Besides, the finger was swollen, and it was painful."

"But the ring is over the joint now," said he.

"Yes, but not through your endeavors; and whether it were or not, you had no right to interfere in the manner you did. The ring was on the finger, and the form of solemnisation does not require more."

"Pho, pho, man," said he; "sign the book; sign the book."

Both Mima and I signed the book. Thus we were married, and I was happy.—[Early Days, by Samuel Bamford.

THE BLUE BIRDS.

THE Blue Bird's song we soon shall hear,
Sweet harbinger of Spring!
Its notes are welcome to my ear,
I love to hear it sing!

It comes the soonest of its race,
And flies with gentle wing;
It seeks the old frequented place,
And there it loves to sing.

Come, gentle bird, and let us hear
Thy early notes of Spring;
And may thy mate, as wont, be near,
To share the joy ye bring.

Come, build the nest, the hollow rail
Is where it used to be;
The food ye want, it shall not fail,
And we will welcome thee!

The Blue Bird's song we love to hear,
Sweet harbinger of Spring!
Its notes are welcome to my ear,
I love to hear it sing!

ANECDOTE OF BEAU NASH.

THE Bath General Hospital was originated by Beau Nash, in 1738. There is a presence about the building which always strikes the stranger in his rambles about the city. Charity covereth a multitude of sins; and we suppose that Beau, in its erection considered that he should expiate the crime of passing a life in foolishness and utter vanity. His position enabled him to command the pockets of a great number of persons—in fact, as king, he could dip into his subjects' pockets with almost as much impunity as other monarchs, and the sums he collected for this institution were accordingly great. An anecdote is told of the art with which he managed to make indifferent people "bleed," that is worth repeating.

While in Wiltshire Rooms (a celebrated gaming house of the day) one morning, collecting money for the hospital, a lady entered the room, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, saying:

"You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."

"Yes, madam," said he, "that I will, with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat: "One, two, three, four, five—"

"Hold, hold," said the duchess, "consider what you are about."

"Consider your rank and fortune, madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity; 'eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—"

Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand.

"Peace, madam," replied Nash; "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam; sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty—"

"I won't pay a farthing more," said the duchess.

"Charity hides a multitude of sins," replied Nash; "twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five—"

"Nash!" at length broke out the lady, "I protest you frighten me out of my wits; Lord, I shall die!"

"Madam, you will never die doing good; and if you do it will be better for you;" and was about to proceed, but perceiving that her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued; when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her for thirty guineas.

The duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, she bade him stand further off for an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him. (This, it appears, was the wit of the last century.) But her grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her:

"Come," said she, "I will be friends with you, though you are a fool; and to let you see that I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity. But this I insist on, that neither my name nor the sum shall be mentioned."

Anecdotes.

SHORT MEMORIES.—A good deacon, returning from church one Sabbath afternoon, was accosted by a man. "Sir did you see a boy on the road, driving a cart, with a bag of wool in it?" "I think I did," said the deacon, musingly, "a boy with a short memory, wasn't he?" The man looked confused, and said, "Why do you think he has a short memory, sir?" The deacon seemed to enjoy his confusion, and even determined to increase it. "I think so; and I think, moreover, that he must belong to a family who have short memories." "What in the world makes you say that?" said the man, more and more perplexed. "Why, simply this, said the old gentleman, assuming all of a sudden, a very grave and solemn manner, "because God Almighty has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, in a most solemn manner, amongst other things, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;' and the boy has forgotten all about it. His memory must be very short, indeed—very."

A GAME HARE.—A person shooting last winter on Mount Lebanon, when near the summit, on the side of a deep declivity, put up a hare which took a downward course, and which he immediately shot; but the impetus of running caused her to roll over several times. The snow stuck to the skin, and formed a ball, which increased every turn. Dragged down by its own weight, which kept augmenting, it rolled to the foot of the mountain, and was so large and so hard, that the chasseur was obliged to call some peasants to "cut it open with their axes and spades, to get puss out of her shroud."

AN African preacher, speaking from "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" mentioned among other things, that they lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. "Many people," said he, "attend meeting, hear the sermon, and, when it is over, they proceed to divide it among the congregation—this part was for that man, and that part for that woman; such denunciations for such persons, these threats for you sinners—and so," continued the shrewd African, "they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves."

A COMPARISON.—A clergyman on one occasion stepped into a public garden, in which old Adam, its keeper, was diligently engaged in grubbing up a plentiful crop of weeds, which had overrun a portion of the ground. Clericus condoled with the old man on the trouble the operation occasioned him; while the latter, after clawing his causality for a moment said, "When ane thinks on't, after a',—'whatever is, is right;' for weeds are like sinners; and if it were na for weeds and sinners, there would be nae need for gardeners or ministers. Nae use for you or I, sir."

Professor Cockerell, in a lecture on architecture, lately related an anecdote of Rennie, who, having repaired the wheel of a stage-coach, in which he and an aristocratic fellow-traveler had previously been on colloquial terms, found himself, as a workman, treated with great reserve and hauteur, and described the amusing discomfiture of the same traveler, on finding next day that the most honored guest of the noble lord with whom he had to dine, was his companion, the workman, who now treated him with corresponding distance.

It is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can escape from his own deed, be it good or bad. As soon as he has committed it he has given it an existence, an individuality, which he can never destroy; it becomes independent of him, and goes into the world to deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his view.

SOMETHING of sadness lurks beneath the pleasure founded on a knowledge of mankind; the most truly inoffensive gaiety is that which is purely imaginative.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1849.

I. O. OF O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ODD FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK, }
March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

LECTURES.

THE EDITOR will deliver a Lecture in Philadelphia, before the members of Decatur Lodge, on Wednesday evening next. He will also deliver a Lecture before the Order, in Baltimore, on Friday evening next; and in Wilmington, (Del.) on the following Monday evening.

PUBLIC LECTURE BEFORE THE I. O. O. F., AT FINESVILLE, NEW-JERSEY.—A public Lecture will be delivered before the Order in this place, on the first Thursday evening in April. The Address will be given by the Editor of this journal.

LECTURE IN BROOKLYN.—The Editor will address the Order in Brooklyn, and the members of Magnolia Lodge, on Tuesday evening next.

LECTURES IN LODGES.

THERE is nothing more beneficial to the Order than frequent lectures in Lodge rooms, either on subjects pertaining to Odd-Fellowship, or such as would be of general interest. Many Lodges understand this, and provide every autumn for their lectures during the winter, and we have no doubt that this practice would become more general were it not that an opinion has generally obtained, that the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States prohibits all lectures, as well private as public, before the Lodges, unless permission is first asked and received from the State Grand Lodge. Now this is an error. There is no such prohibitory law. Public processions and lectures are forbidden, it is true, without special permission, but not so are private lectures. On the contrary, they are encouraged and invited, and come into the regular order of business. Any Lodge in the United States has full liberty, at any time, to have a lecture "for the good of the Order," in private. Such is the obvious intention of the G. L. U. S., and no State Grand Lodge we believe has ever attempted to establish a different law—with the exception of that of Ohio. In that jurisdiction we learn that all lectures are forbidden, but for what reason we have not been informed.

THE LIBRARY, BOOKS, READING.

THE Library Convention mentioned in our last, met according to notice on Wednesday evening. So far as we can learn, this great enterprise of

our Order is progressing successfully and rapidly; and as the Lodges of the city in all probability will soon be called on for their subscriptions, we wish to call the attention of the brethren to the subject, and to ask them to give it the consideration it deserves. We suppose that the subscription—i. e. the entrance fee of one dollar each—will amount to nearly *ten thousand dollars*, which sum will give the institution an excellent start; while the annual assessment of *fifty cents* on each member will be ample for the future exigencies of the Library.

We cannot but hope, nay, we believe that every brother in this city will become a member of this Library, and thus be entitled to all its privileges. The price of admission is exceedingly small, and the annual tax still less, so that the poorest of our members can have access to it. It will be to them an intellectual treasure, more valuable than silver or gold, at which they can always apply, and whence they can draw a fund of enjoyment, and solid peace, of which no reverses can rob them.

Libraries are of great public utility, and this one, in particular, will be productive of immense good. The age in which we live is peculiar. The general diffusion of knowledge among all classes has overturned the old order of things, and gives promise of a more equitable social condition in the future. Formerly, books were for the favored few, and were locked in the cases of the rich and great. The mechanic and the laborer pursued their occupations without any intelligent comprehension of them—as the beaver constructs his dwelling by instinct, or as the ox draws the plow, as he is driven by the master. The very name of mechanic sounded plebeian, and grated harshly on aristocratic ears. But to day it is no more so. Mechanics may walk among princes, and sit in the high places of power. Science has glorified every occupation, and invested with sublime dignity every trade. Every mechanical occupation now is considered honorable, because the laborer has carried with him to his toil the light of science, and the force of intellect. The carpenter, the farmer, and all other workers, need, therefore, more than ever before, the aid of books. A library, extensive and cheap, like the one we propose, will be invaluable to the class for which it is designed. A great majority of the Odd-Fellows of this city are young men, and not a few of them are mechanics, who need the means of intellectual culture. The library, with its books and popular lectures, is precisely what will supply this need. Its rooms will be a favorite place of resort. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, who now have no connection with any library, and no taste for reading at all, will here acquire a relish for intellectual pursuits, and become ambitious of obtaining those mental treasures, which abide for ever.

A man who has the ability to read and access to a well-selected library, has within his reach the sources of substantial happiness, and all necessary means of intellectual progress. For who so happy as he who, through the proper use of books, has stored his mind with rich thoughts, and adorned it with beautiful conceptions? He may meet with reverses, the world may frown upon him, and poverty and the hovel may come to him in exchange for vast wealth, and a splendid mansion, and friends may forsake him in the dark hour of his need; but with books as his companions he cannot feel solitary or miserable, or weak. Books give him freedom, strength, companionship. They speak, and the ancient

sepulchers heave, the tomb of the past opens, and the wise, and great and good of all times come forth and speak to him words of love, sympathy and hope. They visit him in his solitude, and sit with him at his fire-side. Homer, Milton, Dante, and Shakspeare, are there, and envelop him in a golden drapery of song—the sages and philosophers are there, with their celestial precepts, and lofty wisdom; and the seers, and prophets and apostles, with their revelations of nature, the soul, and God. What a glorious companionship is his!

The ancient Egyptians, impelled by gratitude, adored as a god, the Nile, that great river, which flowing down from the unknown depths of Lybia, deposited upon their thirsty soil the beauty and fertility of a hundred lands. But how much more ought we to prize books, which bring down to us from remote times the wisdom and virtue, and beauty of a hundred ages. They bind the past to the present, and to all the future, so that through them the mighty tide of universal being is for ever rushing past or whirling around us, leaving with us what ever we have the desire to appropriate to ourselves, of wisdom, of virtue, or goodness.

CEMETERIES.

THE earnestness with which the Lodges of this city and vicinity, have entered into the project of establishing a Cemetery for the Order, gives assurance of its speedy accomplishment; and the Odd-Fellows of New York are no longer to form an exception, among the numerous benevolent associations, of providing a suitable, yea, creditable repository, for the remains of departed brothers.

Many have entered within the sacred temple of our Order, influenced entirely by pecuniary motives—of securing to themselves, in case of sickness or accident, a sufficient weekly sum to keep them from want. And it is to be regretted, that in despite of the many precepts and examples they have had to the contrary, their narrow ideas have not been enlarged, and they are yet far from comprehending all the exalted and ennobling duties Odd-Fellowship enjoins.

The Order in New York, though outnumbering far, and paying more for benefits and donations than any other city in the Union, is far behind them all in public spirit. It is true that we have erected a Hall, that is second to none, and that we all may be justly proud of, for the correct and beautiful design of its exterior, as well as the elegance and appropriateness of its interior. But nearly all the principal cities in the different States had preceded us. So has it been in reference to an Odd-Fellow's Cemetery. I would here recommend to the whole Brotherhood the careful perusal of the very interesting account of the "Consecration of the Odd-Fellow's Rest, at New Orleans," and published in the Golden Rule of last week. Bro. LARUE's eloquent address, on that interesting occasion, will receive the hearty approbation of every good Odd-Fellow.

The Convention of Delegates from the Lodges of this city and neighborhood, who have the subject of establishing an Odd-Fellow's Cemetery entrusted to them, (and of which a notice was published in your journal, two weeks since,) held an adjourned meeting, in Grand Lodge Room, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst., to hear the report of a special committee, to whom the subject of location and the price of grounds had been referred. At this meeting

there were over forty Lodges represented, and a general desire manifested of having the object under consideration, accomplished in as short a time as its importance would allow of. The committee were unable to make a final report, on account of not having had time enough to attend to the many proposals received from associations, and individuals having suitable grounds to dispose of. They therefore reported progress, and asked for further time, which was granted them, and the Convention adjourned, to meet again at the call of the committee.

Persons owning ground suitable for a Cemetery, in the vicinity of the city, wishing to dispose of the same, can address a note to the chairman of the committee, W. D. Kennedy, No. 211 Greenwich-street. S. R. W.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

THE awakening of Nature is approaching, our mother Earth will be dressed again with her green and flourishing mantle, and the peaceful American farmer will start soon for the field to till the ground for a new and abundant harvest. Here are liberty, unity and independence; everything is in a state of progress and of civilization, and, thanks to the creators of this glorious commonwealth, the present generation is enjoying the fruits of the noble deeds performed by its ancestors. Since the Declaration of American Independence, this vast hemisphere has increased in population, in wealth, and in extension. It has acquired a vast territory, and stands as large and strong as any of the largest powers of Europe. All this is the consequence of the blessings of a free government and sovereign people; and all the gigantic institutions of this country are merely derived from an industrious and intelligent nation, taught at the school of Republicanism.

But if we pass from this Continent to the Old World, we are sure to meet with a very different state of things. No public industry nor social order—on one side there is anarchy struggling with despotism, true republicanism crushed by kings, or by men called liberals of *la veille*. In one word, it seems that Europe is threatened at the present time by a general revolution, in which tyranny or freedom must acquire the ascendancy, and dictate to the world. Only a year ago the French made a revolution, glorious in its birth, and great for its Democratic principles; a re-action followed that bloodless insurrection, caused by the wants of the poor classes, and originated by the amalgamation of parties. Next came a Dictatorship, and now a Napoleonic Republic, which will end in a Constitutional Monarchy, or with a new and bloody revolution.

The present commonwealth of France has abjured either its institutions or principles. In May, 1848, it was decided that all nations struggling for freedom should receive the support and sympathies of the Gallic people; and at the present time we see the Assembly in Paris almost deciding to put down another Republic—to interfere in favor of the Pope against the will of the Romans. If France should send an army to protect the Pontiff in his hostile way to the eternal city, this treacherous policy would condemn to an everlasting infamy the government and the people, who permitted such an infamous step against their Republican brethren. There is no nation more indebted to Italy than France. Many thousand children of this unfortunate land were slaughtered for the glory or that country, during the consulship and empire of Napo-

leon. The Italians fought bravely for France, and at present we are to see this same nation throw her bayonets and cannons against the modern Italians, who attempted to return to a democratic life, and acquire a rank among other powers. The Republic of Rome is as sacred as that proclaimed in Paris—it was created by the majority of the Assembly, and voted by the whole population. The Pope is deposed, *de facto et de jure*, only of his temporal sovereignty, while the Roman Government has promised to respect and protect his sacred dignity of chief of the Roman Church. Pius IX in accepting a foreign intervention to reconquer his throne, would be the cause of many evils to his country, of christian blood shed for his temporal cause, and the Church of Rome would fall to pieces like a dead body exposed to the air. The leaders of the young Roman Republic are decided to fight to the last drop of their blood to defend their rights and country, and would sooner bury themselves under the ruins of modern Rome, than to see foreigners triumph over their liberty.

In 1831, when Louis Napoleon was a simple private citizen, of the Roman States, he with his elder brother, (dead in the revolution of that country,) took up arms and marched with other liberals against the troops of Pope Gregory XVI. Now that he is the President of France, instead of protecting the Romans, he goes against their Government, and forgets his just conduct in so noble a cause.

Tuscany has followed the example of Rome. The Duke has gone to the land of exile, because he feared the excommunication of the Pope, and would not recognise the Roman Constituent. Leopold was a good prince, but of Austrian blood, enough to be hated by the Italians, who could see in him but a tool of their enemies. The Republic was proclaimed at Florence, and will unite with Rome and with other parts of Italy to form a Federative Republic composed of several States.

G. Mazzini, the chief of young Italy, the man hated by all the despots of Europe, for his Republican principles, arrived at Leghorn, and was received with the greatest honors. The church bells rang, and all the people hastened out upon the road through which he was to pass. Hundreds of banners waved, the windows were all ornamented with tapestry, and the National Guard, with the mass of the people, cried, "God and Italy," "Mazzini and the Republic." In Lombardy, Gen. Radetzki can get no Milanese to value the property that he proposes to confiscate by heavy taxation.

Vienna, in Austria, is as disturbed as ever. We shall soon hear of another revolution. The cruel Gen. Welden has issued a proclamation against the citizens, and forbids them to carry arms or to keep them concealed in their houses. The Hungarians have obtained three glorious victories over the Imperialists. The insurgents of Pest, under the Polish General Bem, are still masters of the important fortress of Essey.

Prince Waldemar, of Prussia, who fought in the East Indies under Gen. Gough, died on the 17th ult. at Munster. He was a brave soldier, and only 32 years of age. The Germanic Empire is not settled, in spite of all the efforts made by the Frankfurt Assembly. Austria is jealous of Prussian ascendancy, and is opposed to German unity. The difficulties between Denmark and Prussia will soon be settled with those States of Germany which thought fit to interfere by arms, in the dispute relative to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.

Spain has sent some vessels and 3000 soldiers to Naples, and put them at the disposal of His Holiness, Pius IX. Thus there will be a crusade of barbarians of all nations to attack a population of less than three millions of inhabitants, who refuse to pay the Pope the annual salary of *six hundred thousand crowns*, besides many extra expenses. What heroism for those vandals who shall strike the first blow—what shame for the Church, and what scandal for all Christendom.

Enough with the Christians. Let us give to our

patient readers some news about the Jews of Jerusalem. Mr. Simeon Abraham, in his report to the Jewish Chronicle, says, the number of his people in the holy city is about 5000, most of them in a very abject and impoverished state; this number is much larger than has been there at any one time, for many years. The causes of their great poverty are various. First, there is no business there to be done. Second, there are large numbers of old pious men and women, who come to finish their days and repose in holy ground. This class is numerous. Another cause of trouble is that they have no hospitals to go to, except the one belonging to the English Missionaries, which, to the pious Israelite, is worse than death itself.

The official information received from the East Indies gives the important notice of the invasion of Scinde by the Affighans—14,000 strong. There will be a long war between the English and the natives, who are decided to maintain their freedom.

G. F. SECHI DE CASALI.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND MASONRY.

MR. EDITOR: I am one of your constant readers, and one of the many admirers of your excellent sheet, and have recently become a member of that noble Order whose interests you advocate. In Odd-Fellowship I am young, and consequently have but little knowledge, and less experience of its principles and bearings upon the great interests of man. But in the exercise of my first love, I propose to offer through you some thoughts on Odd-Fellowship, embracing its principles, character and bearings. Having been a member of that venerable old Order (the Masonic,) for years, I could readily understand and appreciate much that I have found interwoven and incorporated with Odd-Fellowship. That venerable institution has long stood like the Pillars of Hercules, bidding defiance to the ravaging hand of time, and all the winds and storms of Revolution. It has stood erect and unmoved by the lashing surges of the ocean of strife among nations, and its principles are destined to survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. It has been the parent of most of those Orders, in different ages and countries, whose object has been the relief of human want and woe. But the last daughter (of this aged parent, who has grown gray with age and laden with rich experience,) has come into existence at a time when the fostering genius of this country could train and mould her principles to bear most happily upon the wants, woes and ills of human life. Odd-Fellowship stands confessedly one of the most efficient of her progeny. The evidence of which will appear most clear in an exposition of its principles, as they are made to bear upon the practical wants of Society. These cardinal principles are *Friendship, Love and Truth*.

Take them from among us, strike these from the circle of society, and what a dark and gloomy aspect would be presented to every eye. What beings would we be without Friendship in this alienated world. How cold, dreary, and cheerless would be our abodes—and how vast the solitude of social life if Friendship was no more. Conceive if you can the real condition of things in the entire absence of Friendship. Man would be in dread reality man's worst enemy—selfishness, hatred, revenge, and sordid avarice would stalk rampant in all the circles and dwellings of human beings. Every interest would be assailed, every right invaded, and every design, however benevolent, would be frustrated—in short, its absence would make our world a universal arena of conflict, one vast aceldama or field of blood. Take next from man *Truth and Love*, and the very elements of all Governments, and the essential principles of social life would at once be destroyed. Every word spoken—every promise made, and every note or bond would alike be disbelieved, broken, and rendered void, and all the contracts and relations, whether political, civil, moral or social, would at once be severed for ever. The absence of these would necessarily provide the

moral elements of that wretchedness which constitutes the world of woe, "where hope that comes to all living could never come to them." Yes, it would make our world (beautiful, and adorned as it is by the hand of our benevolent Creator,) the very Vestibule of Hell. But the existence of these principles in their legitimate operations and bearings on our world, (but partially carried out,) constitutes all the happiness that is found here, and in exact proportion to their exercise in any society, or their absence, is the happiness or misery of men.

Now, can it be questioned by any one, that those principles do lie at the foundation of, and are the native elements of our Order? And can it be doubted that, as an Order, we carry out those principles more fully than any other human society of the age. Our next will embrace the development of those principles, as they are presented and enforced in the initiation and subsequent degrees.

Yours, in F., L. & T.

A NEW ENCAMPMENT INSTITUTED.

Hudson, March 14, 1849.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GAZETTE AND RULE: D. D. G. P. James Batchelor, of Columbia District, assisted by P. C. Ps. Henry Ary, E. H. Roberts, and several other Patriarchs of Union Encampment No. 17, assembled in Odd-Fellows' Hall, in the town of Coxsackie, County of Greene, and organized Mt. Gerisim Encampment No 67, I. O. of O. F.

The following officers were duly elected and installed into their respective stations, for the term ending June 30th, 1849—viz: Joseph Nelson, C. P.; Alex. Reed, H. P.; Wm. H. Martin, S. W.; Geo. Raymond, Scribe; Stuart Austin, Treas.; James Wilson, J. W.

After installation, fifteen applicants for membership were received and elected, and five being in readiness, were duly initiated into the Patriarchal branch of the Order.

At this stage of the proceedings we adjourned to the hotel kept by Bro. Livingston, who is a member of Kempton Lodge No. 187, and I presume before long will be of Mt. Gerisim Encampment, where a sumptuous repast was served up in Bro. Livingston's best style, which the brethren did ample justice to, I can assure you. The Coxsackie brethren showed the true spirit of hospitality, in providing for the comforts and wants of the visiting brethren. They know how to do up things of this kind in the right way; they are not to be surpassed in kindness and hospitality.

This Encampment starts with very fair prospects—everything looks bright and fair for her. Her officers and members are men of sterling merit—of firm and unbending integrity; they are good men and true Odd-Fellows. Thine, as ever,

AMICUS.

THE ORDER IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 28, 1849.

SIR AND BROTHER: Excelsior Lodge No. 22, located at this place, is in a very healthy condition. After having paid all expenses in procuring our regalia, (which exceeds all other in the city, as to beauty and worth,) and other incidental expenses, we have a good fund on hand. It numbers now 85 contributing members. The officers for the current term are as follows: John S. Reed, N. G.; James F. Jillson, V. G.; Amos Grannis, Sec.; T. C. Hoag, P. S.; A. B. Wheeler, Treas.

These names alone (save your humble servant,) are a sufficient guarantee that Excelsior Lodge is at her post. The members exhibit an unusual interest in the Order, by their regular attendance at the meetings, and their interest in all its deliberations. Our Lodge is composed wholly of that class of men who take no little pains to reason and investigate, that they may come to the true character of all matters concerning the Order generally; that its hallowedness and purity may be extended unprejudiced to all those who worship at honor's shrine. We can truly say that the Dispenser of all

good has favored us extremely, here in Chicago, as a body. Our ranks have been broken by death but a very few times, while prosperity has always been a light to our path.

There is an unusual interest exhibited in our sister Lodges at present, they having plenty of initiations to keep them warmly interested, and constantly at their posts. Truly,

"Honor here asserts her sway."

May the God of Heaven and Justice spread the principles of our Order, until every true lover of Truth, Love and Friendship shall have gone to that R. W. Immortal Lodge which never adjourns.

Yours, in F., L. & T. A. GRANNIS, Sec.

ODD-FELLOWS' LEEVEE AT DOVER, N. H.

THE following interesting account of this festival we find in the Dover Gazette, an excellent journal, published and edited by Bro. J. T. Gibbs. We wish we could give our readers Bro. Gibbs' report entire, but our limits will not permit it. We only wish we had been there.

The Odd-Fellows' Levee which came off in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, the 22d inst., was a most magnificent and imposing display. In all its arrangements and results we never saw anything equal to it, and we venture to say that it surpassed anything of the kind which ever took place in this ancient and time-honored town. We can only give a running description of it at this time. It was a delightful evening. The occasion—the spontaneous coalition of the two Lodges in this town, to fit and adorn a burial place for their dead—the time—the anniversary of the birth of the great, the immortal Washington, combined to render the whole exhibition attractive and interesting. From the whole front of the Hall there flashed a hundred brilliant lights, yet soft and mellow they cast their reflection upon the brows of the smiling multitude of fair ones and their friends who were joyously approaching the entrance.

The whole entertainment passed off most pleasantly, and was most creditable to all who aided in getting it up. About 11 o'clock, the Brothers, after singing the closing ode, retired in the same order as they entered.

It was completely successful, and in its results far exceeded, we learn, the expectations of its friends. It must also have had a most salutary influence upon our citizens generally who attended, and we were glad to see a great number of them there. The social blessings of Odd-Fellowship were most happily exhibited by constant practical illustrations throughout the evening. All who were there will remember the occasion as a memorable era in their lives. It will be associated with Odd-Fellows' charity through all coming time.

REGULAR TOASTS.

The Occasion.—With deep respect for our departed Brothers, their memory and worth we will ever cherish.

The day we Celebrate.—The birth day of the great Father and Founder of Brotherhood in America—may we always practice the virtues by him inculcated.

Odd-Fellow.—A name synonymous with all that is beautiful in virtue, correct in morals, pure in feelings. Monuments of goodness the world over.

The Institution.—A true Republic, embracing all orders and conditions among men, the only test being merit.

Our Principles.—Are heaven born, for what is deeper than Friendship, purer than Love, more sacred than Truth.

Our Success.—The world is our vineyard, nations the growth, whose fruit is seen in misery relieved, vice reformed, and orphans cared for.

Our Present Condition.—In a healthy state, the result of principles as beautiful in construction, as are its benefits wide spread.

Wecohamet and Mt. Pleasant Lodges.—Twin Sisters in the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth—may they always remain so.

Quochecho Encampment.—May its altar fires be replenished by Subordinate Lodges, till the perfume of its incense shall cover all.

Antiquity of the Order.—It was born of Adam, and will never die till the last rib of man be taken from him.

Past Grand Sire Wilsey.—Father and founder of Odd-Fellowship in America—may his last days be as peaceful as his first have been honorable.

Our Visiting Brethren.—We extend to you the Grip of Friendship. We give you the Sign of Brotherly Love and Truth, as our "Token" for ever.

Woman.—The good old Saxon word for beauty of person and goodness of heart. With these qualifications she cannot fail to make the Odd even.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By H. G. Tasker, N. G. of Wecohamet Lodge. *Odd-Fellows.*—Like the Good Samaritan, always found ready and willing to administer the balm to their sick brethren.

By Wm. Howeroft, Sec. of Wecohamet Lodge. *The Day we Celebrate.*—The birth day of George Washington, a true Odd-Fellow in principle, friendly to all mankind, love to God and true to his country.

By T. E. Sawyer, P. G. of Mt. Pleasant Lodge. *The Decorations of this Hall.*—They reflect great credit on the taste of the excellent artist and worthy Brother under whose superintendence they were made.

By S. H. Parker, P. G. M. of the Grand Lodge. *The opposition to Odd-Fellowship in this community.*—"It has sung its last song, it has fought its last battle."

By John H. Wiggins, P. G. of Mount Pleasant Lodge. *Friendship, Love and Truth.*—These constitute the triple linked chain that holds together in inseparable union our common brotherhood. He who excels in the practice of these virtues, approaches nearest to the character of a true Odd-Fellow, and the highest dignity of Man.

By John T. Gibbs, P. G. of Mount Pleasant Lodge. *The last Grand Pass Word.*—May we not be without it when at last we are examined by the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe.

By Henry Heap, Sec. of Wecohamet Lodge. *The Order.*—May its members everywhere be distinguished by their acts of benevolence and charity.

By John W. Tuttle, of Wecohamet Lodge. *Charity.*—An odd virtue, rarely found in purity at the present day; but Odd-Fellows claim it and strive to practice it, however odd it may appear.

By Andrew M. Paul, C. P. of Quochecho Encampment. *The Patriarchal branch of the Order.*—May she spread the wings of her tents wide enough to contain the whole brotherhood.

By Thomas Bickford, Jr., of Wecohamet Lodge. *The Members of Mount Pleasant Lodge.*—We cherish them as brothers, and honor them as men; their Hale (hall) of brotherly love will ever be recognized with emotions of strong regard by every Odd-Fellow in the land.

Bro. Hale responded with a few remarks, and in conclusion said, in his peculiar position he would give the following: *The Ladies.*—Their opposition to Odd-Fellows is natural. May they be even with them, and assist in initiating them into the Grand Lodge of Matrimony.

By W. T. Prescott, P. G. of Wecohamet Lodge. *The Ladies.*—However much they may be opposed to the principles of our Order, they are always on the lookout for an Odd-Fellow.

By James Farnsworth, P. G. of Wecohamet Lodge. *The only correct expose of the secrets of Odd-Fellowship published.*—It may be found in the charities and good deeds of the Order.

By Edward Cockings, Patriarch of Quochecho Encampment. *Odd-Fellows.*—They are scattered from Passamaquoddy Bay to the gold regions of California; the whole boundless continent is theirs.

By D. L. Norris, of Mt. Pleasant Lodge. *The principles of our beloved Order.*—As pure as the mountain streams, and as eternal as the hills of the old Granite State.

By John D. Parker, P. G. of Suffolk Lodge, Boston. *Our bachelor brethren.*—May they take one degree more; the degree of matrimony, and be prepared to receive all the little honorary degrees that may follow.

The following are a few of the many Conundrums that were fired:

Why is Odd-Fellowship like an old pewter plate? Because the more it is rubbed the brighter it shines.

Why is the audience like like an assemblage of Mormons? Because a Joe Smith stands at the head.

Why is a good Odd-Fellow like a man smoking a cigar? Because he enjoys his Regalia.

Why is the Order in this town like a forest? Because it has green wood, (*Greenwood.*)

Why is a Telegraph like a pistol? Because it sends a bullet-in, (*Bulletin.*)

Why is Mount Pleasant Lodge like a saw mill? Because it has a Sawyer.

Why is our fancy table like Wecohamet Lodge? Because it has an excellent heap, (*Heap.*)

Why is Olive Branch Lodge like a Scotchman with an apron on? Because it has a Mac-in-tire, (*Macintire.*)

REV. THEODORE PARKER delivers the oration before the literary societies of Waterville College, Me., at the Commencement in August next.

SPRING MUSINGS.

THE bland and beautiful Spring is again approaching, with all its train of dew and incense, and birds and flowers—with all its rich and abiding memories, stored away in the heart, till a gleam of sunshine, a breath of the zephyr, the twitter of the birds, the blue eye, perchance of the violet shall awaken them from their slumber, and breathe into them the vigor and life of olden times. There is an eloquence in the early voice of Spring, which thrills the heart and brings tears to the eyes; which awakens all sad, and all blissful thoughts; which makes us think of the friends of early life, and which irresistibly attracts us nearer and nearer to those of the present. But oh! more potent than Spring's deep, yet gentle voice, is the voice of Love: eloquent at all times and seasons: in the budding Spring, the fervid heat of Summer, among the bleak winds of Autumn, and the snow-covered mountains and valleys of Winter. There is an unfading and unfailing verdure in the heart, when Love, the divine, nestles, warms, and diffuses itself through every word and action to other hearts; when it speaks gently to the afflicted and erring children of earth, and entreats noble schemes for the amelioration of the human race. It has visited the dark cell of the criminal, and let in a flood of light and bliss; and has breathed in low, earnest tones that dear word, *brother*. The forms of Friendship, Love and Truth are everywhere, though often unperceived, and though often roughly denied a home in the heart. Not that sickly sentimentality disguised under the name of friendship; not that cunning hypocrisy which enrobes itself in the vestments of truth; not that selfish passion which dignifies itself with the name of love. Ah, no; Love, pure and abiding; Truth, firm and unchangeable; and Friendship, deep and perpetual, are still the heritage of mortals; making green and luxuriant the moral desert of earth, and ripening the flowers and foliage of the heart for the garden of the "better land." May they ever abide with us, above the din and storm of battles, and the confusion of revolutions and changes. May they cheer the night-laborers of the student, illuminate the studio of the artist, gild the work-shop of the artisan, and shed a ray of divine effulgence in many homes, where poverty and unrequited labor have sickened the heart and made life a weariness; for

"The poor have but few friends,
But oh! they love the better far
The few our Father sends."

And when the ministrations of Friendship, Love and Truth shall be ended here on earth, there is a bright home from whence they emanated, where they shall ever flourish in immortal verdure, where death, pain and sorrow cannot intrude to mar the holy anthems of joy and gladness, flowing from the lips of the ransomed and blessed. LOUISA.
MILLINGTON, CONN.

GOLD STORIES.—The Tribune has a couple of new letters, though of old date, from California, which are more extravagant in their descriptions of the richness of the gold diggings than any that have before appeared. In one locality the precious metal is said to be "so abundant that there is no necessity for washing the earth; \$700 per day being the amount obtained by each man." We wonder some of the precious stuff does not reach the Atlantic, where it is so much needed!

THE IRIS.—This journal, we perceive, has been much enlarged and improved. It looks as if it were in the enjoyment of very excellent health. Wm. Stuart, Esq., is Editor. He is a gentleman whom we well know, having formerly been associated with the editorial department of the Gazette of the Union. He is an able and ready writer, and will no doubt make his sheet interesting.

GEN. SHIELDS.—The Senate have decided that Gen. Shields is ineligible to a seat in that body, not having been a citizen the Constitutional period.

THE ORDER OF THE S. OF T. AND THE SECRET PRINCIPLE.

WE have before us an address upon this subject, delivered before a Lodge at the West. It contains many thoughts worthy of consideration. We are a Son of Temperance, and love the Order; but we do believe that it needs many additions, in the way of *ceremonial interest*, to give it permanency and efficiency.

"In passing at once to my subject, I cannot deem it necessary that I should give in detail to such an audience as this, the minutiae of that Order's history. They are matters of record—some of which are but too plainly and deeply written upon the hearts of many of its members. It is sufficient to say, that the repeated efforts which the philanthropy of the preceding as well as the present age, had suggested as a remedy for a most vicious and ruinous custom, had failed, and in their failure the producing cause thereto, was finally disclosed. The fact was at last made manifest, that those efforts—wise, and pure and good, as they certainly were—were of no effect, because of the absence of all restraining influence that was tangible, effective and continuous in its character upon the mind of the inebriate after he was made to see the danger with which he was threatened. They saw that something more was needed than to probe the festering wound, and lay its soreness open to the gaze of the world—a *balsam* was necessary which should close the wounded part, and restore it at once, effectually, to health and to vigor. They discovered that they not only had to call the attention of the suffering wretch to the sword suspended over him by a hair, but had also to teach him *how* he might avoid the dreadful death to which the slightest indiscretion on his part, would inevitably doom him.

"Desponding, but not disheartened by these repeated failures, the more active friends to the cause still hoped yet to find a plan which would meet the full measure of their wishes, and in casting about for this purpose, their attention was arrested by the time-honored and revered institutions of Odd-Fellowship and Free-Masonry. Familiar, as they doubtless were, with the workings of these two handmaids to religion—appreciating the admirable harmony and beauty of their workings—venerating them for the sublime and beautiful lessons of charity which they each impress upon the minds of their members—recollecting the clearness and certainty of the means of mutual recognition entrusted to all within their folds, and keeping in mind the material fact, that the elect had a positive and unquestionable guarantee of assistance in the hour of his necessities, it was at once determined to institute a third institution which should contain some features in common with those two, but sufficiently dissimilar in all its chief features to protect themselves from the charge of improperly exposing the trusts reposed in them. This was done, and the "Order of the Sons of Temperance" was formed. Yet this was not attained without its difficulties. In accomplishing this task, it became more necessary to exercise the greatest care and prudence, lest, on the one side, they should render themselves open to censure at the hands of these older Orders, while on the other hand there was great danger that they should incur the displeasure, and arouse the settled opposition of that portion of the community around them, (then forming a decided majority of the more earnest and influential friends to the cause in that region,) who were hostile to everything approximating to the character of a secret society. It was under these circumstances that the present workings of the Order were established; and we find in them a sufficient excuse for the manifold errors and imperfections with which we, who are without the influence of those crude and pur-blind prejudices, feel it is justly chargeable. The fact that the workings of the Order need remodeling, is now, I believe, generally conceded; and a *disposition*, but only a *disposition* to that effect has recently been manifested in a section from which we were least prepared to expect it. I allude to the Eastern States.

"The two chief imperfections, and, indeed, the only two, in the workings of the Order, whence all the evils under which we labor originate, are the absence of Degrees, and the want of proper Grips, Signs and Tokens, which would enable the member to make himself known as such at any and every point—in any, and under every circumstance, night or day. To the initiated within this room, these imperfections must have been felt most grievously. With me, there does not rest a doubt, but that when these features shall have been grafted on the Order, we shall witness a state of affairs totally unlike that which surrounds us at present. Instead of the meager and lifeless quorums, which we have difficulty in assembling now, our Division Rooms

will regularly be filled with members—in lieu of our empty and impoverished purses, our Treasury will be full to overflowing—instead of promises to the elect which are now but as sounding brass and tinkling symbols, we shall be prepared to extend ready and effective relief, both pecuniary and social, to all who need it—and better still—instead of that bitter and heartless system of vituperation and slander with which the Order is now disgraced, we shall find a broad and deep current of fraternal love, running along the whole line of the Order, which will link heart to heart in chains of steel so strong that we may laugh to scorn the strongest efforts of the enemy to break it. Nor is this all. The chief effect will be felt in the elevated character which will be given to the Order, and thus the sphere of usefulness will be extended a thousand fold. The "Order of the Sons of Temperance" will cease to be an asylum for worn-out drunkards, and will take rank, side by side, with that of the Odd-Fellows and the Masons—both of which are known to demand the respect and confidence even of those who are most bitterly opposed to them.

And who is there, I ask, that can estimate in advance, the incalculable amount of good which this simple change in its character will effect? Does any one doubt—dare any one attempt to cheat himself into the belief, that the *stigma*—I love strong words—the *stigma*, I say, which attaches itself to the Order, has not kept from its folds many of the best and valuable members of society around us—has palsied its influence with that very class for whose benefit it seems to have been peculiarly and purposely designed? How many of your acquaintances—young men just ripening into usefulness, and whose characters for good or for evil are now—even now, while I am speaking—being molded for life, are there, who would be happy co-workers with you this night, were it not for the fact, that they are unwilling to incur the imputation that this pledge is necessary to save them from ruin! It may be that the fact has escaped your attention, but I tell you it requires no small effort of moral courage for a young man thus to place himself before the public as a mark for carping innuendo and remark. I grant you that this is all wrong, and that an act is either good or bad of itself and in itself, irrespective of any—whatever opinion the public, as such, may place upon it. Highly as we may appreciate the opinion of the world around us, and willing, as we may be, to bow in submission to its judgments, yet we must not forget that man is fallible, and that we are permitted a more elevated and impassioned tribunal before which the relative merits of vice and virtue may be tested. Yet we must bear in mind, that he who confines himself to his single social glass of wine, is not a whit less sensitive or jealous on that score, than the more thorough drinker, who is always more or less under the influence of his cups. They are alike jealous, sensitive and irritable—each requiring that his prejudices should be respected, else, all chance for saving him is gone. It is with such that this prejudice has such deadly weight, and it is for the sake of such that the Order owes it to itself, that this prejudice should be removed."

GRAND LODGE OF NEW YORK.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON BY-LAWS.

THE Committee on By-Laws recommend dividing the State in Districts, as below. The amendment will be acted upon at the next meeting of the G. L.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of New York:

The committee to whom was referred the subject of further amending the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge, respectfully report in part, by submitting the following Article on Districts, in lieu of that now in force. Respectfully submitted,

JOHN A. KENNEDY,
JAMES E. AYRES,
HIRAM HUNT,
CHARLES GRAHAM.

New York, March 5th, 1849.

ARTICLE VII.

SEC. 1.—Of Districts.—The Subordinate and Degree Lodges, located within the limits hereinafter described, shall constitute the several Districts, viz:

- I. The county of Suffolk.
- II. The county of Queens, the village of Williamsburg, and town of Bushwick, in Kings county.
- III. The county of Kings, except the portions embraced in the Second District.
- IV. The county of Richmond.
- V. The 1st, 2d, 8d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th Wards in the city of New York.

VI. The 10th, 11th, and 13th Wards in the city of New York.

VII. The 8th and 14th Wards in the city of New York.

VIII. The 9th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th Wards in the city of New York.

IX. The county of Rockland, and the towns of Monroe, Bloominggrove, Warwick, Goshen, Hamptonburg, Walkill, Minisink, Mount Hope, and Deer Park, in the county of Orange.

X. The county of Orange, except the portions embraced in the Ninth District, and the towns of Fishkill, Beekman, and Paulding, in the county of Dutchess.

XI. The county of Putnam, and the towns of Courtland, Yorktown, Somers, and North Salem, in the county of Westchester.

XII. The county of Westchester, except the parts embraced in the Eleventh Districts.

XIII. The county of Dutchess, except the parts embraced in the Tenth District.

XIV. The county of Ulster.

XV. The county of Sullivan.

XVI. The county of Delaware.

XVII. The county of Greene.

XVIII. The county of Columbia.

XIX. The county of Albany, except the parts embraced in the Twentieth District, and the towns of Greenbush, Sand Lake, Berlin, Schodack, Nassau, and Stephentown, in the county of Rensselaer.

XX. The county of Rensselaer, except the parts embraced in the Nineteenth District, and the town of Watervliet, in the county of Albany, and the towns of Half Moon and Clifton Park, in the county of Saratoga.

XXI. The county of Schenectady.

XXII. The towns of White Creek, Cambridge, Hebron, Argyle, Fort Edwards, Greenwich, Jackson, and Easton, in the county of Washington.

XXIII. The part of the county of Washington not included in the Twenty-second District, and the towns of Queensbury and Luzerne, in the county of Warren.

XXIV. The county of Saratoga, except the parts embraced in the Twentieth District.

XXV. The counties of Clinton and Essex.

XXVI. The county of St. Lawrence.

XXVII. The county of Jefferson.

XXVIII. The county of Lewis.

XXIX. The county of Oneida.

XXX. The counties of Herkimer and Fulton.

XXXI. The county of Montgomery.

XXXII. The county of Schoharie.

XXXIII. The county of Otsego, except the towns of Butternuts and Unadilla, in the county of Otsego.

XXXIV. The county of Chenango, and the towns of Butternuts and Unadilla, in the county of Otsego.

XXXV. The county of Madison.

XXXVI. The counties of Broome, Tioga and Tompkins, except the town of Groton, in the county of Tompkins.

XXXVII. The county of Cortland and the town of Groton, in the county of Tompkins.

XXXVIII. The county of Onondaga.

XXXIX. The county of Oswego, and the town of Sterling, in the county of Cayuga.

XL. The county of Cayuga, except the town of Sterling.

XLI. The county of Wayne.

XLII. The county of Seneca.

XLIII. The county of Chemung, and the town of Reading, in the county of Steuben.

XLIV. The county of Steuben, except the towns of Reading, Pultney, Prattsburgh, Conhocton, and Dansville.

XLV. The county of Yates, and the towns of Pultney, Prattsburgh, Conhocton and Dansville, in the county of Steuben.

XLVI. The county of Ontario.

XLVII. The county of Monroe.

XLVIII. The county of Livingston.

XLIX. The county of Allegheny.

L. The county of Orleans.

LI. The county of Genesee.

LII. The county of Wyoming.

LIII. The counties of Niagara and Erie.

LIV. The counties of Cattaraugus and Chautauque.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.—The "Scorpion" of last week, a spirited and stinging paper, conducted by our neighbor, C. G. Graham, contains an account of not less than ten of those haunts of satan, where so many of our young men are dishonored and destroyed. We hope the Scorpion will go on chastising and scorching these villains who keep such places, and that all the press will join in the holy war, until they are exterminated from the face of the earth they have cursed too long.

CON. CREGAN, THE IRISH GIL BLAS. No. 1. London: W. S. Orr & Co. This is the first part of a new serial tale, with an amount of fun and humor, which bespeaks it a true product of the Green Isle; and we may add, entitles it to the use of the second portion of the respectable name we find on the title-page. As a specimen of the author's powers in description, we take this droll account of the personation of a dead man, in order to get a will framed, suited to the wishes of a rascally son:

CON. CREGAN'S LAST BEQUEST.—I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little widow with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceedings. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it a table, with physic bottles and spoons, and tea-cups; and a little further off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him. The country people sat two, sometimes three-deep, around the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event. Peter himself went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whiskey, which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality. A low, faint cough, from the dark corner where the bed stood, seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then in a silence, where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said: "Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will." "He's here, father," said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bedside. "Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick, for I hav'n't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though father O'Rafferty won't give me the rites." A general chorus of muttered "Oh! musha, musha," was now heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, it is hard to say. "I die in peace with all my neighbors, and all mankind." Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions. "I bequeath unto my son Peter the whole of my two farms of Killmucknoony and Knocksheboora, with the fallow meadow behind Lynch's house; the forge, and the right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him, and much good may it do him, Lanty Ca-sarn's acre and the Luary field, with the lime-kiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry; let me taste what ye have in the jug." Here the dying man took a very heavy pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it. "Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he. "Oh, I remember, at the lime-kiln; I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potatoe gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant fine crop grows there." "An't you gettin' wake, father darlin'?" said Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk. "I am, Peter, my son," says he, "I am gettin' wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah, Peter, Peter, you watered the drink!" "No, indeed, father, but its taste its leavin' you," says Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin. "Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father, "there's only one little plot of ground remaining—and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart as I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neighbors listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?" "Yes, sir. Yes, father, we're all minding," chorused the audience. "Well, then, its my last will and testament, and may—give me over the jug"—here he took a long drink—"and may this blessed liquor poison me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of my will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the cross-roads to poor Con. Cregan; for he has a heavy charge, and is as honest and hard-working a man as I ever knew. Be a friend to him, Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself; think of me on my death-bed whenever he asks ye for any trifle. Is it down Billy Scanlan? the two acres at the cross to Con. Cregan and his heirs in *secla sectorum*. Ah, blessed be the saints, but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he, "a good work makes an easy conscience; and now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns—" What he was going to add there's no saying; but Peter, who was terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people away into another room, to let his father die in peace. When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father who was putting on his brogues in a corner: "Con," says he, "ye did it all well, but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross." "Of course it was, Peter," says he; "sure it was all a joke for the matter of that; won't I make the neighbors laugh hearty to-morrow, when I tell them all about it?" "Ye wouldn't be mean enough to be-

tray me," says Peter, trembling with fright. "Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against your father's dying words?" says my father: "the last sentence ever he spoke;" and here he gave a low, wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear. "Very well, Con.," says Peter, holding out his hand, "a bargain's a bargain, yer a deep fellow, that's all," and so it ended; and my father slipped quietly home over the bog, mighty well satisfied with the legacy he left himself. And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre.

THE STEAMER CRESCENT CITY sailed for Chagres on the 18th inst., with 347 passengers. Among them were Mrs. Capt. J. C. Fremont.

METEOR.—A remarkable meteor exploded at Baton Rouge, La., on the 24th ult. The noise shook the houses and alarmed the citizens. It was very brilliant.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.—Judge Cranch of Washington has decided against Morse's monopoly, and in favor of the right of Bain to a patent for his system of telegraphing.

THE GOLD MANIA.—"Turn again, Whittington." Poor Dick, when he left his native village, expecting to find the streets of London paved with gold, did not make such a grievous blunder as his countrymen who are now shipping themselves for California under the influence of a kindred hallucination. For Dick came to a place where, even in his own day, there were cook-shops and wine-vaults for such as had money, and rich merchants with shoes to clean, from whom scraps of meat and the shelter of a roof might be earned, though accompanied by the drawback of cross words and fisticuffs from crabbed old Cicely, the cook. Our modern Whittingtons will find nothing of the kind in California. We will not belie the country: it is healthy enough; "barren; beggars all; marry good air." But men cannot live on a wholesome atmosphere alone; they require shelter from the night dews, and food to eat. And in both these indispensable, more especially the last, the modern El Dorado is scandalously ill-provided. The true and only way of getting a share of the California gold is to stay at home and make the articles which those who gather it must buy with it. We may, and most likely will, miss the gold if we go in search of it; but if we remain at home, and work steadily and honestly, the gold is sure to come to us.—[English Paper.]

REMARKABLE TRACE OF ANTIQUITY.—The perfect skeleton of an Indian woman was found last Wednesday afternoon in the sand-bank excavation adjoining Niagara River, immediately back of Major Whitney's new residence. We understand that it rested in a sitting posture with its head facing the North, (true Indian style,) about four feet below the surface. Immediately above grew a large hickory, two feet in diameter, at least 200 years old, whose huge roots encircled the skeleton on every side. Owing to the frost in the sand, and the number of roots to be removed, it was obtained with great difficulty. Rumor says Indian relics were found with it.—[Niagara Falls Iris.]

NO LICENSE IN VERMONT.—The people of Vermont have determined that no licenses to sell liquor shall be issued in that State for the year to come. Last year they voted just the other way. The returns have not yet been all received, but the No License majority will not be less than 10,000 or 12,000. Twenty towns give 3000.

It is stated that three millions of bushels of wheat will be at Chicago at the opening of navigation, ready to go forward from Lake Michigan.

Gold and silver mines, said to yield from 75 to 80 per cent. have been discovered in Benton county, Tenn.

In the New Jersey Legislature a supplement to the act regulating the practice of the law, has passed the House, the principal feature of which is, that parties in a suit may call upon their adversaries in the same suit to give testimony.

A lead mine yielding ninety per cent. pure ore, has been discovered at Moose Head Lake, Me.

In Montreal, Ca., during the year 1848 there were 424 marriages, 2282 baptisms, and 1,661 burials.

There were 576 marriages in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, during the year 1848.

A bill before the Ohio Legislature, to annex Mill Creek township to the city of Cincinnati was lost on the 28 ult.

The Altar.

CONSOLATIONS IN AFFLICTION.

THOUGH bitter tears and frightful woes
My life for years assail:
Though friends desert, time yield me foes,
'Neath fate I'll never quail;
A day shall speed, a holy day,
With peace my soul to calm,
To Heaven's high portal point the way,
Diffuse the sacred balm.

Delight to sorrow soon succeeds,
In this all-priceless hour;
No more the heart in torment bleeds,
Afflictions lose their power:
How sweetly shines this clinging hope,
Of consolation's aid;
When virtues with temptations cope,
The latter fly dismayed.

Why then despond, thou weeping man?
Hath Heaven no charms for thee?
Hope on, hope on, life's shortest span
From trouble ne'er was free:
Bright joys await thee, should'st thou bear,
In peace all evils here—
Wan misery afflicts not THERE,
Nor ills, nor pains appear.

CREATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY J. WATSON DUNHAM.

THE creation of this planet on which we live, and the others composing our solar system, will ever afford subjects for sublime contemplation. How interesting is the formation of the earth to every student of nature; and how many questions naturally occur to the mind in viewing the curious machinery of the universe.

For information upon this subject in vain do we examine the works of Philosophy, or the pages of Science. *Time*, the volume of inspiration, sheds a faint light upon this subject; but, with this exception, we are left to gather our information from the book of Nature, as it appears written by the pencil of God, in the brilliant sparkling of the distant stars, the pale glimmering of the moon, and the splendor of the midday sun.

From whence came this planet on which we tread; and on which millions of animate beings dwell? To this interrogation sages are silent, and our imagination can only make a reply. Sacred history informs us, that previous to the separation of the land from the water, all was in disorder, and wild confusion reigned. There was no sun to cheer the face of Nature, and vanish the surrounding gloom; but amid the apparent wreck of all things, the Great First Cause moved in silent, solemn stillness, determining in His own infinite wisdom the proper arrangement of the different planets, and laying the deep foundation of worlds. By the volition of that invisible agency the sun is placed in the distant space, blazing forth in all his glory, and by the cheering influence of his rays, penetrating even to this part of the creation, driving back the black darkness and damp vapors, which chaos had occasioned.

Magnificent must that moment have been when light was first created—quicker than the vivid lightning's course it traversed the wide space around, proclaiming to the powers of darkness, that the period of their universal sway was at an end. At a change so sudden, that the cherubim and seraphim nearest the eternal throne, must have looked with wonder and admiration at that Omnipotent Being, who spake and it was done; who commanded and it stood fast; and if the leader of the fallen angels then cherished the spirit of rebellion against the God of heaven, he must have trembled with fear in view of that power which could turn darkness into light, and from nothing create a world.

But the work of creation was not yet finished; the sun from its aerial throne looked upon the face of the globe, and saw the deep waters roll their muddy waves. An invisible agency formed the dry land, and covered the face of the earth with verdure. The firmament is spread

out like a curtain; the stars are made and suspended as lamps in the upper region, to dispel the gloom of midnight, to cheer the benighted traveler. The waters are filled with fish, and the land covered with animals. Here it would seem as though Jehovah paused, while He might view the work of His hands; and after surveying matters, animate and inanimate, He pronounced it good; yet, amid all that was created nothing yet bore the image of the Almighty, or resembled His likeness. Then it was that He determined to make man—to impart to him a soul that should never die, but survive all other things created, and outlive the final conflagration of the universe. At this eventful period man took the place assigned him by his Creator, superior to all else created, and inferior only to his Creator. To have dominion over the fish of the sea, the birds that fly in the air, and the cattle that feed on a thousand hills. The earth began to turn upon its axis, and perform its revolutions around the sun; thus giving day and night and all the seasons of its annual round, with that regularity and order which the Great First Cause had designed. Then the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy, while Jehovah, from the circle of heaven, looked with complacency upon all the works of His hands. All things animate united together in acts of adoration and songs of praise to their Creator. Man in the Garden of Eden drank of every pleasure that angels taste; walked on the banks of living water, sat beneath the refreshing shades, and was fanned by the heavenly breezes. From that time to the present these subjects have afforded themes for delightful contemplation, and although our knowledge of them is vague, yet our imagination

"Loves to rove at the setting sun,
And view the planets as they run;
To gaze upon the orbs above,
And feel and know that God is Love!"

SCHENECTADY, March 6th, 1849.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS YOUTH.—There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that though not seen he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle for that is not a virtue; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate, and it stings him, for it is the trial of virtue, but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, it leads to sin; the atheist, who says not only with his heart but with his lips, "there is no God," controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving council; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy indeed is he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thy goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man—assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is fearfully easy to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then, let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her!

THE FREE WILL OF MAN.—Let any man dive into his own heart, and observe himself with attention. If he have the power to look, and the will to see, he will behold, with a sort of terror, the incessant war waged by the good and evil dispositions within him—reason and caprice, duty and passion; in short, to call them all by their comprehensive names, good and evil. We contemplate with anxiety the outward troubles and vicissitudes of human life; but what should we feel if we could behold the inward vicissitudes, the troubles of the human soul? If we

could see how many dangers, snares, enemies, combats, victories, and defeats, can be crowded into a day—an hour? I do not say this to discourage man, nor to humble or undervalue his free will. He is called upon to conquer in the battle of life, and the honor of the conquest belongs to his free will. But victory is impossible and defeat certain, if he has not a just conception and a profound feeling of his dangers, his weaknesses, and his need of assistance. To believe that the free will of man tends to good, and is of itself sufficient to accomplish good, betrays an immeasurable ignorance of his nature. It is the error of pride; an error which tends to destroy both moral and political order; which enfeebles the government of communities no less than the government of the inward man.—[Democracy in France, by M. Guizot.]

DR. MILLER, Senior Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, has announced his intention to resign that important post at the next meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly. Advanced age is probably the cause which prompted him to this step.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,
Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sir!

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Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by Bro. J. R. CRAMPTON, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

¶ All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

¶ We hope our Traveling Agents will be punctual in making returns to us every week, and not compel us to notice any one individually.

PHILADELPHIA.

BRO. JAMES J. DENHAM is our Agent for Philadelphia, and duly authorized to procure subscriptions and advertisements, collect dues, and transact any business involved in such Agency. Office No. 101 Cherry-street, above Sixth, near Odd-Fellow's Hall.

N. B. Subscribers who are in arrears will pay their subscriptions to Mr. Denham, as no other person is authorized to receive them, all former Agencies being discontinued.

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SAMUEL H. BARRETT.	

¶ Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD will visit Virginia and some of the adjacent States. We trust he will be received by the Brethren with the cordiality which he merits.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk.

NOTICE.

JAMES T. PALMATARY, of Philadelphia, and R. B. MORSE, of Adrian, Mich., are not authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

MARRIAGES.

In Virgil, Cortland Co., N. Y., on the 23d ult., by Rev. Bro. CLARK, of McLean Lodge, Bro. JOSEPHUS BYRAM, of Tiohangua Lodge No. 463, and of Asteroma Encampment No. 62, I. O. of O. F., to Miss FLORINDA C., daughter of TIMOTHY GRANGER, Esq., of Virgil.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO III.

The brow of Julia Wright was most commanding, Though dark; like Pallas' it was broad and high. Telemachus, when on Calypso landing, Could not have seen such brow without a sigh! 'Tis strange that, speaking of her understanding, My thoughts glide to her foot—I know not why; That *petite foot*, by sailors called a "clipper," To small for even Cinderella's slipper!

It may be asked, why, if Julia had such a dark skin, she did not use GOURAUD'S *Italian Medicated Soap*, which, it is well known, will remove Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Saltiness, Ringworm, or any other skin deformity? For an answer to this query, the reader is referred to the sequel. GOURAUD'S *Poudres Subtiles* will infallibly eradicate superfluous hair from any part of the frame. GOURAUD'S *Grecian Hair Dye* has the singular property of changing the color of red, light or gray hair to a magnificent black. GOURAUD'S *Liquid Rouge* imparts a permanent rose tint to pale cheeks.

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Boston, April 6th, 1846—Mr. Bogle—Sir: I consider it a duty I owe you as well as to those who may be troubled with their hair and head as I have been, to acknowledge the efficacy of your Hyperion Fluid, by the use of which I have derived so much benefit. For twelve years I was troubled with a disease on the head, the skin of which was covered with a thick coat of scaly humor, (or dandruff in its worst form,) which entirely covered the pores of the skin, caused severe headache, and entirely unfitted me for study; my hair also grew dry and dead, and at last began to turn bald and gray; to cure which I tried all the advertised articles of the day, (and their name is legion) without deriving any benefit. I heard of your Hyperion Fluid, and although it was highly praised by those who had used it, yet I was afraid it was but another humbug of the day, but was induced by you to give it a trial upon the system of no cure no pay; and I am glad to say it has entirely succeeded. The skin of my head is now clear from humor or dandruff, my hair is daily growing thicker, and is in a fine healthy state. It is therefore with the utmost confidence I recommend your Hyperion Fluid to be all you represent it. I am, yours truly,

SAMUEL CHAPMAN.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm. Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

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A SPLENDID ENGRAVING, AND

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IV. All the Medicines we prescribe are made in our own CHEMICAL LABORATORY, as we cannot rely on the Drugs sold in the shops, in consequence of almost universal ADULTERATIONS. Our remedies being prepared in the most pure and concentrated form, but little is used or needed to cure the worst cases.

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IN QUART BOTTLES,

For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of

SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STUBBORN ULCERS, DYSPEPSY, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

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The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted. NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 15, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly,

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"THEO. S. FAY."

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SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours,

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AT the late Fair of the American Institute, the Premium was awarded to the Proprietor for his Vanilla Tooth Wash, as being the best preparation for cleansing and preserving the Teeth, and purifying the breath. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, **THOS. MANSON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 90 Eighth Avenue.**
 Also, for sale by the principal Druggists throughout the city. Liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 3m237

F. W. CORINTH, HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 2d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m.

BARD & BROTHERS, MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m229

LODGE JEWELS.
ELEAZER AYERS, manufacturer of Jewelry, &c. No. 89 Nassau-st., New-York. Odd-Fellows', Masonic, and Sons of Temperance Jewels made to order. All orders from abroad punctually attended to. 3m235

B. WINCHESTER, PRINTER, 44 ANN-STREET.

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. _____.
 Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth.
 Date, _____ (Signed.)

Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. O. S. 101 Forsyth st.
New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243:tf.

FINE MILINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.—Pattern Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

The Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.
 Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches,
 Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains,
 Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals,
 Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens,
 Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles,
 Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins,
 Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings,
 Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c.
 Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$50 each.
 Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.
 All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.
G. C. ALLEN,
 Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y233

OPPOSITION—TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers, for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Bareges, (green, plain & fancy), Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdkfs., Fancy Silk Hdkfs., Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Crape Lince, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tartanets, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable.
41 L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c. with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation.
WM. A. CORRIE,
 N.B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

REGALIA IN READING, PA.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.
H. A. LANTZ,
 232:tf. 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P.

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 375 Main-st. 232:tf

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade-street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m235

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.

JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 3m236

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.
CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS, REJECTION NOTICES, Permanent Secretary's Receipts, Warrants on the Treasurer, and every description of Lodge and Encampment Blank, Seals, printed and furnished, in the best style of workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, post-paid, E. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

OLD Jacob Townsend, THE ORIGINAL OF THE TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the **AUTHOR and DISCOVERER of the GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA."** Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful **HEALING POWERS.**

Grand and Unequaled Preparation

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land.
 Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the Art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the **OLD DR. TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.** The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known, is the basis of many medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medical properties of the root, which give to it all its value. The

GENUINE

Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, every thing capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medical virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why he has commendations on every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of **CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, and LIVER COMPLAINT, and in RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, and PILES, GOUT, and OBSTINATE CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all affections arising from**

Impurity of the Blood.

It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from Indigestion, from Acidity of the Stomach; from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and cold hands, cold limbs and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in scouring the system, and promotes easy expectation, and gentle perspiration, relaxing the bowels, the lungs, throat, and every other part. But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.

It works wonders in cases of *fluor albus* or whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstruation, irregularity of the menstrual periods, and is effectual in curing all forms of the Kidney Disease.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as Spinal Irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.

It is not possible for this medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it which can ever harm; it can never sour or spoil, and therefore, can never lose its curative properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflammation, purifies the skin, equalizes the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then, the

The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,

because of one **GRAND FACT**, that the one is **INCAPABLE of DETE-RIORATION** and

Never Spoils,

while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging those who use it. Must not this article composed of so poisonous to the system?

What! put acid into system already diseased with acid! What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know, that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischief it produces?—flatulence, heartburn, palpitations of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood! What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body! What produces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Fever-Sore, and all ulcerations, internal and external? It is nothing under heaven but an acid substance, which sours, and then spreads all the evils of the body, more or less. What causes Rheumatism, but a sour acid fluid, which infiltrates itself between the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the tender and delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, of deranged circulation, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now, is it not horrible to make and sell, and infinitely worse to use this

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound"

OF S. P. TOWNSEND!

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's **GENUINE ORIGINAL SARSAPARILLA**, is an **IMITATION** of his inferior preparation!!
 Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article! and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and criminalizations from Agents who were so credulous and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's **FERMENTING COMPOUND.**

We wish it understood, because it is the absolute truth, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are heaven-wide apart, and infinitely dissimilar; that they are unlike in every particular, but not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, no chemist, no pharmacist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the article used in preparing it, and which are incapable of changes when might render them the **AGENTS OF DISEASE** instead of health!

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and cheerfulness to the broken and broken heart, and to banish infirmity—that **OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND HAS SOUGHT and FOUND** the opportunity and means to bring his

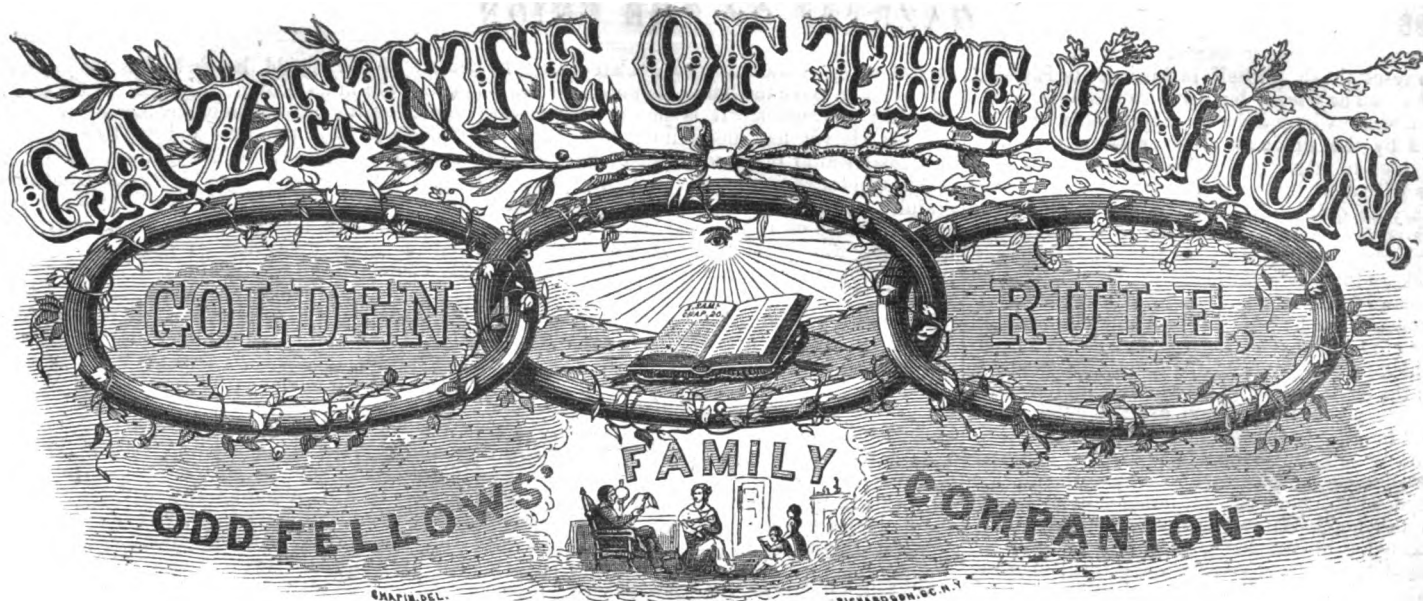
Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy,

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!

and thus to have the unexpressed satisfaction of having raised thousands and millions from the bed of sickness and misery to home, health, and a new life, vigor and usefulness to themselves, their families and friends.

Principal office 108 Nassau-street, N. Y.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY J. R. CRAMPTON, AT NO. 44 ANN-STREET, TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 13.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 247.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY MRS. H. S. DE GROVE.

Why so fast? I prithee tell me.
"Love hath wings," the maid replied—
"And my grand-mama forbade me
Flower-gathering on road-side."
Why so fast, my pretty maiden?
"Love hath wings, I've heard them say."
'Tis Irish love—In flying toward me,
Choosing just the backward way.
Why so fast, my darling Mary—
Mind you not your Jamie's tone?
Fear, that made the maiden wary,
Vanish'd as love's voice was known.

NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD.

NIGHT, deep and black, came down on sea and land,
Cooling with dews the burning breath of day;
No sound was heard, save on the distant strand
The rhythmic dashing of the star-lit bay.
Sleep fell on all. Bright rose the World of Dreams!
Each wizzard sense played there its proper role,
The warrior still pursued his mighty schemes,
And lovers still confessed love's soft control;
Youth dreamed of sunny forms around it fitting;
The aged dreamed of noon-day splendors setting.

OH TIME! NOT SO FLEETLY.

A SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD.

I.
OH TIME! not so fleetly, and you, rosy hours,
Suspend, now, your too rapid flight,
And leave us to gather love's beautiful flowers,
Till day descends into the night.

II.
"Fast! faster!" a crowd of unfortunates say,—
Roll on, then, for them, and begone;
Bear all their distresses and troubles away,
But leave us, the happy, alone.

III.
Love,—love,—let us love, then; the fugitive hour
Is passing,—it hastens! it flies!
One kiss,—a fond word,—one warm embrace
more,
For day no more lightens the skies.

A Barrister's Experiences.

THE STOLEN WATCH.

A TALE OF THE MARCH ASSIZE.

SOMETHING more than half a century ago, a person, in going along Holborn, might have seen near the corner of one of the thoroughfares which diverge toward Russell Square, the respectable looking shop of a glover and haberdasher named James Harvey, a man generally esteemed by his neighbors, and who was usually considered well to do in the world. Like many London tradesmen, Harvey was originally from the country. He had come up to town when a poor lad to push his fortune, and by dint of steadiness and civility, and a small property left him by a distant relation, he had been able to get into business on his own account, and to attain that most important element of success in London—"a connection." Shortly after setting up in the world, he married a young woman from his native town, to whom he had been engaged ever since his school-days; and at the time our narrative commences, he was the father of three children.

James Harvey's establishment was one of the best frequented of its class in the street. You could never pass without seeing customers going in or out. There was evidently not a little business going forward. But although, to all appearance, a flourishing concern, the proprietor of the establishment was surprised to find that he was continually pinched in his circumstances. No matter what was the amount of business transacted over the counter, he never got any richer.

At the period referred to, shopkeeping had not attained that degree of organization, with regard to counter-men and cashiers, which now distinguishes the great houses of trade. The primitive till was not yet superseded. This was the weak point in Harvey's arrangements; and not to make a needless number of words about it, the poor man was regularly robbed by a shopman, whose dexterity in pitching a guinea into the drawer, so as to make it jump, unseen, with a jerk into his hand, was worthy of Herr Dobler, or any other master of the sublime art of jugglery.

Good-natured and unsuspecting, perhaps also not sufficiently vigilant, Harvey was long in discovering how he was pillaged. Cartwright, the name of the person who was preying on his employer, was not a young man. He was between forty and fifty years of age, and had been in various situations, where he had always given satisfaction, except on the score of being somewhat gay and somewhat irritable. Privately, he was a man of loose habits, and for years his extravagances had been paid for by property clandestinely abstracted from his too-confiding master. Slow to believe in the reality of such wickedness, Mr. Harvey could with difficulty entertain the suspicions which began to dawn on his mind. At length all doubt was at an end. He detected Cartwright in the very act of carrying off goods to a considerable amount. The man was tried at the Old Bailey for the offense; but through a technical informality in the indictment, was acquitted.

Unable to find employment, and with a character gone, the liberated thief became savage, revengeful, and desperate. Instead of imputing his fall to his own irregularities, he considered his late unfortunate employer as the cause of his ruin; and now he bent all the energies of his dark nature to destroy the reputation of the man whom he had betrayed and plundered. Of all the beings self-delivered to the rule of unscrupulous malignity, with whom it has been my fate to come professionally in contact, I never knew one so utterly fiendish as this discomfited pilferer. Frenzied with his imaginary wrongs, he formed the determination to labor, even if it were for years, to ruin his victim. Nothing short of death should divert him from this, the darling object of his existence.

Animated by these diabolical passions, Cartwright proceeded to his work. Harvey, he had too good reasons to know, was in debt to persons who had made him advances; and by means of artfully-concocted anonymous letters, evidently written by some one conversant with the matters on which he wrote, he succeeded in alarming the haberdasher's creditors. The consequences were—demands of immediate payment, and, in spite of the debtor's explanations and promises, writs, heavy law expenses, ruinous sacrifices, and ultimate bankruptcy. It may seem almost too marvelous for belief, but the story of this terrible revenge and its consequences is no fiction. Every incident in my narrative is true, and the whole may be found in hard outline in the records of the courts with which a few years ago I was familiar.

The humiliated and distressed feelings of Harvey and his family may be left to the imagination. When he found himself a ruined man, I dare say his mental sufferings were sufficiently acute. Yet he did not sit down in despair,

To re-establish himself in business in England appeared hopeless; but America presented itself as a scene where industry might find a reward; and by the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to make preparations to emigrate with his wife and children. Toward the end of February he quitted London for one of the great sea-ports, where he was to embark for Boston. On arriving there with his family, Mr. Harvey took up his abode at a principal hotel. This, in a man of straitened means, was doubtless imprudent; but he afterward attempted to explain the circumstance by saying, that as the ship in which he had engaged his passage was to sail on the day after his arrival, he had preferred incurring a slight additional expense rather than that his wife—who was now, with failing spirits, nursing an infant—should be exposed to coarse associations and personal discomfort. In the expectation, however, of being only one night in the hotel, Harvey was unfortunately disappointed. Ship-masters, especially those commanding emigrant vessels, were then, as now, habitual promise-breakers; and although each succeeding sun was to light them on their way, it was fully a fortnight before the ship stood out to sea. By that time a second and more dire reverse had occurred in the fortunes of the luckless Harvey.

Cartwright, whose appetite for vengeance was but whetted by his first success, had never lost sight of the movements of his victim; and now he had followed him to the place of his embarkation, with an eager but undefined purpose of working him some further and more deadly mischief. Stealthily he hovered about the house which sheltered the unconscious object of his malicious hate, plotting, as he afterward confessed, the wildest schemes for satiating his revenge. Several times he made excuses for calling at the hotel, in the hope of observing the nature of the premises, taking care, however, to avoid being seen by Mr. Harvey or his family. A fortnight passed away, and the day of departure of the emigrants arrived without the slightest opportunity occurring for the gratification of his purposes. The ship was leaving her berth; most of the passengers were on board; Mrs. Harvey and the children, with nearly the whole of their luggage, were already safely in the vessel; Mr. Harvey only remained on shore to purchase some trifling article, and to settle his bill at the hotel on removing his last trunk. Cartwright had tracked him all day; he could not attack him in the street; and he finally followed him to the hotel, in order to wreak his vengeance on him in his private apartment, of the situation of which he had informed himself.

Harvey entered the hotel first, and before Cartwright came up, he had gone down a passage into the bar to settle the bill which he had incurred for the last two days. Not aware of this circumstance, Cartwright, in the bustle which prevailed, went up stairs to Mr. Harvey's bed-room and parlor, in neither of which, to his surprise, did he find the occupant; and he turned away discomfited. Passing along toward the chief staircase, he perceived a room of which the door was open, and that on the table there lay a gold watch and appendages. Nobody was in the apartment; the gentleman who occupied it had only a few moments before gone to his bed-chamber for a brief space. Quick as lightning a diabolical thought flashed through the brain of the villain, who had been baffled in his original intentions. He recollected that he had seen a trunk in Harvey's room, and that the keys hung in the lock. An inconceivably short space of time served for him to seize the watch, to deposit it at the bottom of Harvey's trunk, and to quit the hotel by a back stair, which led by a short cut to the harbor. The whole transaction was done unperceived, and the wretch at least departed unnoticed.

Having finished his business at the bar, Mr. Harvey repaired to his room, locked his trunk, which, being of a small and handy size, he mounted on his shoulder, and proceeded to leave the house by the back stair, in order to get as quickly as possible to the vessel. Little recked he of the interruption which was to be presented to his departure. He had not got as far as the foot of the stair with his burden, when he was

overtaken by a waiter, who declared that he was going to leave the house clandestinely without settling accounts. It is proper to mention that Mr. Harvey had incurred the enmity of this particular waiter in consequence of having, out of his slender resources, given him too small a gratuity on the occasion of paying a former bill, and not aware of the second bill being settled, the waiter was rather glad to have an opportunity of charging him with a fraudulent design. In vain Mr. Harvey remonstrated, saying he had paid for everything. The waiter would not believe his statement, and detained him "till he should hear better about it."

"Let me go, fellow; I insist upon it," said Mr. Harvey, burning with indignation. "I am already too late."

"Not a step, till I ask master if accounts are squared."

At this moment, while the altercation was at the hottest, a terrible ringing of bells was heard, and above stairs was a loud noise of voices, and of feet running to and fro. A chambermaid came hurriedly down the stair, exclaiming that some one had stolen a gold watch from No. 17, and that nobody ought to leave the house till it was found. The landlord also, moved by the hurricane which had been raised, made his appearance at the spot where Harvey had been interrupted in his exit.

"What on earth is all this noise about, John?" inquired the landlord of the waiter.

"Why, sir, I thought it rather strange for any gentleman to leave the house by the back way, carrying his own portmanteau, and so I was making a little breeze about it, fearing he had not paid his bill, when all of a sudden Sally rushes down stair and says as how No. 17 has missed his gold watch, and that no one should quit the hotel."

No. 17, an old, dry-looking military gentleman, in a particularly high passion, now showed himself on the scene, uttering terrible threats of legal proceedings against the house for the loss he had sustained.

Harvey was stupefied and indignant, yet he could hardly help smiling at the pother.

"What," said he, "have I to do with all this? I have paid for everything; I am surely entitled to go away if I like. Remember, that if I lose my passage to Boston, you shall answer for it."

"I very much regret detaining you, sir," replied the keeper of the hotel; "but you hear there has been a robbery committed within the last few minutes, and as it will be proper to search every one in the house, surely you, who are on the point of departure, will have no objection to be searched first, and then be at liberty to go?"

There was something so perfectly reasonable in all this, that Harvey stepped into an adjoining parlor, and threw open his trunk for inspection, never doubting that his innocence would be immediately manifest.

The waiter, whose mean rapacity had been the cause of the detention, acted as examiner. He pulled one article after another out of the trunk, and at length—horror of horrors!—held up the missing watch with a look of triumph and scorn!

"Who put that there?" cried Harvey, in an agony of mind which can be better imagined than described. "Who has done me this grievous wrong? I know nothing as to how the watch came into my trunk."

No one answered this appeal. All present stood for a moment in gloomy silence.

"Sir," said the landlord to Harvey on recovering from his surprise, "I am sorry for you. For the sake of a miserable trifle, you have brought ruin and disgrace on yourself. This is a matter which concerns the honor of my house, and cannot stop here. However much it is against my feelings, you must go before a magistrate."

"By all means," added No. 17, with the importance of an injured man. "A pretty thing that one's watch is not safe in a house like this."

"John, send Boots for a constable," said the landlord.

Harvey sat with his head leaning on his hand. A deadly cold perspiration trickled down his brow. His heart swelled and beat as if it would

burst. What should he do? His whole prospects were in an instant blighted. "Oh God! do not desert a frail and unhappy being: give me strength to face this new and terrible misfortune," was a prayer he internally uttered. A little revived, he started to his feet, and addressing himself to the landlord, he said, "Take me to a magistrate instantly, and let us have this diabolical plot unraveled. I court inquiry into my character and conduct."

"It is no use saying any more about it," said the landlord; "here is Boots with a constable, and let us all go away together to the nearest magistrate. Boots, carry that trunk. John and Sally, you can follow us."

And so the party, trunk and all, under the constable as conductor, adjourned to the house of a magistrate in an adjoining street. There the matter seemed so clear a case of felony—robbery in a dwelling-house—that Harvey, all protestations to the contrary, was fully committed for trial at the ensuing March assizes, then but a few days distant.

At the period at which these incidents occurred, I was a young man going on my first circuits. I had not as yet been honored with perhaps more than three or four briefs, and these only in cases so slightly productive of fees, that I was compelled to study economy in my excursions. Instead of taking up my residence at an inn when visiting—a considerable sea-port, where the court held its sittings, I dwelt in lodgings kept by a widow lady, where, at a small expense, I could enjoy perfect quietness, free from interruption.

On the evening after my arrival on the March circuit of the year 17—, I was sitting in my lodgings perusing a new work on criminal jurisprudence, when the landlady, after tapping at the door, entered my room.

"I am sorry to trouble you, sir," said she; "but a lady has called to see you about a very distressing law case—very distressing indeed, and a very strange case it is too. Only, if you could be so good as to see her."

"Who is she?"

"All I know about it is this: she is a Mrs. Harvey. She and her husband and children were to sail yesterday for Boston. All were on board except the husband; and he, on leaving the large hotel over the way, was taken up for a robbery. Word was in the evening sent by the prisoner to his wife to come on shore with all her children and the luggage; and so she came back in the pilot boat, and was in such a state of distress, that my brother, who is in the preventive service, and saw her land, took pity on her, and had her and her children and things taken to a lodging on the quay. As my brother knows that we have a London lawyer staying here, he has advised the poor woman to come and consult you about the case."

"Well, I'll see what can be done. Please desire the lady to step in."

A lady was shortly shown in. She had been pretty, and was so still, but anxiety was pictured in her pale countenance. Her dress was plain, but not inelegant; and altogether she had a neat and engaging appearance.

"Be so good as to sit down," said I, bowing; "and tell me all you would like to say."

The poor woman burst into tears; but afterward recovering herself, she told me pretty nearly the whole of her history and that of her husband.

Lawyers have occasion to see so much duplicity, that I did not all at once give assent to the idea of Harvey being innocent of the crime of which he stood charged.

"There is something perfectly inexplicable in the case," I observed, "and it would require sifting. Your husband, I hope, has always borne a good character?"

"Perfectly so. He was no doubt unfortunate in business; but he got his certificate on the first examination; and there are many who would testify to his uprightness." And here again my client broke into tears, as if overwhelmed with her recollections and prospects.

"I think I recollect Mr. Harvey's shop," said I, soothingly. "It seemed a very respectable concern; and we must see what can be done. Keep up your spirits; the only fear I have arise

from the fact of Judge A—being on the bench. He is usually considered severe, and if exculpatory evidence fail, your husband may run the risk of being—transported.” A word of more terrific import, with which I was about to conclude, stuck unuttered in my throat. “Have you employed an attorney?” I added.

“No; I have done nothing as yet, but apply to you, to beg of you to be my husband’s counsel.”

“Well, that must be looked to. I shall speak to a local agent, to prepare and work out the case; and we shall all do our utmost to get an acquittal. To-morrow I will call on your husband in prison.”

Many thanks were offered by the unfortunate lady, and she withdrew.

I am not going to inflict on the reader a detailed account of this remarkable trial, which turned, as barristers would say, on a beautiful point of circumstantial evidence. Along with the attorney, a sharp enough person in his way, I examined various parties at the hotel, and made myself acquainted with the nature of the premises. The more we investigated, however, the more dark and mysterious—always supposing Harvey’s innocence—did the whole case appear. There was not one redeeming trait in the affair, except Harvey’s previous good character; and good character, by the law of England, goes for nothing in opposition to facts proved to the satisfaction of a jury. It was likewise unfortunate that A— was to be the presiding judge. This man possessed great forensic acquirements, and was of spotless private character; but, like the majority of lawyers of that day,—when it was no extraordinary thing to hang twenty men in a morning at Newgate—he was a stanch stickler for the gallows as the only effectual reformer and safeguard of the social state. At this time he was but partially recovered from a long and severe indisposition, and the traces of recent suffering were distinctly apparent on his pale and passionless features.

Harvey was arraigned in due form; the evidence was gone carefully through; and everything, so far as I was concerned, was done that man could do. But at the time to which I refer, counsel was not allowed to address the court on behalf of the prisoner—a practice since introduced from Scotland—and consequently I was allowed no opportunity to draw the attention of the jury to the total want of any direct evidence of the prisoner’s guilt. Harvey himself tried to point out the unlikelihood of his being guilty; but he was not a man gifted with dialectic qualities, and his harangue fell pointlessly on the understandings of the twelve commonplace individuals who sat in the jury-box. The judge finally proceeded to sum the evidence, and this he did emphatically *against* the prisoner—dwelling with much force on the suspicious circumstance of a needy man taking up his abode at an expensive fashionable hotel; his furtive descent from his apartments by the back stairs; the undoubted fact of the watch being found in his trunk; the improbability of any one putting it there but himself; and the extreme likelihood that the robbery was effected in a few moments of time by the culprit, just as he passed from the bar of the hotel to the room which he had occupied. “If,” said he to the jury, in concluding his address, “you can, after all these circumstances, believe the prisoner to be innocent of the crime laid to his charge, it is more than I can do. The thing seems to me as clear as the sun at noonday. The evidence, in short, is irresistible; and if the just and necessary provisions of the law are not enforced in such very plain cases, then society will be dissolved, and security for property there will be none. Gentlemen, retire and make up your verdict.”

But the jury were not disposed to retire. After communing a few minutes together, one of them stood up and delivered the verdict: it was *Guilty*! The judge assumed the crowning badge of the judicial potentate—the black cap; and the clerk of arraigns asked the prisoner at the bar, in the usual form, if he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

Poor Harvey! I durst scarcely look at him. As the sonorous words fell on his ear, he was

grasping nervously with shaking hands at the front of the dock. He appeared stunned, bewildered, as a man but half awakened from a hideous dream might be supposed to look. He had comprehended, though he had scarcely heard, the verdict; for on the instant, the voice which but a few years before sang to him by the brook-side, was ringing through his brain, and he could recognise the little pattering feet of his children, as, sobbing and clinging to their shrieking mother’s dress, she and they were hurried out of court. The clerk, after a painful pause, repeated the solemn formula. By a strong effort the doomed man mastered his agitation; his pale countenance lighted up with indignant fire, and firm and self-possessed, he thus replied to the fearful interrogatory:

“Much could I say in the name, not of mercy, but of justice, why the sentence about to be passed on me should not be pronounced; but nothing, alas! that will avail me with you, pride-blinded ministers of death. You fashion to yourselves—out of your own vain conceits do you fashion—modes and instruments, by the aid of which you fondly imagine to invest yourselves with attributes which belong only to Omniscience; and now I warn you—and it is a voice from the tomb, in whose shadow I already stand, which addresses you—that you are about to commit a most cruel and deliberate murder.”

He paused, and the jury looked into each other’s eyes for the courage they could not find in their own hearts. The voice of conscience spoke, but was only for a few moments audible. The suggestions that what grave parliaments, learned judges, and all classes of “respectability” sanctioned, could not be wrong, much less murderous or cruel, silenced the “still, small” tones, and tranquillized the startled jurors.

“Prisoner at the bar,” said the judge, with his cold, calm voice of destiny, “I cannot listen to such observations: you have been found guilty of a heinous offense by a jury of your countrymen, after a patient trial. With that finding I need scarcely say I entirely agree. I am as satisfied of your guilt as if I had seen you commit the act with my own bodily eyes. The circumstance of your being a person who, from habits and education, should have been above committing so base a crime, only aggravates your guilt. However, no matter who or what you have been, you must expiate your offense on the scaffold. The law has very properly, for the safety of society, decreed the punishment of death for such crimes: our only and plain duty is to execute that law.”

The prisoner did not reply: he was leaning with his elbows on the front of the dock, his bowed face covered with his outspread hands; and the judge passed sentence of death in the accustomed form. The court then rose, and a turnkey placed his hand upon the prisoner’s arm, to lead him away. Suddenly he uncovered his face, drew himself up to his full height—he was a remarkably tall man—and glared fiercely round upon the audience, like a wild animal at bay. “My lord,” he cried, or rather shouted, in an excited voice. The judge motioned impatiently to the jailer, and strong hands impelled the prisoner from the front of the dock. Bursting from them he again sprang forward, and his arms outstretched, while his glittering eye seemed to hold the judge spell-bound, exclaimed, “My lord, before another month has passed away, you will appear at the bar of another world, to answer for the life, the innocent life, which God bestowed upon me, but which you have impiously cast away as a thing of naught and scorn!” He ceased, and was at once borne off. The court, in some confusion, hastily departed. It was thought at the time that the judge’s evidently failing health had suggested the prophecy to the prisoner. It only excited a few days’ wonder, and was forgotten.

The position of a barrister in such circumstances is always painful. I need hardly say that my own feelings were of a very distressing kind. Conscious that if the unfortunate man was really guilty, he was at least not deserving of capital punishment, I exerted myself to procure a reprieve. In the first place I waited privately on the judge; but he would listen to no proposal for a respite. Along with a number

of individuals—chiefly of the Society of Friends—I petitioned the crown for a commutation of the sentence. But being unaccompanied with a recommendation from the judge, the prayer of our petition was of course disregarded: the law, it was said, must take its course. How much cruelty has been exercised under shelter of that remorseless expression!

I would willingly pass over the succeeding events. Unable to save his life, I endeavored to soothe the few remaining hours of the doomed convict, and frequently visited him in the condemned cell. The more I saw of him, the deeper grew my sympathy in his case, which was that of no vulgar felon. “I have been a most unfortunate man,” said he one day to me. “A destiny toward ruin in fortune and in life has pursued me. I feel as if deserted by God and man; yet I know, or at least would persuade myself, that Heaven will one day vindicate my innocence of this foul charge. To think of being hanged like a dog for a crime at which my soul revolts! Great is the crime of those imbecile jurors and that false and hard-hearted judge, who thus, by an irreversible decree, consign a fellow-mortal to a death of violence and disgrace. Oh God, help me—help me to sustain that bitter, bitter hour!” And then the poor man would throw himself on his bed and weep.

But the parting with his wife and children. What pen can describe that terrible interview! They knelt in prayer, their wo-begone countenances suffused in tears, and with hands clasped convulsively together. The scene was too harrowing and sacred for the eye of a stranger. I rushed from the cell, and buried myself in my lodgings, whence I did not remove till all was over. Next day, James Harvey, a victim of circumstantial evidence, and of a barbarous criminal code, perished on the scaffold.

Three weeks afterward, the court arrived at a populous city in the West of England. It had in the interval visited another assize town, and there Judge A— had left three for execution. At the trials of these men, however, I had not attended. So shocked had been my feelings with the mournful event which had taken place at —, that I had gone into Wales for the sake of change of scene. After roaming about for a fortnight amid the wild solitudes of Caernarvonshire, I took the stage for the city which I knew the court was to visit, and arrived on the day previous to the opening of the assizes.

“Well, are we to have a heavy calendar?” I inquired next morning of a brother barrister, on entering the court.

“Rather light for a March assize,” replied the impatient counsel, as he bustled onward. “There’s Cartwright’s case—highway robbery—in which I am for the prosecution. He’ll swing for it, and perhaps four or five others.”

“A good hanging judge is A—,” said the under-sheriff, who at this moment joined us, rubbing his hands, as if pleased with the prospect of a few executions. “No chance of the prophecy yonder coming to pass, I suppose?”

“Not in the least,” replied the bustling counsel. “He never looked better. His illness has gone completely off. And this day’s work will brighten him up.”

Cartwright’s trial came on. I had never seen the man before, and was not aware that this was the same person whom Harvey had incidentally told me he had discharged for theft; the truth being, that till the last moment of his existence, that unfortunate man had not known how much he had been a sacrifice to this wretch’s malice.

The crime of which the villain now stood accused was that of robbing a farmer of the paltry sum of eight shillings, in the neighborhood of Ilfracombe. He pleaded not guilty, but put in no defense. A verdict was recorded against him, and in due form A— sentenced him to be hanged. An expression of fiendish malignancy gleamed over the haggard features of the felon as he asked leave to address a few words to the court. It was granted. Leaning forward, and raising his heavy scowling eyes to the judge, he thus began: “There is something on my mind, my lord—a dreadful crime—which, as I am to die for the eight shillings I took from the farmer, I may as well confess. You may

remember Harvey, my lord, whom you hanged the other day at —?"

"What of him, fellow?" replied the judge, his features suddenly flushing crimson.

"Why, my lord, only this—that he was as innocent of the crime for which you hanged him as the child yet unborn! I did the deed! I put the watch in his trunk!" And to the unutterable horror of the entire court, he related the whole particulars of the transaction, the origin of his grudge against Harvey, and his delight on bringing him to the gallows.

"Inhuman, execrable villain!" gasped the judge in extreme excitement.

"Cleverly done, though! Was it not, my lord?" rejoined the ruffian, with bitter irony. "The evidence, you know, was irresistible; the crime as clear as the sun at noonday; and if, in such plain cases, the just and necessary law was not enforced, society would be dissolved, and there would be no security for property! These were your words, I think. How on that occasion I admired your lordship's judgment and eloquence! Society would be dissolved if an innocent man were not hanged! Ha!—ha!—ha! Capital!—capital!" shouted the ferocious felon with demoniac glee, as he marked the effect of his words on the countenance of the judge.

"Remove the prisoner!" cried the sheriff. An officer was about to do so; but the judge motioned him to desist. His lordship's features worked convulsively. He seemed striving to speak, but the words would not come.

"I suppose, my lord," continued Cartwright, in low and, hissing tones, as the shadow of unutterable despair grew and settled on his face—"I suppose you know that his wife destroyed herself. The coroner's jury said she had fallen accidentally into the water. I know better. She drowned herself under the agonies of a broken heart! I saw her corpse, with the dead baby in its arms; and then I felt, knew, that I was lost! Lost, doomed to everlasting perdition! But, my lord"—and here the wretch broke into a howl wild and terrific—"we shall go down together—down to where your deserts are known. A—h—h! that pinches you, does it? Hound of a judge! legal murderer! coward! I spurn and spit upon thee!" The rest of the appalling oburgation was inarticulate, as the monster, foaming and sputtering, was dragged by an officer from the dock.

Judge A— had fallen forward on his face, fainting and speechless with the violence of his emotions. The black cap had dropped from his brow. His hands were stretched out across the bench, and various members of the bar rushed to his assistance. The court broke up in frightful commotion.

Two days afterward the county paper had the following announcement:

"Died, at the Royal Hotel, —, on the 27th instant, Judge A—, from an access of fever supervening upon a disorder from which he had imperfectly recovered."

The prophecy was fulfilled!

POISONED TOYS.—The dangerous consequences of employing arsenic in making toys were exemplified lately at a meeting of the London Medical Society, where a member related that he had been called to attend two children who were seized, successively, with violent sickness and diarrhoea, and became alarmingly ill. He suspected the existence of a mineral poison, but no trace could be found, until a new toy, in the shape of a white rabbit, was examined. The child had been rubbing the white fur of the rabbit with its hand, which it immediately put into its mouth. The second child did so likewise. The fur was found dusted over with a quantity of fine white powder, which, being analysed, a mixture of arsenic and lead. The arsenic here was evidently employed, as it constantly is, to preserve the fur from moths.

Thackeray, dining one day at a public dinner at Ballinasloe, in fair time, asked a waiter to bring him some currant jelly for his venison. "There's no currant jelly, sir," said a waiter, running up to him, "but here's some very fine lobster sauce."

Ladies' Department.

THE LIFE OF THE FLIRT.

Oh! the life of the flirt is no life for me!
It brings sad thoughts and sighs, be it ever so free;
I have ogled, and laugh'd, and danced with a score,
And found it, believe me, a horrible bore.
In my train have been Walter, and Charlie, and
Cree,

A Spaniard, and Pole, and a French refugee.
But the life of a flirt is no life for me!

They have written mesonnets on love by the score,
Serenaded, and toasted for weeks or more;
To all "poppers of questions" I've answered "No,
no!"

Now I'm teased or forgotten by belle and by beau;
And Miss Morley, in whom no beauty I see,
Has succeeded in throwing her shadow o'er me.
So the life of a flirt is no life for me!

Lord Harry last summer came down by the sea,
He sigh'd, and he blush'd, and look'd softly on me;
I had fully resolved he should down on his knee,
And now he is courting that horrid Miss Cleo;
I have heard it oft whisper'd he would have had me,
If I had not so flirted with Edward de G—.

Oh! the life of a flirt is no life for me!

In August, for change, I just ran down to see
If Weymouth could furnish amusement for me;
I ogled "a gent," who lounged on the quay,
And enter'd too freely in converse, they say;
For when I got home I miss'd watch and key;
The dinner was cold—so was Edward de G—.

Oh! the life of a flirt is no life for me!

For a few long days I flirted no more,
Till Seymour came down, with his phaeton and four,
Then I could not resist; so was Edward de G—
Announced his intention of crossing the sea;
But, alas! all my flirting with both was now o'er,
Seymour sail'd the next morning with him for
Mysore.

Oh! the life of a flirt will suit me no more!

That arch-hypocrite Sly, and his colleague, young
Lee,

Walk'd a mile to tell Ma I'd been talking too free,
In asking Squire Greyer, at half-past three,
To meet me alone by the "old oak tree."
Papa, too, was book'd for a lawyer's fee,
Because the Miss Crabbs whisper'd scandal of me.
Oh! the life of a flirt is no life for me!

And then, at the last ball, I thought it so mean—
One thought me too plump, and another too lean;
And then, could you guess it, my right eye was
green.

I was further accused of making a scene,
And Edward de G— was my go-between;
But, oh! should you meet him, I pray you opine
That the life of a flirt is no life for Jossine.

Oh! rather than flirt, I declare I would be
"The One" to make cousins a strong cup of tea,
Or dandle a baby for aye on my knee,
And teach the young plagues to squeak out A B C;
And renounce now and ever ball and bel-esprit,
Reviews, launches, and races, and pet Ornee,
For the life of a flirt is no life for me!

THE ODD-FELLOW'S DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY A LADY.

"Is my father in the counting-room, Mr. Cutter?"

"Yes, Miss Mary, but he is very busy."

"Is any one with him?"

"No, Miss Mary, but he is busy with his letters."

"Oh, well, I will not disturb him long."

When the young girl entered her father's counting-room she found him at his table, with a pile of letters before him—his head resting on his hand—and when he raised his eyes, on his daughter's entrance, she met his look with a bewildered air, for there was that in his countenance that reminded her of the days of grief and anguish following her dear mother's death, about three years previous. But as soon as Mr. Hillar saw who it was that interrupted him, his face resumed the calm, mild and affectionate look it was wont to wear.

"Well, my daughter," said he, "what can I do for you?"

"I am sorry, father," answered Mary, "that I interrupted you, but I wished for some money this morning to go shopping with Lizzie Lewis."

"Why, my child," said Mr. Hillar, "what can you find to purchase? I heard you say, a day or two since, that you had all that was necessary for winter."

"And so I think I have, dear father; only Lizzie wishes me to go with her, and my purse was nearly empty, and you have said I should never go with a lean purse, and I was beginning to think of Christmas presents for the boys and servants."

"Well, my child, trust to me; do not go out with your friend to-day, and hereafter you will not regret doing as I wished."

"Certainly, father, if you desire it, and I will go round by Lizzie's and tell her I cannot go to-day."

Mary Hillar was a bright, warm-hearted girl of twenty; not beautiful in the common acceptance of the term, for her features were irregular; but her broad, intellectual forehead, bright, expressive eyes, clear and healthy complexion, claimed admiration. And her voice, too—who could hear it and not love the owner? Not the languishing, lisping voice of a fashionable lady; but clear, gushing, bird-like music, that told of warm affection, and ready sympathy. Oh! how much of the heart can be expressed in woman's voice! How often do the sweet tones of the loved and lost linger upon the ear!

Mary Hillar was a Christian, too—not demure, precise, fault-finding—but one who, in the fear and love of God, endeavored to discharge her duties cheerfully. When Mary was seventeen, just as she had left school, and was about to enter society, with every prospect of happiness which wealth, station, and loving friends could insure, her invaluable mother was taken from her by death. She had two little brothers, several years her junior, and she promised her mother, on her dying bed, to supply her place to them; and so well had Mary fulfilled that sacred promise, and so watchful had she been of her father's comfort and happiness, that he had not thought yet of trying to supply the place of her he had lost. This had been a matter of great joy to Mary, although she had determined, in her own mind, never to oppose her father, should he wish to marry.

My readers must pardon me for being so prolix in my introduction of Mr. Hillar and his family, and we will follow Mary home from her father's store. All the rest of the morning she was incapable of composing herself to any kind of employment or reading—her mind constantly wandered to her father's sad face, as she found him in his counting-room. When he came to dinner he was paler than usual, but otherwise there was nothing particularly observable. But at tea he asked Mary to assist the little boys in their lessons, and get them to rest as soon after as possible, and follow him to the library. In the course of an hour Mary tapped at the library door.

"Draw up an easy-chair," said Mr. Hillar, as Mary entered, "and make yourself comfortable, for our conference may be long and tedious. Did you not think strange that I requested you not to go out to-day?"

"Oh no, father, for I know you have ever good reasons for your requests; but I have felt all day that you were in trouble, and have had a strong desire for your confidence."

"My confidence you deserve and shall have, dear child," said Mr. Hillar, impressing a kiss upon her forehead. "I thank God for having such a daughter to cheer and comfort me. You have always known prosperity, and lived in luxury, how will you now bear adversity and privation? for come it must. I have struggled long against it, but now it is in vain. The failure of several western merchants, the total loss of the Sybil, and the suspension of Jones, Chandler & Co., combined, have ruined me. One of the losses I could have battled; but all together is too much for me. Everything must be given up—house, equipage, furniture, servants and all. What is to become of you and your little brothers—and old nurse, too? Her little fortune which she would never take from my hands? It is cruel to thrust her out to labor

for strangers, after spending the best years of her life in nursing my children, and she is too old to do hard work. And, Mary, I can never find capital to commence business again. The Lord help me! there is no help from man. I have turned in every direction; but there is a complete stagnation in the business community. Every man is afraid for himself. I have no one even to advise me!"

"Oh! father," exclaimed Mary, "if James Gilman were only here, he could advise you."

"James Gilman!" said Mr. Hillar, "what mean you to refer to that man—do you still believe him innocent, Mary? From your not mentioning his name for two years, I thought you was finally convinced of his guilt!"

"No, father, I am not, nor ever will be convinced that James would do an intentional wrong. My mother advised me, if you continued to believe him guilty, to refrain from mentioning his name to you."

"Mary, did your mother die in the belief of Gilman's innocence?"

"She did, dear father, and said too, that before you died, she firmly believed that his honesty and uprightness would be clearly proved. Oh! father, do not still believe he could wrong you!"

"Mary, God forbid that I should wrong any man knowingly, but who else could have taken that roll of bills? No other person saw them—he it was who was ordered to put the money in the bank. When he came to me with the lame excuse of having left the counting-room for fifteen minutes, and on going in for the money to take to the bank, he found the desk open, and the roll of bills gone, and the window of the counting-room also open. Why, when I charged him with the deed, did he turn pale as ashes, stammer, and almost faint? Mary, I am afraid I did wrong in listening to you and your mother's entreaties to spare him, and bear the heavy loss quietly. And if he was innocent, why have we never heard from him, in all these four years?"

"Because, father, he said he would never show his face until he could fully prove his innocence."

"Mary, did you see him after I forbade it?"

"Yes, father, but I could not help it; he came to bid dear mother farewell when she was ill, the night previous to his sailing for Havana."

"Well, my dear, we will let this drop, and return to our own troubles."

"Everything must be assigned for the benefit of my creditors. I am thankful that no poor person besides dear old nurse will be the sufferer, and nurse shall have my home as long as I can have a roof for my head. You must break this to her as tenderly as possible. I hope she will not think hard of me. If I could secure a cent to myself she should have her due. She never would take a note for what I owed her, and now she cannot claim it with the other creditors. In the morning select such plain furniture as will furnish a small, neat house, which I found to-day; there is a parlor, and back of it a small dining and bed-room; two chambers over them, one for the dear little boys and myself, and the other nurse must have. A kitchen and closets are added by a wing, and opening from the dining room. Take all your dear mother's books, and a few for yourself and boys; we will find room in the parlor for them. Take also the old family silver, the rest of the plate must go. Oh! my poor child, how will you ever endure all this? I can bear it, but for you to be cast out from the circle in which of right you have ever moved, do the work of a servant, and deprived of all the luxuries to which you are accustomed!"

"Dear father, do not think of me—if you can only be spared to me, and find the means for us to live upon, even in this way, you shall never hear one repining word, or see one gloomy cloud upon my face. I thank God that my dear mother has taught me that true happiness is not to be found in riches. And now I shall have an opportunity of practicing the precepts she took such unwearied pains to inculcate. My true friends will not desert me because I am poor, and no longer an heiress; those that do look coldly on my adversity are not worth a thought."

Besides, dear father," said she with a smile, "I shall not have times for many friends. Nurse loves us so well she will do all she can, and we two together can teach Willie and Frank, and that will be a saving. Oh, father, do not look so sad, you shall see what an economist I am—and we shall be happy, indeed we shall!"

The removal was made—nurse was a good assistance—she felt that her fortune was cast with her old master's; and she felt grateful that she was allowed to share their home and privations. She would not allow the "dear, young Miss Mary" to do any thing of the house work, "there was only enough to keep her busy."

A few friends were faithful in their fallen fortunes; but very many, when Mary accidentally met them, "could not find where Mr. Hillar had moved." One friend there was among the few faithful ones who was able to assist Mr. Hillar in gaining a subsistence. He was a brother of the "mystic tie," and gave him some business to do; but could not do more at that time without depriving others of situations they had honorably filled.

Mr. Hillar and his family had lived in this manner for nearly a year, and by the strictest economy maintained themselves without incurring debts. One evening Mary had waited tea beyond the usual time, for her father's return, but supposing he was detain at the office, she gave her brothers their supper, heard their evening lessons, and told them they had better not wait longer to bid their father good night. One evening in each week he was always absent at the meeting of the "Lodge," but this was not the night. Poor Mary sat listening till she was almost terrified at the beating of her own heart, and she nearly fainted, when at midnight she heard steps at the door, and when the bell was pulled, with a bound she was at the door; but instead of her father it was the old family physician, with a countenance of undisguised grief. Mary was filled with undefined terror—the doctor took her hand and led her in, and told her in a few brief, gentle words, that she was an orphan. Mary did not scream nor faint, but the physician allowed her tears to flow unrestrained, and when she was calm he told her how her father had been taken from her.

On his way from the office he called at the house of his old friend and physician, to speak with him about a pain he had felt in his side for several days; and while the doctor was conversing with him, he saw Mr. Hillar turn deadly pale, put his hand to his side, and before he could reach him his head dropped, he sighed once or twice, and his spirit had flown home to God. Every effort that friendship could make was put forth to resuscitate, but all in vain.

Every care and anxiety of a secular nature was taken from poor Mary Hillar by the members of the Lodge to which her father belonged, and which he had done much to sustain in his days of prosperity. A written pledge was given her that the welfare of her dear brothers should rest on those who loved and revered their father. As soon as they were old enough they should have such means of maintenance found them as could but please their father, were he permitted to behold the efforts of his beloved "brothers."

Mr. Hillar had been dead but a few weeks when Mary was again startled by the door-bell ringing at a late hour of the evening. Nurse went this time to the door, and Mary was surprised to hear a low, whispered conversation carried on between her nurse and another. She had nothing to dread, for she knew that her brothers were safe in their beds. After a few minutes the old nurse came in, with an almost imperceptible joy in her face, and told her "young lady" there was a young gentleman at the door, who begged permission to see her for a moment. A hope was struggling in her heart, but she hardly dared to give it place to rest, and before she made up her mind to see a stranger at that late hour, she found herself clasped to the manly breast of her first and only love—James Gilman. She knew in an instant that he was free from reproach, for he said that she should see him as soon, and no sooner than he could prove his innocence.

Oh! what joy for the poor mourner—sadden

ed to be sure. She grieved that her father could not have known of this before his death. James said he ought to have known of it, for a letter he had written ought to have been received about the time of his death, containing all the circumstances. Mary immediately examined a package of letters and papers, taken from her father's pocket on the day he died and which she had forgotten. Among them she found James' letter, which her father had received in the mail that afternoon, previous to his death.

Who knows but the joy the news must have given him, might have hastened the crisis of the disease, to which he was predisposed? which the physician had pronounced a disease of the heart.

Gilman had left his cause in the hands of a faithful friend; and the friend's efforts had been unwearied while Gilman had been in Havana, in watching every criminal case; for it was only in this way they could ever hope to find the robber of Mr. Hillar's package of money. Old Hays himself had a hand in this search.

A man had been sentenced to State Prison for a term of years, who was engaged in burglary. (Every such case in particular was closely examined.) Under promise of assistance being rendered to his helpless family, he owned the fact. He had been several times engaged as porter in the store Mr. Hillar, and was at work at the back of the store, near the window of the counting room, when a gentleman came in and commenced counting out some money. He saw it placed in the desk—heard Mr. Hillar tell Mr. Gilman to place it in the bank on his way to dinner—and while Gilman was out for a few moments, he sprang into the window, secured the money, and spent it in a few nights at a gambling house.

We need scarcely say that Mary found a rich reward for all her trust and confidence in her lover.

FIRST LOVE RENEWED.—A young woman, an acquaintance of and near neighbor to Mima, my young Middleton favorite, accosted me one day in the streets of Manchester, and reproached me for having, as she said, forgotten the little maiden, who, she gave me to understand, still retained a tender remembrance of former days. Was that true—was it possible that she could cherish a kind recollection of one who had been so long absent? I asked. She said it was even as she had stated. This moved the old pulses of my heart, and awoke that tender feeling of regard which had been so long dormant. I entrusted the young woman with a kind message to Mima, confirming it with a small token which I thought would be acceptable; and I did not forget to make a present of a gay ribbon to the bearer of this unhopd-for, but welcome information. I now resolved to see my fair agitator, at all events, and learn from herself, fairly and promptly, if possible, whether or not our former friendship was to be renewed, or abandoned, at once and forever. I therefore went to Middleton the Sunday following; and as fortune, I suppose, was just at that time not in a humor for throwing impediments in my way, I obtained an interview with the object of my solicitude, and besides finding her as modest and bewitching as ever—the very model of a little head-bowed, health-flushed Hebe—a lily rose-tinted—I had the ineffable pleasure of receiving in her own words, with every grace of maidenly shame, an acknowledgment, that I had long been, and still was, regarded with a more than friendly interest by her. This was enough for the present, and after making arrangements whereby we might correspond by letter, I bade adieu to the dear little girl, and walked back to Manchester, in a state of mind to which I had long been a stranger. I felt that in this transaction I had, in fact, only performed a duty; that my early love had, after all, the most rightful claim to my affection; that she was in every respect worthy of it; and that, in this instance, as in many others, the performance of duty had been my guide to happiness. I was again as deeply in love as ever, only this time I was serenely contented, my confidence was greater, the void of my heart was filled, and I was happy.—[Barnford's Early Days.]

A Historical Sketch.

COUNT ARMFELT.

ONE of the chief favorites of Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, was Count Armfelt, a young man of illustrious family, and of unusual mental and personal accomplishments. At an early age he entered the royal guards, and proved, during the war with Russia, that his courage in the field fully equaled his more courtier-like merits. He rapidly ascended in military grade, and finally, the king appointed him governor of Stockholm, and named him President of the Council of Regency, which, in case of his death, was to govern Sweden during the minority of the heir at the throne. Shortly after these dignities had been conferred upon Armfelt, occurred the famous masquerade, and the assassination of Augustus.

Upon this event happening, a written will of the king's was produced, of more recent date than the appointment of the count, and according to which, the guardianship of the prince royal was to devolve upon Duke Karl Sundermanland, the brother of Gustavus. This prince was weak, sensual, and vindictive, of limited capacity, and easily led by flattery and deceit. He belonged to a secret society, of which Baron Reuterholm was grand master. A couple of mysterious and well-arranged apparitions were sufficient to terrify the duke, and render him ductile as wax. The most implicit submission was required of him, and soon the crafty Reuterholm got the royal authority entirely into his own hands. There were discontent and murmuring among the true friends of the royal family; but Reuterholm's spies were ubiquitous, and a frowning brow or dissatisfied look was punished as a crime. Among others, Count Armfelt, who took no pains to conceal his indignation at the scandalous proceedings of those in power, was stripped of his offices, and ordered to set out immediately as ambassador to Naples.

This command fell like a thunderbolt on the head of the count, whom every public and private consideration combined to remain in Stockholm. Loth as he was to leave his country an undisputed prey to the knaves into whose hands it had fallen, he was perhaps still more unwilling to abandon one beloved being to the snares and dangers of a sensual and corrupt court.

It was on a September evening of the year 1792, and the light of the moon fell cold and clear upon the white houses of Stockholm, though the streets that intersected their masses were plunged in deep shadow, when a man, muffled in a cloak, and evidently desirous of avoiding observation, was seen making his way hastily through the darkest and least frequented lanes of that city. Stopping at last, he knocked thrice against a window-shutter; an adjacent door was opened at the signal, and he passed through a corridor into a cheerful and well-lighted apartment. Throwing off his cloak, he received and returned the affectionate greeting of a beautiful woman, who advanced with outstretched hand to meet him. The stranger was Count Armfelt, the lady, Miss Rudenskold—the most charming of the court beauties of the day. The color left her cheek when she perceived the uneasiness of her lover; but when he told her of the orders he had received, her head sank upon his breast, and her large blue eyes swam in tears. Recovering, however, from this momentary depression, she vowed to remain true to her country and her love. The count echoed the vow, and a kiss sealed the compact. The following morning a ship sailed from Stockholm, bearing the new ambassador to Naples.

Scarcely had Armfelt departed, when Duke Karl began to persecute Miss Rudenskold with his addresses. At first, he endeavored by attention and flatteries, to win her favor; but her avoidance of his advances and society increased his passion, until at last he spoke his wishes with brutal frankness. With maidenly pride and dignity the lady repelled his dishonorable suit, and severely stigmatized his insolence. Foaming with rage, the duke left her presence,

and from that moment his love was exchanged for a deadly hatred.

Baron Reuterholm had witnessed with intense pleasure the growth of the regent's passion for the beautiful Miss Rudenskold; for he knew that the more pursuits Duke Karl had to occupy and amuse him, the more undivided would be his own sway. It was with great dissatisfaction, therefore, that he received an account of the contemptuous manner in which the proud and virtuous girl had treated her royal admirer. The latter insisted upon revenge—full and complete revenge; and Reuterholm promised him he should have it. The lady's life was so blameless, and her conduct in every respect so correct, that it seemed impossible to invent any charge against her; but Reuterholm set spies to work, and spies will always discover something. They found out that she kept up a regular correspondence with Count Armfelt. Their letters were opened, and evidence found in them of a plan to declare the young prince of age, or, at least, to abstract Duke Karl from the corrupting influence of Reuterholm. The angry feelings entertained by the latter personage toward Miss Rudenskold were increased tenfold by this discovery, and he immediately had her thrown into prison.

She was brought to trial before a tribunal composed of creatures of the baron. During her examination she was most cruelly treated, and the words of the correspondence were distorted, with infamous subtlety, into whatever construction best suited her accusers. The pillory, and imprisonment in the Zuchthaus, the place of confinement for the most guilty and abandoned of her sex, formed the sentence pronounced upon the unfortunate victim.

It was early on an autumn morning—a thick canopy of gray clouds overspread the heavens—and the dismal half-light which prevailed in the streets of Stockholm made it difficult to decide whether or not the sun had yet risen. A cold wind blew across from Lake Maeler, and caused the few persons who had as yet left their homes to hasten their steps along the deserted pavement. Suddenly a detachment of soldiers arrived upon the square in front of the Ritterhaus, and took up their station beside the pillory. The officer commanding the party was a slender young man of agreeable countenance; but he was pale as death, and his voice trembled as he gave the words of command.

The prison-gate now opened, and Miss Rudenskold came forth, escorted by several goalers. Her cheeks were whiter than the snow-white dress she wore; her limbs trembled; her long hair hung in wild dishelvement over her shoulders, and yet was beautiful—beautiful as a fading rose. They led her up the steps of the pillory, and the executioner's hand was already stretched out to bind her to the ignominious post, when she cast a despairing glance upon the bystanders, as though seeking aid. As she did so, a shrill scream of agony burst from her lips. She had recognised in the young officer her own dearly-beloved brother, who, by a devilish refinement of cruelty, had been appointed to command the guard that was to attend at her punishment.

Strong in her innocence, the delicate and gently-nurtured girl had borne up against all her previous sufferings; but this was too much. Her senses forsook her, and she fell fainting to the ground. Her brother also swooned away, and never recovered his clouded reason. To his dying day his mind remained gloomy and unsettled. The very executioners refused to inflict further indignity on the senseless girl, and she was conducted back to her dungeon, where she soon recovered all the firmness she had already displayed before her infamous judges.

Meanwhile, Armfelt was exposed in Italy to the double danger of secret assassination, and of a threatened requisition from the Swedish government for him to be delivered up. He sought safety by flight, and found an asylum in Germany. His estates were confiscated, his titles, honors, and nobility declared forfeited, and he himself was condemned by default as a traitor to his country. History is silent as to the ultimate fate of this luckless pair of lovers.

The Family Circle.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

ONE day, I saw beside his books,
A child with sad and woful looks,
Tears from his eyelids dripping;
For cruel mammy—sad to tell—
Because it pull'd the parlor-bell,
Had given it a whipping!

It sobb'd and cried, and cried and sobb'd;
But soon its little "thought-box" bobb'd—
The "Dustman" closed its peepers;
And, lock'd with Morpheus' patent key,
Its gentle slumbers seem'd to be
Like those of twenty sleepers.

Its thoughts flew off from life's alloys
To bright-day'd climes of smiling joys,
The native homes of fairies,
Which haunted by no cruel aunt,
(Aunts are not always so, I grant,)
No tiresome servant Marys!

For 'twas a bright 'mid-sweetness land,
And General Mirth was in command—
A land of no hard sorrows;
No royal spelling-book relays,
No sad and comfortless to-days,
Or dull perspective morrows!

Not one of pa's or ma's hard rules,
No silence, wretched horrid school's
Brimstone-and-treacle manna;
No deaf and dumb old mannish play,
No dead and dull school-time array,
No drop of salts and senna!

No dirty fresh-clean pinafores,
No interdict against "all-fours,"
No tiresome grumbling mutter;
But in his dream he look'd around,
And saw, amazed, the very ground
Was sugar'd bread and butter!

The trees were oozing treacle taps;
Their dog's-ear'd leaves were brandy-snaps,
Nice bull's-eyes every stem on;
The rocks around were coltsfoot all;
Accidulated dew-drops fall
From shrubs of candied lemon!

Bright streams of tapioca flow'd,
The landscape round him smiled and glow'd;
'Twas all that nice and sweet is;
The garden-mold was wedding-cake,
And every frozen custard-lake
Was topp'd with raspberry ices!

Alas! that scene so bright and fair
Should melt and vanish into air,
Instead of being eaten!
Alas! that he should too soon find
They are only sweetmeats in the mind!
He'd only been well-beaten!

He stretch'd his hand, and raised his head;
But off the beauteous vision fled—
No single bull's-eye linger'd!
And such is life—our brandy-balls,
Our future built-up marble halls,
So vanish ere they're finger'd!

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

THIS knowledge is in some degree indispensable to every man; and when it is found to exist in equal proportions with other acquirements, it tends to form a character at once influential and agreeable; but when a man has bartered the esteem of his friends, his own self-respect, the promptings of his better nature, and the incentives to nobler aims, for the miserable recompense of the mere worldling, he becomes an object of alternate pity, suspicion, and dislike, to all well-constituted minds. Yet, let us do the world justice—its lessons are valuable, and if we do not put our experience to a right use, let us acknowledge the fault to be our own. Weighed in impartial scales every man may find the accurate estimate of his capabilities and deficiencies. Left for a while to battle with its waves, we soon discover what stuff we are made of. There the spoiled and wayward child of fortune finds that little regard is paid to his capricious humors, and being made to feel their baneful effect on his comfort, he is taught (perhaps for the first time in his life) to bring them under control. The timid and the diffident there acquire that confidence in their own powers which

they never would have possessed in their exclusion from its compulsory activity; and the man who has hitherto been wrapped up in self-sufficiency, finds, to his surprise, that he is not quite so independent of the assistance of others as he flattered himself. Initiation, however, in the world's ways, while it tends to make a man acquainted with himself, reveals the character of his fellow-man in a light that is very inimical to the growth of those feelings which constitute mental greatness or happiness of heart. Constant constraint hangs with a dead weight upon the intellectual efforts; and like the coils of the boa, cold and crushing, forbids the struggling soul to rise above its conscious degradation; while supreme selfishness, like a worm in the heart, feeds on the food which should administer to its health and growth. Where now, to such a man, is the spell which dwelt in the many-toned voices of Nature? Where are those emotions, in whose expanding warmth hope ripened into ambition, and ambition grew to energy and resolution? They were fresh in his heart at the commencement of his career, and they were to be the cherished guardians of his spirit through the scenes upon which he was entering, so he promised himself, but he gradually admitted the world into his heart, and its poisonous breath withered its blossoms; the fierce excitement of avaricious pleasures destroyed the appreciation of purer delights, and now, if remembered at all, it is with self-scorn to think he was ever influenced by feelings which he regards as mere obstacles in his course. Nothing, perhaps, can afford a stronger contrast than the different aspects presented by the world to those who are entering, and to those who are leaving it. To the first it is a garden of promise, every vista of which sparkles with sunny visions of happiness and joy. To the other it is an arid desert, marked here and there with the blackest ruins of some hope-built edifice; where the traveler fondly said, "here will I rest." The one looks forward (in youthful strength) in eager anticipation of the race he is to run, and the latter, weary of the delusive chase that has exhausted hope and energy, gladly receives his dismissal from toils, whose only recompense has been the conviction of their vanity. May the one be "cheered by the sallies of youth," the other "learn from the wisdom of age," and both commit to heart the truth inscribed on all things, that this world is not their home.

SWEARING AND LOW LANGUAGE.

In very ancient times swearing was a solemn act, and the man who employed it considered himself bound in conscience by the oath which he took. But now that men take oaths before magistrates, the solemn oaths of conversation have nothing but a vain and irreverend meaning. Swearing is generally supposed to give strength to speech. It is used by the vulgar with this intention. It implies strong passion—it is equivalent to strong gesticulation and ferocious looks; and it terrifies the sensitive, and makes the timid submit. It is affirmed by captains of vessels, that to give a command to the crew, without a volley of oaths accompanying it, would be perfectly useless. The sailors are so accustomed to the ferocious, that they would regard the captain who employed the meek and the delicate, even though firm and resolute, style of speech, as a man of little nerve, and unfit to command. We know not if this be a general rule, but the most tremendous broadside of coarse and abandoned swearing, that we ever heard, was from the captain of a packet in the German Ocean, during a storm; and we were informed by the captain, a kind, generous, warm-hearted, weather-beaten sailor, that he could not get on without it.

We were sorry to hear it, because men of spirit would rather refuse to obey a man who treated them disrespectfully. Gentlemen would have rebelled at once, and either shut up the captain under hatches, or been shut up themselves. Swearing is a low and despicable habit; and to be sworn at by a master is the most contemptuous treatment which a servant can receive. Slave drivers may swear at slaves; dog

breakers at dogs, and grooms at stable-boys; and ferocious husbands may swear at their wives, brutal parents at their children, and dastardly brothers at their sisters, with impunity; but no decent man can swear at another decent man, and expect to see his face in peace again.

Swearing is a habit which prevails among rich and poor; chiefly the vulgar rich, and the rabble poor. Jockey noblemen and gentlemen—men of the turf and hells—who associate with knaves and rogues, themselves being strongly imbued with the spirit of knavery and roguery, who make no pretensions to talents of a high, intellectual order, and who have no reasonable hope of rising to distinction either in the senate or the drawing-room—men who eschew the society of ladies of good repute, because of their own congenial habits of conversation and behavior, who prefer the dining-room to the drawing-room, and the smoking or the club-room to the family circle; whose conversation is of dogs and horses, and five-barred gates, fowling-pieces and game, whiskey and port, and sparkling champagne, and girls that no lady of reputation ever heard of; such men, and such only, swear among the rich. They are the low and the vulgar rich. They are rich by birth only; greatness has been thrust upon them; they never could have attained to it by merit of their own, and they maintain their aristocratic position in society merely by the accidents of wealth and relationship. Many of them, however, are possessed of considerable talents—natural talent, quickness, mother-wit, and extensive acquaintance with the gossip of society, and the minutiae of fashionable, gentlemanly diversions. But scarcely one of them ever rises to distinction in legislation or in literature, or requires reputation in the circle of refined society for gentlemanly bearing. The moral taste which will permit a man to swear and employ the gross vulgarities of speech, will forever forbid him attaining to such distinction. Without pretending to enjoy the honor of familiarity, conversing with such men as Lord John Russell, or Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Palmerston, or Richard Cobden, or many other men distinguished for intellectual attainments we can safely affirm that such men, who have won for themselves a European reputation by the cultivation of their intellectual talents, and the use of strong argument, in preference to merely strong and slang phrases, can never be addicted to the habit of profane swearing, which generally grows upon a man who finds himself deficient in logic and good phraseology, and makes up the deficiency with the slang of the populace. And we have just as little hesitation in saying that a change like that which came over the character and habits of the late Lord George Bentinck, who was suddenly converted from a sportsman to a legislator, would gradually produce a corresponding change in his habit of speech, by bringing him into closer and more frequent communion with men who made use of argument only, and despised the adventitious aid of vulgar imprecations, in their personal intercourse.

The use of the Divine name in vain discourse, the damnation of men, of animals, of things, so common among the rich, and the coarse and ill-bred middle-classes, and so fearfully prevalent among the profligate poor, is an evil of so gross a nature, so incompatible with fine religious or moral feeling, temperance of judgment, or the free use of reason on subjects of importance, that it is quite impossible to enlighten any people that is generally addicted to it. It is not only a gross evil in itself, but it is the index of another and less apparent evil, a predominance of fierce and petty passion over reason, and an utter incapacity for that calm and judicious investigation of subjects which is indispensable for coming to a satisfactory conclusion. In other words, it is a serious obstacle to the discovery of truth.

FLOWER POTS.—If you use new pots for any kind of seeds, they ought first to be steeped in water for a few hours, as they will be too dry otherwise, and will suck away the moisture from the seeds, and nothing is worse for them than to be too often watered. All your old empty pots ought also to be steeped and well washed to be ready for use.

MORAL WITHOUT PHYSICAL COURAGE.—Lieutenant W—— was at the storming of Morne Fortune in the West Indies. His behavior on that occasion excited general admiration. He was the first to ascend the breach and plant the king's colors on the captured redoubt. His gallantry was recorded in the orderly book, and he was recommended for immediate promotion. Strange to say, the following morning he waited on his commanding officer, then Lieutenant Colonel V——, and requested leave of absence to return to Ireland, his native country, and to resign his commission in favor of a younger brother, who was desirous of entering the service. The colonel, surprised at this extraordinary request on the part of a young officer with such bright prospects before him, very naturally asked him what motive induced him to make so singular a proposal; when the young man frankly told him that, when the troops were moving forward for the attack, and the enemy's fire had opened upon them, he felt a strong, almost an insurmountable disposition to fall out; and he believed that nothing but the rapidity of the advance, and the shouts of the men, prevented him from disgracing himself; but after a short time, he added, his brain was on fire, he knew not where he was, and he found himself on the summit of the breach, with the colors in his hand, he knew not how; but he added, not without hesitation, that he felt that the profession of arms was not his vocation; and fearing, that at some future period, he might not have sufficient courage to overcome his fear, he was desirous to leave the service with honor while it was still in his power.—[Dr. Millingen's "Mind and Matter."

Thou hast spoken of the Jew as the persecution of such as thou art has made him. Read the ancient history of the people of God, and tell me if those by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels among the nations were then a people of misers and usurers! And know, proud knight, we number names among us to which your boasted northern nobility is as the gourd compared with the cedar—names which ascend far back to those high times when the Divine presence shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim, and which derive their splendor from no earthly prince, but from the awful voice which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the vision. Such were the princes of the house of Jacob.—[Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*.

NOVEL CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—An inveterate drunkard once asked a Quaker whether he knew of a method whereby he could cure himself of his dominant vice. "Friend," answered Broadbrim, "it is as easy as keeping thine hand open." "How can that be?" said the drunkard; "every man can keep his hand open; but as to abstaining from liquor, that's quite a different thing." "I will tell thee, friend," quoth the Quaker. "When thee has gotten a glass of gin in thine hand, and before thee dost raise the tempting liquor to thy lips, open thine hand—and keep it open. Thee breakest the glass, but thee breakest not the laws of sobriety."

A GORGEOUS DESCRIPTION.—Macaulay, in his *History of England*, thus, not less truly than grandly, describes Milton:—"A mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger, poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated, undisturbed by the obscene tumult which raged all around him, a song so sublime and so holy, that it would not have misbecome the lips of those ethereal virtues whom he saw, with that inner eye which no calamity could darken, flinging down on the jasper pavement their crowns of amaranth and gold."

THE SECRET OF EDUCATION.—Repetition is the mother of all culture. Like the fresco painter, let the educator lay his colors on the wet chalk; they will dry in, indeed but he will renew them again and again until they remain and bloom for ever.—[Richter.

The stage at once gives a body to our thoughts, and refinement and expansion to our sensible impressions. It has neither the pride or remoteness of abstract science, nor the petty egotism of vulgar life.

Choice Miscellany.

SONG OF THE OUTLAWS.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

COME fill the brown bowl, boys, let care bide the
morrow,
For Life's but a shaft that flies feathered with
sorrow,
And Love is a hart, that hides far from the glade,
So timid at first, that he shuns his own shade.
Our bodies are bows, and we laugh, drink, and
sing,
Just to ease the bent wood, boys, and slacken the
string;
Then fill the brown bowl, boys, and let it go round,
Least the bow-string should snap with too sudden a
bound.

Oh! the world is a greenwood in which we all dwell;
Some know all its wild paths, some tread but the
dell;

And they who have found its broad beaten highway
Oft sigh for the shade in the heat of the day;
Ambition grows weary and pines for the glade,
Where he often in childhood 'mid happiness played,
And fame throws behind him a lingering look,
As the hunted stag glances when passing the brook.

'Tis better to fall at the head of the herd,
Than to fly back and perish, unmourned, unin-
terred;

'Tis better to die grasping arrow and bow,
Amid those that we love, than be slave to a foe:
To be bound with the brave amid Victory's sheaves,
Than to wither the last ear the reaper's hand leaves;
For Life is the target at which Death's shafts fly,—
If they miss us we live—if they hit us we die.

If we die in the greenwood, the sound of the horn
Still rings out as sweetly, both even and morn;
And the stag bounds above us as freely, as when
Our loud whoop and hallo awakened the glen;
And the old hoary oaks just wave o'er us the same
As they did, when beneath them we started the
game;

And the stream rolls as blithe, with its tink, tink-
ling song;
And the Abbey-bell rings out its merry ding-dong.

Let others go slumber beneath the cold stone,
Deep, silent, and dark; narrow, dreary, and lone;
Give me the green forest-turf for my last bed:
Where the hart and the hind will pass over my
head;

Where the blue-bell and violet above me shall wave,
And the merry birds gaily sing over my grave;
Where a thousand old oaks will a watch round me
keep,

And their broad branches roar, while they sing me
to sleep.

Oh! the priest, when he shrives us, will smile at our
deeds;

And the leech heave a sigh, as the ebbing heart
bleeds:

For the soul, that but kindled when tyrants did
wrong,

Shall have little to fear as it journeys along.
On our grave will the peasant drop many a tear,
And maidens at twilight be found kneeling there;
And pilgrim and minstrel beside it be seen,
Breathing forth a low prayer for the outlaw in
green.

SALADIN AND MELCHISEDECH.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BOCCACCIO.

SALADIN, whose great talents were such as
enabled him not only to raise himself from a
humble station to the dignity of Sultan of Baby-
lon, but also to be victorious in many battles with
Saracen and Christian kings, having exhausted
all his treasure by his various wars, and the
prodigality of his magnificence, and being also
from other causes in want of money, and finding
it impossible to obtain, with necessary speed, so
large a sum as he required, bethought himself
of applying to a certain Jew, named Melchi-
sedech, a money-lender of Alexandria, who pos-
sessed ample means of supplying his necessities,
were he so inclined. But this Jew was so avar-
icious that Saladin felt sure that he would
never, of his own free will, trust him with so
much money; and not wishing to resort to vio-
lence, he considered how he might so reason with
him as to render it impossible for him to refuse.

Having ordered the Jew to be brought before

him, he received him graciously, caused him to
be seated, and thus addressed him:

"Honest man, having heard from many per-
sons that you are wise in the things appertaining
to God, I would willingly know of you which
you esteem the true one of the three laws of
faith—the Jewish, the Saracen, or the Chris-
tian?"

The Jew, who was really a wise man, readily
perceived the aim of the Sultan; and seeing that
to whichever of the three forms of faith he
might give the preference, his opinion would be
used as an argument against himself, considered
earnestly how he should frame a suitable reply,
and after a short space answered thus:

"My lord, the question you have put to me is
one of great moment, and in order to fitly an-
swer it, I will relate a story which I have many
times heard told:

"Many years ago there lived a man, who,
among many other precious jewels, owned a
very beautiful and valuable ring, which he es-
teemed so highly as to desire that it might al-
ways remain among his descendants; and there-
fore he commanded that one of his children in
whose possession the ring should be found at the
time of his death, should not only retain that,
but be considered heir to all his father's other
wealth, and be esteemed and honored as the
eldest and greatest by his brothers and sisters.
The one to whom the ring descended, in com-
pliance with this rule, directed that the same
should be observed at his death; and thus the
ring descended from hand to hand, through
many generations, when it came into the pos-
session of a man who had three children, all
beautiful and virtuous youths, all equally obe-
dient to their father, and all equally beloved by
him. These young men knew the custom of the
ring, and were each desirous of holding the first
rank in the family, so they severally entreated
their father in his old age to leave them, after
his death, the ring. The old man, to whom
they were all dear alike, promised it to each one
privately, and then thought how he might con-
tent them all. He caused a certain cunning jew-
eler to make two other rings exactly similar to
the first, and when they were finished, hardly
might he who made them know the difference.
And shortly afterwards, when he was on his
death-bed, he called each of his sons to him
secretly, and gave to each a ring, and after a
little while was gathered to his fathers. Now,
when their father was dead, each son produced
a ring, claiming to be the heir of all; but as
there was no way of proving which of the three
was the original one, the question could not be
decided, and is even yet pending. And thus I
reply to you, my lord, in regard to the question
you proposed to me, concerning the three laws
given to three nations by God the Father. Let
each one conform to his own law, to the religion
of his fathers, and obey the commandments
they observe; to which belongs the superiority,
as with the rings, the question is yet unde-
cided!"

The sultan was delighted with the ingenious
reasoning by which the Jew had avoided the
snare laid for him; and openly told him of what
he stood in need, and with what intention he
had sent to have him brought before him; and
Melchisedach, on his part, amply provided Sala-
din with the money he required, for which he
received full security and gifts; and during
many succeeding years he remained about the
sultan's court, who ever held him in great hon-
or, and treated him as a friend.

WHITE PAPER.—Dr. Lancaster, a celebrated
physician in his day, said he never heard English
printers blamed so much for any thing as for
their paper being too white. I have found by
experience that eyes are very good things; and
yet I will not say I found it out at first, for they
say old Friar Bacon knew it, and even some
ante-diluvians lived long enough to have discov-
ered it. Now, brown paper preserves the eye
better than white, and for that reason the wise
Chinese write upon brown. So the Egyptians,
so Aldus and Stephens printed; and on such pa-
per or old vellum are old MS. printed; and
when authors and readers agree to be wiser, we
shall avoid printing on a glaring white paper.

LOVE'S PARTING WREATH.

I GIVE thee, love, a blooming braid;
I cull'd it at eve's witching hour;
I twined it in the moon's sweet shade,
When starlight's dew was on each flower.
I chose the myrtle's fadeless leaf,
For it will picture faith to thee;
I chose the cypress—'tis like grief,
And that may well my emblem be.
I placed the violet in my wreath—
Its sigh is memory's perfume;
I placed the rose, for its sweet breath
Survives its beauty's passing bloom.
Oh! not a flower is here entwined
That lays not on thy thought a spell—
"Forget-me-not" the wreath shall bind;
"Forget-me-not" is love's farewell.

MISTS AND FOGS.—This is a month of thaw-
ing and fogs; and we dare say, that not all of
our readers could very readily explain what a
fog is. Why is the air damp and thick only oc-
casionally? Air, in proportion to its warmth,
will unite with the vapor in water; thus—the
steam from our tea-kettle, and from a railway
steam-engine, soon fades away in the air, be-
cause the air unites with it, or dissolves it; and
the warmer the air, the quicker the steam is
dissolved by it. So long as the air has no more
vapor of water, or steam, mixed with it than it
can dissolve, it remains clear and invisible, the
same as hot water dissolves a large quantity of
Epsom salt, and yet remains bright. But so
soon as the water gets cold, it lets go some of
the Epsom salt, which again appears in crystals;
and so the warm air, when it has in it as much
vapor of water as it can hold, when it becomes
colder lets go some of the vapor, and this, if
slight, is called a mist, but if abundant or thick,
a fog. These, then, are the vapor of water, de-
posited, or dropped by the air, as it becomes
cold. This explains why mists and fogs are
seen over one field, or over part of a field, or
garden, and not over the remainder. The part
where the mist appears, either is worse drained,
or, from some other cause, is colder than the
other parts, and, consequently, the air over it
becomes cold faster than over the other parts,
and, therefore, deposits its vapor first.—[Cottage
Gardener.

THE ATMOSPHERE.—It is only the girdling
and encircling air, which flows above and
around all, that makes the "whole world kin."
The carbonic acid, with which our breathing
fills the air, to-morrow will be spreading north
and south, and striving to make the tour of the
world. The date-trees that grow round the
fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their
leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to
add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti
will grow riper upon it; and the palms and ban-
anas of Japan will change it into flowers. The
oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us
some short time ago by the magnolias of the
Susquehanna and the great trees that skirt the
Orinoco and the Amazon. The giant rhododen-
drons of the Himalayas contributed to it, the ro-
ses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-
trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the flood,
buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind
the mountains of the moon. The rain which
we see descending was thawed for us out of ice-
bergs which have watched the polar star for
ages; and lotus lilies have sucked up from the
Nile, and exhaled as vapor, snows that are ly-
ing on the tops of the Alps.—[British Quarterly.

ON one occasion, when the Emperor Augustus
was passing through the baths at Rome, he saw
a veteran who had fought with him, rubbing
himself, after bathing, against one of the col-
ums. The emperor inquired why he had not a
boy to do this? and being told that he was too
poor, ordered him the means of paying one. On
the next visit he saw at every column an old
man rubbing himself; and on making the same
inquiry, he received the same reply. His re-
joinder, however, was not what they expected;
for he said, "Well, gentlemen, as there are so
many of you, I should advise you to rub one an-
other." Augustus here taught them sound wis-
dom; he taught them not to depend on the ca-
price of a patron, but to help one another.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1849.

RURAL CEMETERIES.

A NEW taste for Rural Burying Grounds has sprung up, and been most rapidly diffused throughout this country, within the recollection of most of our readers; and in the neighborhood of all large towns, elegantly embellished Cemeteries have been established. The disgusting practice of burying the dead in cities is everywhere being given up, and a purer and more Christian sentiment of respect for the departed taking its place.

We have already noticed and commended the movements of our Order, which seems to be every where impressed with the importance and economy of Rural Cemeteries; and with the hope of seeing this newly developed taste become universal, we shall endeavor, as far as we can, to contribute to so auspicious a sentiment.

The attention of the Lodges of this city and neighborhood has been recently directed to the new Cemetery on Long Island, called the Cypress Hills. And as there seems to be a strong probability of a union of most, and we hope *all* the Lodges of New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Kings and Queens Counties, in purchasing a large tract in this Cemetery, we shall furnish our readers with some information which cannot but be interesting to the members of our Order, at this time, when all the Lodges have this matter before them.

We shall first of all give Brother C. Edwards Lester's Address, which was delivered to an assembly of upwards of 3000 persons, on the occasion of dedicating those extensive grounds to the solemn and beautiful purposes of a Cemetery and a landscape garden. We perceive that this eloquent address has been extensively copied into the journals of England, where it has received the highest commendation. The Brighton Gazette, of Jan. 11, says of it:

"It will be in the remembrance of many of our literati, that at the last anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund Society, one of the most beautiful and impressive speeches ever heard in Free-Masons' Hall, was, on the spur of the moment, delivered by a distinguished American guest, Mr. C. Edwards Lester. The appearance of the gentleman, his delivery, his manner, and his matter, were alike admirable, and will not soon be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to hear him: while those who were not so favored, equally with those who were, will be pleased that we now take the opportunity of extracting from a very recent number of a New-York journal, the following eloquent address from the same "Chrysostom," pronounced upon an occasion not less applicable to our own country than to that of our Transatlantic Cousins, and, as a piece of genuine and effective oratory, not easily to be matched among the rich stores of our common language. We are convinced that the readers of the *Brighton Gazette* will thank us for enabling them to partake in the pleasure and the profit we ourselves have felt in the perusal of the following oration:—"

DEDICATION ADDRESS.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens: We have assembled to-day on these Cypress Hills to dedicate to the repose of the grave and the hopes of immortality, this new Thanatopsis. We halt an hour, in our march over the waste of time, and leave the spot where we stood, sacred for ever.

It is a grand and a solemn occasion. Here, midway between the creation of man and the great day of the Resurrection, we are come to prepare a tomb of repose for an hundred generations. We are rescuing from the turmoil and strife of a crazy world, one green spot on earth's bosom that will be watched over tenderly by the guardian angels of

those who sleep here—and on which the eye that never slumbers will look with approbation—for in the touching language of the Bible, we become co-workers with him in preserving the forms of earth's children. He will one day clothe with immortality.

We are performing an act, too, which the spirits of all the gifted of the ancient world are contemplating with satisfaction, if there be one out-look from the sky, where the departed can still gaze on the shifting time-drama they once moved in. I can imagine who make up this glorious company, if indeed their spirits are hovering over it.

The ethereal train would be led by the great Seer and Father of the eastern world. Heaven itself became his biographer, and Inspiration the historian of the first Rural Cemetery ever founded—"And Sarah died in Hebron, and Abraham came to mourn and weep for her. And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth—I am a stranger and a sojourner with you—give me possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead. And the children of Heth answered—in the choice of our sepulchers bury thy dead—none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulcher. And Abraham stood up and showed himself to the children of Heth, and he communed with them, saying—If it be your mind that I should bury my dead, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, that is by the end of his field, for as much money as it is worth, he shall give it me for a possession of a burying place. And Ephron answered—Nay, my lord, hear me. The field give I thee, and the cave that is therein: I give it thee in the presence of the sons of my people—bury thy dead. And Abraham bowed himself before the people of the land, and said—I pray thee hear me; I will give thee money for the field—take it of me, and I will bury my dead there. And Ephron answered—the land is worth four hundred shekels of silver—what is that betwixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead. And Abraham weighed to Ephron four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchants, and he purchased the field and the cave, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession for a burying place."

Such is the touching story of the most ancient Rural Cemetery of which history speaks. And with the same sublime and tender feeling, a thousand stricken hearts among all nations have consecrated and adorned the places where they have laid their loved ones to rest. The feelings of the patriarch spring up unbidden in every human bosom.

The companion of his joys and his sufferings had left him. He felt the need of a family burying ground, and he chose a secluded corner in the cemetery of the people among whom he was a stranger, adorned with green trees around the tomb and around all its borders. It was a quiet rural spot, and he would pay for it with silver, and own the soil, that it might not be invaded for ever. A sadness came over his spirit after the heavy blow had fallen. He was among strangers, and there was a balm to his heart, in the thought that his loved one was reposing in ground secured to him for ever—where the lost cherished form was mingling warmly with the kindly earth, amid the singing of birds and the rustling of the waving green trees. Ages flowed on, untriflingly, and time's all desolating stream that undermines everything human, kept its flow—but it swept harmlessly by the rural field of Machpelah. Abraham had been dead two thousand years, and the long line of the Patriarchs were borne to their repose by his side. But heaven had not forgotten the grave of his family—its history was taken up by the pen of inspiration; proud empires had risen and gone to decay—but we are told that in the times of the Saviour Abraham's sepulcher was still preserved.

In that white robed company of winged beings who would cluster around us, would be, too, the half-divine form of Homer, who gave Greece her heroism and poetry, and flung over the tombs of her great children the wreath of undying fame—of Phidias, Cleomines, and Praxiteles, who filled their cemeteries and temples with breathing marbles—of the divine Plato, who revealed to the spiritual-minded Greeks the immortality of the soul—of Cicero and Virgil, who infused into the civilization of Rome the elegant taste of the Greeks—in a word, of all the great and the good who have, amid the struggles and gloom of a working world, directed mankind to the better life to come.

No nation on earth but our own has ever buried its dead amid the habitations of the living. We have done it, from some motive that will not be readily understood by posterity. But its consequences will be felt by our children—indeed, they are now felt by ourselves. Already the growth of our large towns and the progress of an age of steam have everywhere invaded the sanctuaries of the

dead—affection can no longer find the memorial it placed over the object of its love, when it comes on a distant pilgrimage to the grave of the lost; and the monument, which was believed to be the herald of virtue to a future age, has been torn down by the ruthless hand of "public good."

To escape these Vandal invasions, and leave the weary undisturbed, the founders of this Cemetery have gone beyond the turmoil of our cities into the still country, where they could secure repose to the ashes entrusted to their charge, till they shall wake to sleep no more!

With these hopes and sentiments, we cheerfully beckon the weary and the suffering to the unbroken repose of this Rural Thanatopsis; we welcome the sorrowing and the broken-hearted to these sacred Hills. By these silver lakes ye may make your bed in peace—along these peaceful valleys the hum of earth's distracting cares will never come. We will plant the graceful willows to weep over your dust—the sweetest zephyrs shall wake music from waving boughs around your home, and the wild bird shall pour out his requiem strain over your pillow. We will train the "ivy-never-sere" over your monument, and teach the winter-loving evergreen to cling to you through the frost. And when the first warm sunbeam of spring looks into your secluded dell, the pale violet and the white snow-drop shall bloom over your resting place.

We know of no reason why the Rural Cemetery may not be made cheerful for the *living*, as well as sacred to the dead; a spot to which genius and sentiment may come for lessons of art, virtue and wisdom.

Such was the idea of the Ancients, who regarded death as an honorable termination to a life of toil and heroism—and hence the burial places of the Greeks were associated with images of taste, cheerfulness, art, and refinement. Such was the idea of the Hebrews, who consecrated their most beautiful grounds for the sepulchers of their fathers, and embellished them with the richest adornments. Christianity, too, which elevates every noble principle of man's nature, and refines his purest feelings, has sanctified the tomb of the Christian. It becomes something more than the sarcophagus of the ancients, which preserved honored ashes. It is the hallowed mausoleum, where the form is sleeping that will one day put on immortality.

The early Christians appear to have had none of those revolting ideas about the grave, with which moderns have so frequently associated it; and many of the most picturesque spots in the Orient were chosen by them for the sites of their temples, under whose solemn shadows they laid their departed to rest. There are a thousand slightly hills along the shores of the Mediterranean, where the grey towers of early Christian churches and convents are still relieved against the sky, and these consecrated places are marked by tall cypresses that cast their somber shades over early generations.

To this day the Moravians, who preserve many of those touching primeval customs that had their origin in the purer days of Christianity, regard their burial places as the dearest and most attractive spots. They never use the word *death*—they speak of their lost only as the *departed*. They educate their children to visit the graves of their fathers with cheerfulness and pleasure, to peruse their studies and take their walks of relaxation there, enlivening their moments of toil, by emblems of immortality.

The Greeks called their Cemeteries by the touching and beautiful name, *gardens of the reposing*. Where did our cold, revolting, forbidding and disgusting notions of a grave-yard come from? Not from the old Egyptians, Phœnicians, Romans or Greeks; not from the elegant nations of modern Europe; and they certainly never came from the sepulcher of the Christian, where we

"See truth, love and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty, immortal, awakes from the tomb."

With the desire of combining in the grounds of the Cypress Hills, all that is touching, picturesque and beautiful, that can be borrowed from the classic and the Christian world, and with a wish to see *all* classes of our fellow citizens able to participate in the tender interest, associations and advantages of such a spot, we have established this Cemetery. We feel that death levels all distinctions among men; the prince and the beggar are the same, and they should appear the same in God's temple and in the grave. There can be no *real* distinctions in death, and there should appear none. If there be a blessing in wealth which should make it desired by all, it is that it *may* exempt us from wasting care and toil on earth and give us an honored grave when we die, embellished by taste, where affection may come to rear its monument and plant

its flowers. If then, taste, genius and wealth have adorned a common Cemetery for the citizens of a town or a district, why should not its advantages be open to all? The fortunate and the learned may come to these grounds, and they shall find their purest tastes for landscape and artistic beauty gratified—but we will welcome, with equal cordiality and respect, the hard hand of honest toil. Here the poor man shall sleep as proudly as royalty.

Such are the objects and feelings with which this Cemetery has been founded, and such are the sentiments with which we commend it to our successors for ever.

Over this hallowed cluster of fraternal Cemeteries let the spirit of peace and beauty reign, till that final morning when the angel of the resurrection spreading the shadow of his broad wing over the troubled ocean, lifts the trumpet, whose blast shall wake the dead of the western world!

The following is a description of the location and scenery of the Cypress Hills:

Three hundred acres are now being laid out, and when it becomes necessary the grounds may be extended; since by a recent statute of the Legislature, this Cemetery can hold five hundred acres of ground, which makes it the largest Cemetery in the world.

No spot in the vicinity of New York embraces a greater variety of landscape, or a grander or more picturesque view. The Cemetery faces the south. The front (30 acres) is a lawn, gradually rising up to a high range of hills, from which the entire grounds of the Cemetery are visible, with the exception of dells and secluded spots, which are hidden by forests and shrubbery, or intervening undulations and hills. From this point the view is very extensive and magnificent. Away to the south stretches the broad Atlantic, bounded only by the horizon, and every vessel approaching the coast comes within the view. On the south-west stands Neversink, at whose base homeward and outward-bound fleets cluster, in entering and leaving the Narrows—and beyond it are seen the hills and plains of New Jersey. On the west lies Brooklyn, with its numerous spires; to the north-west, New York, with the Bay and the Hudson, crowned by the Palisades relieved against the sky. Williamsburg is visible, with the East River, to the north, and the hills of Connecticut bound the view on the north-east. Jamaica lies to the eastward, and far down the island spread rich fields, forests and hills. Within this wide sweep of horizon, which embraces a circle of immense extent, one of the finest scenes on the continent is embraced; and from the top of the monument to General Woodhull and the Martyrs of the Prison-Ships, to be erected on the highest point of the Cemetery, the most extensive view in the country will be visible.

The internal scenery of the Cemetery is not less striking. It is variegated by every alternation of surface. In laying out the carriage roads to develop the beauty of the landscape from every point, they extend about 40 miles. They climb every hill, and descend into almost every valley. They wind along the shores of more than a dozen wild cold spring lakes, (which, on attempt to drain, have been found to be perennial,) which are entirely surrounded by the most beautiful shrubbery and trees, and these lakes rest upon bottoms of variegated gravel, now covered by beds of rich loam. About one half of the ground is covered by a heavy forest, and the rest is made up of a luxuriant undergrowth of all the forest trees of Long Island, and green rich fields, on which several thousand choice nursery trees have been set out, to line the roads and avenues—thus furnishing, in the wild luxuriance of nature and the chaste embellishments of art, the blended beauties that are sought for in wild scenery and landscape gardening.

By consulting the map, and visiting the grounds with it for a guide, the visitor will perceive that the roads have been laid out to suit the scenery. Beyond the front lawn, the ways are all irregular, to conform to the surface, and they are not made so merely to have them winding. There are three great arteries that shoot through the Cemetery. The *Lake Road*, and the *Valley Road*, which wind around every lake and thread every valley, showing all the internal scenery—and the *Highland Way*, which sweeps along the hills, and commands the ocean and the distant landscape, and looks down upon the Lake and Valley Roads below.

Such are these grounds as they were made by nature, changed by a few months' labor. It is easy to imagine on visiting them, what they will become when they shall have been clothed with the embellishments of art.

The most accomplished artists have been employed for this purpose, and no reasonable expense will be spared in embellishing the place. It is the design of the Trustees to blend the beauties of a

Cemetery with an extensive landscape garden, in which every appropriate shrub, tree and flower, that can grow in our climate, may be brought to perfection, and a large quantity of the richest evergreens will render the grounds cheerful even after the frost has stripped them of their foliage.

The advantages of the Cypress Hills, facility of access, &c., are thus set forth:

In the establishment of the Cypress Hills, particular reference was had to the necessities and accommodation of ecclesiastical, benevolent, social, and humane Societies. A large number of these associations have already located their grounds here, and others are continually applying. In a short time, the Cypress Hills will present what has, it is believed, never before existed—a *fraternal cluster of Cemeteries*, surrounded by one common enclosure, where every church and society may consecrate its own grounds according to their ideas of duty and feeling, and embellish them as their own means or taste may dictate. Such organizations have already perceived, that it is far more economical for them to purchase grounds in such a Cemetery, than to incur the necessarily large expense of starting and keeping up distinct and separate places of burial. Here they are saved all expenses of incorporation, roads and avenues; of office rent, trustees, treasurers, secretaries; and of the perpetual outlays for keepers of the grounds, gardeners, artists, and embellishments. By a moment's calculation any one may convince himself that the incidental, but unavoidable expenses of a separate burial ground, for a church or society, would soon far exceed the cost of purchasing a tract at the Cypress Hills large enough for any social or religious organization for a long time to come. Any private burial place too, is not only deprived of the great advantages of a large and magnificently-embellished Cemetery; but, being smaller, is regarded with less attention and respect, and is more likely to suffer in the convulsions and changes of society, and at last be sacrificed to the "public good," which will be almost sure, in the end, to invade its sacredness, and even excavate its tombs and scatter their ashes. But in *public Cemeteries*, where all classes, associations, and interests of society, are fully represented, a common enclosure is a common defense; and the time is not likely ever to come, when one or more generations have hallowed the ground of such a spot, that its sacredness and repose would ever be disturbed.

Although under the privileges of our incorporation, we might have located our Cemetery nearer to Brooklyn, yet we did not feel that we could do so with safety, for the rapid growth of that city has already outstripped all former calculations.

Cypress Hills is located less than two miles beyond the eastern line of the Corporation of Brooklyn; and it is considerably nearer the center of population, and the center of New York City itself, than Greenwood, which is now felt to be quite near enough to our busy cities.

Cypress Hills is as accessible as could be desired. The Long Island Railroad passes the front of the Cemetery at a distance of about eighty rods. An avenue leads up to the entrance of the grounds from the station, where all the trains have their regular stopping place. The president and directors of this road have offered the trustees every facility with the most liberal spirit. A car will be constructed expressly for funeral processions; and, in fifteen minutes from the time of leaving the Brooklyn depot, the procession is at the Cemetery. The expense of passage in all funeral processions has been reduced by the directors so low, that whatever number of friends may attend the dust of their departed to its final repose, at any hour, on any day, for the low price of ten dollars, and with little sacrifice of time.

As soon as the train arrives at the "Cypress Hills Station," the funeral car is detached, and the train goes on. The Cemetery hearse is always at the station; and every procession will have the attention of an experienced, intelligent, and gentlemanly man, to render every service which necessity or affection may require.

The Receiving Tomb is constructed of stone and iron, with every possible convenience, and its use for thirty days may be had gratuitously, by all persons burying at the Cypress Hills.

We understand that there are now five regular trains of cars leaving Brooklyn every day—so that for an expense of about ten cents for each person, a company may attend a deceased friend to the grave by any of the regular trains. In cases where members of Benevolent Societies are buried, the whole Order could attend, and the entire expense be ten dollars, and not more than an hour, or a little more, be consumed.

We understand that a large number of lots have

been sold, and funerals are taking place every day. We rejoice at the success of a Cemetery which brings the elegant embellishments of a landscape garden, with the security of a quiet resting place, within the reach of the means of any economical and industrious man.

It has hitherto been a serious objection urged against Rural Cemeteries, that the cost of a lot was so great few could afford the expense. This remedy is obviated at the Cypress Hills, where a single lot of 400 square feet can be had for \$35.

We believe that the particular site, which the committee appointed by the Convention of the I. O. of O. F., were most pleased with, was the lawn and high hill on the south-west side of the Cemetery. It is certainly one of the most beautiful positions in all the grounds. We hope it may not be long before this fine hill will be crowned with a splendid monument to Friendship, Love and Truth.

PLATO.

Among all writers and philosophers, ancient or modern, the grand figure of Plato stands pre-eminent in beauty, majesty, and strength. Notwithstanding he lived nearly twenty-five hundred years ago, he is still recognised as the master of human thought, and his wisdom is felt to be a beam of the Infinite Brightness.

Mr. R. Waldo Emerson has recently delivered a lecture upon the characteristics of the ancient sages, which is a just and beautiful analysis of the philosophers. He says, "Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato."

In him, too, is found the auroral beams of Christianity; and here is forecast the Koran of Mohammed. Everybody finds his peculiar taste gratified in Plato. To the French he is Parisian, to the German Teutonic. In this respect he is like Helen of Argos, whose beauty made everybody that saw her feel related to her. It is remarkable that uncertainty exists as to the authenticity of some of the writings of genius—of Homer, of Plato, of Shakspeare. This is because these great minds magnetized and assimilated to themselves those about them, and thus each lived in several bodies. It is said that Plato plagiarized. "It is only the inventor who knows how to borrow," and the stupendous genius of Plato could not but absorb all the learning of the times. Another merit of Plato was, that being a philosopher, he was something beyond, he was a poet. A man, to attain perfection in any department, must stand on higher ground than he works upon. The biography of Plato is short. So is that of all geniuses; it is written in their books; and in the painting of Plato's pen, we are to look for the portraits of his family, and the pictures of his home. Plato was a patrician by birth—in early life he had an inclination for war, but was arrested by the persuasions of Socrates, with whom he remained from the age of twenty till thirty. Then Plato traveled to Italy, to Egypt, to Babylon, it is said; and, returning from his tour, instituted his celebrated Academy at Athens, and finally died in the act of writing, at the age of eighty-one years.

The writings of Plato are ever young, ever modern: for in them exists, in the germ, the Europe of our day. This is the test of genius; it is ever young, never outgrown by any passage of time. Emerson said: "All ontology existed in two departments—unity and variety. By prayer, by religion we soar to unity, having communion with God. Hence the religious and enlightened man can never be selfish; he has felt the living sense of his being in God, and the same God is everything about him; 'the words I and mine constitute ignorance.' To the religious, 'form is imprisonment; that which the soul seeks is resolution into being above form,' 'emancipation from organization.' Plato learned in Asia this religion, which ever goes back from the varied irradiation of the one to its central being. He also possessed Italian intellect and art, to trace his way back again from the one to the diffusion of variety. 'He shall be as a god to me, said Plato,

who can rightly divide and define." "When I see, he said, one who can see the whole and the parts, I tread in his steps like those of a god." Devotion, says Emerson, bathes in the central sunlight of the one; Art represents the one by variety; Intellect races and detects the one and the same in its variety. Religion, Art, Intellect—all these had Plato. "He united the freest poetry with the most exact geometry;" his energy of thought was like the momentum of the falling planet, his discretion like the return to the curve." Plato believed in preternatural faculties. He knew, too, that the sublime essence of all being is beyond the stretch of human ken. But in this respect Emerson criticised Plato: Though immense of vision, he had Platonized the subjects of his thoughts and "fixed his copy-right upon the world." But it is the creation of God and not of Plato, and no partial intelligence can expound it, except to the limits of a finite understanding, and with the coloring of an imperfect mind. Plato, moreover, was too equal, too complete; you are never in his writings startled and thrilled by "the scream of the prophet," or the swaying force of the unlettered Arab. "Socrates and Plato," says Emerson, "are the double star which no instrument has been able entirely to separate." It was a happy thing that Socrates, "the wise Æsop of the mob," yet so honest and enthusiastic in religion, early impressed Plato, and took a lasting position in the foreground of his mind."

GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN.

We have received the printed journal of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, at its last semi-annual session, and from it make the following extracts, being portions of the Grand Master's report, which is a very interesting document:

THE DIFFICULTY IN NEW-YORK.

But while we are thus congratulating ourselves upon the peace and harmony which prevails among us at home, we must not be unmindful of the troubles and difficulties existing in our Order in a neighboring jurisdiction. It was to have been hoped that the decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States upon the questions which divide the brotherhood in the State of New York, would have been quietly submitted to, whatever the decision may have been. But I have reason to believe that such is not the case. I am informed that the dissentients to the decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States still keep up their organization of a State Grand Lodge, and refuse to acknowledge the decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States as binding upon them, thus presenting an exhibition of insubordination, which I had hoped not to see in such high places, and which, for the welfare and prosperity of the Order, is much to be lamented.

I do not propose, at this time, to go into any detailed discussion of the merits of the controversy, or the conclusion arrived at by the Grand Lodge, in deciding the questions referred to them. Your representatives to that Lodge will doubtless lay before you, in their reports, full information in relation to this and other important matters, which come up during the session. It is for this Lodge to decide what course shall be pursued by the subordinate Lodges in this jurisdiction, with regard to the reception of visitors from Lodges in that State, not recognizing the decisions and mandates of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

WILDEY ANNUITY.

The Grand Lodge of the United States, at its last session, adopted measures for the pecuniary relief of Past Grand Sire Wildey, appropriating funds from the treasury of the Grand Lodge sufficient to relieve him from his present embarrassments, and recommending contributions from subordinate Lodges and Encampments, throughout the United States, towards creating a fund, to be called the "Wildey Fund," designed to reimburse the treasury of the Grand Lodge; and for the purpose of providing for the comfort of his remaining days, they request contributions for the creating an annuity fund, to be called the "Wildey Annuity," believing that a small contribution from each Lodge, obtained in this manner, will render him adequate relief. The relations existing between P. G. Sire Wildey and the Order, regarding him as a "Father in Odd-Fellowship," would seem to sanction the propriety of the course pursued by the Grand Lodge.

Yet it would, in the opinion of the undersigned, have been better to have relied upon these voluntary contributions exclusively, than to have established a precedent likely to be productive of much evil in the Order. If this Grand Lodge should concur in the propriety of the course pursued by the Grand Lodge of the United States, it is probable that an expression, in some form to that effect, directed to the subordinate Lodges, would more readily elicit their action in the premises.

STATE OF THE ORDER IN MICHIGAN.

Brothers, since the establishment of our Order in this State, it has pleased an Over-Ruling and All-Wise Providence to prosper and bless us, to a very great degree. It is but about five years since a few brothers assembled in an obscure place in this city, and established the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in Michigan. Now we have in full and successful operation, thirty-nine Lodges, generally in a prosperous condition, composed of over two thousand five-hundred members. This rapid increase is almost unprecedented, except in our Order; and it has been frequently urged as an argument against its permanency. The best answer that can be made to this objection is to point to our actions. During the year ending the 30th of June last, 296 brothers had received relief from their Subordinate Lodges, in the sum of \$2,975—the sum of \$105 was paid for the relief of widowed families, and \$581 expended in the burying of the dead—making a total expenditure of \$3,649, by the Lodges in this jurisdiction, for these several purposes of relief. That the distribution of this amount of money, in a quiet and unostentatious manner, has been the means of much good, cannot be questioned. Whether we shall continue to progress in as healthy and prosperous a manner as heretofore, will mainly depend upon ourselves. Too much care cannot be observed by us, in the carefully guarding the funds of our Lodges against improper and unnecessary appropriations. In many of the young, as well as older Lodges, I greatly fear that a desire to expend their income to a great extent, upon the procuring of costly regalias, and in the embellishment of Lodge Rooms, is apt to be too prevalent. The troubles arising from an impoverished treasury, are great obstacles to the successful carrying out of the principles of the Order. More especially are we warned by the evidences already near to our doors, that we may, during the present year, be called upon more extensively than ever, to illustrate our principles. A fearful pestilence is now hovering over us, and it becomes our duty as Odd-Fellows, to have our houses in order, that it may not find us unprepared. Make no expenditures that can be avoided, unless you have an ample fund invested, at your control in time of need. Be assured that the carrying into practice the duties of Odd-Fellowship, a well-filled treasury will be found a great auxiliary. Hoping that your deliberations will be conducted in a spirit of brotherly love, and that they will redound to the benefit of the Order, I submit these few suggestions, promising my cordial co-operation.

BENJAMIN FOLLET, Grand Master.

A correspondent writing from Detroit says:

It gives me much pleasure to say, our numbers, although not increasing with the rapidity which mark some of our sister States, are yet steadily and quietly augmenting. There has been, during the term just ended, in Subordinate Lodges, 297 initiations, 84 admitted by card, a few suspensions and rejections, and 7 deaths. Our Lodges generally are in a healthy condition, so that should the cholera come along we are fully prepared to meet it. 194 P. Gs.; 2552 Members; 39 Lodges.

W. C.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN MAINE.—The Order is increasing more rapidly in Maine, than in some other States where it was earlier established, and apparently with better prospects. The citizens of Maine are not so impulsive as are those of other sections of the country, but when their minds are made up to approve an object, there is a commendable hold on to them, which gives assurance of its progress. Their climate is somewhat colder than here, and vegetation does not start up so early by some weeks, but their deep, rich soil gets warmed up after a while, and the abundant crops of harvest time put to shame the fears excited by small beginnings, and the sneers too, of a spring sun competition. It has been thus with the planting and growth of Odd-Fellowship in Maine, and thus will it be in its maturity. A better set of Brothers than those with whom we are acquainted Down East, never wore an Odd-Fellow's regalia.—[Odd-Fellow.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

BYRON LODGE, No. 365.—D. D. G. M. J. G. Barber, assisted by P. Gs. J. P. Vincent, A. D. Lampkins, E. Gray, and N. Gs. J. S. Gibson and T. J. Leonard, on the 22d inst., instituted Byron Lodge, No. 365, at Byron Center, Genesee county.

The occasion was a highly interesting one, and there was a large number of visiting brothers in attendance. The Hall is *comme il faut* in all respects, and well it may be, for the efficient and liberal committee of arrangements are compelled to acknowledge that for the gratifying results of their labors, in fitting up and decorating the room, they are chiefly indebted to the taste and industry of the Byron ladies.

After the installation a number of brothers were admitted by card, and several candidates initiated into the Order.

The officers installed, for the present term, were B. J. Lynd, N. G.; S. L. Loomis, V. G.; A. Loomis, Sec.; D. Byam, Treas.; and Z. Crocker, Per. Sec.

The Lodge has chosen Thursday as its night of meeting.

STAFFORD LODGE, No. 358.—Rep. C. F. Bissel, of LeRoy Lodge, No. 119, read a lecture before Stafford Lodge, No. 358, on the evening of the 20th inst., which was well calculated to cause those who heard it to love the Order for its own intrinsic excellencies. The three cardinal virtues—Friendship, Love, and Truth, were each presented by the lecturer, in a manner at once concise, beautiful and eloquent.

This Lodge was originally organized by the authority of the so-called Grand Lodge, and worked under it until the decision of the R. W. G. L. of U. S. on that subject, when without a dissenting voice the brothers voted to petition the legal G. L. for a charter, which being granted, they were placed in a legitimate position in the Order.

The Lodge is in a prosperous condition, and although several have withdrawn to form a Lodge at Byron there is a goodly number left and more to come.

The officers of the present term are T. J. Leonard, N. G.; M. P. State, V. G.; G. Wilson, Sec.; A. Wilson, Treas.; and A. C. Dodge, Per. Sec. Meeting night Tuesday. Yours, Fraternally, D. J. S.

J. C. BOOTH'S CLOTHING AND FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT.—This extensive and elegant establishment is located at No. 27 Cortlandt-street, New-York. But notwithstanding this great depot of clothing is located here, there is scarcely a business man in the Union, who has ever visited New York, but is familiar with it, and has found in its ample cases some article which he felt necessary to complete his costume. We speak from experience, when we say that the clothing turned out by this establishment is made of the best cloths, in the very best style, and always fits. Ready-made garments, shirts, hosiery, gloves, suspenders, scarfs, cravats in endless varieties, and of all prices, always on hand. We advise our readers to call and look at the place, whether they purchase any thing or not. It is a curiosity.

DIRECTORY OF THE I. O. O. F. OF NEW-YORK.—We shall give our readers, next week, a complete directory of the Order in this State, containing a list of all the Lodges, Encampments, and Degree Lodges, with their present standing in the Order.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER.—We regret that we are obliged once more—through the non-arrival of the copy—to omit this beautiful and interesting story. We hope to be able to resume it in our next.

HUDSON RIVER.—The navigation of the Hudson River has commenced, and those superb boats, the Isaac Newton, Hendrick Hudson, Rip Van Winkle, Confidence, Oregon, &c., are now running daily between this city and Albany.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

ANOTHER arrival from Europe—and in a short time we shall give to our readers a weekly summary of all the important events concerning the Old World. The year 1849 is equally destined to be pregnant with great changes in favor of Republicanism, and in opposition to existing tyranny. The people begin to learn the great advantages of having a Free Government instead of a Monarchy, and the difference is easily known when we cast a look only to the financial expenditures of various nations under despotism, and compare them to those enjoying the blessedness of liberalism. The Roman States, counting all together a population of three millions of inhabitants, were obliged to pay to His Holiness, Pius IX, *six hundred thousand crowns* a year; while the United States, with twenty-three millions of citizens, pay to their president the small amount of twenty-five thousand dollars. Besides the Pope, the Romans were to pay the Cardinal, the Bishop, what not, and even the Prelate's mistresses. All Italy knows this scandal, and there was but theocracy and despotism, and the beautiful and glorious word Republic was banished from that beautiful country. There appears to be, in some parts of Europe a temporary lull, at this moment; but the storm is only suspended, we are sure that it has not blown away, and in less than a month, *all the Old World* will be set on fire, there will be a general war, not between nation and nation, but between freedom and tyranny. The struggle will be hard and terrible, it will be long and full of all the horrors of a battle of life or death, but we have faith that democracy shall raise proudly from the ruins of monarchy, and freedom shall be the only government of the whole European continent.

"Yet, Freedom! yet, thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like a meteor 'gainst the stormy wind."

If France should interfere in favor of the Pope, or should the government allow Austrian intervention in Italy, another intervention in Italy, another convulsion in France would be inevitable, and the same impulse will be thereby given to democratic action all over the world. The popular movements of Hungary and Italy are far from being suffocated so soon, the Magyars have fought bravely against the hordes of Austria, and the same example will be followed by the Republican children of beautiful Italy. The Republic of Rome, united with the Etrurian commonwealth, have already elected their president in spite of the excommunication and threats of their former sovereigns, and the question of Constitutional Government at Rome, and at Florence, can scarcely be settled by the point of the bayonet. For those who have never traveled in the south of Italy cannot form an idea of the implacable hatred of those people against any foreign dominion; they would fight to the last, and are capable, these Romans of modern times, to give an example to the world worthy of the memory and valor of their glorious ancestors. We shall begin our foreign miscellany with

ENGLAND.

The commercial accounts from the mother country are very satisfactory, although in cotton there was less business than when the America left. The terrible accounts from East India and from Russia have caused some uneasy feelings, and it is said that they have operated injuriously upon the business of the country. In Parliament the suggestions of the philanthropic Mr. Cobden to cut down the expenditure £10,000,000 per annum were rejected. In foreign affairs Lord Palmerston, who has so well ruined the affairs of Italy, has been supported by Parliament in the course he has found himself compelled to take, especially in the Sicilian disputes. We may say that the amiable Lord does not know yet the general spirit which animates the Sicilian population; they will reject any offer of arrangement with the king of Naples, and will trust themselves to the fate of war.

INDIA

Is at present the topic of all conversation in England. The terrible accounts from the seat of

war have caused as much sensation to John Bull as did the fall of Vera Cruz to Santa Anna. The *Bombay Telegraph* says that a most murderous conflict occurred on the left bank of the river Jhelum, near, as some say, to the identical spot which 2,000 years ago formed the battle-field of Alexander and Porus. The Sikh forces were under Rajah Shwere Sing, had gained a most glorious victory—98 officers and 2,500 men were killed, 4 guns were captured, and 5 regimental colors were taken by the enemy. The Bengal Cavalry Regiment passed over to the side of the Sikhs. This news is of the most disastrous kind to England, and it is generally believed that two battles more of a similar nature would put the English population of the East Indies in a very difficult position. We have reason to believe that two British corps of dragoons who retreated before the enemy were all children of Erin, who, to avenge their unfortunate and oppressed country, thought well to pass to the side of the Sikhs.

IRELAND

Is always in *statu quo*. Part of her inhabitants are starving, others perish crossing the Atlantic, and many are condemned to serve in a foreign country, and to fight against people who are struggling in the same cause. The great misfortune of this beautiful country is the priestly craft, and the landlords, who spend their money in England; and the other evil is the iron sway of English despotism. Few parts of the world have furnished such eminent talents and distinguished warriors as Ireland, yet you can't think of that Island now but with contempt at seeing a people who prefer to die by starvation rather than at the point of the bayonet.

FRANCE

And the Government continue to gather strength. The labors of the Assembly have ceased to be of any interest, and the high court at Bourges engaged in the trial of Barbes and Blanqui. The celebrated Vidocq is one of the witnesses, as also Lamartine, Arago, Marrast, and about 200 others. A debate of great interest took place in the Assembly with reference to the attitude to be taken by France in relation to Rome and Tuscany. Ledru Rollin spoke for some length in favor of Italy; he declared that France had to defend the freedom of the present Republics of the Italian Peninsula, and wished that she should attach herself to the Constitution of May, 1848—that is to say, to help and to support any nation struggling for their independence.

ROME AND TUSCANY

Form two Federal Republics, and have named their President, Congress and Senate! The Vice President of the Roman commonwealth is the Prince Canino, a cousin of Louis Napoleon, and one of the most learned and liberal men of Europe. The Pope and the Duke of Tuscany have protested against their rebellious subjects, and have asked foreign intervention. It is said that the King of Naples, Spain and Austria will co-operate in this infamous plot against the freedom of those people, and against all rights of nations. Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia, who betrayed the Italians in 1821 and '48, will march some troops into Tuscany to hinder civil war! There are no internal dissensions in that country; the true intent of this renegade is to attack the Etrurian Republic, and to make common cause with the enemies of Italy. Such a treacherous step may cost him his royal and crowned head, and while his own States would revolutionize against his movements, Genoa would proclaim herself independent, and a Republic.

SPAIN.

Notwithstanding the imbecility of the young Queen, in spite of the intrigues of her mother, and of the cruel minister Narvaez, this miserable peninsula has not lost all hope for a better future. There is still seed of republicanism, and the failure of the attempts made in March, 1848, will teach them to organize their proceedings better for a future occasion. A republican movement is said to have brok-

en out in Barcelona, Tiquera and Gerona, and Isabella's troops, sent in a crusade against the Romans will be recalled to protect her declining power.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY

Are battling more fiercely than ever. The Hungarians fought bravely in all their battles, and although they were obliged to retreat, after two days of great slaughter, before Oilan, the Vienna papers say that many such victories as the Austrians won there would, ere long, bring the Hungarians to the gates of Vienna. The brave General Bem, at the head of 140,000 men, has marched into Hungary, and left Transylvania to the Russians. All the Italian regiments under Austria, employed in the war against the Magyars, have joined the enemy, and the termination of this cruel war seems still to be very remote.

DENMARK AND PRUSSIA

Are ready to resume hostilities, and are concentrating large forces at Kolding. The King of Prussia, wishing to imitate lady Victoria of England, has delivered a speech, but he does not prepose anything new. It seems that this is the season in Europe for royal speeches; but we fear that the people will not allow their despotic masters to speak a long time. Great times are coming, and we say again that war is imminent in Europe. *Veh requantibus!*

WRECK AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

The frightful wreck of an emigrant ship has taken place on the English coast, off Harwich. The bark *Floridian*, from Antwerp, was lost, with master, crew, and 128 passengers. s. DE C.

A FEMALE PRIZE FIGHT.

On Tuesday evening of last week, the congregation of the Tabernacle was suddenly disturbed by a tremendous noise out of doors, and many of his hearers, somewhat more curious than pious, hurried into the street to see the "elephant," and left Mr. Thompson to preach to the empty benches.

A lady of a very respectable appearance having had some doubts of the fidelity of her husband, thought proper, on that evening, to watch the nocturnal wanderings of her spouse, and so attentively followed his steps—in short, she was but a walking calculation.

"Where are you going to-night, Mr. Hairless?" said the lady to her unfaithful husband. "You go out every blessed evening, and leave me alone. Mercy! I am tired of this solitary life. In day-time you are 'doing' in Wall-street, and out every night. God knows where you keep yourself!"

"Dear wife, you should know that the life of a politician is a very stormy and difficult one. Having had our candidate defeated at the last election, we must now try to make more proselytes. Read the paper, dear Lucy!—I shall bring home some peanuts. Keep in good humor!"

But the lady, to whom it had been whispered that he had a mistress, could not keep herself in good humor, and accordingly set forth on the track of the suspected betrayer. Mr. Hairless, when he found himself at liberty, soon accommodated himself with one of the mysterious lionesses of Broadway, and arm-in-arm they entered an omnibus, bound to Canal-street. The offended wife, who had watched the infamous doings of her husband, blinded by jealousy and forgetting her dignity, ran after the omnibus, and cried aloud to the astonished driver:

"Stop! stop! Give me back my husband!"

The omnibus having stopped, she rushed in with all the fury of a sea-gipsy, and after having cast a threatening glance at her husband, she attacked his companion, pulling her hair and scratching her painted face in the most horrible manner. The lioness, though attacked unexpectedly, soon recovered her self-possession, and being well acquainted with the rules of the ring, answered her antagonist with a tremendous salute *a la Tom Hyer*, until both fell out of the omnibus and turned and rolled in the mud. The husband, rather willing to

fly from the omnibus like a bird from his cage, than to interfere in the ladies' fighting, seeing his moist almost buried in the golden mud of Broadway, attempted to make his escape, but his lady rose instantly from her delicate position, and attacked him in the most desperate manner.

"You rascal! You tell me that you are going to a political meeting. I suspected that you run after the women. These are your candidates!"

The poor husband, feeling ashamed before the immense crowd assembled to witness the fight, tried to calm his offended lady, saying that his companion was not a woman of the *pave*, but a very respectable young lady, and a member of the Rev. Dr. Maffit's church, who was taking a walk round to see "New-York as it is" in the darkness. The police at length came and disturbed the interesting performance. Mr. Hairless, having lost his wig and hat, went home with his lady and promised her to reform.

G. F. S.

KATE ST. CLAIR—WHO IS KATE ST. CLAIR?—We have received from this charming young lady several articles of great merit, which we have already presented to our readers. We hope she will still remember us.

The following gem is addressed to Signor G. F. Secchi de Casali, a talented Italian exile, now a resident in this country. He has been an extensive contributor to our journal. The following has reference to an article of Signor Secchi's published some time since in the "Union Magazine:"

TO G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

THOU sayest thou'st been exiled long
From "sunny Italie,"
Bright wanderer from the Land of Song,
Have we not welcomed thee?
Not "exiled,"—for thy home shall be
The true hearts of the brave and free.
Thrice welcome thou, to our fair land,—
Thou of the song and lute,
Whose strings are swept with thrilling hand,
Oh, bid them not be mute,
But wake the soul's deep mystery,
In burning song of Italie!
Ah, there are soft dark eyes that shine
Upon the classic page,—
Where those "Life Passages" of thine
Our anxious thoughts engage;
Oh, that the mystic veil were rent,
We'd know where the "Contessa" went.
Oh, wake thy lute's soft notes again,
Its music-chords are sleeping.
We listen for the thrilling strain
Its silent strings are keeping;
Oh, wake its gushing melody,
In song of thine own Italie!

KATE ST. CLAIR.

VAL D'ARNO, 14th Fevrier, 1849.

✂ "THE FAIRY BOOK." New-York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a delightful little book for the Young. It contains some new and many familiar tales, those which were engraven on the memory of Childhood, and which are read with associations of a period of life that teems with innocence and guileless pleasures. They are stories hallowed by time, and stamped with the impress of each succeeding age. The Introduction is a long and interesting one, and from the hand of one high in literary fame. It is beautifully illustrated with wood cuts.

✂ "A SYSTEM OF GEOGRAPHY, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS," by Sidney E. Morse. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—This is a text-book in general use in Schools throughout the Union. In the arrangement, the number, size and distinctness of its maps, the conciseness of the descriptions and views of countries, the amount of general information and statistics embodied in it, it shows the result of long and careful study, and is admirably adapted to the objects for which it is designed.

Domestic Miscellany.

CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.—We have received meteorological tables of the weather and thermometer at Monterey, Upper California, kept by Talbot H. Greene, Esq., a merchant at Monterey, during the space of a year—viz: from March, 1845, to February, 1846. From these tables, a pretty good idea may be formed of the climate of California.

In March, 1845, the thermometer averaged 65 at noon. There was no rain; the sky generally clear.

In April, the same degree of heat; five rainy days, four foggy, the others clear.

In May, the thermometer at noon never rose higher than 64, and never fell lower than 58; weather clear.

In June, the highest noonday heat was 73; the lowest 60; weather clear.

In July, the highest heat at noon, 74; lowest 60; clear skies.

In August, greatest heat at noon, 72; lowest 63; clear skies.

In September, greatest heat at noon, 73; lowest, 61; clear skies, occasional fogs at eight in the morning; rain once only.

In October, greatest heat at noon, 70; lowest, 59; fogs in the morning, days clear; rain three times within this month—a little rain in the night on two occasions.

In November, greatest heat 76; lowest 60; weather generally clear; rains in the night occasionally.

In December, greatest heat 66; lowest 57; clear weather; rain on four different nights.

In January, 1846, greatest heat, 62; lowest 48; more rain this month than the former months.

In February, 1846, average heat at noon, 62; lowest, 50; clear skies; rain on three different nights.

A pretty general idea may be formed from this of the climate of California. It appears to be remarkably mild and temperate. This is the result of the facts, not a conclusion of mere opinion.

EXTRAORDINARY BALLOON EXCURSION.—Yesterday afternoon a great crowd of people assembled near the corner of Poydras and St. Charles streets, to witness the feats of M. Victor Verdalle, who had announced that he would ascend with his balloon at 4 o'clock, not, as is customary, in a car, but attached to the balloon by a rope, his "feet to heaven, head to earth," and so ascending would perform some most wonderful aerial feats. We did not see his exhibition previous to and immediately after starting, but we saw him when at his greatest height, and witnessed his extraordinary declension. The afternoon was exceedingly favorable for the daring aeronaut; but an accident occurred as he started which placed him in great danger, as the event showed. It seems that when all was ready for the ascent, and the word was given to let go, a rent of some four feet was made in the balloon by getting foul of a post. The gas, of course, commenced escaping, the balloon at the same time rising majestically, and Verdalle going through his novel performances, to the great delight of the assembled multitude. The balloon, did not rise to a very great height, but went off steadily in a northern direction, the gas all the time making its escape. As it passed over Canal street, we had a fine view, and continued watching the progress of the aerial voyage until the grand catastrophe occurred. The first thing we noticed preparatory to the sudden decline and fall of Verdalle and his balloon was the canting over of the latter. Before this, however, it seems that Verdalle was aware of his danger, and had prepared to meet it. The next thing we saw (immediately after the canting) was a great explosion of the remaining gas, the sudden loss by the balloon of its swelling outline, and its instantaneous fall from a height of several hundred feet. We expected to hear nothing else than that M. Victor Verdalle was "among the things that were;" that in descending from his high position he was dashed to pieces. Such appeared to be the opinion of every one—such was the prevailing report last evening. But the opinion and the report were both incorrect. M. Victor Verdalle still lives, and, we understand, showed himself in some of our public places last evening, to convince the skeptical. It seems that on being precipitated to the earth, he landed in a garden in Moreau street, Third Municipality, and, wonderful to relate, escaped without sustaining the slightest injury. The only way to account for this miraculous escape is by the supposition that as the wind was pretty strong, the balloon was in a measure kept up so as to break the fall. Loud cheers from the assembled crowd greeted the daring man when it was ascertained that notwithstanding the fearful rapidity of his fall he was sound, wind, limb, and eyesight. M. Verdalle yesterday gave the most wonderful proof of his proficiency in ground and lofty tumbling we ever witnessed.—[N. Orleans Crescent, March 12.]

THE SEA SERPENT SOUTHWARD.—The Jacksonville (Fla.) Republican gives the following account, on the authority of Capt. Adams, of the schooner Lucy, whom the editor of the Republican certifies to be a man of responsibility:

Captain Adams states that on the morning of Sunday, the 18th ultimo, about 9 o'clock, when off the south point of Cumberland Island, about 12 miles from the St. John's (Fla.) bar, the attention of himself, crew and passengers, was suddenly rivetted upon an immense sea monster, which he (the Captain) took to be a serpent.

It lifted its head (which was that of a snake) several times out of the water seemingly to take a survey of the vessel; and at such times displayed the largest portion of its body, and a pair of frightful fins or claws several feet in length. His tail was not seen at any time; but judging from the dimensions of the body, the Captain supposes the leviathan to be about ninety feet in length. Its neck tapered small from the head to the body, and it appeared to measure about seven feet across the broadest part of its back. The monster moved from the side of the vessel and placed itself athwart its track in front of her bows, but Captain Adams, not feeling partial to an encounter with his snake-ship, ordered the vessel to be kept off.

A STRANGE ANIMAL.—Col. Fremont has recently dispatched to Corpus Christi an extraordinary animal which his party succeeded in capturing, after a three days' chase, in the neighborhood of the River Gila. A letter received from one of Col. Fremont's party, by a merchant in St. Louis, describes it as an animal resembling a horse in every particular, except that it is completely covered with a close curly wool resembling camel's hair in color and the fineness of its texture. It has no mane, and its tail is like an elephant's. The animal possesses wonderful agility, leaping over obstructions ten feet high with all ease.

The above "Strange Animal," has arrived in this city, and of course has been secured by Barnum, of the American Museum, who will soon trot him out for exhibition.

THE ECONOMITES.—* * * Economy, famous as the thrifty village of the Rappites, 12 miles above Beaver, is indeed one of the pleasantest spots on the Ohio. The location is fine, buildings plain but tidy, the walls very frequently covered with the grape-vine. The tract of land belonging to the community is in a high state of cultivation, and the public hotel is a pattern of convenience, good fare and cleanliness. Since the death of the Patriarch Rappe, the singularities of this singular people have been sustained without interruption, his spiritual mantle and authority having fallen upon Patriarch Baker. They number about 400, and in addition to being simple and unostentatious, are no doubt quite as happy as the bustling world around them.—[Cor. Cleveland Herald.]

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—The Boston Cultivator says that Mr. Charles Pierce, of Milton, pounded up potash and strewed it around their holes, and rubbed some on the sides of the boards and upper parts where they came through. The next night he heard squeaking among them, which he supposed was from the caustic nature of the potash that got among their hair, on their bare feet. They disappeared, and he has not been troubled with them since that time which was nearly a year ago.

The mail between Newbern, N. C., and Norfolk was robbed last week. A part of the contents were found in Nansemond river.

The high wind which prevailed on Tuesday night, entirely cleared the Hudson River of ice, at Albany.

A sea serpent, ninety feet long, is said to have been seen recently on the Florida coast.

M. De La Forest, late Consular Agent to this city from France, is about to return to Paris.

Gold is said to be found in abundance near Chapel Hill, N. C.

A small box of strawberries, raised near Brighton, Mass., the first of the season, was sold in Boston, a few days since, for \$8.

A man was recently expelled from the society of the Sons of Temperance, in Cincinnati, for marrying his mother-in-law.

A project is on foot to construct a plank road from Albany to Schoharie, N. Y. One half of the capital necessary has been subscribed in the latter place.

CHICAGO, Illinois, has been damaged in its shipping, &c., \$100,000 by an inundation.

A man has been arrested in Rochester, N. Y., and fined \$10, for stealing a newspaper.

The Altar.

FLEETING HAPPINESS.

I'll not repine that in this world of ours,
There is no happiness that fadeth never;
E'en here there are some glad and blissful hours,
But brightest moments are the briefest ever.

See a bright summer's day, all pure and fair,
Come forth in beauty at the morn's rich breaking;
How the sweet buds, and every flow'et there,
Breathes out new fragrance at their first awaking.

But often o'er that brilliant day will steal
A fearful gloom, the fairy scene surrounding;
A sudden tempest makes the forest reel,
While through the air the thunder peals are sounding.

E'en thus it is with life: in early youth
We picture happiness for ever smiling;
We dream of spotless virtue, fadeless truth,
We wake—and find the dream was but beguiling.

All things will fade—all to death's bourne are bound,
Earth's fairest spot will grow all lone and dreary;
Till in the silent grave at length is found,
A peaceful haven for the sad and weary.

THE PROMISES.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY MRS. S. MOWBRAY.

Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope,
Man's heart the Almighty to the future sets.—YOUNG.

In his present state of probation, man's greatest happiness arises from an instinctive belief in the promises of the future. Immediate good however valuable it may be, is yet to him less productive of delight than that which seen, in prospective, wears the rainbow hues of distance, and comes clothed in the prismatic coloring of his own immortal aspirations.

Observe that child, how it enjoys the bliss of expectancy and laughs outright, clapping its little hands in extatic pleasure, as it tells you, "Papa has gone to bring the Christmas presents—the dolls and the picture books," &c., &c. But why has its eyes' bright sparkle vanished—and the merry laugh, why rings it out no longer? Is it because the playthings have not yet arrived? No, indeed!—not that—but because they have! The child is not so happy now, as it was an hour ago,—true, she is busily engaged in the examination of the new acquisitions, and Paley, says "engagement is everything." But it is evident she is only trying to convince herself that everything is as pretty and delightful as she had expected it to be, while that sigh of disappointment and yawn of listless weariness, prove how much more bright are the things of fancy than of fact, and that even in infancy imagination's toy-shops are infinitely more curious than any yet opened in New York or London.

Some think it unreasonable to expect happiness in this life, but such a sentiment has no foundation in truth, as the expectation is both rational and practicable; experience proves that many are and that all may be happy, who believe the promises, "the exceeding great and precious promises made, to us by the author of our being. The heart itself, and a thousand other" silver-toned—voices in the material and immaterial world, repeat these in detail: They constitute the soul's best wealth and cast over its night of sorrow, not "a glimmering dawn," but a roseate day, replete with gladness: nay; felt positive bliss, still in proportion (be it remembered) to the strength, or weakness of our faith.

Here, I should expect to encounter the laugh of the worldling, who seems unwilling to comprehend how a Christian can have any joys from the exercise of a principle on which the existence of his own depends; for gross and illusory as his unimagined happiness is, it lives only in the light of hope, and the promises of faith, and dies the moment these promises are fulfilled.

I once beheld a village maiden—imagination could not have drawn a lovelier picture of health and gladness. It was May eve, and as she hurried through the lanes and meadows, collecting buttercups, and other spring flowers for the coming festival, she never suspected that her happiness was deepened than it would on the following day, when amid the smiling damsels she should stand a queen. But such are the mysteries of mind, making it happiness to hunt a crown, and misery to wear one. Yet this fact does not in anywise detract from the sum total of human enjoyment, or of that felicity which is man's portion here below.

Nay, rather it acts as a multiplier or magnifying medium, showing us the vast dimensions and amazing value of even the least of the many good things provided for us by a bountiful Providence. Under the influence of this invisible communion, even Night itself becomes a promiser, and every succeeding morning is expected to bring a brighter dawn and more ruddy day-beams, and a series of more fortunate events, than ever marked the past. Morning when it does arrive, however, with the demureness of a pretty jilt, refers us to the noon, and in turn that radiant hour points toward evening, sober though it be; evening too is sanguine in its moods and promises to send the stars and other bright visions, and sure enough the stars do always come, and dear to me is their quiet spiritual light: would that every luster shone like these with purifying splendor.

But not alone the hours; each season also is eloquent in promises, and we believe them all. And far be it from me, to blame that gentle-heartedness, which makes a man regard the snow-drift as burial honor over the fallen leaves and faded flowers, or the noiseless descent of the winged flakes as messages of love, suggestive of better things to come.

New York, March, 1849.

Varities.

A SIGN THAT IS A SIGN, AND A TAILOR THAT IS A TAILOR.—As we were going up the Bowery, a few days since, we saw a crowd of boys looking very earnestly at something elevated above the sidewalk. After observing for a moment we discovered that they were looking at a new sign, just placed over a tailor's store, in the Bowery, between Bond and Great Jones streets. On examining we saw it was a sign, and a sign, too, well worthy of remark. It was painted by Bro. Gregory for Bro. G. W. Underwood, merchant tailor, who makes elegant clothes, and is an excellent fellow; and we hope Bro. Gregory's sign, and Bro. Underwood's qualities, both as a gentleman and tailor, will continue to attract crowds about that same place.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, 95 William-street, New-York.—At this place will be found every article of beauty and utility belonging to a gentleman: shirts of all styles and prices, bosoms and collars, hosiery, gloves, cravats, and Scarfs, Suspenders, Dressing Robes, and other articles of dress too numerous to mention. Dealers in the country will do well to examine this stock, as Messrs. Herrick & Scudder deal with all their customers on the most favorable terms. There cannot be found in this city a more complete stock, and at lower prices, than at this store.

MARCH STORM.—We have had one of the severest equinoctials that we remember in years. On Monday night it commenced snowing, with a fierce northeast wind. On Tuesday forenoon it turned to rain, which came down in a perfect deluge during the entire day, with a high wind.

GOLD COMING.—The "dust" is beginning to come at last—\$70,000 having been received at Boston.

Rev. Isaac Van Tassel, Superintendent of the Ottawa (Ohio) Mission, since 1824, was found dead in the Miami on the 8d inst. He was 60 years old.

William H. Pennington was killed on Saturday of last week, near Pittsburg, Pa., by the upsetting of a stage, in which he was a passenger.

An extensive iron establishment, with a capital of \$125,000, is about to be erected at Hudson, N. Y.

A bill has passed the Michigan Legislature, making the office of State printer an elective one by the people.

The Connecticut River was clear of ice at New Haven, on the 20th inst. and vessels had already begun to arrive.

Mrs. Ann Gerry died at New Haven, (Conn.) on the 17th inst. aged 86. She was a relict of Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

LOST REGALIA.—Some months since, a Brother, whose name is not now remembered, borrowed from the then Publisher of the Golden Rule, Mr. E. Winchester, a Past Grand's Regalia. Said Regalia has never been returned. It was of the usual scarlet silk velvet, trimmed with gold bullion, with a gold star on the sash. The person in whose possession it now is, will oblige the owner by returning it to this office immediately.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,
Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sir:

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by Bro. J. R. CRAMPTON, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

TO OUR TRAVELING AGENTS.

OUR Traveling Agents are reminded that they are required to make prompt returns to this Office every week. They will also, when writing, state from what place their preceding letter was mailed, and the amount therein remitted. By this arrangement errors may more readily be corrected, and letters not duly received traced out, and the business between themselves and the Office easily adjusted. They are also requested to inform us, in every instance, where a letter from the Office may reach them, as we occasionally have matters to communicate which might be of advantage to them.

MILWAUKIE, WIS.

Bro. A. S. SANBORN is our Agent at Milwaukee, Wis., and duly authorized to receive subscriptions, collect dues, and give receipts therefor.

PHILADELPHIA.

Bro. JAMES J. DENHAM is our Agent for Philadelphia, and duly authorized to procure subscriptions and advertisements, collect dues, and transact any business involved in such Agency. Office No. 101 Cherry-street, above Sixth, near Odd-Fellow's Hall.

N. B. Subscribers who are in arrears will pay their subscriptions to Mr. Denham, as no other person is authorized to receive them, all former Agencies being discontinued.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

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WM. H. FAIRCHILD,	PERRY E. TOLES,
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SAMUEL H. BARRETT.	

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk.

NOTICE.

JAMES T. PALMATARY, of Philadelphia, and R. B. MORSE, of Adrian, Mich., are not authorized Agents of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

I. O. O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ODD FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK, }
March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO IV.

But how shall I describe, as it deserves,

The glorious outline of my Julia's breast?

Swelling in graceful and voluptuous curves,

Like ocean, when the winds are lulled to rest;

It really was enough to try one's nerves,

To witness those twin "Islands of the Blest."

Though had her dress been rudely torn asunder,

One might have seen a very dark skin under!

Of what avail are the "graceful and voluptuous curves" of a woman's form, if the appearance of her skin is repulsive? A dark, tanned, freckled, pimpled or sallow cuticle is certainly odious—not only to the possessor, but the beholder;—why, then, will ladies neglect procuring the only certain remedy for these evils, namely, GOURAUD'S incomparable *Italian Medicated Soap*? The most magical feats of either Adrien or Blitz are thrown in the shade when compared with the marvels which this delicious Soap works upon the human skin, by cleansing it from all eruptive impurities, discolorations, freckles, &c., and making it as brilliantly white, smooth and transparent as an alabaster vase!

GOURAUD'S *Powders Subtiles* are warranted positively to remove all superfluous hair from the upper lip, temples, brow, arms, &c. The removal is effected in a few moment's time, and without the slightest injury to the skin!

GOURAUD'S *Grecian Dye* is designed to supply a want that has long been painfully felt by those to whom Nature has denied a head of redundant black or brown hair. This Dye will effectually change the color of red, light or gray hair to a brilliant brown or black, at the option of the user.

GOURAUD'S magnificent *Liquid Rouge* imparts a brilliant rose-tint to pale cheeks or lips—and so permanent that it cannot be removed entirely, even by the most determined washing and rubbing.

Remember! Dr. FELIX GOURAUD has but one depot in this city, where his renowned toilet preparations can be obtained genuine, and that is at 67 WALKER-STREET, 1st store west FROM Broadway. Boston, Bates & Jordan, 129 Washington-street.

AUTHORITATIVE EVIDENCE.

From Dr. Winslow Lewis, one of the most eminent Physicians of Boston. Boston, Feb 15, 1847.

Mr. Wm. Bogle—Sir: The preparation invented by you for the hair has been extensively used in my family for some time, and they give it the decided preference over all other compositions of the kind.

It invigorates and beautifies the hair, and clears the skin of all impurities, without producing any ultimate deleterious effects, which are so frequently the result of many well-known patented compounds.

Having been thoroughly tested, and its reputation fairly established, as the best article known for the human hair, it may be superfluous, still I cannot resist the opportunity to add to others the name of your obedient servant,

WILSON LEWIS, Jr.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm. Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

THE NEW-YORK SUN'S ART UNION!
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING, AND

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY SUN one Year for One Dollar, besides One Thousand Magnificent Prizes distributed among those who subscribe!—BEACH, BROTHERS, Publishers of the Weekly Sun, as a testimonial of their appreciation of the vast and rapidly increasing patronage bestowed upon that Dollar Newspaper, will make a gratuitous present of a large and elegant full length engraving, beautifully printed on fine paper, of General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, to every subscriber, (whether a new one or one who renews an old subscription,) whose name is entered upon the subscription books between the first day of January, 1849, and January, 1850. They will also distribute among the subscribers ONE THOUSAND PRIZES, varying in value from \$25 to \$1—the total value amounting to two thousand dollars! The very great expense attendant on this liberal distribution of prizes and splendid Portraits of President Taylor, in full military uniform, &c., renders it imperatively necessary that only one name should be entered for each dollar sent. Those who subscribe in clubs will please designate the names of such as are to be entered upon the books as candidates for the prizes, &c.

THE ONE THOUSAND PRIZES

To be distributed among the subscribers to the Weekly Sun, will comprise a rich selection of costly and valuable works in the several departments of Literature, History, Biography, Voyages, and Travels, Domestic and Moral Economy, Essays, Belles Lettres, &c., including most of the well known publications of Harper and Brothers.

Those who draw prizes will have the privilege of making their own selections from the catalogue which is furnished to each subscriber. To insure the fullest advantages of the above prize distribution, subscribers should send in the amount of their subscriptions without delay, as the names are registered in rotation, and those first in order will be entitled to the early impressions of the engravings of General Taylor, &c.

For a more detailed account of the above plan, the reader is referred to the *Extra Sun's Art Union*, which may be obtained free of charge by any person addressing (postpaid) the proprietors.

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY SUN

Is the best as well as the cheapest family newspaper ever presented to the American public.

In addition to its usual features of interest, beautiful Engravings, &c., the Weekly Sun for 1849 will be enriched by a succession of

ORIGINAL PRIZE STORIES,

written by eminent American authors expressly for this paper, for the premiums of \$250.

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CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS, when sent to one address, are received at the following rates: Five copies for \$1—eleven copies for \$8—twenty-five for \$18—and seventy-five copies for \$50. When an order is sent for copies requiring them to be forwarded to more than one address, one dollar will be charged for each subscription.

Letters and Communications (always postpaid,) should be addressed to BEACH, BROTHERS, Sun Establishment, New York.

BOLESTIC MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICE,
No. 127 Chambers-st., New-York.

of their diseases—as also our TREATMENT, unlike those of any others which they may have heretofore known or tried.

III. Our REMEDIES or TREATMENT will be found the most pleasant, safe, simple, and efficacious that can be used. No confinement to the sick room—no hindrance from business,—no danger from colds,—and no injury to the constitution;—but, on the contrary, IMPROVEMENT at once.

IV. All the Medicines we prescribe are made in our own CHEMICAL LABORATORY, as we cannot rely on the Drugs sold in the shops, in consequence of almost universal ADULTERATIONS. Our remedies being prepared in the most pure and concentrated form, but little is used or needed to cure the worst cases.

V. We claim, by our UNUSUAL SUCCESS, to be masters over all curable diseases—particularly in all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS—the DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN—the HEREDITARY DISEASES OF CHILDREN—and all those most HOPELESS and DESPERATE cases in male or female which have defeated the best efforts of the most distinguished medical practitioners, as the more than ten thousand cases, whom we have successfully treated, can testify.

VI. THOSE DISEASES which are almost invariably treated in the first stage with Balsam of Copiava, Capsules, Cubes,—with injections of solutions of Nitrate of Silver, Borax, Alum, Sugar of Lead, Sulphate of Zinc,—with Bougies, Catheters, and Caustics—and in the second stage with Yellow or Black Washes, Blue or Mercurial Ointment, Blue Stone or Lunar Caustic, externally—and with Calomel, Blue Pill, Red Precipitate, Corrosive Sublimate, Hydriodate of Potassa, Sarsaparilla Syrup, and other like cheats and slops, internally—we say before Heaven and Earth what we know and can DEMONSTRATE by hundreds of cases, that by such treatment and means these diseases have never, and can never, be healed—they deceive the patient, disguise the disease by driving it into the system to other and more important parts,—they produce Strictures; Abscesses in the Kidneys; Piles; Fistulas; Catarrhs; Gravel; Diseases of the Eyes; Loss of Hair and Hearing; Rheumatic Pains; Decay of the Flesh and Bones; Ulcers in the Limbs, Throat, Head, Neck, Nose and Palate; Disease of the Liver and Stomach; with CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS, or WHOLE SYSTEM; and thus render either the whole life of the patient miserable, or hurry him to a premature grave.

Without using any of the above named Quackish, Swindling and Murderous Remedies, we PROMISE to every case we treat a PERMANENT and RADICAL cure FOR LIFE, by a very simple medicine, which is without taste or smell, which neither purges nor vomits, nor hinders from business, nor exposes the patient in any way whatever. Testimonials to these Facts we can furnish from persons who were carried out of the Broadway Hospital to die as hopeless cases, and many others of like character, whom we have cured.

VII. FISTULAS cured invariably WITHOUT AN OPERATION. Of the hundreds of cases of this disease which we have known, we have never seen one which had been cured with cutting with the knife—though nearly all had been cut out once, twice, or more times. *Cutting never cured a case—it is false, delusive and cruel.* References will be given to cases in this city which have been SUCCESSFULLY treated of the most terrible forms of Fistula ever known.

VIII. Cases of SURGERY, MIDWIFERY and DENTISTRY attended to in all their departments—Tumors, Cancers, Dislocation, Fractures, Wounds, and Injuries of every kind treated with safety and success.

IX. ALL DISEASES OF THE EYES and EARS treated without PAIN or PERIL, and with UNEQUALLED SUCCESS.

We invite all the afflicted, however hopeless their cases may appear, or whatever their disease may be, or however many physicians or remedies they may have tried, to put our knowledge and skill to the test in an examination of their case,—it will cost them nothing,—and then they will be prepared to know whether we can treat them successfully or not—for if we do not find, to their satisfaction, the cause or origin of all the difficulties in the case, we will own that the cure is not in our power, and hence put them to no expense. Most physicians treat symptoms—we go to the root, and thus succeed where others fail.

NEVER DESPAIR till you have given our Remedies and Treatment an honest trial.

Patients visited at their residences when required.

ALL DR. BEACH'S BOOKS and MEDICINES for sale at this office.

Office open from 8 o'clock, A. M., to 8 P. M. Sundays from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 7 to 8 P. M.

JAMES McALISTER & CO., Proprietors,
3m246 No. 127 Chambers-street, New-York.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS
VEGETABLE

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 246

SELPH'S PREMIUM ANGLESEY LEG,

AND ARTIFICIAL HAND, patronized by the most eminent Surgeons throughout Europe, and by the most distinguished of their professional brethren in this country, and allowed by all to be the nearest approach to nature hitherto produced. Introduced into this country, and made solely by WILLIAM SELPH, 24 Spring-st., New-York. Reference to Prof. V. Mett, and other eminent Surgeons in this city. 245



IN QUART BOTTLES,

For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of

SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STUBBORN ULCERS, DYSPEPSY, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time

In bringing this preparation of SARSAPARILLA to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a *really good* Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly,

JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal.

"U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of his Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it. Your obedient servant,

"THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 246

REGALIA AND JEWELS

MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS, 250 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.

Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 245:16

MR. COOMBS—250 GRAND, NOT 350.
LODGE AND ENCAMPMENT JEWELS, constantly on hand and for sale cheap, by
 3m246 E. COOMBS, 250 Grand-street

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATTSOON, No. 198 MARKET, 6th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y239

BARNES & DENNEY.
MANUFACTURERS OF PATENT ROMAN CEMENTED FIRE AND THIEF PROOF CHESTS, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escapements which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.
 N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts.
 W. DENNEY. (31:tf) J. BARNES

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.
TO THE I. O. O. F. AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL.
 The subscriber, **I. J. CRISWELL**, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City.
 I. J. CRISWELL'S,
 No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth.
 North side, Philadelphia.
 1y:nov.9.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.
SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! **J. WINCHESTER**, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved **CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP**, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over *One Thousand Dollars.*

Single copies Fifty Cents each; twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to
J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.
 1y235

REGALIA.
M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia, Costumes, Tents, Crooks, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New-York. At the great Fair of the American Institute, 1847 and 1848, the highest premium was awarded for his work. aug.26:tf.

HAVANA AND PRINCE CIGARS.
JAMES SADLER, No. 234 BROADWAY, (3d door above American Hotel.)—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Principe Cigars, of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 3m245*

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON,
CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia 243

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN.
VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers.
 N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venitian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235:tf

PREMIUM VANILLA TOOTH WASH.
AT the late Fair of the American Institute, the Premium was awarded to the Proprietor for his Vanilla Tooth Wash, as being the best preparation for cleansing and preserving the Teeth, and purifying the breath. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, **THOS. MANSON**, Surgeon Dentist, No. 20 Eighth Avenue.
 Also, for sale by the principal Druggists throughout the city. Liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 3m237

F. W. COORINTH,
HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 2d street, below Calowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 223:6m.

BARD & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m239

LODGE JEWELS.
ELEAZER AYERS, manufacturer of Jewelry, &c. No. 89 Nassau-st. New-York.
 Odd-Fellows', Masons, and Sons of Temperance Jewels made to order. All orders from abroad punctually attended to. 3m235

B. WINCHESTER, PRINTER, 44 ANN-STREET.

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. ____.

Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth.
 Date, _____ (Signed.)

Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. O. S. 101 Forsyth-st.

New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243:tf.

FINE MILINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.—Pattens Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

The Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches,
 Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains,
 Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals,
 Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens,
 Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles,
 Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins,
 Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings,
 Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c.
 Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$50 each.
 Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.
 All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.

G. C. ALLEN,
 Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

OPPOSITION-TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.
A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers, for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Bareges, (green, plain & fancy), Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdkfs., Fancy Silk Hdkfs., Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Crape Lisse, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tiaratas, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable.

241 L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

ORGAN MANUFACTORY.
NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation.

WM. A. CORRIE.
 N. B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,
NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK,
 supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

REGALIA IN READING, PA.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.

H. A. LANTZ,
 232:tf. 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P.

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 232:tf

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Icade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m235

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.

JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 3m236

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

The Most Extraordinary Medicine in the World!!

This Extract is put up in Quart Bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures without vomiting, purging, or debilitating the Patient.

THE great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, that while it eradicates the disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best.

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES
 ever known: it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates rich, new and pure blood, a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed, within the last two years, more than 100,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 15,000 were considered incurable. It has saved the lives of more than 10,000 children the past two seasons in the city of New-York alone.

10,000 Cases of General Debility and want of Nervous Energy.

Dr. S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on by physical prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening toward that fatal disease Consumption, can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy. This Sarsaparilla is far superior to any

Invigorating Cordial, as it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the limbs, and strength to the muscular system, in a most extraordinary degree.

Consumption Cured.

Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Hectic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c., have been and can be Cured.

Spitting Blood.

NEW-YORK, April 28, 1847.—Dr. S. P. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad Cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla a short time, and there has been a wonderful change wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city. I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant,
 WM. RUSSELL, 65 Catharine st.

Dyspepsia.

No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food, and strengthening the organs of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla.

BANK DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, May 10, 1845.—Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with the Dyspepsia in its worst forms, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.

Yours, &c. W. W. VAN ZANDT.

Great Blessing to Mothers and Children.

It is the safest and most effectual medicine for purifying the system, and relieving the sufferings attendant upon childbirth, ever discovered. It strengthens both the mother and child, prevents pain and disease, increases and enriches the food; those who have used it think it is indispensable. It is highly useful both before and after confinement, as it prevents diseases attendant upon childbirth. In Costiveness, Piles, Cramps, Swelling of the Feet, Dependancy, Heartburn, Vomiting, Pain in the Back and Loins, False Pains, Hemorrhage, and in regulating the Secretions, and equalizing the Circulation, it has no equal. The great beauty of this medicine is, it is always safe, and the most delicate use it most successfully.

Scrofula Cured.

This Certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the Blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

Three Children.

Dr. S. P. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores; have taken four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under great obligation. Yours, respectfully,
 ISAAC W. CRAIN, 106 Wooster st.

Opinions of Physicians.

Dr. S. P. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from Physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify, that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the city of Albany, have, in numerous cases, prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations in the market.

H. F. FILLING, M.D., J. WILSON, M.D., R. B. BRIGGS, M.D., P. E. ELMENDORF, M.D. Albany, April, 1847.

Principal Office, 126 PULTON STREET, San Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston; Dwyer & Sons, 132 North Second street, Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co., 151 Chartres street, N. O.; 105 South Pearl street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India, and the Canadas. 243:6m



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY J. R. CRAMPTON, AT NO. 44 ANN-STREET, TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 14

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 248.

The English Magazines.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

BY JAMES HENDERSON.

EACH at the dawn uprears its silver chalice,
When day-spring ushers in the dewy morn—
Gems that make bright the sweet sequestered valleys,

Day-stars that mead and mountain glen adorn!
God said "Let there be light!" and lo, creation
Shone forth with smiles emparadised and fair,
Then man had Eden for a habitation,

And ye, bright children of the Spring, were there!
Ye came to bless the eye when sin had clouded
The glorious earth with ruin pale and wan;
Ye came to cheer the heart when sin had shrouded
With peril dark and dread the fate of man!
Ye came to whisper with your living beauty
A lesson to the hearts that doubting stray;
To win the spirit to a trusting duty,
And guide the wanderer's steps in wisdom's way!

What though your accents, gentle, sweet, and lowly,
Unto the silent ear no sound impart?
Ye whisper words all eloquent and holy,
To wake the finer feelings of the heart!
Meekly ye tell your emblematic story
Of the Creator's love with pathos true,
For Solomon, with all his pomp and glory,
Was ne'er arrayed like any one of you!

Ay, ye have lessons for the wise, revealing
Truths that proclaim Jehovah's bounteous love;
And wisdom then grows wiser, nobler, feeling
How all's that good descendeth from above!
Ye touch the thoughtful soul with pure emotion,
When contemplation doth your beauties scan;
Ye fill the heart with calm, serene devotion,
And breathe a moral unto erring man!

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

It is now some years since, that a family, that had lately come to this country, from the West Indies, took a house in our street, and domiciled among us—it consisted of a mother and two daughters.

The mother, Mrs. M'Queen, was an old, withered, weather-beaten, little body, of slender frame, with clear, black, twinkling eyes, a hawk nose, and wrinkly features; putting one in mind of an ancient Sybil. When she spoke her countenance lighted up with animation, and her words came fluently and fast. She did not seem occasionally to be destitute of observation or good sense; but ever and anon, mixed up with her discourse, there was a flippancy, and at times an incoherence, which seemed less to say that her faculties were impaired, or her intellect weakened, than that she had long been a stranger to

that moral standard which has been set up in our hearts for the guidance of our principles. I do not mean to say that she at all gave license to indecorum in speech or manner—quite the reverse. She had been educated in, and rigidly adhered to all the forms of the church of England; read her prayer-book; and, as far as external demeanor went, was a devout Christian. It appeared rather that a long residence in the west, where custom had seared her to behold, without sympathy or feeling, all the degradations which slavery imposes on a portion of our fellow creatures, had, by blunting the moral sense, rendered her at length an inadequate judge between right and wrong, yet left her the trappings of religion.

Her eldest daughter was dark, of slender make, and about the average height; quick and lively in her motions; with a rapid utterance, and a volubility in her discourse, which was not sometimes altogether pleasing. It was a little curious that her thoughts, like those of her mother, seemed generally to run in the same channel; and she seldom spoke of anything else than the West Indies, its towns and slave owners, and rum merchants—of the number of negroes they had kept on their property—of their habits, hours of work, recreation, and treatment—of their wives and children—the severities exercised to keep the slaves to their tasks—and of their revenge, cowardice, cunning, and blood-thirstiness. Whatever topic of conversation was introduced, something or other seemed to afford a handle for turning it upon this repulsive and sometimes disgusting subject.

The other daughter was of a florid complexion, with bright yellow hair. She was taller than her sister, and rather handsome. Of the early history of this girl, on whose fate the interest of this little narrative hangs, I could only learn a few scattered, but these are rather striking, particulars. It appeared that, when little more than a girl, she had been addressed by a young gentleman abroad. The lover died; and after struggling a while with her feelings, the young lady became frenzied, and was sometime kept under restraint by her family—how long I never was able to ascertain. At the period when I first saw her, which must have been some ten or twelve years after this circumstance, time had exerted its soothing influence; and the general impression of her countenance was not that of despondency, but of cheerfulness and good humor. What may have been the original tone of her mind, I have, of course no means of ascertaining; but now it was evident that it was far from being firm and determined. She was nervous, and very apt to be overcome by sudden noises, or impressions of any kind; and yet could pass from what appeared to affect her with sorrowful emotions, to whatever excited

laughter, with a rapidity that was startling, and far from being pleasant.

On their arrival in our neighborhood, circumstances occurred which drew us into familiar acquaintanceship. It was in May that they settled among us; and after many interviews, in which the preceding traits of character developed themselves to me, the season wore in December.

Half forgetful that they were Episcopalians, I made a call on Christmas day, and found only Mrs. M'Queen at home, the younger ladies having gone to church. After wishing each other the congratulations of the season with mutual heartiness, somehow or other, as it generally fell out, the conversation took some turn which led to the introduction of the West Indies, and a parcel of splendid dried seeds and berries, which had arrived from the agent on their property only two or three days before, was produced by the younger sister. Part of these I was solicited to take. As I was on the point of departure from the house, I was called to from the landing-place at the head of the stairs, by Miss Sophia, regarding the loan of a book, about which we had been speaking, and which I had promised to send them. She seemed all playfulness and good humor. Alas! I never heard—but tush, of that anon.

It was then, as I have said, the depth of winter. The weather had been for some weeks boisterous and rainy; and although it had in some degree cleared up into frost, was still variable and uncertain; cloudy days and whistling nights, with falls of snow, and intervals of tinkling black ice. The harvest had been a bad one; provisions were high, and disease prevailed among the poorer classes to an unwonted extent. Every thing appeared to render more gloomy the already sufficiently somber aspect of external nature; and even the hilarity of Christmas time was insufficient to dispel the pervading cheerlessness of the season. The morrow was Sunday.

Some hours before daybreak, a loud knocking at my door aroused me from sleep. It was an urgent request for me to come, with the least possible delay, to Mrs. M'Queen's, as one of the ladies had been taken alarmingly ill, and they were anxious for my making arrangements for sending an express to a relative of the family, some miles distant. I obeyed this injunction with alacrity; but by the time I had hurried down the street, and gained admission, I found that a surgeon, who had at the same time been sent for, was in attendance.

"What of your patient—what is the matter?" said I to him, breathlessly, as, with an anxious countenance, he came out of one of the sleeping apartments to the sitting parlor.

He gravely shook his head,

"It is all over, sir, the young lady must have been dead at least an hour. It is a little mysterious, this business!"

I was as thunderstruck.

"Not possible," I said; "this is really dreadful. I saw Miss Sophia yesterday, in health and spirits!"

"Her death is not the less certain on that account, however," added the surgeon. "It is a curious and perplexing case; and if you have no objection, I should like you, before leaving the house, to visit that chamber with me," pointing to the apartment he had just left.

While we were conversing I heard, at intervals, the voice of the elder sister, as it were, occasionally breaking out to herself in incoherent ejaculations. The sounds evidently came from the room alluded to—wild, fitful, and startling. More indistinctly, and from an opposite quarter, I could now and then hear a low, murmuring sound, rising into what might be called a chatter or a giggle. This struck me as coming from the bedroom of the old lady.

On calling in the servant and interrogating her, she seemed greatly agitated, and said that she had heard some noises while in bed; but these at length ceasing, and after a considerable pause, she could not positively say of what duration, as she was half asleep, the bell was violently rung for her. When she went into the room she was told that Miss Sophia had fainted, and saw her sister in bed with her, supporting her on her bosom, and bathing her temples. That she had continued some time assisting in the task, but that from the first she had remarked the lifeless look and chilly feel of the body. That for nearly an hour this course was pursued, the elder sister expressing surprise and impatience that their patient did not revive; and that at length she had suggested the propriety of calling in medical aid, which was at once assented to.

In obedience to the request of the medical gentleman, I proceeded to the fatal apartment. Every thing in it wore an aspect of utter cheerlessness, little needing the melancholy catastrophe itself to add to its dismal effect. On a side-table stood a candle, whose black, smoky wick showed it to have been long unsnuffed; and on the bed were both the sisters—the living and the dead. The features of the latter, who was maintained half in a sitting posture by her sister, wore almost the placidity of sleep, save that around the mouth there was that swollen appearance peculiarly indicative of death. Her eyes were closed, and her long yellow hair, which had partly escaped from under her cap, lay in disheveled ringlets over her shoulders. It was dreadful to think that, only a few hours previously, those features had been lighted up with smiles. On the body and neck were black or purplish patches, which, to my unpracticed eye, bore a resemblance to contusions; but these, my medical friend assured me, were far from being unequivocal evidences of external injury, and were always very large and perceptible in cases of sudden death, unaccompanied by venous congestion.

Before leaving the house, I undertook to get information conveyed by express to their relatives, and promised to call in the evening.

It is now necessary to give some idea of the geography of that part of the house connected with the details of this story. Suppose then, a large parlor, which, besides its general entrance-door, has one near its eastern and another near its western angle, each severally communicating with sleeping apartments in these directions. In the eastern room slept Mrs. M'Queen, in the western the eldest daughter.

On Christmas night, it appeared from the account of the servant, Miss Sophia went to bed with her mother; whereas, from Miss M'Queen's statement, we were led to infer that she had come into her bed-room to sleep with her, and that after remaining there for some time she felt unable to compose herself, and had, after midnight, left her to go to her mother's apartment. From what could be gathered from the rhapsodies of the old lady—who seemed, in a few hours, to have made a rapid stride toward her dotage—first one inference was induced, then its opposite; and at length it was evident

that nothing satisfactory could be collected—every thing, she said, being vague and indistinct.

According to promise I made my visit in the evening, after having passed a day of wretched anxiety. The sudden demise was, of course, the sole topic of conversation, and regarding it, one circumstance was adhered to by the elder sister. This was, however, an unaccountable one, being that she could not remain comfortable upon her sister's leaving her, and that, after some broken and unrefreshing sleep, she could not resist getting up in the dark, and groping her way across the parlor; in so doing, she stumbled and fell; it was over the body of her sister, which was stretched on the carpet.

I could never understand, notwithstanding all my endeavors to the purpose, what steps were taken on this discovery, or how the corpse was conveyed into the adjoining room; as the servant only allowed that she was summoned after Miss M'Queen had been for a considerable time using means to restore suspended animation, but in vain.

The old lady being confined to her bed, I did not see her during this visit; but I heard her frequently pulling the bell, and could casually catch the tones of her singular voice. In Miss M'Queen's manner there was a singular mixture of absorbed attention and frivolity. At times she was silent, and it was evident from her eyes that she had been weeping; while, anon, she spoke in a rapid and hurried manner about her sister, the West Indies, the weather, or the news of the day. She occasionally left the room abruptly, with a candle in her hand, and went alone into the apartment where the body was laid out, and then in a few moments would come back—listen as if she heard a sound—and again enter into conversation on different topics.

The occurrences of the day rendered me very nervous, and vague doubts were constantly crossing my mind. Over all hung the veil of impenetrable mystery.

Concomitant circumstances tended to render this still more perplexing. Surmises were now hazarded, which before I had never heard a whisper of—the servant appeared to know more than she had disclosed—and the family inhabiting the adjoining house to that in which the catastrophe happened, averred that they had been repeatedly surprised by noises during the night, and that on the fatal one they had been both loud and frequent. The many tongues of rumor were all loosened on the subject, and imputations were laid at the door of the mother, by some, and of the sister by others; while not a few shook their heads when the name of the victim herself was mentioned. All, however, was mere surmise; no one, perhaps, knew so much of the particular circumstances as myself, and I knew only enough to render conjecture hazardous, and all conclusions uncertain.

The funeral took place on the last day of the year; and along with the more immediate relatives, I was invited, as a mark of respect, to attend an hour earlier than that fixed upon for the interment, that I might be present at the reading of the funeral service; which, from the inclemency of the weather, was to be read in the house. The scene was most impressive. Neither of the ladies appeared, and after the "earth to earth, and dust to dust" had been pronounced, the clergyman laid two sealed packets into the folds of the shroud. These, I afterwards learned, were, the one a bundle of letters relating to the early attachment which I have before alluded to—the other containing two or three small presents (a book, a ring, and a miniature,) made to her during the same season. In a sealed note, dated some years before, although not discovered until after her decease, she had desired these to be laid with her in the grave.

Few events in my life ever effected me so deeply as those I have now related, and for a long time they continued to haunt my imagination, opening up a maze of doubts and horrors, and throwing a gloom over existence.

When the feelings are deeply excited all objects are adventitiously colored, be it in the hues of joy or grief; and perhaps it was from this very reason, that the funeral scene in the church-

yard had for me an unwonted impressiveness. All nature wore the dull and cheerless aspect of winter. It had rained incessantly during the previous night; and through the morning the skies were shrouded in a heavy leaden hue. But though the sward was saturated with moisture, the rain had ceased, and a light breeze wafted amid the leafless branches of the solemn old trees around.

We had reached the grave and were lowering the coffin down, when suddenly the light breeze was changed to tempest. It blew a perfect hurricane, and the earth, sand, and bones, which had been dug out, were caught up and whirled about in a shower, which forced the attendants to cling to the sepulchral railings, or to hurry for shelter to the lee of the church. The sexton and his men alone remained at their posts, battling with the whirlwind until their task was finished.

Several years have passed away since the mysterious catastrophe, and as the principal parties have died, and yet "made no sign," it is not probable that any light will ever be thrown upon it now.

Shortly after the event, Mrs. M'Queen and her remaining daughter left the neighborhood, and all intercourse ceased with the few in it who had formed temporary acquaintance with them.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

THE poem of "The Heart of the Bruce" is founded on the incident of Sir James Douglas's death, in action with the Moors on the borders of Andalusia, while on his way to Jerusalem, to deposit the heart of Robert Bruce in the Holy Sepulchre. A vision of the night, which is introduced with great effect, has warned Sir James that his mission will not be fulfilled. He and his hundred knights still hold on their way:

"And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

"And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here,
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armed men
That round yon standard throng?"

"The Moors have come from Africa,
To spoil, and waste, and slay;
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
'Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turn'd aside
From the Cross in jeopardy!

"Have down, have down, my merry men all—
Have down into the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

"I know thy name full well, Lord James,
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce,
Should fight this day for me!

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors again;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

"The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!—
'There is not one of all my men,
But is as bold as I.

"There is not one of all my men
But bears as true a spear—
Then onward, Scottish gentlemen,
And think King Robert's here!"

"The trumpets blew, the crossbolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

"And many a bearded Saracen,
Went down, both horse and man,
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

"But in behind our path they closed,
Through fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

"We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,
'Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of Saint Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

"But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they could not charge again.

"Now, Jesu help thee!" said Lord James,
'Thou kind and true Saint Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

"Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and beld,
And held the precious heart aloft,
All in its case of gold.

"He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass the first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

"The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor!"

"Now, praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good Knight, that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride you on, Lord King," he said,
'And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!"

"There lies, beside his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And wo is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!"

"The king, he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul,
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

THE ENCHANTED BAY.

[THE following adventure of a boat's crew, in their voyage from Possession Island, a small guano station near the coast of South Africa, to Walwich Bay on the main land, is extracted from the "Cape Town Mirror," a very meritorious miscellany recently commenced.]—

The breeze was very light, and it was midnight before we heard the breakers on Pelican Point, a long spit of sand, forming the western side of Walwich Bay. It was then blowing fresh, with very thick weather, and we stood off till morning. At daylight on the 12th we stood in again for Pelican Point; as the wind now blew from the south-east, which was directly off the bay, we found it would be necessary to work in. I therefore filled the ballast-casks, to give the boat a better hold on the water, and kept three hands bailing, as she then leaked very badly. In this way we got in before evening, near enough to see, close to the beach, on the east side of the bay, opposite Pelican Point, a small storehouse, built of planks, with a large triangle or "shears" near it, such as are used to fasten cattle to for slaughtering.

The wind, however, continued adverse, and we were unable to effect a landing before sunset, and were thus obliged to stand out to sea again. As the evening advanced, the wind drew round to the south-west, and was thus driving us gradually over towards the land north of the bay, near the mouth of the Swakop River. Not being able to wear the boat, for fear of her filling, we were obliged to "clubhaul" her, by throwing overboard, on the weather-bow, a sail lashed to an oar, and this made fast by a line passing round to the lee-bow of the boat. The sail and oar floated on the surface, and not being so high out of water as the boat, were not carried forward so fast by the force of the wind. Thus the line, pulling at the lee-bow, gradually drew the boat's head round to the south-east, and she then drifted along parallel with the land.

I have given this explanation not for the benefit of seamen, who of course do not need it, but for those readers who may never happen to have seen a boat put about in this fashion.

My companions were now ready to give up altogether, believing that we should never reach the land. They were quite worn out, and for a time refused to lend a hand in working the boat, declaring that it was useless, and that our case was desperate. At length, after much reasoning and persuasion, I induced them to aid in making one more trial.

By good fortune, shortly after midnight, the wind, for the first time since we left the ship, came out from the northward, and enabled us to stand in, as we thought, directly for the bay. What was our surprise and alarm, then, to find, when the sun rose over the eastern mountains, that we were approaching a part of the coast of which we had not the slightest recollection! On our starboard-bow, where we expected to see Pelican Point, was a low sandy island, that we had no knowledge of whatever. Other islands lay right ahead between us and the mountains. The hut and the shears were nowhere to be seen. We could not tell what to make of it. I began to be afraid that we had been carried by a current to a place laid down on the chart as Sandwich Harbor, about thirty miles south of Walwich Bay, though how we could have come so far in so short a time I could not imagine.

We continued to stand on, in great wonder and perplexity, till Frederick Noon suddenly exclaimed, "See! there is a woman in a white shawl on that island." We looked, and certainly saw something that had very much the appearance he described. But while we were doubting and speculating upon it, the supposed woman suddenly unfolded her wings and flew off, in the shape of a pelican with brown wings and a white neck and head. We had a hearty laugh at Fred's mistake, but at the same time puzzled to think how it was that we had not discovered the deception till the bird flew away, as the distance did not seem great enough to give rise to such an error.

At length, as we kept drawing in to the land, some one cried out—"There is a village, and the people about it." And sure enough there they were, right before us, and, as it seemed, not a half mile distant. There was a row of round-topped huts above the beach; and the people in clothing of various colors, were standing before them, apparently engaged in watching our motions. The little naked brown children could also be distinguished running about at the edge of the water. The people seemed to be numerous, and we were at first uncertain how to act. At length, after a brief consideration, I determined to take the risk of landing alone. Putting off a part of my clothes, in order to swim ashore, and giving my watch and some other small articles which I had about me to Frederick to keep, I directed my companions, in case they saw any harm befall me, to bear away immediately for an anchorage laid down on the coast to the northward, where it was possible that they might find a trading vessel, or at least obtain some provisions on shore.

I then jumped into the water. The splash which I made produced a miraculous effect: the whole crowd of people on shore, great and small, gray, red and brown, instantly soared up into the air, and flew away in a cloud of pelicans, flamingoes, sand-pipers, and other birds. This put the climax to our perplexity. We were too much astonished to be amused at our strange blunder. Bearing up again for the shore, we presently arrived at the beach, and landed. On going up to the supposed village, it proved to be the skeleton of an enormous whale, whose arching ribs had taken the appearance of a row of native huts. Still it seemed very singular that we should have been so completely deceived at so short a distance.

On looking about us, we found that not only was the land we stood on an island, but we were surrounded by numberless low sandy islets, between which the sea was running in and out in the strangest manner. My companions now became greatly alarmed, declaring that we should all perish if we remained there, and insisting

that we should quit this desolate and unknown region, and look for Walwich Bay. To quiet them, and to clear up the uncertainty of our situation, I resolved, as it was now nearly noon, to get an observation, and determine our real situation. Accordingly, we went back to the boat, and stood out from the land, in order to obtain a clear horizon. On taking the altitude of the sun, and making the calculation, I found that we were in the precise latitude of Walwich Bay. The others thought that I was deceiving them; but feeling positive that I was right, I resolved to stand in for the shore again, in hopes that the mystery would be cleared up.

And now a wonderful change was apparent. The sun, having passed the meridian, was now shining with a western declination. A smart breeze, moreover, had arisen and swept away the haze that hung over the land. With it, and with the change in the position of the sun, the *mirage*, which had been the cause of all our perplexities, had disappeared. Everything was now familiar to us as we had seen it on the previous afternoon. There was Pelican Point, with the skeleton of the whale, and the hundreds of birds about it, no longer magnified by the deceptive haze, but in their natural proportions. The straits which had converted it into an island were now changed to dry land, as was also the seeming sea which had flowed about the sand-hills on shore, and turned them into so many islets. On the opposite side of the bay, the store and the triangle, which had been concealed by the mist, were plainly visible. The source of all our mistakes was now apparent; at the same time, I am inclined to think that any other persons, coming in as we did, would have been equally deceived. When we told the missionaries of our troubles and perplexities on this occasion, they were very much amused, and said that they had at first been frequently puzzled, both at the bay, and in traveling through the country, by the delusive appearances of the mirage, to which it required some time to become so accustomed as not to be misled. The bay, they said, from its shape, and the nature of the country about it, seemed to be peculiarly subject to those variations in the density and refractive power of the atmosphere which give rise to these singular effects. I have been thus particular in describing them, thinking that it may be of use to put my brother mariners on their guard against this source of deception on approaching a coast.

VOICE OF THE TENCH.—In the spring of 1823, I received from a friend a brace of very fine tench, just taken from the water. They were deposited by the cook in a dish, and placed upon a very high shelf in the larder, a room situated between the dining parlor and cooking kitchen. On the following midnight, while writing in the dining-room, to which I had removed in consequence of the extinction of the fire in the library, my attention was suddenly excited by a deep, hollow, protracted groan, such as might be supposed to proceed from a large animal in extreme distress. It was twice or thrice repeated; and all my efforts to discover the source of the alarming sound were ineffectual. At length my ear was startled by a loud splash, succeeded by a groan more deep and long-continued than those which I had previously heard, and evidently proceeding from the larder. Inspection of that room at once explained the mystery. One of the fishes had sprung down from the shelf on the stone floor, and there lay with mouth open, and pectoral and ventral fins extended, and uttering the sounds by which my midnight labors had been so unexpectedly interrupted. Next day both fishes were cooked for dinner; and such is the tenacity of life in the tench, that although thirty hours had then elapsed since their removal from their native element, both fishes, after having undergone the processes of scaling and evisceration, sprang vigorously from the pot of hot water when consigned to it by the cook.—[Dr. Shirley Palmer.]

CHATEAUBRIAND says, "In new colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church; the French a ball-room; and the English a tavern."

German Lyrical Poems.

ALARIC AND ATTILA.

I.—ALARIC.

BY HEINRICH STIEGLITZ.

THE hordes that from the Eastern plains
A mighty flood on Europe press'd,
Are gone; one stream alone remains;
Lost in Time's ocean are the rest.

One stream—its billows still rush on,
And make the old Pantheon nod;
While all victorious the throne
Arises of the Triune God.*

This is the mighty German stream
Which in the East began to roar,
Then sparkled with the cross's gleam,
Which on its haughty waves it bore.

A hero, with young glory bright,
Riding in pride above the foam,
Appears—the sturdy Goths' delight—
The terror of old rotten Rome.

Alaric's brain with conquest glows,
The mighty future stirs his soul;
The torch of sacrifice he throws
At Rome's defying capitol.

Great thoughts his youthful soul inspire,
His Goths to storm the world are led;
But, ah! whose eye hath lost its fire?
Who now is slumbering with the dead?

Wild songs of grief are those in truth,
That round the royal corpse arise;
The Gothic star has set—the youth
Stretched in his golden coffin lies.

And while the Goths their hero mourn,
The Romans—now a captive swarm—
Busento's waves are forced to turn,
Digging the stream another arm.

The Goths within the hollow lay
The corpse, and treasures beyond prize;
Next, 'mid the shades of night they slay
The captives, as a sacrifice.

Now rolls the stream its torrent back,
And covers o'er the Germans' grave;
Borne along Time's eternal track,
Wave still is pressing close on wave.

II.—ALARIC'S GRAVE.

BY COUNT VON PLATEN.

On the river, by Cosenza, swells at night a mourn-
ful sound,
And the waters give it answer, and it echoes all
around.

And the Goths cast moving shadows, as along the
bank they pace,
For their Alaric lamenting—best and bravest of
his race.

Dead too soon, from home too distant, now he must
be buried here,
While about his youthful shoulders still his yellow
locks appear.

On the banks of the Busento all the Goths their
station take,
And to turn aside the river now another bed they
make.

In the hollow drain'd of waters busily they ply the
spade;
In the grave, with horse and armor, soon the noble
corpse is laid.

Then to hide the royal treasure o'er it heaps of
earth they throw;
From the grave of that young hero lofty water-
plants shall grow.

Now once more they turn the river, bid it cast its
waters back,
And the billows of Busento foam along their an-
cient track.

Rugged voices in a chorus sing, "Oh, sleep the
hero's sleep,
Safe from base rapacious Romans, thus thy sacred
grave we keep."

Thus they sing; and through the army rolls the
dull and mournful song, on the
Now from sea to sea, Busento, bear it y waves
along.

* This expression (Dreimal ein), brought into such close
contact with Alaric's invasion, is not quite felicitous, for
Alaric was an Arian.

III.—THE SWORD OF WAR.

BY AUGUST NODNAGEL.

ROARING as the billows roar,
When the sea is lash'd to yeast,
Crowding from the distant East,
Savage Huns in fury pour;
Foul's their face, and short their form,
Rough their hair, their mouths are wide,
Through the wood and plain they ride,
On their horses, like the storm.

"Attila, thy people bring
To the magic western land,
Where, from sparkling silver sand,
Fountains of fresh water spring;
Where the trees rich burdens bear,
Houses stand of marble white;
Where the people shake with fright,
When the sound of war they hear."

Attila waits many days,
Will not grasp the battle-horn,
Will not heed his people's scorn;
Still the king his march delays.
Ere he ventures foreign wars,
Ere he seeks a foreign land,
He must from a peasant's hand,
Take the mystic sword of Mars.

At the ruddy break of morn
Through the vale the cattle wind;
One is lagging far behind,
Bloody is its foot, and torn,
And the herdsman marks the wound,
And the blood begins to trace;
Buried in a mossy place,
'Mid the rocks, the sword is found.

Now he holds the prize secure,
To the king the sword he brings;
Attila the weapon swings
Round his head, of conquest sure.
"Up, now up, my Huns arise,
'Tis our own that western soil,
We have the conquest without toil,
All the world before us lies."

God's own scourge is mov'd—his breath
Goes before—a burning flood,
Tears and howlings, fire and blood,
Are the harbingers of death.
Here ye, Huns, your monarch's voice.
God's own scourge the world will scathe,
With th' eternal thunderer's wrath;
Loudly in your tents rejoice.

IV.—ATTILA'S GRAVE.

BY KARL HALTAUS.

From the foot of the Carpathians, there comes forth
a heavy groan,
But all Europe as it passes can find triumph in the
tone;

And old Rome has heard with rapture the glad mes-
senger, who said:
"Attila, God's scourge, is taken to the kingdom of
the dead!"

He, who long the earth has blighted, making all the
nations quake,

When the sword, which Mars once carried, round
his head he dared to shake;

He who scared old Rome, Byzantium, and the giant
German race,

Made, as none were made before him, man's crea-
tions to efface.

At the foot of the Carpathians stands the Huns—a
dusky throng—

In a wild and fearful chorus, they howl forth the
fun'ral song;

Deck'd in all their brightest armor, while the clang-
ing trumpet sounds;

Now the faithful hordes are marching, who the
silken bier surround,

And they cut their hair dishevel'd, 'mid the wo-
men's piercing cries,

And they gash their limbs and faces for a bloody
sacrifice.

Safely closed within three coffins is the royal body
laid,

Which, of silver, gold and iron, by a skillful hand
were made;

In earth's bosom they are buried, arms and treas-
ures o'er them thrown,

At the deepest hour of midnight—never shall the
spot be known.

Where the world's great scourge is slumbering, all
who dug his grave are slain,

They have hewed down all the captives to a fierce
and warlike strain;

O'er the grave, so newly cover'd, goblets deep with
wine they fill,

And they quaff it, madly dancing, till in drunken-
ness they reel.

While the Huns are thus carousing, old Italia
smiles beside,
For she knows that her Honoria will not be the
"Scourge's" bride;
He no more the sword shall brandish to affright the
human race,
And the Hunnish folk is pow'rless man's creations
to efface.

Ethical Sketches.

DEVIL WORSHIPERS.

MR. LAYARD, in his recently published work
on the Antiquities of Nineveh, gives a very in-
teresting account of a strange people, who have
been little known to the rest of the world, but
who have inhabited Mesopotamia and the neigh-
boring countries, time out of mind. These are
the Yezidis, or Worshipers of the Devil. We
extract the following account from the last num-
ber of the London Quarterly Review:

The third expedition of Mr. Layard led him
among a still more remarkable people, perhaps
in their origin not only much older than the
Nestorian form of Christianity, but even than
Christianity itself. He is admitted into the
rites, almost into the inmost sanctuary of their
singular race, who bear the ill-omened name of
Devil Worshipers. He is the first European,
we believe, who has received almost unreserved
communication as to the nature of their tenets;
though probably from the ignorance of the Yez-
idis themselves, he has by no means solved the
problem either of the date or the primal source
of their curious doctrines. How extraordinary
the vitality even of the wildest and strangest
forms of religious belief! Here are tribes pro-
scribed for centuries, almost perhaps for thou-
sands of years, under the name most odious to
all other religious creeds—hated and persecuted
by the Christians, as, if not guilty of an older
and more wicked belief, at least infected by the
most detested heresy, Manicheism, trampled
upon, hunted down, driven from place to place
by the Mussulmen, as being of those idolaters,
the people without a book, toward whom the Ko-
ran itself justifies or commands implacable en-
mity.

Against the Yezidis, even in the present day,
the Moslem rulers most religiously fulfil the
precepts of their Scripture—making razias
among them, massacring the males, and carry-
ing off the women, especially the female chil-
dren, into their harems. That fanatic persecu-
tion, which accidental circumstances suddenly
and fatally kindled against the Chaldean Chris-
tians, had been the wretched lot, time out of
mind, of the Yezidis. Toward the Christians
the Koran contained more merciful texts—to-
wards the Devil Worshipers none.

Yet here are they subsisting in the nineteenth
century—flourishing tribes, industrious tribes,
cleanly beyond most Asiatics—not found in one
district alone, but scattered over a wide circuit
(some have lately taken refuge from Moham-
medan persecutions under the Russian govern-
ment in Georgia,) celebrating publicly their re-
ligious rites—with their sacred places and sa-
cred orders—and with the unviolated tombs of
their sheikhs, their groves, and their temples.
The manners of these tribes are full of the frank,
courteous, hospitable freedom of the Asiatics—
they are resolute soldiers in self-defense, and at
least not more given in their best days, to mar-
rauding habits than their neighbors, and only
goaded to them by the most cruel and unprovoked
persecution. Their morals, as far as trans-
pires in Mr. Layard's trustworthy account, are
much above those of the tribes around them—
they are grateful for kindness, and by no means,
at least as far as Mr. Layard experienced, and
we may add some earlier travelers, jealously
uncommunicative with Franks.

It is this strange and awful reverence for the
Evil Principle which is the peculiar tenet in the
creed, and has given its odious name to this an-
cient and singular people. With them and old
Lear alone the "Prince of Darkness is a gentle-
man." They will not endure the profane use
of any word that sounds like *Sheitan*, or *Satan*;
and they have the same aversion—some slight

much of which might perhaps not be unbecoming in the followers of a more true and holy faith—to the Arabic words for a curse and *accursed*. Satan in their theory, which approaches that of Origen, is the chief of the angelic host, now suffering punishment for rebellion against the divine will—but to be hereafter admitted to pardon and restored to his high estate. He is called Melek Taous, King Peacock; or Melek el Kout, the mighty angel. The peacock, according to one account, is the symbol as well as the appellative of this ineffable being—no unfitting emblem of pride. They reverence the Old Testament almost with Jewish zeal, (a tenet absolutely inconsistent with Manichæism;) they receive, but with less reverence, the Gospel and the Koran. Their notion of our Savior is the Mohammedan, except that he was an angel, not a prophet.

The Altar.

WHY THUS LONGING?

BY MISS WINSLOW.

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing
For the far off, unattained, and dim;
While the beautiful, all around thee lying;
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still;
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of joy or light can'st throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal or woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou can'st lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,
Not by works that give the world renown;
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Can'st thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou can'st truly live.

THE PROMISES.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY MRS. S. MOWBRAY.

A blest hereafter, then, or hoped or gain'd
Is all!

Though indifference to pain were a valuable science, yet the voluntary endurance of unnecessary misery is no part of true wisdom. Every right-minded person will, therefore, try to be as happy as possible, and to make others feel so too; and as the materials of this happiness should not be expected to descend in the form of miracles, but through the usual unostentatious modes instituted by infinite goodness and wisdom, just as a great city drinks of the distant fountain from the puny rills of ten thousand almost invisible aqueducts. So the soul of man should learn to bring its vast and various desires, that thus they may drink of the rivers of pleasure which flow from God's right hand.

Why should they be allowed to wander in quest of the Abannas and Parphars of sin, or turn aside to the broken cisterns of unhallowed indulgence? while heaven and earth give joy: various and abundant joy: at once permanent and legitimate; and in the only form indifferent to the touch of time and change; namely, that of *faith* and *promise*—and let not any think that these are meager materials of such a precious commodity, for they are indeed its only elements—at least as far as the experience of the human mind enables it to judge; at any rate they compose every emotion worthy of that name, of which we have any idea.

It is not my object, in this paper, to expatiate on the promises of revelation, they are full ex-

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licit and glorious beyond what any words of mine could express. They are the Christian's proper consolation; and to them he reverts in every darker hour. But is not the Christian often soothed, and cheered, too, by less direct consolations in the Divine economy communicated through the medium of surrounding objects? Now, methinks there is something both wise and profitable in one's allowing oneself to be comforted by the ministry of birds and flowers, and clouds and wind, especially under certain circumstances, which, from their very nature and design, admit of no other sort of amelioration.

Nor are such helps as these to be lightly accounted of. Look at the man who but an hour ago seemed to be the prey of a hopeless insanity, his heart writhing beneath the lash of conflicting passions, did anything come with promise of peace and love, that now he seems so changed and cheered? Yes, but it was only a moon-beam, which attracted him to the window—that planet's mild regard has often solaced the distressed. The cool winds were there, and the stars, in their own way, assured him that though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.

Indeed, it is a very useful as well as a very pleasant habit, that of being able to hold a kind of spiritual communion with whatever objects may happen to surround us; to have ears to hear, and hearts to interpret the significant language of even inanimate thoughts—to have faith to believe the eloquent breathings of harmonious sounds, as prophetic of unspeakable happiness yet to be. Nay, the heart should learn to hold communion with itself or some kindred one; but especially with the Author of its being. This requires the exercise of the soul's noblest faculties, and affords the loftiest and truest pleasure.

Apart from these considerations, however, it is safer for us to confine our sympathies to inanimate subjects. Birds will fly away, and butterflies brook no attention; but flowers, with their incense-breathing lips, will never betray or upbraid us, nor promise that which they do not mean to perform.

It is a pretty sight, that wedding party—the gay bridegroom, and the gentle bride—to mark how trustfully she treasures his promises, thus solemnly witnessed on earth and recorded in heaven; but, alas! little accounted of by him. Well, let her believe them all, perhaps it is best she should do so, now; few of them will be remembered by him; by her not one of them shall ever be forgotten, though finding them faithless as the *ignis fatuus* of the marsh.

But let us turn from these glow-worm lamps of faith and hope, and look once more toward the heavens of the soul, even the promises of God, as contained in the scriptures. These, like the lighthouse on the beetling cliff, can never be obscured, but shine to guide the tempest-tossed spirit through the billows of sin and death into the haven of its final rest. Then let every one be familiar with their language, number and import, and comforted by the very recollection that God has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer you," and that this is only one of the many "exceeding great and precious promises."

New-York, March, 1849.

PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS.—From all we have seen for a century, the tide of affairs has set in waves: any extraordinary advance has always been followed by a reflux. It is in vain to bid "be still;" for it is one of the conditions, and perhaps means, if not of the existence, at least of the progress of society—which, amid all its perturbations, moves steadily up and down on the shores of time, under the dominion of a power that makes nations advance or recede, and under laws which can only be discovered by long, accurate, analyzed observation. As statistical science and education advance, the severity of seasons of distress—whose general course can be calculated—will be diminished by mutual aid, and provision will be made in prosperity against their recurrence; as the losses of shipwreck, fire, and life to society are mitigated by the various kinds of insurance. Knowledge will banish panic.—[Ninth Report: Reg. Gen.

SPIRIT COMMUNINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY ALLIE VERNON.

I HEAR spirit voices from each bending flower—clear, loud tones from the full-blown rose, the gaudy tulip, the perfumed magnolia, and the pure lily—low, sweet ones from the delicate blossoms of the mignonette, the fairy bells of the lily of the vale, and the petals of the humble violet; and they tell ever of Hope and Love, the glad spirits that seek a resting place in the blooming flowers.

Mid the graceful branches of the waving trees, from the velvet moss of the shady vale, and from the leafy forest I hear their strain—sweeter, far sweeter than the song-bird's lay. They are borne on the fragrant wings of the wandering wind; they sweetly mingle with the rude tones of the storm-king; they softly chime with the song of the dancing brooklet, the gayer strain of the sparkling river, and the deep murmur of the sullen sea. Loudly they swell the wild song of the foaming cataract; softly they whisper in the gushing fountains, and the falling rain-drop.

Others, perchance, may have listened in wonder to the lays of the unseen spirits—they may have felt their influence upon their softened hearts—but I have held communion with them. Ay! in the still, dark midnight, when the stars look down like bright eyes upon the slumbering earth, and the pale moon-beams tremble on each dew-gemmed blossom, I hear their tones. Faintly at first, as though they had scarcely left the heavens, and then louder and louder as they wing their way toward earth. I hear the rustling of their silken pinions like the sound of flowers, whispering musically together. The pure rays of the moon fly before the coming brightness, and soon my dreary room is filled with the heavenly ones. I see them with their snowy robes, and stainless wings, and crowns of interwoven stars; and they gaze so sweetly upon me, with their large, loving eyes, that my heart yearns to leave this world, and with them seek a home on high.

One, there is, with a pale, high brow, and gentle smile, and she leaves the throng and bends lovingly over me, with affection beaming in her soft eyes, and presses her lips to my burning brow, and gazes sadly in my tearful eyes, while she whispers to me in low, sweet tones:

"Be of good cheer, and faint not; though the love thou wouldst freely give unto others hath been forced back into thine own heart; though thy young soul is weary of life, thou shalt not be weary long. There is joy, much joy in store for thee, and a crown of light above. Thou shalt cast off this mortal dress, dear one, and put on robes of purity."

And then again the spirits raise their voices, while they sing of "Him that sitteth on the throne;" and faintly the sweet music dies away, as, one by one, they unfold their wings and leave me. But she—*my mother*—lingers till the last, and casts a glance of mingled pity and love upon me, as though she fain would stay; but they cannot tarry when the early sun-beams play over the rippling waves. 'Tis only in the calm midnight hour they come to me, when thoughts or bitter woes are madly chasing through my brain. They come only then, but I hear them ever, and they sing of Love and Faith.

Others wonder, when, ever and anon, I start and listen; they dream not that my soul can hold communion with spirits. And some bright night they tell me that I, too, shall mingle with them; and oh! joy! shall soar far, far from this dark earth.

Ye will marvel, perchance, when some fair morn ye shall find my spirit fled; but ye need not weep; nay, smile and rejoice that one more voice is added to the land of unseen spirits that are ever breathing thoughts of love to weary man.

THE really humane man is prone to the study of humanity. He likes to see it brought home from the universality of precepts and general terms, to the reality of persons, of tones, and actions, and to have it raised from the grossness and familiarity of sense, to the lofty, but striking platform of the imagination.

Ladies' Department.

"THOSE EYES THAT WERE SO BRIGHT, LOVE."

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Those eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
But what they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine.
And still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours;
That ripened all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers.

Those locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned to gray;
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole their hue away.
Thy locks no longer share, love,
The golden glow of noon;
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silvered by the moon.

That brow was fair to see, love,
That looks so shaded now;
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoilt a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore,
Still Memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where Hope admired before.

HEROIC WOMEN OF THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.

PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE.

A WOMAN of no great powers of mind, but of affectionate character and spotless reputation, who fell a victim, not to political intrigues, but simply to her friendship and attachment for Marie Antoinette. On the taking of the Tuileries, she had voluntarily accompanied the queen to the Temple, until the brutal order came to exclude all the friends of the fallen monarch from his prison. She was not, however, released from captivity, but was transferred to La Force; in which she heard the whole, even the minutest details, of the appalling and atrocious butchery of the royalist prisoners, to the number of nearly 7000, perpetrated by the orders of Marat and Danton.

The vulgar murderers, who were absolutely hired and paid at so much a head, by arrangement with Manuel, their chief, had yet so much of sincerity in them, and belief in the retributive justice of their acts, that no inducement of interest operated on their pity or mercy, which was, in a few instances, singularly and capriciously shown. But the chiefs were in no wise so inaccessible to corrupt and sordid arguments; and several of the chief prisoners, particularly ladies, had, at enormous pecuniary sacrifices, obtained a respite from the sabers and pikes of the assassins.

One alone of these victims, ransomed in the judge's intention, could not escape fate. Hébert and L'Huilier wished to save her. A cry ruined her. She fell between the tribunal and the street. This was the Princess de Lamballe. This young widow of the Duc de Penthièvre was a princess of Savoie Carignan. Her beauty and the charms of her mind had drawn to her the affectionate attachment of Marie Antoinette. The chaste affection of the Princess de Lamballe had only answered the odious suspicions of the people, by a heroic devotion to the misfortunes of her friend. The more the queen fell the more the princess attached herself to her fall. All her pleasures were in the participation of the queen's reverses. Péthion had allowed her to follow her royal friend to the Temple. The commune, more implacable, sent to take her from the arms of the queen, and threw her into La Force. The father-in-law of Madame de Lamballe, the Duc de Penthièvre, adored her as his own daughter.

The Duc de Penthièvre lived in retirement at the Chateau de Bizy, in Normandy. The people's love protected him there in his old age. He watched from a distance over her days. A secret agent of his house, furnished with a sum of a hundred thousand crowns, was sent back by

order of the prince to Paris, and had bought from one of the principal agents of the commune the safety of the Princess de Lamballe. Other inferior agents, domestics of the private friends of the house of Penthièvre, were spread in Paris, charged by the duke to get intimate with the dangerous men who roamed around the prisons, to insinuate themselves into their confidences, to keep watch over the crime, and prevent it, in attempting the cupidity of the assassins. All these measures, of which the center was the Hotel de Toulouse, the palace of the duke, had succeeded. At the commune, among the judges and executioners, eyes were watching over the princess.

She appeared one of the last before the tribunal. She had been spared the day and night of the 2d of September, as if to give the people time to satiate themselves before robbing them of their prey. Shut up alone with Madame de Navarre, one of her women, in a chamber high up in the prison, she heard from there, during forty hours, the tumult of the people, the blows of the assassins, the groans of the dying. Voices which pronounced her name mounted to her ears. Sick, lying on her bed, passing from the convulsions of terror to the stupor of sleep, startled again by dreams less frightful than the blows of murder under her window, she fainted every instant. At four o'clock two national guards entered her chamber, and ordered her, with a feigned harshness, to rise and follow them to the Abbaye. Scarcely able to rise from her seat and support herself upon her elbow, she supplicated her benefactors to leave her where she was. "Wishing as much," said she, "to die there as elsewhere." One of these men leaned towards her bed, and said in her ear, that she must obey them, and that her safety depended upon it. She begged of the men who were in her chamber to retire, dressed herself quickly, and descended the stairs, supported by the national guard, who seemed interested in her safety.

Hébert and L'Huilier were waiting for her. At the aspect of these sinister figures, that appearance of crime, those ruffians with blood-stained arms, half opening the door where the victims were heard falling, the young woman lost the use of her senses, sank into the arms of her waiting-woman, and returned slowly to life. After a brief interrogatory, the judges said to her:

"Swear love of equality and liberty, and hatred to kings and queens."

"I will willingly take the first oath," said she, "but hatred to the king and queen, I cannot swear it, for it is not in my heart."

One of the judges leaned toward her:

"Swear all," said he, with a significant gesture. "If you do not swear, you are dead."

She bowed her head and closed her lips.

"Well, go out," said the assistants to her, "and when you are in the street, cry, 'Vive la Nation!'"

One of the chiefs of the massacre, named Truchon, or "the big Nicholas," supported the princess on one side—one of the Acloytes sustained her on the other. She appeared on the threshold, and recoiled at the sight of the heap of mutilated corpses. Forgetting the saving cry which they had recommended her to proffer, "God," cried she, "what horror!" Truchon put his hand upon her mouth, and made her stride over the dead.

The cut-throats, disarmed by this angelic apparition, stopped before so much beauty. She had traversed, amid astonishment and silence, more than half the street, when a barber-fellow, named Charlot, drunken with wine and carnage, would, in barbarous jest, raise with the point of his pike, the cap which covered Madame de Lamballe's hair; the pike, ill-directed, by an unsteady hand, grazed the princess's forehead, and the blood gushed out of the wound and covered her face.

The murderers, at the sight of blood, thought that the victim was turned over to them, and threw themselves upon her. A villain, named Grizon, laid her at his feet by a blow from a club. The sabers and pikes struck her. Charlot seized her by the hair, and cut off her head. Others stripped the corpse of its clothing, pro-

faned and mutilated it. During these sacrileges Charlot, Grizon, Hamin, Rodi—history of the eternal pillory of infamous names—carried the head of the Princess de Lamballe into a neighboring pot-house, laid it on the counter between the glasses and bottles, and forced the assistants to drink with them to her death. These drinkers of blood walked in numbers to the doors of the Temple to terrify the eyes of Marie Antoinette by the livid head of her friend. The commissioners of the commune, who were watching at the Temple, with a deputation from the assembly, warned of the approach of this mob, received it with consideration and prayers. The mob was content to ask leave to parade the head of the queen's accomplice under the windows of the royal family. The commissaries consented to it. While the possession defiled into the garden, under the tower inhabited by the prisoners, the commandant of the post invited the king to show himself to the people. The king obeyed. A commissary, more humane than the rest, placed himself between the prince and the window where they were raising the horrible trophy. The king, nevertheless, saw the head, and knew it. The queen, whom they had loudly called for, ignorant of the spectacle prepared for her, rushed toward the window. The king held her in his arms and carried her to the back of the apartment. They only concealed from her the sight of her murdered friend; the same evening she knew the details, and recognized the hatred of the people in their animosity against all she loved.

The mob took their march across the streets of Paris, and stopped under the windows of the Palais-Royal, to show to the Duc d'Orleans the head of his sister-in-law, not as a menace, but as a tribute. The Duc d'Orleans was at table with Madame de Buffon, his new favorite, and some other companions of his pleasure. He dared not refuse the homage of a crime offered in the name of the people by assassins. He rose, presented himself at the balcony, and in silence contemplated, for some moments, the bleeding head which they raised to him.

Madame de Buffon perceived it. "God!" cried she, joining her hands, and throwing herself backwards, "it is thus, then, they will soon carry my head in the streets!"

The duke closed the window, and endeavored to reassure his favorite.

"Poor woman," said he, in speaking of the princess, "if she had believed me, her head would not be there!"

He then sat down, and remained silent and mournful to the end of the meal. His enemies accused him of having pointed out that head to the steel of the assassins, and of having required them to present it to him, to satisfy his vengeance, and to tranquillize his cupidity. He saw an enemy in the queen's friend; and he was to inherit, by the death of Madame de Lamballe, a dowry which the estates of the Duc de Penthièvre owed to the widow of his brother-in-law. These imputations fall before the truth. The life of this woman was indifferent to his ambition, her death added nothing to his fortune. At the moment of the assassination, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans were legally separated. The dowry of Madame de Lamballe did not increase the future property of the Duchess of Orleans but by a trifling rent of thirty thousand francs a year. This price of blood was beneath an assassination, and did not even go to the assassin. They threw back upon the Duc d'Orleans all the crimes for which they were embarrassed to find a cause; sad condemnation of a bad renown. They often surprised his hand in the frenzy of the people, and they thought to detect it in this blood; it was not.

When the night came, an unknown person, who piously followed the progress of the train; bought of the murderers, for gold, the head of the princess, still ornamented with her long hair. He cleansed it from the blood and mud which soiled its features, sealed the head in a leaden coffer, and sent it to the servants of the Duc de Penthièvre, in order that this part of her beautiful body should at least receive the rights of interment in the family tomb. The Duc de Penthièvre awaited in anguish the news that public rumor brought to his chateau at Bizy. On

the reception of these dear remains, his daughter, wife of the Duc d'Orleans, and the servants vainly endeavored to compose their countenances, to conceal from the old man the knowledge of this outrage. The prince read his misfortune in their eyes. He raised his hands to heaven, exclaiming:

"Great God! what avails youth, beauty, all the tenderness of woman, if they do not find grace before the people? Who are the people?"

He never again rose from his bed of tears. The funeral service was performed in the chamber hung with black.

"I think I always hear her," said he, in his last conversation with his daughter. "I always think I see her sitting near the window, in the little study. Do you remember, my child, with what assiduity she used to work there, from morning till night, at the labors of her sex, for the poor? I have spent many years with her; I have never discovered a thought in her mind which was not for the queen, for me, or for the unfortunate; and this is the angel they have torn to pieces! Ah! I feel that this idea is digging my grave!"

He went down to it without being a moment consoled.

SONG.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

THERE is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild-bird,
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,
And pleasure for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There is Care that will not leave us,
And Pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unaltered
Sits Love, 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is, and true;
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you!

CLEANLINESS.—A white-yellow cravat or shirt on a man speaks at once the character of his wife; and be you assured that she will not take with your dress pains which she has never taken with her own. Then the manner of putting on the dress is no bad foundation for judging—if it be carelessly, slovenly, if it do not fit properly. No matter for its mean quality; mean as it may be, it may be neatly and trimly put on; and if it be not, take care of yourself, for, as you will soon find to your cost, a sloven in one thing, is a sloven in all things. The country people judge greatly from the state of the covering of the ankles; and if that be not clean and tight, they conclude that all out of sight is not what it ought to be. Look at the shoes; if they be trodden on one side, loose on the foot, or run down at the heel, it is a very bad sign; and, as to slipshod, though at coming down in the morning, and even before daylight, make up your mind to a rope, rather than live with a slipshod wife. Oh! how much do women lose by inattention to these matters! Men, in general, say nothing about it to their wives, but they think about it; they envy their luckier neighbors; and, in numerous cases, consequences the most serious arise from this apparently trifling cause. Beauty is valuable; it is one of the ties, and a strong tie too, that, however, cannot last to an old age; but the charm of cleanliness never dies but with life itself.—[Cobbett.]

THE BEST FRIEND.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—[Lessing.]

Humorous.

A RUSE FOR A DINNER.

THE following characteristic anecdote of Theodore Hook, is given in Barham's life of that extraordinary man. Of the hoax so commonly told and generally believed as taking place at the Spanish ambassador's at Woolwich, on the banks of the Thames, Mr. Barham has given a truer and more authentic account. One of the streets near Soho-square, either Dean-street, or Frith-street, was the real scene of action. Hook was lounging up one of those streets in company with Terry, the actor, when they saw through the kitchen window preparations for a handsome dinner.

"What a feast!" said Terry. Jolly dogs! I should like to make on of them."

"I'll take any bet," returned Hook, "that I do, —call for me here at ten o'clock, and you'll find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison." So saying, he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the burnished knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course he was immediately ushered by the servant as an unexpected guest, into the drawing-room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well nigh full, no notice was at first taken of his intrusion, and half-a-dozen people were laughing at his *bon mots*, before the host discovered the mistake. Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding any opportunity for explanation, Hook rattled on till he had attracted the greater part of the company in a circle near him, and some considerable time had elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, contriving at last to get in a word; "but your name, sir,—I did not quite catch it,—servants are so abominably incorrect, and I am really a little at loss."

"Don't apologise, I beg," graciously replied Theodore. "Smith—my name is Smith—and, as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another. I remember a remarkable instance, &c."

"But really, my dear sir," continued the host at the termination of the story illustrative of stupidity in servants, "I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to; I certainly did not expect the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company at dinner to-day."

"No, I dare say not; you said *four* in your note I know, and it is now, I see, a quarter past five—you are a little fast, by the way, but the fact is I have been detained in the city, and I was about to explain when—"

"Pray," exclaimed the other, as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom, may I ask, do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Whom? Why, Mr. Thompson, of course—old friend of my father; I have not the pleasure, indeed, of being personally known to you, but, having received your kind invitation on my arrival from Liverpool—Frith-street, four o'clock—family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

"No, no, not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson, it is Jones, and—"

"Jones," repeated the *soi-disant* Smith, in admirably assumed consternation, "Jones! Why surely I cannot have—yes, I must—good heaven! I see it all. My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion! I am really at a loss for words in which to apologise. You will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow—"

"Pray don't think of retiring," exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman; "your friend's table must have been cleared long ago, it, as you say, four was the hour named; and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

Hook, of course, could not think of any such

thing,—could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger; if too late for Thompson, there were plenty of chop-houses at hand. The unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call for him at ten o'clock. The good-natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to withdraw dinnerless; Mrs. Jones joined in the solicitation; the Misses Jones smiled bewitchingly; and at last, Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies, and take his place at the well-furnished board. In all probability the family of Jones never passed such an evening before. Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter, and make good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when, by way of a *coup de grace*, he seated himself at the piano-forte, and struck off into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled more critical judges than the Jones's with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and, on Mr. Terry being announced, his triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanza—

I am very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—In the first place, remember, in sustaining a light and polished dialogue, that to go on saying *anything* is infinitely better than coming to a dead stop and saying *nothing*.

Never bungle, hesitate, or correct yourself. Let the stream of words flow easily; and as in taking care of the pence, the pounds are said to take care of themselves, so in managing well your forms of diction, the sense must be often left to its own guidance.

As a substitute for a particular word, "What's its name" is always at hand, and is preferable to "Thingumybob," which is decidedly vulgar.

In the absence of argument, the logical "of course" is invaluable.

"All that sort of thing," admirably supplies the place of general knowledge.

"As the poet says," will account for any quotation from any or no author in existence.

"In the middle ages," or "in the days of Louis XIV.," is a capital date to work upon.

It is convenient to assume, by the way, that Dr. Johnson, Theodore Hook, or Sidney Smith, were the heroes of all the anecdotes you are in the habit of repeating. For example—

"Hook one day observing to Johnson that he did not patronise vegetables; the doctor replied, winking at Sidney Smith, who sat opposite, 'Sir, I believe I once tasted a pea!'"—[Puppet Show.]

HINTS FOR SHERIFF'S OFFICERS.—All the cunning devices of the process-server I narrated with a gusto that smacked of my early training—how sometimes my crafty parent would append a summons to the collar of a dog, and lie in wait till he saw the owner take it off and read it, and then, emerging from his concealment, cry out, "Served!" and take to his heels; and again, how once he succeeded in "serving" old Andy himself, by appearing as a beggar-woman, and begging him to light a bit of paper to light her pipe. The moment, however, he took the bit of twisted paper, the assumed beggar-woman screamed out, "Andy, ye're served; that's a process, my man!" The shock almost took Andy's life.—[Confessions of Col. Grogan.]

Sir William Burrell used frequently to boast of having been both at Oxford and Cambridge; being one day at an agricultural meeting, he made some proposals which a farmer present objected to. "Sir," said the baronet, who could ill brook any opposition from an inferior, "I should be very sorry indeed if I were not better informed on such subjects than you are, having been at the two Universities." "Ay, that may be," replied the farmer, "but I remember to have had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation that I made was, that he was the greater calf for that."

Choice Miscellany.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet again: how sweet the word—
How soothing is its sound!
Like strains of far-off music heard
On some enchanted ground.

We'll meet again—thus friendship speaks
When those most dear depart,
And in the pleasing prospect seeks
Balm for the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again, the lover cries;
And oh! what thought but this
Can e'er assuage the agonies
Of the last parting kiss?

We'll meet again, are accents heard
Beside the dying bed,
When all the soul by grief is stirr'd,
And bitter tears are shed.

We'll meet again, are words that cheer
While bending o'er the tomb;
For oh! that hope, so bright and dear,
Can pierce its deepest gloom.

We'll meet again; then cease to weep
Whatever may divide;
Not time, nor death, can *always* keep
The loved ones from our side:

For in the mansions of the blest,
Secure from care and pain,
In heaven's serene and endless rest
We'll surely meet again.

EDWARD THE SIXTH LORD DIGBY.

THE following interesting anecdote of this young nobleman is related by a young gentleman who enjoyed his friendship, and, like all who knew him, revered and loved him. "Lord Digby came often to Parliament-street, and I could not help remarking a singular alteration in his dress and demeanor, which took place during the great festivals. At Christmas and Easter he was more than usually grave, and then always had on an old shabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude that it was some affair of the heart which caused this periodical singularity. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go to St. George's Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey if such a gentleman (describing Lord D.) had not entered the prison. 'Yes, masters,' exclaimed the fellow, with an oath, 'but he is not a man; he is an angel; for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This,' continued the man, 'is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day.' 'Do you know who the gentleman is,' inquired the major. 'We none of us know him by any other marks,' replied the man, 'but by his humanity and his blue coat.'"

One of the gentlemen could not resist the desire of making some further inquiries relative to the occurrence from which he reaped so much satisfaction. The next time, accordingly, his lordship had his alms-giving coat on, he asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress! With a smile of great sweetness, his lordship told him that his curiosity should soon be gratified; for as they were congenial souls, he would take him with him when he next visited the place to which his coat was adapted. One morning shortly after, his lordship accordingly requested the gentleman to accompany him on a visit to that receptacle of misery which his lordship had so often explored to the consolation of its inhabitants. His lordship would not suffer his companion to enter the gate, lest

the hideousness of the place should prove disagreeable to him; but he ordered the coachman to drive to the George Inn in the Borough, where a dinner was ordered for the happy individuals he was about to liberate. Here the gentleman had the pleasure of seeing near thirty persons rescued from the jaws of a loathsome prison, at an inclement season of the year, being in the mid of winter; and not only released from their confinement, but restored to their families and friends, with some provision from his lordship's bounty for their immediate support.

Lord D. went, some few months after these beneficent acts, to visit his estates in Ireland, where he caught a putrid fever, of which he perished in the dawn of life, November 30, 1757.

AN INDEFATIGABLE TEACHER.

IN the commencement of this century, in the parish of Alsace, which contains 600 or 700 inhabitants, there was a teacher, who, of his own accord, had organized his school very much in the manner I have been describing. I received my own first instruction from him, and what I have now to say—inspired by gratitude as much as by the desire of being useful—is only the faithful expression of my remembrances. The grave has long covered the remains of James Tous-saint, but his memory lives in the hearts of his pupils, who never pass his tomb without experiencing the greatest emotion, and bowing with respect. His school consisted of 120 pupils; the teacher, a descendant of one of the numerous Protestant families who had taken refuge in Alsace, had not received any other education than was then given in ordinary schools. He had learned the trade of joiner, and wrought at the Ban de la Roche, where a worthy rival of the pastor Oberlin, struck with his capacity and vocation for teaching, gave him lessons and excellent advice, and placed him at the head of a school, where, under his direction, he was initiated in the profession of teacher. From that position he was called to one whose organization I am now about to describe. Early in the morning—from five to seven in summer, and from six to eight in winter—he instructed the pupils in the first division: those from twelve to fourteen years of age. After them came the others in assembled classes, who received four hours' teaching each day. At five o'clock in the evening he held what he called the French school, which was a sort of innovation—French not being generally taught in Alsace at that period. After the school for French, at which a considerable number of adults attended, there was in winter, from seven to nine, an arithmetical class for young persons; and thus did this indefatigable man teach ten hours a day in winter, and eight hours a day at least throughout the year. Nor was this all; there were, besides, about ten children from ten to fourteen years of age, who, in order to be more thoroughly instructed, spent the whole day in the school-house, under the superintendence of the teacher and his wife, who assisted him greatly in his undertakings. By degrees he formed a sort of boarding-school at his own house, and something like a normal school, from which came many distinguished teachers, some of whom still live. Tous-saint was also organist and notary of the mayoralty, and fulfilled all his duties with the greatest fidelity. When I add that this energetic man was a prey to a painful malady, arising from no fault of his, but from a defective organization, which every day at the same hour caused him great suffering, it will be seen what can be effected by means of few materials, and even little science, provided that zeal is joined with some ability, and, above all, the love of one's vocation. The career of Tous-saint was short: he died in 1811, scarcely forty years of age; but his work survives in his pupils, in the generation he has formed.—[William on Education.]

THE hearts of married people ought to be the types of one another; a husband owes to his wife all the sentiments he expects from her; and his happiness depends much more on what he is to her than on what she is to him.

THE KINDLY GERMANS.—"Gellert's Fables," says a memoir of that writer, "appeared between the years 1740-1750—a time of literary drough in Germany. They were received everywhere with enthusiasm, and soon became the book of the nation. By their means Herr Gellert made his way into every heart in every family of all classes and conditions. They gained for him not cold admiration merely, but glowing, cordial love. The substantial proofs which he received of this affection were not few; and the nature of the gifts frequently bespoke the *naivete* of the givers. For instance, one severe winter day a countryman stopped before his house with a huge wagon, drawn by four stout horses. It was loaded with well-seasoned firewood, ready split for use. On being asked its destination, he replied that it was for Gellert—"For I shall feel more comfortable," he said, "when I am certain that the poor poet, who amuses us well while we sit in the warm chimney of an evening, has the means of warming himself well also."

INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.—Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—[Politics for the People.]

SOLID MILK.—We observe in the Repertory of Patent Inventions for January, that a Mr. Felix Louis of Southwark has enrolled a process for preserving cows' milk, goats' milk, and asses' milk, by converting the same into solid cakes or masses, which are soluble in warm water, and which may be kept for a long time without losing their original sweetness and freshness. The entire process, if we understand aright the terms of the specification, consists in a little sweetening by sugar, agitation, evaporation, and pressure.

A PORTER having a parcel to carry to a student in one of the colleges of Cambridge University, upon entering the square met with one of the collegians; and asked him if he could tell him where he might meet with Mr.—. The son of Euclid replied (at the same time placing his trencher on one side of his head, and wrapping his gown round him,) "You must crucify the quadrangle, then ascend the grades, and you'll find him perambulating in the cubicle near the fenester." The porter, not knowing the meaning of all this, stared; but recollecting the last word, asked what was a fenester. "A fenester, my man, is the diaphonous part of an edifice, erected for the introduction of illumination." The porter walked off, grumbling, and said he would never inquire his way of a Frenchman again.

PRONUNCIATION OF ORIENTAL OR INDIAN NAMES.—The vowels alone need be attended to, and they are pronounced as those of the Italian language. Thus, the English vowels take for their corresponding Eastern sounds—*a*, as *a* in the English word far; *e*, as *e* in set; *i*, as *i* in pit; *j* (for *j* is a vowel in Italian and all Oriental tongues), as double *e* in fee; *o*, as *o* in robe; *u*, as double *o* in poor. Thus, Kaubul is properly sounded as Kobool; Shujah, as Shoojah, the double *e* of the *j* having the sound of *y* when preceding a vowel; the Punjaub as Poonyob; Hindustan, Hindoostan; Maharajah, as Marharayaah, and so on.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1849.

THE FINE ARTS AND ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

A few days since we visited the new Odd-Fellows' Hall, now in process of erection in this city, on the corner of Grand and Center streets. As this edifice is somewhat remarkable in its character, design and finish, we have no doubt a full description of it will be interesting to our readers.

This great temple of Odd-Fellowship is of the following dimensions: On Center street, 78 feet, 8 inches; on Grand street, 70 feet, 9 inches; on Orange street, 74 feet, 11 inches. Perkins' Refectory is in the basement, and on the ground floor there are two stores. On the second floor, are one Lodge Room, (the antique,) and the rooms of the Board of Managers, Grand Scribe, Grand Secretary, Library and Banner, and also a Reception Room and four Committee Rooms. The third story contains, Corinthian Lodge Room, $51\frac{1}{2} \times 88\frac{1}{2}$ feet; Egyptian Room, 37×47 , and the Elizabethan, $89\frac{1}{2} \times 82$. Each of these has three ante-rooms. On the fourth floor, are the Persian, Gothic and Doric Rooms; and in the fifth story is the immense saloon of the Grand Lodge, 78 feet in diameter.

This imposing structure is built of freestone, in the most durable manner, and will cost, when completed, not far from \$120,000. It is finished and furnished in the most excellent taste, and some of the rooms exceed in splendor anything in this country.

The Egyptian Room, for example, painted and embellished by William Harveet, the distinguished German artist, is itself a study for a week. Twelve richly ornamented columns support the cornish where the ceiling rises in an oblique line, ornamented with panels, which are divided by a row of massive blocks, resting on the columns. On one of the panels, directly over the chair of the Vice Grand, is painted a representation of the judgment scene of Amenti. Horus is leading in the deceased—his actions are weighed in the balance of truth or justice. Cerberus is keeping watch, and Anubis looking at the result, which is recorded by Thoth. He is then introduced into the regions of the blessed and the presence of Amenti, who is sitting on a throne, holding the flagellum and crook, the emblems of punishment and spiritual power. The four genii of Amenti are standing on a lotus flower before him. This scene is interesting to Odd-Fellows, and indeed to all members of secret Orders, as it represents exactly the form of initiation into the mysteries of Isis, one of the oldest secret Orders of which history gives any account. On each side of this large panel are two smaller ones, over the entrance doors, with Anubis, the Conductor, and Cerberus in a watchful position.

On the large panel over the N. Grand's seat, the artist has painted a scene of his own composition. The center is occupied by a sun, the source of all life, from which emanate the divine gifts, the intellectual and physical. Stability, life, purity and truth are represented on one side, and the hieroglyphics of bread, water and shelter on the other. The corresponding figures allude to these hieroglyphics.

The intellectual side is represented by a king, an offering priest, and a figure in advance of these, holding a vase to receive truth. The other side is occupied by several persons, receiving the necessities of life as the reward of labor and piety. The two adjoining panels are painted with the statues of Thoth, the Secretary, and Ehou, "the day." Six more panels are ornamented with the figures of Rompi, "the year." Two truths protecting Thor,

or the word. Nau, "the hour." Isis, Nilus, binding the throne of a king, and Netpe, the mother of the gods.

The rest of the ceiling is ornamented with different designs of the lotus, wrought up nearer the center in a vine, surrounding three large panels, painted with a rich and harmonious combination of colors, in encaustic; the difference in design, as well as in the management of the colors, gives a finish to this room, and a higher idea of the elegance of the Egyptian style than is generally imagined. Not only the figure, but the spirit of this style is represented in this piece of work. The center piece is of a still richer appearance, and admirably connected with the surrounding ornament.

The names of the Board of Managers, the Past Grand Sires of the Order, the commencement, finishing and dedication of the hall, are applied on appropriate places, in hieroglyphic writing.

For persons doubting the originality of the different designs, suffice it to say that they are taken from reliable sources—from Napoleon's "Expedition l'Egypte," "Wilkinson's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," and other late works.

The Persian Room, intended for Encampments, is a perfect fairy palace, and has no parallel in America. In style, drapery, painting and furniture, it is entirely Oriental. The Gothic Room, painted by Allegri and Molteni, Italian artists of great merit, is also a superb apartment.

The edifice, taken all in all, is highly creditable to the Order, and speaks much for the taste of those under whose supervision it has been erected; and especially is much credit due to P. Grand Sire John A. Kennedy, the President of the Odd-Fellows' Hall Association.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, TRUTH.

Why is Truth made the corollary of the motto of our Order? "Because Truth is the basis of practical goodness; without it all virtues are mere representations wanting the reality; and having no foundation, they quickly prove their evanescent nature, and disappear as 'the morning dew.'"

"Whatever brilliant abilities we may possess, if the dark spot of falsehood exist in our hearts, it defaces their splendor and destroys their efficacy. If Truth be not our guiding spirit, we shall stumble upon the 'dark mountains,' the clouds of Error will surround us, and we shall wander in a labyrinth, the intricacy of which will increase as we proceed in it. No art can unravel the web that Falsehood weaves, which is more tangled than the knot of the Phrygian king.

"Falsehood is ever fearful, and shrinks beneath the steadfast, piercing eye of Truth. It is ever restless in racking the invention to form some fresh subterfuge to escape detection. Its atmosphere is darkness and mystery; it lures but to betray, and leads its followers into the depths of misery.

"Truth is the spirit of light and beauty, and seeks no disguise; its noble features are always unveiled, and shed a radiance upon every object within their influence. It is robed in spotless white, and, conscious of its purity, is fearless and undaunted; it never fails its votaries, but conducts them through evil report and good report, without spot or blemish; it breathes of heaven and happiness, and is ever in harmony with the Great Center.

"The consciousness of truth nerves the timid and imparts dignity and firmness to their actions. It is an internal principle of honor which renders the possessor superior to fear; it is always consistent with itself, and needs no ally. Its influence will remain when the 'luster of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.'

"Deceit and chicanery are mean and contemptible. The double-minded are 'unstable in their ways,' and generally fail in attaining their wishes; while those who cultivate singleness of heart and aid aim, with sincerity of feeling and purpose, have

energy for an attribute, and success a frequent reward.

"There is no pleasure comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth—a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have the mind moving in charity, resting in Providence, and turning upon the poles of truth.

"The Athenians were remarkable for their reverence of this noble virtue. Euripides introduced a person in a play who, on reference being made to an oath he had taken, said, 'I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart.' The perfidy of this sentiment highly incensed the audience, and induced Socrates, who was the bosom friend of the great tragic poet, to quit the theater. Euripides was publicly accused and tried as one guilty of breaking the most sacred bond of society.

"Montaigne says, 'If a man lieth, he is brave toward God and a coward toward men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.'

"There is nothing more beautiful than a character in which there is no guile. Many who would be shocked at an actual breach of truth, are yet much wanting in sincerity of manner or conversation; this is a species of deceit that cannot be too strictly guarded against.

"Unswerving truth should be the guide of youth. It is not sufficient to *speak* the truth, but our whole conduct to them should be sincere, upright, and without artifice. Children easily discern between truth and deceit, and if once they detect the latter in those to whose charge they are committed, confidence is for ever banished, and on the first opportunity the same baneful duplicity which they have observed in others will be practiced by them. Childhood catches and reflects everything around it, and an untruth told by one to whom it is accustomed to look with deference, may act upon the young heart like a 'careless spray of water thrown on polished steel, staining with rust which no after efforts can efface.'

"Truth is the basis of love; where we cannot trust, we cannot love. Wherever falsehood exists, it destroys happiness, paralyzes energy, and debases the mind; no superiority of intellect can long associate with this fearful vice.

"The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its origin from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies."

SABBATH BREAKING.

We have derived much gratification from the able message lately delivered to the Common Council by his honor the Mayor. We cordially agree with the *animus* of this document, and consider that the sale of liquor, on Sunday, deserves the utmost reprehension, and is also worthy of much attention, with a view to adopt means for its suppression. The sale of liquor is at all times productive of evil, but a traffic of such a nature on the Sabbath day, is quite unchristian in its character. Any reasonable being would suppose that it were sufficient for men to besot themselves upon six days of the week, and that a consideration for public decency, together with the respect due to the Sabbath, would deter them from indulging in the brutalizing pleasures of alcohol, upon that holy day. We are sorry to be obliged to say that the Sabbath affords no cessation to this vicious indulgence; on the contrary, we should imagine that liquor is sold to a greater amount on that day than any other; arising, perhaps, from the freedom from business engagements, which the community enjoys upon that day. However much we may coincide with the general views of his honor upon this subject, we must differ with him in his estimate of the efficiency of legal enactments, as the remedy best adapted to eradicate this extensive evil. But let it be borne in mind that the

use or sale of spirits, on Sundays, should not alone occupy the attention of the public well-wishers. To bring it into general disuse, on every day in the week, is the noble aim of all philanthropists. Legislation cannot meet the necessities of this public demoralization; for if men choose to be vicious they will be so, in spite of legal prohibitions, as long as our nature is constituted as it is. However, when the force of public opinion will be brought to bear upon the vice to which we have alluded, we may then hope to see the community ameliorated in this respect by the influence of mere moral force. There is no doubt that, in this vast city, there are but too many allurements to vice and intemperance. Those traps for destruction, (rum shops) are to be met with every way we turn, enticing the young and the thoughtless to habitual infamy. But still, however, we conceive that moral force would exercise a greater amount of influence, in the extirpation of intemperance, than any legal enactment.

It may not be necessary to remark that the Rev. Mr. Matthew, the benevolent apostle of temperance in Ireland, is about paying us a visit, in the course of a few months. We confidently expect that much benefit to the cause of temperance will be derived from his mission in this country. God prosper him in his holy work, and a thousand welcomes from the land of freedom.

ELOQUENCE.

THE study of eloquence is one peculiarly agreeable to an educated man, and among all civilized nations has ever been held in high estimation, as an elegant and necessary accomplishment. Many erroneous notions have prevailed, relative to this art; and, indeed, even now some associate with eloquence, a sophistical, tricky, flash of words, tending to gloss over a bad argument plausibly.

If it were such an art as that, it would be most unworthy of the high rank it holds, and undeserving of the attention of any discerning man. That definition of the art is, happily, however, entirely wrong; it may be justly defined as that mode of speaking, the most adapted to the accomplishment of the aim which we have in view. Therefore, he who suits his words and delivery the most effectually to that end, is to be considered the most eloquent man. Conviction and persuasion are the great ends of all public speaking; but it is not sufficient for the orator to convince a man of the truth of what he advocates, for he must also persuade him to adopt it in his practice. To convince, however, should be the first aim of a speaker, because any persuasion which is not based on a thorough sense of right, is not at all likely to prove lasting.

The beneficial effects of eloquence would be more visibly experienced in society, were our conduct guided by the conviction of our reason. As our nature is constituted, it unfortunately happens that a man may rest satisfied as to the justness of any truths, and yet not act according to the principles of them. Then, in the words of Blair, the orator "must address himself to the passions; he must paint to the fancy, and touch the heart." Therefore, besides mere sound argument, and a clear arrangement of a discourse, all the amenities and graces of composition, pronunciation, and, above all, delivery, are essential to the realization of true eloquence.

33—"LES CONFIDENCES," par Alphonse de Lamartine. New-York. We are under obligations to M. D'Arphin, the talented and enterprising editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, for the two first parts of this interesting work of the great French poet. We have read the pages before us with intense interest and delight, and are waiting impatiently for the remainder. We have translated a passage, which our readers will find in another portion of our paper.

CLEVELAND AND ITS ENVIRONS.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 30, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: You have never, perhaps, sported your umbrella and other traveling paraphernalia out in this western country. You have never seen, then, much of the best of God's world; you have never seen this "Gem of the Lakes," from which I now give you good greeting. I have voyaged a little up and down the great highways of the western valleys, scampered over some of the great meadows and prairies, and swung my "Niagara canoe" around some of the choicest spots of this great, unfenced country, in my time; yet I can well say that for beauty, thrift and hospitality, this burg is not surpassed by any. They say, "God made the country and man made the town;" but the angels must have had a hand in planning and perfecting the handiwork which presents so pleasant a scene before a stranger's eye as he arrives here.

The city is laid out upon the table-land, 100 feet above the lake, extending back from the bank, which falls in natural and irregular terraces to the sandy beach, on which the clear waters of old Erie disport themselves in many a game of "ground and lofty tumbling." From the water this bank looks very inviting—dotted as it is, with pleasant residences, and laid out here and there in thriving young peach orchards and gardens. The streets are very broad, the most narrow being wider than Broadway, and lined with elms and shady locusts. It very much resembles New Haven; and the Public Common, a square of ten acres, covered with fine trees and flanked by two or three churches, completes the resemblance. You wonder, as you stroll up the broad avenues, what generous heart and far-seeing eye conceived, half a century ago, a plan which has resulted in so much beauty, regularity and utility. A few residences betray extravagance and ostentation, especially on Euclid and Kinsman streets. Yet few cities show such a uniformity in buildings—so few contrasts between proud marble piles and miserable hovels; and this is very much owing to the very equal distribution of wealth, and the comfortable manner in which the middle and lower classes are able to live on moderate incomes. On the west and the south, the crooked Cuyahoga winds along like a lazy snake through the green meadows and hills, till it reaches the mills and furnaces, the forges and factories, when it darts around through the forest of masts, and sweeps rapidly out with its muddy waters and loses itself in the clear blue of the lake.

On the opposite side is Ohio City, containing about three thousand people, much given to manufacturing engines and axes, and building steam and sail craft.

Cleveland will be perfect as a place of business and residence, when the public works, now in progress, are completed. The Columbus rail-road will go into operation next fall; that is, 40 miles of it terminating here. The Pittsburg and Cleveland rail-road will be completed in a year or two. Three plank roads are being laid down out of the city, and the streets are to be lighted with gas before next January. I understand that in summer large numbers of Southern people stop here to catch a sniff of the pure air, luxuriate in the abundance of delectable peaches, and enjoy the comforts of a cool vacation. By the way, they say that along the lake shore all kinds of fruits flourish, without let or hindrance. The proximity to the water, and the humidity of the equable temperature, preserves them from frosts; and peaches, grapes, apricots, and all other fruits are not surpassed in quality by even those of Long Island or New Jersey. Every house in the city has its score of fruit trees, and the nurseries and orchards of peaches and cherries line every road beyond the suburbs.

One cannot leave Cleveland without noticing the handsome Medical College building, a very extensive one, and said to be the most approved in its arrangement of Lecture, Library, Museum Rooms

and Theaters. Two hundred and fifty students have annually, for several years, attended its lectures.

Not far from the College, on the bank of the lake, the U. S. Marine Hospital is building. It will be an elegant structure when finished. Twenty-five thousand dollars were voted by the last Congress for its completion. It will be an asylum for the sick, disabled, and superannuated seamen, which will do honor to the country. A government that owes so much of its commercial greatness and its naval glory to the noble sailors who have borne its stars and stripes to every quarter of the world, with pride and success, cannot do a greater justice than to extend its parental care over them in their time of sickness, adversity or old age. From the Hospital, the picture is most charming. The blue waters of the lake, dotted here and there with a white sail, or stirred into a foam by a monster steamer—the harbor, and all the bank fringing the city up and down, are enough to gladden an old sailor's heart, without even throwing in "Whiskey Island," in the distance.

A stranger very naturally strolls into the graveyard; but here one could hardly pass it without entering. It is most elaborately laid out in avenues and walks, and shaded by a profusion of willow, mountain ash, pine, cypress and catalpa trees. It is a spot, of all others that I have seen, most inviting and beautiful. On Sunday evenings the walks are almost crowded with visitors, who come to stroll, as they do in Paris on the Boulevards, or in New York on the Battery. Young widows, and peradventure some widowers—belles, beaux, mechanics, with satisfied faces, relaxed from the week-day cares, and merchants and professional men, glad to escape the dins and vexations of counting rooms and offices, and all stopping for the fiftieth time to con the inscriptions on *Joc-o-sel's* monument, a memorial of the big Indian, one of the last notables of the Ottawa chiefs, who died here, and whose name is less honored by a marble in the Cemetery, than dishonored by being given to the most narrow of all the dirty, dark alleys of the *under-the-hill* portion of the city.

In my next, I shall, if you will tolerate me, give you my doings on my visit to the Public School examinations, and the Odd-Fellows' Lodges, which have furnished my tablet with a very rich, rare and racy schedule of "items." So, success to thee and thine.

Fraternally yours,
ROBERT RAMBLER.

A NEW LODGE.

MONTICELLO, March 27, 1849.

BRO. ARNOLD: It is with pleasure that I announce to you the establishment of another Lodge in Sullivan District, N. Y. On the 16th inst., accompanied by P. Gs. Pelten, Quenbia and Devoe, and other Brothers of Mongapa Lodge No. 298, I proceeded to the beautiful village of Liberty, where was instituted Willemac Lodge No. 368. The Brothers composing this Lodge are of the right stamp, and having a large field for their operations, success must attend them. Sixteen candidates were elected, and thirteen initiated. John A. Chapman was elected N. G.; Wm. H. Buckley, V. G.; T. S. Boyd, S.; John Davidge, T.

Yours, truly, O. WHISTON, D. D. G. M.

ANOTHER GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The Grand Encampment of the I. O. O. F., of the State of Wisconsin, was instituted at Southport, on the 8th ult., by D. D. Grand Sire W. D. Wilson, when the following officers were unanimously elected:

H. L. Page, Grand Patriarch.
Rev. A. C. Barry, Grand High Priest.
D. McDonald, Grand S. Warden.
James B. Martin, Grand J. Warden.
W. W. Holden, Grand Scribe.
F. W. Hatch, Grand Treasurer.
W. D. Wilson, G. Representative to G. L. U. S.
The next session take place in Southport, on the third Monday in July next.

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

We have received from Bro. Jones, the indefatigable and worthy secretary of the R. W. G. Lodge of Mass., the journal of its proceedings, at its last semi-annual session, held at Boston, Feb. 1, 1849. We extract the following from the Grand Master's address, which we commend to the attentive perusal of our readers. It is an earnest and eloquent communication, and affords food for serious consideration:

"You are not to be told for the first time, brethren, that for the past year the attendance at our Lodge Meetings has been comparatively small. There are, of course, some exceptions to this remark, but such is the general state of affairs. My immediate and able predecessor, in his quarterly communication to the Grand Lodge, has referred to this subject, but has not regarded it as an alarming indication, trusting that after the attraction of novelty had worn off, there would follow a reaction in the personal interest and attention of its members.

"The Order is fast decreasing in numerical strength, and I am aware it is reasonable to suppose that most of the suspensions for non-payment of dues are confined to those members who joined the Order under the attraction of novelty, and who have hung upon its neck like a dead weight, dragging it down; and that the increasing diminution of members is but the separating of the chaff from the pure grain. But is it an idle fear, brethren, to suppose that through inattention to that most important duty of an Odd-Fellow, to wit, attendance at Lodge meetings, the Order itself may fall into decadence, and finally become the sickly skeleton of a once noble form, discharging its functions like an automaton, but not with that quickening spirit that has heretofore crowned our exertions with prosperity and success. Massachusetts has heretofore stood proudly pre-eminent upon the annals of Odd-Fellowship, in her exertions to fraternize with the world; and shall she falter now?

"Is it possible for us to read of the vast sums of money expended annually by the Order, throughout its whole jurisdiction, in relieving the distressed, burying the dead, and educating the orphan, to say nothing of those other and holier duties, the midnight vigil by the couch of the sick brother, without feeling our bosom glow and our pulsation quicken with the thought that we are instrumental, in some degree, in giving to such an association strength, prosperity and perpetuity? Each and every one of us, brethren, have a personal interest in this matter; our attention and sympathy may decay, but the principles of our institution will live; for they are immutable and immortal. Greater than the pecuniary features of our association is the duty of sending our fellow men into the world with a deeper sense of their duty to society and each other. The implanting of a single germ that shall sprout up in the hour of fruition, and form a bond of fellowship among men, will strengthen our good resolutions, and consolidate those elements of character that are the grand consecrative principle in the work of amelioration and reform. Let the Lodge Room continue to be to us like the family circle; let us not by indifference and neglect forsake the old hearth stone, from whose circle have gone forth those eternal truths that will break down the artificial distinctions of society; that will hush the spirit of party, and soften many of the asperities of life, that in our intercourse with the world are rendered so formidable, by the constant conflict of opinion and interest.

"It is the peculiar province of Odd-Fellowship to impress upon our hearts, in living characters, those cardinal virtues, Friendship, Love, and Truth, which are the props and pillars of its temple. These are the principal jewels that are entrusted to our keeping. It is our duty to see that their lustre be not dimmed, for they come to us from the mine of heaven, and will reflect their own brightness on the human heart.

"Such are the legitimate fruits of Odd-Fellowship, and such is its destiny, if we are only faithful to the trusts committed to our keeping. In other States, throughout our confederacy, the Order continues to advance in strength, in numbers, and general usefulness. Grand Sec. Ridgely, in his last report to the Grand Lodge of the United States, speaking of Ohio, remarks that that State has for several years past been rapidly gaining upon her elder sisters, New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, conceding to us a high position among the States of our Union. By renewed and continued exertions let us resolve that this high position shall be maintained; let us not imitate the base Judean who threw away a pearl richer than all his tribe."

"In closing this communication, I will merely remark that the Order in our jurisdiction, at the present time, seems to demand a more than usual share of your prudence and judgment. It is for your wisdom to determine, and your judgment to adopt such measures as will preserve and render the Grand Lodge at all times able to carry out its financial engagements, and at the same time infuse into the Order throughout its jurisdiction, the spirit of harmony and unity.

"Respectfully and Fraternally submitted.

"WILLIAM ELLISON, *Grand Master.*"

A GREAT MUSICAL NOVELTY.—ELEUTHERIA, OR THE FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM.

THERE is soon to be produced at the Broadway Tabernacle, what we are led to believe will prove the great musical event of the season in New York. Mr. Curtis, of this city, an accomplished musical composer, has at last completed his great composition—"Eleutheria, or the Festival of Liberty."

The design of this Oratorio is (as the *Libretto*, written by Horatio Stone, Esq., the sculptor, shows,) to illustrate the progress of liberty and fraternity through the world from the early ages. It will be brought out, we understand, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on the evening of the 11th of April, with all the musical force of the city.

Those who have attended its rehearsals, assure us that it is by far the grandest musical composition of this country, and perhaps not surpassed by any of the modern Oratorio's of Europe. We have no doubt that the Broadway Tabernacle will be crowded. Indeed, we understand that already, before any notices of its performance have appeared, a very great number of persons have endeavored to obtain tickets, for fear they would be too late. But no alarm on this subject need be entertained. Such a production will be no ephemeral affair. It will probably be the musical attraction of the season, and the artists will be obliged to repeat it often.

The subject is old in name; but we believe that this is, in fact, the first time in the history of music that any artist has attempted to compose a piece in illustration of the history and the triumphs of liberty, from the dawn of the world to our own times.

All we have to say on the subject is, that if the artist has done his work as well as the poet who wrote the words, both have risen to the sublimity of their theme; and if it be performed as well as it is composed, it will be one of the greatest musical productions of the age.

THE INFANCY OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Translated from "*Les Confidences*," by the Editor.

ALL the religious lessons of our mother were limited to this simple end—viz: to make us religious with ourselves. Prayer, not cold and formal, but brief and lyrical, was associated with all the acts of the day. This invocation was not felt to be a fatigue or an obligation, but a pleasure and a recreation. Our life, under the hand of this woman, was a perpetual "*sursum corda*." She rose as naturally to the thought of God as the plant turns toward the air and light. Instead of imposing upon us a principal devotion, which tears children away from their sports, or their sleep, and forces them to offer a prayer to God, with repugnance and tears, she made for us of these little religious exercises, a festival of the soul, to which she smilingly led us. She did not mingle prayer with our tears, but with all the little happy events which happened to us during the day. And when, in the morning, we awoke in our little beds, and the bright sun sparkled in our windows, and the birds sang upon our rose bushes, or in the cages, and we were impatiently expecting her, she would enter, her face radiant with goodness, tenderness, and sweet joy. She embraced us in our beds; she assisted us to dress; she listened with pleasure to

that joyous prattle of children, whose refreshed imagination warbles on awaking, as a nest of swallows warble on the roof when the mother appears, as by them she said to us: "To whom do we owe this happiness we enjoy here together? It is to God, our heavenly Father! Without Him this beautiful sun would not perhaps have risen, those trees would have lost their foliage, those joyful birds would have died of hunger and of cold upon the naked earth, and you, my poor children, you would have had neither bed nor house, nor gardens, nor mother to shelter you. It is very proper to thank Him for whatever He gives us with this day, and to pray to Him to give us many such days."

Then she knelt before our bed; she joined our little hands; and often, while kissing them, in tears, she said slowly, in a low voice the brief morning prayer, which was repeated with her inflexions, and her words.

Q3—"MODERN SOCIETY; OR, THE MARCH OF INTELLECT." By Miss Catherine Sinclair. New-York: R. Carter & Brothers. 1849. "MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS." By the same. 1849. The world often turns from lessons of a grave character and a religious import, and instruction too often falls from the lips of the preacher unheeded and unfelt. But in the form of familiar narrative, with the attractive hues of romance thrown over it, the exhibition of the development of taste and feeling in the genuine Christian character is apt to excite a deep interest, and to produce good and lasting impressions. Such is the effect which results from the perusal of these volumes. They are written in an easy style, by a reflecting mind, and one well versed in the study of the human heart. The scenes are depicted naturally and truthfully. They enforce the best practical, moral, and religious lessons, and the story is, throughout, full of interest.

Q3—"OREGON AND CALIFORNIA." By Judge Thornton. New-York: Harper & Brothers. The position of the port and town of San Francisco is singular, as well as beautiful. The fertile and rich country in the neighborhood—the great valley opened to it by the waters of the Sacramento, and the pleasantness of the country during the whole year, are advantages which will make it among the most noted of any in the world. The bay of San Francisco is cut off from the Pacific by high hills. From the summit of some lofty mountain we have presented to the eye a range of land without any opening, save the bay itself. On the north the mountain rises to a great height; while on the south it gradually slopes till it presents a surface diversified with hills, ending in a steep point, against which the sea dashes. Frequent islands break the level of the bay.

Q3—"LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. PHILIP HENRY." New-York: R. Carter and Brothers. 1849. This is a valuable biographic work. The subject of it, the father of the Commentator on the Scriptures, was eminent for piety, zeal, humility, and every Christian grace, and for a strong and independent mind. He united simplicity and integrity with long suffering, patience, and a conscientious moderation and charity. The quaintness, and vigor of expression of the biography, by his son, have been retained, but additions and explanations have been made, and some changes to adapt it to the present times.

Q3—"THE HAPPY HOME." By the Rev. James Hamilton. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1849. Many books are written for the parlor, and to be read in the higher walks of life; but very few among us are entirely adapted to the laboring classes, and to their condition and modes of living and thought. This is, however, one strictly of that kind. It was written for the mechanic, the daily laborer, and the artisan, and will be found most valuable in revealing the secret of a Happy Home.

THOUGHTS ON SPRING.

Sorrow must indeed have laid a heavy hand upon that heart which cannot join in the song of joy breathed forth by the glorious spring-time. Spring is the season of hope and anticipation. The very gleams of sunshine, with the balmy atmosphere—the playful wind, that dances here and there, in its wild glee—the bright verdure—the sweet and fragrant flowers—the gurgling rivulets, whose every bubble seems a thing of joy, and every ripple music—the birds, whose free wings cut the air with delight, and whose voices waft to the ear the sweetest melody, join with all Nature in one harmonious song of praise to Heaven, and envelop with a chorus of sympathy, the grieved and sorrowing of earth, bidding them hope, rejoice and be happy.

To the young and hopeful, spring is a season with whose every attribute their hearts vibrate in perfect union. Love rolls like a celestial melody through their souls. Hope carols to their hearts its sweetest tones, and all their feelings blend with Nature's everlasting song of bliss and joy. Youth is indeed the spring-time of life.

To the more mature it is as a withered rose; its beauty is marred, but its odor is as sweet, and it casts around them the fragrance of their youthful days. It is to them like gazing on a portrait, in which the painter has, life-like, depicted every lineament and feature of some beloved friend, now lost. Though it may remind them "that all which was reality has left them," it still yields an exquisite pleasure; and they, in their imaginations, live over again their seasons of brightness and joy.

To the aged it speaks of hope beyond the grave—where all is joy and gladness—all is brightness and sunshine—where flowers bloom for ever, and sweetest music charms the ear with unequalled melody. Spring breathes to them of hope eternal, thrilling their souls with holy melody and inspiration, making them feel as though they would fain "take the wings of the morning and fly away" from things beautiful on earth, to the more beautiful in heaven.

Those whose hearts do not sympathise with this season of hope and gladness, or who would still cloak their feelings in the icy, dreary garb of winter, I could induce to believe that all the beautiful attributes and embellishments of spring are instinct with intelligent life, the shrines of blessed spirits and holy angels—angels of consolation and hope. The very air, with its balmy fragrance, is an angel's breath.

Away with winter's dreary powers;
For spring now treads our hills along,
With her bright coronal of flowers—
Her happy smiles, and joyful song.

If thy heart's oppressed with sadness,
Look on Nature, sorrowing child;
E'en the very air breathes gladness,
And speaks to thee in accents mild.

And the flowers around thee springing,
Full of life, and hope, and glee,
On thy heart are ever flinging
Breathings full of hope, to thee.

Listen to the wild birds' voices,
While they sing their joyous song—
Surely, now thy heart rejoices,
And its notes of hope prolong.

Then away with every sadness,
See, all Nature bids thee sing;
'Round thy heart's a robe of gladness,
Woven by the hopes of spring.

March 31, 1849.

KATE WARE.

OUR CLEVELAND CORRESPONDENT.—We hope our readers will not pass by the excellent and interesting letter from Cleveland, Ohio, which we give in this number. We have been at Cleveland, and can testify that this description of the city is accurate. Cleveland is decidedly the most beautiful place at the west. We shall be glad to hear from B. often.

DOING THINGS WELL.

EASIER said than done, says an English journal. To do anything well requires very singular talents. A well-done deed is as great a rarity as a large diamond. Even to do an easy action well is difficult. To walk well is difficult; to stand well, to eat well, to drink well, is difficult; to speak well is difficult, and to write well is difficult. It is difficult to make a chair well, or to put in a pane of glass well; to bake bread well, or to make a cup of tea well. Every thing is difficult to do well; and the blunders that are daily committed in doing the common actions of life, are almost as numerous as the actions themselves.

How very rarely can anything be got which is quite satisfactory! Did ever a lady receive a dress from a dressmaker that had not a fault in it—that was not either too wide or too tight—that had no wrinkles or creases in the body—that did not catch about the armpits—that was not too tight or too loose about the elbows—and that was altogether faultless about the waist? We doubt it very much. We question if Eve herself was satisfied with her coat of skin. We have no doubt that there was a fault even in that, and that the fit, if it was one, was by no means complete. As for a perfect gentleman's coat, that is out of the question. There is no such thing. Coats generally pucker too much about the breast; and if they do not they are too skimpy. (We have not a better word to express the idea. Even the language is not perfect, and one is often at a loss for a word to convey precisely the meaning which is entertained.) Sometimes they are too low in the collar, which gives the wearer a *plucked* appearance; sometimes they are too high, which makes him look *slouchy*; sometimes they are too large, which gives a man a consumptive look; and sometimes they are too small, which gives a man a dropsical, flatulent, or *busting* development. There are some coats that seem to be perfect at first; but if you only give yourself the trouble to examine them carefully, you will find a defect in them; and if you cannot succeed in this investigation, then just remark to the wearer that that coat is very well made, and he will say, "Yes, upon the whole, it is; but," &c. Imagine the rest.

It is the same with books, sermons, speeches, and leading articles. They are all deficient. "A very good sermon that we heard to-day; but it was just too dry;" or "it was too moral, too doctrinal, too declamatory, too argumentative, too imaginative, too historical, too timid, too presumptuous—rather daring, verging on heresy, don't you think?" "A capital speaker, Mr. Taper, but rather too drawing—rather too fluent. What a pity his voice is so weak. He wants a little more knowledge of the world. His fancy is not discursive enough; he is too personal, too fond of clap-traps," &c. "A capital article that, but I think it is rather weak in the conclusion. It is like the transmutation of gold into brass. If it had left off at the last paragraph but one, I think it would have been better." "Don't you think that Mr. Peterkin dances very well?" "Yes, but I don't like the style much." "Splendid poems, the *Paradise Lost* and the *Divina Commedia*, eh?" "Yes, but the feeble and one-sided attempts of two great minds to justify injustice, and gag the mouth of Divine mercy."

These are merely the works of man; but we shall go a little higher. Man has a right to judge all things. Did you ever see a man or a woman perfectly made? Some are too tall, others too short; others rather stout; others would be the better for an ounce or too more of flesh. Some want color, others have too much; some would be very pretty if they had better teeth; others if they had better eyes. Some noses are too long, some too short; others too pointed, and others too round. Few noses are set precisely in the middle of the face; and very few have both nostrils alike, or both sides of the nose alike. Some lips are too thick, some too thin; some too pale, and some too red. Some chins are too small, some too large, some too multiform.

As for eyes, some are too pale, some too small in the pupil, some too large and staring, some to feeble.

THE DEAD SHOT.

OLD GOLDEN, the merchant, sat one afternoon, recently, in his counting room, sleepily gazing at the columns of a daily journal, and was gradually growing indifferent to all things around him, thro' the medium of a pleasant doze, when he was aroused by an unusual noise outside of the window, and rising cautiously, to his fear, he peered earnestly into the small back yard adjoining. This attracted the notice of one of his junior partners, who, coming quietly behind him, and gazing over his shoulder a moment, without seeing anything to gratify his curiosity, earnestly inquired the cause of the excitement. The old gent, motioning him to silence, and whispering mysteriously in his ear, said:

"There's a rat in the spout!" and rubbing his hands with a quiet satisfaction, intimating his intention of killing the reptile.

Down stairs into the yard, on tip toe, went old Golden, followed as quietly by the junior; and sure enough, there evidently appeared to be something scratching its way up the channel to the roof.

"Rap the spout with a stick," said the old gent, which was promptly done, but no rat came forth. A stick was poked in from below, but without the desired effect, though the inmate appeared to be thrown into a great state of excitement thereby.

In the midst of this gymnastic exercise, it suddenly occurred to the old gent that he had nothing to operate effectively with, in case they succeeded in ejecting the intruder; so the junior was dispatched to bring the old gun out of the fire-proof, and slip a few buck-shot into it; and a few moments served to mount the old gent upon the window-sill of the adjacent coal-hole, poising skillfully in his hand a terrific looking shooting-iron as long as himself.

"Now its coming!" shouted the junior, exultingly, and the old gent brought the piece promptly to his shoulder, trembling the while with the most intense earnestness, just as a dark object rushed from the bottom of the spout. *Slap! bang!* went the shooting-iron, and the old gentleman pitched back violently through the window. The smoke and report perfectly bewildered the junior, who recovered himself just in time to see old Golden's head appear above the window ledge, with his face beautifully tattooed with charcoal; and hear him exclaim anxiously:

"Is it killed?"

"Dead as a door nail!" shouted a voice above their heads; and gazing up in astonishment, they saw the head of an urochin poked over the edge of the roof, while his outspread fingers gyrate pleasantly from the end of his nose. The junior, seized with a sudden suspicion, hurried to the corner where the shot was lodged, and, looking down, exclaimed with embarrassment:

"Why, it ain't no rat, after all!"

"No?" said the old gent, doubtfully; "gracious me! what is it, then?"

"By thunder!" said the junior, darting through the door, "it's only a stone, with a string tied round it!"

PANORAMA OF THE HUDSON.—This great work is now on exhibition at the hall corner of Broadway and Walker-street. We have not yet seen it ourselves, but learn that it is a painting of high merit. The Herald has the following regarding it:

"People may say what they choose, that a love of the fine arts is not generally diffused among our people; but, nevertheless, the truth is, when anything intrinsically good appears, the New Yorkers are never backward in patronising it. Here is this Panorama of the Hudson River, which is so beautifully painted that many portions of it are fit to be framed and hung up as specimens of the finest landscape painting, crowded with visitors every evening; and well it deserves to be visited, for a more magnificent panorama, of a more magnificent river, was never painted."

"Too SICK TO BE HANGED.—The doctors are at work to cure up a man, in South Carolina, that he may be executed according to law."

"So says one of our exchanges. But ain't it funny, though, that death can't be allowed to do its own work without a sheriff's aid? We hope that the poor negro they have got caged up in Boston jail, and who is marked down for slaughter some time in May, won't be sick within the next few weeks. What nauseous drugs the poor fellow would have to take, to keep life in him till he could be duly and legally throttled. We have been rather passive on the subject of the death penalty, but we are satisfied that the time has arrived when it is a duty to speak out, and we now say let there be no more legalized murder. Blood enough has been shed to wash out blood, but it is all ineffectual, save that which freely flowed from the wounded body of the Redeemer of the world."

We cut the above from the Boston Odd-Fellow, a journal which, notwithstanding its occasional thrusts at us, says a great many good things. The fact which it mentions above is a disgrace to a Christian community. The idea of nursing a person, trembling on the verge of the grave, into good health, for the purpose of destroying him by strangulation! Now, we have no doubt, some men deserve to be cut off from their race, but if nature is about to extinguish the lamp of life, in heaven's name let nature do the work!

MEXICAN NAMES.—The follow list of names and their pronunciations, will be interesting to our gold-struck readers, who are going to the Pacific:

Names.	Pronunciations.
Sierra Nevada	Se-arrah Navah-dah.
Sacramento	Sahk-rah-men-to.
San Joaquin	San Waw-keen.
San Diego	San Dee-a-go.
Colorado	Ko-lo-rah-do.
Gila	Hee-lah.
Chihuahua	Chee-waw-waw.
Santa Fe	Santa Fa.
Rio del Norte	Ree-o-dal Norta.
Texas	Ta-has.
Clayton	Clay-tone.

GREYNA GREEN.—Greytna Green is the name of a village in Dumfriesshire, Scotland; and is called, in the Gaelic idiom, *Grainey Green*. It has long been celebrated in the annals of clandestine marriages. The village, which is a mean one, is eighty two miles from Edinburgh, and eight from the city of Carlisle, and is resorted to by those fond and true-hearted lovers whose nuptials are forbidden by unnatural parents and cruel guardians. It is luckily situated on the south-western bank of the Sark, at the bottom of the frith of Solway; and, being beyond the operation of the British and Scotch marriage act, affords a safe retreat for all fond, confiding and doting lovers. The marriage rite is performed by persons who are destitute of all authority; and, still, by the laws of England, all marriages thus contracted are strictly legal and binding. The same common law, in the case of clandestine marriage, it was decided by Judge Edmonds, in the case of *Fox vs. Martin Hare*, operates in this country.

The chief practitioner matrimonial, at Greytna Green, was, for many years, a Mr. Henry Green, a blacksmith. He died, recently, at Lambeth-Till, in Scotland, at the age of seventy. He exercised his singular office for more than twenty-eight years, and during that time he celebrated more than seven thousand marriages, making nearly three hundred and five a year. He charged a fee of from ten to twenty guineas for every marriage, according to the means of the parties, and left a very considerable fortune, the exact amount of which, however, is not known.

The Greytna Green of New England was for many years the little, but wealthy and important State of Rhode Island. Eloping parties, from all the adjacent States, fled to it, where they could get married in ten minutes after their arrival, by a clergyman or a squire, for a fee of six Yankee shillings. If Rhode Island was a kind of marriage broker, so also she enacted the part of marriage dissolver. The husband, or wife, as the case might be, who wished to be rid of the silken bands, when they became oppressive, had only to go to Rhode Island, reside there six months, and obtain a divorce. This law has been somewhat changed of late, and Rhode Island is rather punctilious in reference to marriage; and divine New Jersey, at present, has a monopoly of the business.—[Sunday Atlas.

Stonington, Ct., is the Greytna Green of New England.—[Ed. Gaz.

CHINESE EMPIRE AND ITS REVENUE.

A FUNDAMENTAL principle of the Chinese system of revenue is to make each department pay itself. If there is any surplus, the money is put out at interest, to form a reserve fund in time of need. Several institutions, especially those belonging to the court, have funded property, independent of the income from the State, out of which all the expenditure is paid, and a fair surplus always remains in the exchequer.

The Imperial Treasury is quite distinct from the National one. No accounts of its receipts, disbursements, and deposits are ever published. The sovereign of China reserves to himself the power to appropriate any amount of money for his own use; and twelve millions may be taken as the average minimum. On this point, however, no certain data exist.

The list contains solely the disbursements and income of the supreme government, and of the provincial authorities, in so far as they stand in immediate connection with the general administration. Of the strictly local and municipal finances, it does not appear that any accounts have yet been laid before the public. It is a standing rule, that the national granaries throughout the empire should always contain 81,355,077 shih of poddy, and 12,022,458 shih of rice, to be used in time of famine. Whenever the new harvest is brought in, the old stock is sold at a reduced price.

The receipts of the present year, compared with those ten years ago, show a great falling off, and it is to be feared that the decrease of revenue will be more considerable. The government having lost much of its vigor and energy, the collection of taxes is frequently resisted, while a series of famines and other calamities in some districts have rendered unavailing all efforts to realize the ordinary revenue.

Whenever public works are to be undertaken, or any extraordinary expenditure is to be incurred, government collects patriotic contributions. Their amount is now and then published in detail, and they constitute occasionally large sums. The donors are frequently rewarded with office and emoluments for their munificence.

Many small items which are expended in maintaining the numerous dependents of the Mantchoo dynasty, do not appear among the receipts. It is, on the whole, very difficult to come at certain results. It will be borne in mind, however, that it is not the gross revenue which is here stated, but the estimated surplus, after meeting local charges; a principle followed, though not to the same extent, in our own revenue returns, which exhibit, not the sums collected on account of each department, but what is actually paid into the exchequer.

The Chinese constitution of government is a consistent despotism; there is but one master and lord, the Emperor, the others being merely his slaves; while the so-called privileged classes are only such by favor; and no honors or emoluments can be conferred without his express sanction. It is true there is a numerous class of hereditary nobility; but the title bequeathed from father to son is considered as of little value unless the Emperor adds fresh luster to it by a new decree or grant. A host of the scions of the imperial clan, the greater portion of the Mantchoo and Mogul chiefs, and a considerable number of the Chinese hereditary nobles, have as little influence in the affairs of State as those who lately acquired their rank by purchase. It is very far from being the wish of government that the nobles should occupy situations of trust, and consequently few will be found in the lists of high military or naval officers, or attached to the civil service. It seems as if the Emperor was afraid they might ultimately become too powerful, and usurp those prerogatives which ought only to belong to royalty. A decree has lately been issued, prohibiting them from holding more than one office at a time, and directing that great caution should be used in conferring appointments.

DR. JAMES McALLISTER.—This gentleman, we are glad to learn, has been nominated for Assistant Alderman of the Fourth Ward. We know nothing of the politics of the Doctor, but we do know that he is a most excellent man, and that he will make a most efficient officer. We hope our friends in that Ward will elect him. Bro. McAllister is well known, and has a host of friends. We cut the following from the Morning Star:

Dr. James McAllister, we perceive, has been nominated as Assistant Alderman of the Fourth Ward. He is an intelligent, active, and clear-headed business man; and will doubtless prove exceedingly useful to the city, if elected.

SOMETHING NEW IN BROADWAY.—Mr. F. Hitchcock, late the enterprising and successful manager of the American Museum, and Mr. Leadbeater, late of Arnold's establishment in Canal-st., have opened in Broadway, the most charming, and the best arranged DRY AND FANCY GOODS STORE, there is in New-York. We called there a few mornings since, and found the establishment as busy as a bee-hive, thronged by the beauty and fashion of the city, selecting their spring dresses, &c., from the well-stored cases. We refer to this place now, because we wish our friends to know where they can find a choice assortment of silks, prints, muslins, linens, and everything in the fancy line, at prices extraordinarily low. But one price, and that the lowest, is put on each article, and the purchaser feels satisfied that he is getting the worth of his money. Messrs. Hitchcock and Leadbeater are gentlemen, and their clerks are obliging and attentive.

PERFUMERY, SOAPS, &c.—We ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Bros. Johnson & Groser, in another department of our paper. Many of our readers, we know, though in the country, are dealers, more or less extensively, in these articles; and we know also that Messrs. Johnson & Groser are precisely the persons to supply them. They manufacture all the articles they sell—with the exception of what they import—and are always ready to supply the trade with any quantity, and also families and individuals, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. They are intelligent gentlemen and worthy Odd-Fellows.

CHOICE CIGARS.—Those who love to enjoy the luxury of smoking, in its highest perfection, will call at Bro. Sadlier's, 234 Broadway. Dealers in the country will be supplied on application to him, on satisfactory terms.

ST. LOUIS.

Bro. Albert G. Leary is our Agent for St. Louis, Mo., and duly authorized to transact the business of such agency.

MILWAUKIE, WIS.

Bro. A. S. SANBORN is our Agent at Milwaukee, Wis., and duly authorized to receive subscriptions, collect dues, and give receipts therefor.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

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HENRY L. BROUGHTON,	L. W. ALDRICH,
CHAS. H. HARRISON,	HORACE LAMB,
SAMUEL H. BARRETT.	

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Aug. C. L. Arnold will preach to-morrow, (Sunday, 8th inst.) at the Church in Fourth street, between Avenues B and C. Service at 3, and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

I. O. O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ODD FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK, }
March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,
BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

NEW-YORK DIRECTORY OF LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS

BELOW we present our readers a complete List of the Lodges, Degrees Lodges and Encampments working under the authority of the R. W. Grand Lodge and the R. W. Grand Encampment I. O. O. F. of the State of New-York, with their present standing in the Order, and their time of meeting, as far as known. Also, a List of the Grand Officers. We have taken considerable pains to insure accuracy.

The Grand Lodge meets at National Hall, in the city of New York, annually on the first Wednesday in August, and semi-annually on the last Wednesday in February.

G. H. Andrews, of No. 225, G. M.
S. S. Post, of No. 83, D. G. M.
Andre Froment, of No. 36, G. W.
B. J. Pents, of No. 22, G. Sec.
M. Bird, of No. 22, G. Treas.
John J. Davies, of No. 1, G. R. No. 1.
James W. Hale, of No. 68, G. R. No. 2.

Subordinates Lodges.

1 Columbia New York. Thu
2 Friendship Pleasant Valley. Tue
3 Hope Albany. Tue
4 Strangers Ref. New York. Mon
5 City Philanthro. Albany. Fri
6 Good Intent. Stockport. Sat
7 Clinton Albany. Sat
8 Union do. Tue
9 Tompkins New York. Tue
10 New York do. Wed
11 Gettys do. Tue
12 Washington do. Tue
13 Germania do. Fri
14 Teutonia do. Mon
15 Fountain City do. Wed
16 Germ. Colonial Albany. Mon
17 Perseverance New York. Wed
18 La Fayette Channing. Thu
19 Firemen Albany. Mon
20 Manhattan New York. Mon
21 Poughkeepsie P. Keepsie. Mon
22 Knickerbocker New York. Mon
23 Mariners do. Mon
24 Franklin Troy. Wed
25 Niagara Buffalo. Tue
26 Brooklyn Brooklyn. Tue
27 Trojan Troy. Mon
28 Ark New York. Wed
29 Star Lansing. Mon
30 National New York. Wed
31 Olive Branch do. Wed
32 American Albany. Tue
33 Metropolitan New York. Tue
34 Marion do. Tue
35 Covenant do. Tue
36 Enterprise do. Tue
37 Buffalo Buffalo. Tue
38 Mount Hermon Albany. Tue
39 Nassau Brooklyn. Tue
40 Greenwich New York. Mon
41 Phoenix Albany. Tue
42 Meridian New York. Wed
43 Concord do. Tue
44 Harmony do. Tue
45 Kings County Williamsburg. Wed
46 Jefferson New York. Tue
47 Mercantile do. Tue
48 Tereoron Buffalo. Tue
49 Hancock New York. Tue
50 Atlantic Brooklyn. Mon
51 Genesee Rochester. Fri
52 United Brothers New York. Tue
53 Kensealer Troy. Tue
54 Whitehall Whitehall. Tue
55 Courtlandt Peekskill. Wed
56 Halcyon Troy. Tue
57 Mutual New York. Mon
58 Grove do. Mon
59 Dutchess P. Keepsie. Wed
60 Howard New York. Wed
61 Crusaders Williamsburg. Tue
62 Spartan Cohoes. Tue
63 Long Island Brooklyn. Tue
64 Empire New York. Mon
65 Highland Newburgh. Tue
66 Fulton Brooklyn. Tue
67 Commercial New York. Tue
68 Oriental do. Tue
69 Toronto Rochester. Tue
70 Oneida Utica. Tue
71 Ithaca Ithaca. Tue
72 Mohawk Valley Schenectady. Tue
73 Mt. Vernon New York. Tue
74 Orange County Newburg. Wed
75 Cryptic Peekskill. Fri
76 Rockland Co. Haverstraw. Tue
77 Westchester Tarrytown. Mon
78 Croton New York. Wed
79 Onondaga Syracuse. Tue
80 Cayuga Auburn. Tue
81 Jamaica Jamaica. Tue
82 German Oak New York. Tue
83 Piermont Piermont. Tue
84 Chelsea New York. Tue
85 Pacific Flushing. Tue
86 Kosciusko Kingston. Tue
87 Fidelity New York. Tue
88 Richmond Co. Castleton. Tue
89 Putnam West Farms. Tue
90 Suffolk Sag Harbor. Mon
91 Fishkill Fishkill. Tue
92 Allen Hudson. Mon
93 Samaritan Albany. Tue
94 Eagle Brooklyn. Tue
95 Skeneandosh Utica. Tue
96 Rising Sun Lansing. Wed
97 Osceola Sing Sing. Tue
98 Saratoga Saratoga Sp. Tue
99 Saint Paul's Schenectady. Tue
100 Wyoming Attica. Tue
101 Cinetatus Batavia. Tue
102 Kayaderoseras Ballston Spa. Tue
103 Oswego Cooperstown. Tue
104 Stanwix Andover. Tue

105 Washington Co. Hartford. Tue
106 Silver Lake Perry. Tue
107 Hinman New York. Mon
108 Hughsonville Hughsonville. Tue
109 Syracuse Syracuse. Tue
110 Waverly Waterford. Fri
111 Oswego Port Byron. Tue
112 Middletown Middletown. Tue
113 Mechanics New York. Mon
114 Chamango Oxford. Wed
115 Rome Rome. Tue
116 Ontario Canandaigua. Tue
117 Continental New York. Wed
118 Genesee Valley Mt. Morris. Tue
119 Le Roy Le Roy. Tue
120 Cold Spring Cold Spring. Tue
121 Canastota Canastota. Tue
122 Union Village Union Village. Tue
123 Canaseraga Canaseraga. Tue
124 Black River Watertown. Tue
125 Van Epps Vernon. Tue
126 Excelsior New York. Tue
127 Chemung Elmira. Tue
128 Morning Star Chateaugue. Tue
129 Schiller New York. Tue
130 Chateaugue Fredonia. Tue
131 Evergreen Fishkill. Tue
132 Tuckahannock Trumansburg. Mon
133 Steuben Steuben. Tue
134 Amsterdam Amsterdam. Tue
135 Phelps Phelps. Tue
136 Adirondack Keeseville. Tue
137 Cohota New York. Tue
138 Chester Chester. Tue
139 Orleans Medina. Tue
140 Diamond New York. Tue
141 Hempstead Hempstead. Tue
142 Madison Canastota. Tue
143 Seneca Geneva. Tue
144 Protection Roslyn. Tue
145 Tonawanda Alexander. Tue
146 Brutus Weedsport. Tue
147 Schuyler Utica. Tue
148 Wayne Palmyra. Tue
149 Keuka Penn Yan. Tue
150 Merchants New York. Tue
151 City Tompkinsville. Tue
152 Neptune Brooklyn. Tue
153 Montague Camden. Tue
154 Camden Camden. Tue
155 Huntington Huntington. Tue
156 Oswegatchie Oswego. Tue
157 Wawayanda Goshen. Tue
158 Independence New York. Tue
159 Teondatha New London. Tue
160 Jennequa Ovid. Tue
161 Iroquois Watertown. Tue
162 Rhinebeck Rhinebeck. Tue
163 Melancthon Port Chester. Tue
164 Montgomery Port Plain. Tue
165 Hermitage New York. Tue
166 Magnolia Brooklyn. Tue
167 Frontier Rouse's Pt. Tue
168 Monticello Schuylersville. Tue
169 Delphian Waterloo. Tue
170 Freeman's Montgomery. Tue
171 Hesperian Buffalo. Tue
172 Onesetah Hamilton. Tue
173 Ganundawash Rushville. Tue
174 Northern Star Mechanicv. Tue
175 Lyons Lyons. Tue
176 Kanona Hammondport. Tue
177 Eureka New York. Tue
178 Oregon do. Tue
179 Schoharie Schoharie. Tue
180 Hyperion Seneca Falls. Tue
181 Nepperhan Yonkers. Tue
182 Blooming Grove New York. Tue
183 Alleghania do. Tue
184 Klokora Little Falls. Tue
185 Hendrick Mohawk. Tue
186 Jerico Bainbridge. Tue
187 Kempton Coxsackie. Tue
188 Fort Ann Fort Ann. Tue
189 Hend. Hudson Catskill. Tue
190 Stirling Brooklyn. Tue
191 Summit Mayville. Tue
192 Mohogan Baldwinsville. Tue
193 Skaneateles Skaneateles. Tue
194 Myrtle Brooklyn. Tue
195 Wyandot Whitesboro. Tue
196 Newark Newark. Tue
197 Esperance Esperance. Tue
198 Galen Clyde. Tue
199 Canajohaw Newport. Tue
200 Farmers Holland Patent. Tue
201 Unes Oriskany Falls. Tue
202 Arcotus Sandy Hill. Tue
203 Beacon Hill Canterbury. Tue
204 Owego Owego. Tue
205 Painted Post Painted Post. Tue
206 Alhambra Westfield. Tue
207 Charity Williamstown. Tue
208 Central Syracuse. Tue
209 Laurel Watervliet. Tue
210 Sileam New York. Tue
211 Havana Havana. Tue
212 Albion Albion. Tue
213 Kokoth Bath. Tue
214 Oswego Oswego. Tue
215 Oneonta Frankfort. Tue
216 Schaghticoke Schaghticoke. Tue
217 Oriskany Oriskany. Tue
218 Philotimian Earlville. Tue
219 Ulster Saugerties. Tue
220 St. Lawrence Canton. Tue
221 Calumet Binghamton. Tue
222 Cato Cato 4 corners. Tue

223 Owahgena Cazenovia. Tue
224 Kolonikos Fulton. Tue
225 Alphadelphia Syracuse. Tue
226 Rochester City Rochester. Tue
227 Forestville Forestville. Tue
228 Beacon New York. Tue
229 Evening Star Battenville. Tue
230 Jordan Jordan. Tue
231 Central City Utica. Tue
232 Sagayewatha Dundee. Tue
233 Sincere New York. Tue
234 Eckford do. Tue
235 Templar do. Tue
236 Canasawacta Norwich. Tue
237 Acorn New York. Tue
238 Laokawanna Rondout. Tue
239 Throgmorton Westchester. Tue
240 Watervliet Watervliet. Tue
241 Pembroke Glen Cove. Tue
242 Gansevoort Rome. Tue
243 Pilgrim New York. Tue
244 Auburn Auburn. Tue
245 Golden Rule Phoenix. Tue
246 Prattville Prattville. Tue
247 Tryon Canajoharie. Tue
248 Brookhaven Patchogue. Tue
249 Allegany Belfast. Tue
250 Tascara Salem. Tue
251 Salem Salem. Tue
252 Big Tree Genesee. Tue
253 Warren New York. Tue
254 Elmira Elmira. Tue
255 De Kalb Durhamville. Tue
256 Sacarissa Lewiston. Tue
257 Prattburg Prattburg. Tue
258 Brockport Brockport. Tue
259 Canasawacta Almond. Tue
260 Walhalla Buffalo. Tue
261 Clayton Cleveland. Tue
262 Corning Corning. Tue
263 Tionghnaga Cortlandville. Tue
264 Butterfield Val. Louisville. Tue
265 Delaware Delhi. Tue
266 N. White Creek N. White Creek. Tue
267 Nunda Nunda. Tue
268 Sullivan Troy. Tue
269 Northport Northport. Tue
270 Northport Northport. Tue
271 Iondoroga Florida. Tue
272 Millport Millport. Tue
273 Ogdensburg Ogdensburg. Tue
274 Mastaga Potsdam. Tue
275 Canasawacta Jefferson. Tue
276 Unadilla Unadilla. Tue
277 Fountain W. Springfield. Tue
278 Ontario New York. Tue
279 Cayadutta Johnstown. Tue
280 Homer Homer. Tue
281 Hudson River Newburgh. Tue
282 Aganuchian Fultonville. Tue
283 Ridgeway Knowlesville. Tue
284 Osceola Pulaski. Tue
285 Canisteo Addison. Tue
286 Camillus Camillus. Tue
287 Mahopac Lake Mahopac. Tue
288 Grenada Brooklyn. Tue
289 Boonville Boonville. Tue
290 Tiohoske Buskirk's Br. Tue
291 Cassiopeia Plessis. Tue
292 Angellia Angellia. Tue
293 Middleburg Middleburg. Tue
294 Ausable Clintonville. Tue
295 Hospitaler New York. Tue
296 Elliott Jamestown. Tue
297 Lodi Townsendsville. Tue
298 Monaga Monticello. Tue
299 De Ruyter De Ruyter. Tue
300 Cherry Valley Cherry Valley. Tue
301 Sampawams Babylon. Tue
302 Amity Senett. Tue
303 Logan Union Springs. Tue
304 Osceola Auburn. Tue
305 Horicon Gleens Falls. Tue
306 Cornucopia Brooklyn. Tue
307 Rainbow Fayetteville. Tue
308 Adelpia Lowville. Tue
309 Monterey Monterey. Tue
310 Mountain Windham Cen. Tue
311 Wampanog Sackett's Har. Tue
312 Manchester Manchester Cen. Tue
313 McLean McLean. Tue
314 Tradesmen's New York. Tue
315 Crystal do. Tue
316 Nunda Nunda. Tue
317 New Berlin New Berlin. Tue
318 Old Spring Cuba. Tue
319 Aurora Columbia. Tue
320 Sauquoit Sauquoit. Tue
321 Ocean New York. Tue
322 Hebron Bern. Tue
323 Wemona Adams. Tue
324 Philatella Farmersville. Tue
325 Sylvan Rushford. Tue
326 Fitzroy New York. Tue
327 Montauk Brooklyn. Tue
328 Relief Lodi. Tue
329 Clifford Bethel. Tue
330 Climax Fondra. Tue
331 Island City New York. Tue
332 Valatie Valatie. Tue
333 Stockbridge Stockbridge. Tue
334 Tionghnaga Greene. Tue
335 Smyrna Smyrna. Tue
336 Wyandank Williamsburg. Tue
337 Globe New York. Tue
338 Solus Martville. Tue
339 Solon New York. Tue
340 Polar Star do. Tue
341 Fellowship Fishkill. Tue
342 Stanish Island Westfield. Tue
343 N. Baltimore N. Baltimore. Tue
344 Venus New York. Tue
345 The Woods New Utrecht. Tue
346 Oneko Nyack. Tue
347 Wm. Tell Williamsburg. Tue
348 North Light New York. Tue
349 Emporium do. Tue
350 Decatur do. Tue
351 Corinthian do. Tue
352 Amaranthus do. Tue

353 Clockville Clockville. Tue
354 Iris Coeymans. Tue
355 Constellation New York. Tue
356 United Friends do. Tue
357 Ivanhoe Brooklyn. Tue
358 Stafford Stafford. Tue
359 Anhaamk Hunter. Tue
360 Champion Albany. Tue
361 Algonac Lockport. Tue
362 Pultneyville Pultneyville. Tue
363 Copenhagen Copenhagen. Tue
364 St. Nicholas New York. Tue
365 Byron Byron. Tue
366 Pittstown Pittstown. Tue
367 Borodino Borodino. Tue
368 Willimwinor Liberty. Tue
369 Equity De Ruyter. Tue

Degree Lodges

1 New York New York. Fri
2 Manhattan do. Tue
3 Erie Buffalo. 2 4 Fri
4 Hudson New York. Sat
5 United Brothers do. Fri
6 Clinton do. Sat
7 Kensealer Troy. 1 Thu
8 Ridgely do. 2 4 Fri
9 Dutchess Channingville. 1 Thu
10 Selby Poughkeepsie. 1 Thu
11 Albany City Albany. Sat
12 Monroe Rochester. Sat
13 Franklin Deg. Brooklyn. 1 4 2 4 8
14 Washington William's g. 1 2 Tue
15 Excelsior Albany. 1 3 Fri
16 Harmony Lansingburg. Tue
17 Kennedy Ithaca. 2 Mon
18 Utica Utica. 1 3 Fri
19 Treadwell Syracuse. 1 3 Fri
20 Myrtle Newburgh. 1 3 Fri
21 N. Y. Central Rome. Tue
22 Ontario Canandaigua. 1 Tue
23 Concord Lansingburg. 2 Fri
24 Westchester Peekskill. Tue
25 Richmond Co. Castleton. Tue
26 Covenant Penn Yan. 1 Thu
27 Schenectady Schenectady. last Thu
28 Frontier Fredonia. Tue
29 Niagara Lockport. Tue
30 Palmyra Palmyra. char. sur.
31 Herman's Albany. Tue

The Grand Encampment

Meets at National Hall, New York city, semi-annually on the Mondays preceding the first Wednesdays of August (annual session) and February.

Joseph R. Taylor, G. P.; Thomas M. Clarke, G.H.P.; Abram Brown, G.S.W.; John J. Davis, of No. 2, G. Scribe; Geo. K. Jackson, G.T.; Henry Bremer, G.J.W.; Joseph D. Stewart and W. W. Dibblee, Grand Representatives.

Subordinates.

1 New York State Albany. Tue
2 Mt. Hebron New York. 2 4 Fri
3 Mt. Sinai do. 1 3 Fri
4 Troy Troy. 1 3 Fri
5 Enhakkore Albany. Susp
6 Phoenix New York. 1 3 Fri
7 Salem Brooklyn. 2 4 Fri
8 Mt. Vernon Buffalo. 1 3 Wed
9 Palestine New York. 2 4 Sat
10 Mt. Olivet do. 2 4 Fri
11 Mt. Hope Rochester. Susp
12 Mt. Hebr. New York. 2 4 Tue
13 Mohawk Schenectady. 2 4 Fri
14 Fidelity Syracuse. 1 3 Mon
15 Olive Branch Lansingburg. 2 4 Fri
16 Mt. Arrarat Peekskill. 2 4 Tue
17 Union Hudson. 2 4 Fri
18 Damascus New York. 2 4 Sat
19 Lebanon do. 1 3 Sat
20 Mt. Tabor P. Keepsie. 2 4 Fri
21 Mt. Carmel Newburgh. 2 4 Mon
22 Iroquois Ithaca. 1 3 Mon
23 Phoenix Auburn. 1 3 Mon
24 Tri-Mount Utica. 2 4 Fri
25 Mizpah Brooklyn. 1 3 Fri
26 Waconame Hamilton. 1 3 Tue
27 Mohegan Sar. Spr'gs. 1 3 Fri
28 Jerusalem New York. 1 3 Fri
29 Horicon Whitehall. 1 3 Fri
30 Geneva Geneva. 2 4 Tue
31 Mt. Zion New York. 1 3 Fri
32 Bethlehem Brooklyn. Susp
33 Fort Hill Elmira. 1 3 Fri
34 Mt. Hermon Goshen. 2 4 Wed
35 Egyptian New York. 1 3 Fri
36 Zenobia Palmyra. 1 3 Tue
37 Mamre New York. 1 3 Fri
38 Oxford Oxford. 1 3 Fri
39 Montour Paint Post. 2 4 Wed
40 Eden Penn Yan. 1 3 Fri
41 Samaria New York. Susp
42 Laurel Schaghticoke. Susp
43 Excelsior Kingston. 1 3 Mon
44 Genesee Cananville. Tue
45 Manitou New York. 2 4 Fri
46 Alhambra Rome. Tue
47 Aurora Sangerties. 2 4 Mon
48 Konoshona Oswego. Tue
49 Thayendanegea Havana. 2 4 Mon
50 Diondore Union Village. Tue
51 Tompkins Stapleton. Tue
52 Washington Sing Sing. 1 3 Tue
53 Skaneateles Skaneateles. Susp
54 Cazenovia Cazenovia. Susp
55 Unity Cold Spring. 2 4 Tue
56 Montezuma Watertown. Tue
57 Western Star Fredonia. Tue
58 Cato 4 Cor. 1 3 Fri
59 Cedron Port Plain. Tue
60 Orleans Albion. Tue
61 Mt. Vision Cooperstown. 2 4 Tue
62 Asteros Cortlandville. Tue
63 Mt. Pisgah Jamaica. Tue
64 Mt. Moriah New York. 1 3 Sat
65 Macedonia Leroy. Tue
66 Wyoming Coxsackie. Tue
67 Mt. Gerisim Coxsackie. Tue
68 Chenango Norwich. Tue

CONNECTION.

The Grand Lodge meets at New Haven, semi-annually, on the second Wednesday of July, (annual session) and January.

Rev. J. M. Willey, of No. 25, G.M.
Allen S. Wightman, of No. 9, D.G.M.
Geo. S. Sanford, of No. 1, G.W.
A. C. Hutman, of No. 1, G.S.
Samuel Bishop, of No. 1, G. Treas.
L. A. Thomas, of No. 1, G. R. No. 1.
Wm. T. Miner, of No. 1, G. R. No. 2.

Subordinates.

1 Quinncipiac New Haven. Mon
2 Charter Oak Hartford. Tue
3 Middlesex E. Haddam. 1 3 M
4 Pequonnock Bridgeport. Tue
5 Harmony New Haven. Tue
6 Onatonic Derby. Mon
7 Samaritan Danbury. Wed
8 Mercantile Hartford. Fri
9 Thames New London. Mon
10 Our Brothers Norwalk. Mon
11 Uncas Norwich. Mon
12 Central Middletown. Tue
13 Charity Lower Mystic. Wed
14 Wopwage Milford. Wed
15 Montawase New Haven. Mon
16 Washington Willimantic. Wed
17 Trumbull New London. Wed
18 Nathan Hale Tolland. Wed
19 Mystic Upper Mystic. Wed
20 Fenwick Essexboro. Tue
21 Noshogan Waterbury. Wed
22 Far & Mehan Warehouse P. Tue
23 Acanthus Granby. Wed
24 Rippowan Stamford. Mon
25 Oakland Oakland. Mon
26 Stonington Stonington. Tue
27 Oweneco Greenville. Mon
28 Hancock Meriden. Tue
29 Howard Bethel. Tue
30 Union Winsted. Fri
31 Olive Branch Redding. Sat
32 Nazarene Stafford. Tue
33 Freestone Portland. Wed
34 Quinebaug Danielsonville. Tue
35 Columbian Litchfield. Tue
36 City New Haven. Wed
37 Wooster New Canaan. Tue
38 Tunxis Tariffville. Mon
39 Pine Meadow Windsor Locks. Mon
40 Hyperion Hartford. Fri
41 Arcanum Bridgeport. Tue
42 Franklin Plymouth. Mon
43 Orion Winsted. Wed
44 Bethel Rock Woodbury. Fri
45 Thompsonville Thompsonville. Tue
46 Pilgrim Ridgefield. Tue
47 Lafayette Bloomfield. Tue
48 Pequabock Bristol. Tue
49 Siloam Rockville. Mon
50 Tue con-nue Salisbury. Wed
51 Newkaw Wolcottville. Fri
52 Phenix New Britain. Tue
53 Elm East Hartford. Tue
54 Protection do. Wed
55 Marion do. Wed
56 Unity do. Mon
57 Bacon Colchester. Tue
58 Evergreen Brookfield. Tue
59 Vulcan Falls Village. Sat
60 Excelsior New Hartford. Fri

The Grand Encampment

Meets at New Haven, semi-annually, on the second Wednesday of July (annual session) and January.

L. A. Thomas, of No. 1, G. P.
J. M. Willey, of No. 1, G. H. P.
C. J. Gruman, of No. 9, G. S. W.
Prelate Demick, of No. 1, G. Scribe.
Samuel Bishop, of No. 1, G. Treas.
Rev. T. P. Abel, of No. 6, G. Rep.
Lihu Gere, of No. 1, G. J. W.

Subordinates.

1 Sagassus New Haven. 1 Fri
2 Oriental East Haddam. Tue
3 Palmyra Norwich. 1 3 Fri
4 Unity N. London. 2 4 Tue
5 Devotion Danbury. 1 3 Fri
6 Souheag Middletown. 1 Tue
7 Midian Hartford. 1 Wed
8 Mount Hermon Bridgeport. 1 3 Fri
9 Kaboso Norwalk. 1 Wed
10 Charity Mystic. Tue
11 Connecticut Hartford. Tue
12 Winsted Winsted. Tue
13 Human Warehouse Pt. Tue
14 Wescanase Stamford. 1 3 Fri
15 Montvidoe Bristol. Tue
16 Connecticut Warehouse Pt. Tue

We believe there are three or four more Lodges in Connecticut, the names and location of which we are not in possession of. Otherwise the list is quite complete.

DIED,

At Norristown, Penn., March 21, of malignant erysipelas, Bro. JOHN B. WALWORTH, a member of Mechanics' Lodge No. 15, Baltimore, Md. and a native of Massachusetts. In the 26th year of his age. He remains were deposited in Montgomery Cemetery, in the lot belonging to Curtis Lodge No. 239, I. O. O. F.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.
JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO V.

True majesty, yet modesty of mien
Belonged to Julia Wright, beyond compare;
For these and other reasons, 'twill be seen,
Our heroine had some charms which made her fair;
Despite her pimpled, tanned, and freckled skin—
Despite the fiery redness of her hair!
A gentler soul you might distinctly trace
Beaming from her dark eyes and classic face!

POOR JULIA'S pimpled, tanned, and freckled skin, was the theme of many a rude jest, which she might have avoided by using GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, which would have made her skin as white and soft as eider down. GOURAUD'S POUDES SUBTILES would have eradicated the nasty moustache from her upper lip, as also the hair from her arms and hands; with GOURAUD'S GRECIAN HAIR DYE, she could have colored her red hair a beautiful jet black. One touch of GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE to her pale cheeks would have given them an immovable rosininess. Bear in mind, that the genuine preparation of DR. FELIX GOURAUD can only be procured genuine, at his depot, 67 Walker-street, first store FROM Broadway.

DANDRUFF CURED.

From Dr. Train, of Roxbury, Mass.

ROXBURY, Feb. 18, 1847.

Mr. William Bogle—Dear Sir: Having been troubled with dandruff for a number of years, and after repeated trials with various remedies without success, I had despaired of finding a preparation, the use of which would clear the skin of this impurity; when I heard of, and was induced to try, your Hyperion Fluid. It now gives me pleasure to state, that it has not only performed its promises in this respect, but gradually is preventing my hair from falling off, which had increased to such extent as to cause alarm. Many of my friends have tried it, both male and female, and I have never heard of but one opinion respecting it, that of entire satisfaction in its being the best composition in use for keeping the head clean, cool and agreeable. It gratifies me to have this opportunity of adding my name to your list of patrons.

H. D. TRAIN, M. D.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm. Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER,

NO. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers of every variety of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is selected with great care. ONLY ONE PRICE. Your patronage is very respectfully solicited. F. HITCHCOCK, (218-1f) E. H. LEADBEATER.

EMPIRE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwich street, between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the undersigned do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.

An assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices.

Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

N. B.—A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at from \$25 to \$30, and at 12 hours' notice, if wanted.

THOMAS WILEY, Jr., (218-1f) WILLIAM R. BOWNE.

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Trade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m235

OPPOSITION—TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers, for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Bareges, (green, plain & fancy,) Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdk's, Fancy Silk Hdk's, Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Grape Lisse, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tiarlatus, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable.

241 L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

ORGAN MANUFACTORY,

NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlor, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation.

WM. A. CORRIE.

N. B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER.

NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

ECLECTIC MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICE,
No. 127 Chambers-st., New-York.

I. ALL CASES OF DISEASE in any part of the HUMAN SYSTEM, INTERNAL or EXTERNAL, whether in MEN, WOMEN or CHILDREN, will be EXAMINED, and COUNSEL or ADVICE given freely to all, by the Physicians in attendance, WITHOUT CHARGE.

II. Patients will find our EXAMINATIONS, and the mode by which we arrive at a knowledge of their diseases—as also our TREATMENT, unlike those of any others which they may have heretofore known or tried.

III. Our REMEDIES or TREATMENT will be found the most pleasant, safe, simple, and efficacious that can be used. No confinement to the sick room—no hindrance from business,—no danger from colds,—and no injury to the constitution;—but, on the contrary, IMPROVEMENT at once.

IV. All the Medicines we prescribe are made in our own CHEMICAL LABORATORY, as we cannot rely on the Drugs sold in the shops, in consequence of almost universal ADULTERATIONS. Our remedies being prepared in the most pure and concentrated form, but little is used or needed to cure the worst cases.

V. We claim, by our UNUSUAL SUCCESS, to be masters over all curable diseases—particularly in all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS—the DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN—the HEREDITARY DISEASES OF CHILDREN—and all those most HOPELESS and DESPERATE cases in male or female which have defeated the best efforts of the most distinguished medical practitioners, as the more than ten thousand cases, whom we have successfully treated, can testify.

VI. THOSE DISEASES which are almost invariably treated in the first stage with Balsam of Copiava, Capsules, Cubebis,—with injections of solutions of Nitrate of Silver, Borax, Alum, Sugar of Lead, Sulphate of Zinc,—with Bougies, Catheters, and Caustics—and in the second stage with Yellow or Black Washes, Blue or Mercurial Ointment, Blue Stone or Lunar Caustic, externally—and with Calomel, Blue Pill, Red Precipitate, Corrosive Sublimate, Hydriodate of Potassa; Sarsaparilla Syrup, and other like cheats and slops, internally—we say before Heaven and Earth what we KNOW and can DEMONSTRATE by hundreds of cases, that by such treatment and means these diseases have never, and can never, be healed—they deceive the patient, disguise the disease by driving it into the system to other and more important parts,—they produce Strictures; Abscesses in the Kidneys; Piles; Fistulas; Catarrhs; Gravel; Diseases of the Eyes; Loss of Hair and Hearing; Rheumatic Pains; Decay of the Flesh and Bones; Ulcers in the Limbs, Throat, Head, Neck, Nose and Palate; Disease of the Liver and Stomach; with CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS, or WHOLE SYSTEM; and thus render either the whole life of the patient miserable, or hurry him to a premature grave.

Without using any of the above named Quackish, Swindling and Murderous Remedies, we PROMISE to every case we treat a PERMANENT and RADICAL cure FOR LIFE, by a very simple medicine, which is without taste or smell, which neither purges nor vomits, nor hinders from business, nor exposes the patient in any way whatever. Testimonials to these Facts we can furnish from persons who were carried out of the Broadway Hospital to die as hopeless cases, and many others of like character, whom we have cured.

VII. FISTULAS cured invariably WITHOUT AN OPERATION. Of the hundreds of cases of this disease which we have known, we have never seen one which had been cured with cutting with the knife—though nearly all had been cut once, twice, or more times. Cutting never cured a case—it is false, delusive and cruel. References will be given to cases in this city which have been SUCCESSFULLY treated of the most terrible forms of Fistula ever known.

VIII. Cases of SURGERY, MIDWIFERY and DENTISTRY attended to in all their departments—Tumors, Cancers, Dislocation, Fractures, Wounds, and Injuries of every kind treated with safety and success.

IX. ALL DISEASES OF THE EYES and EARS treated without PAIN or PERIL, and with UNEQUALLED SUCCESS.

We invite all the afflicted, however hopeless their cases may appear, or whatever their disease may be, or however many physicians or remedies they may have tried, to put our knowledge and skill to the test in an examination of their case,—it will cost them nothing,—and then they will be prepared to know whether we can treat them successfully or not—for if we do not find, to their satisfaction, the cause or origin of all the difficulties in the case, we will own that the cure is not in our power, and hence put them to no expense. Most physicians treat symptoms—we go to the root, and thus succeed where others fail.

NEVER DESPAIR till you have given our Remedies and Treatment an honest trial.

Patients visited at their residences when required.

All DR. BEACH'S BOOKS and MEDICINES for sale at this office.

Office open from 8 o'clock, A. M., to 8 P. M. Sundays from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 7 to 8 P. M.

JAMES McALISTER & CO., Proprietors, 3m246 No. 127 Chambers street, New-York.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS
VEGETABLE

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

SELPHO'S PREMIUM ANGLESEY LEG,

AND ARTIFICIAL HAND, patronized by the most eminent Surgeons throughout Europe, and by the most distinguished of their professional brethren in this country, and allowed by all to be the nearest approach to nature hitherto produced. Introduced into this country, and made solely by WILLIAM SELPHO, 24 Spring-st., N. York. Reference to Prof. V. Mett and other eminent Surgeons in this city. 245



IN QUART BOTTLES,

For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of

SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STUBBORN ULCERS, DYSPESIA, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time in bringing this preparation of SARSAPARILLA to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted: New-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly, JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal.

U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of His Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it. Your obedient servant, "THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 246

H. RICHARDSON, ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 90 FULTON-STREET, New-York.

Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery. 247

E. COMBS—250 GRAND-STREET.
LODGE AND ENCAMPMENT JEWELS, constantly on hand and for sale cheap, by
 3m946 E. COMBS, 250 Grand-street.

REGALIA AND JEWELS
MANUFACTURED and sold by **E. COMBS**, 250 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.
 Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 238:tf.

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATTON, No. 198 Market, 8th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y239

BARNES & DENNEY.
MANUFACTURERS of Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Raos, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.

N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts.
 W. DENNY. (231:tf.) J. BARNES.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.
TO THE I. O. O. F. and the public in general.

The subscriber, **I. J. CRISWELL**, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City.
 I. J. CRISWELL'S, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia.
 1y:mov.2.

REGALIA.
M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia, Costumes, Tents, Crooks, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New-York. At the great Fair of the American Institute, 1847 and 1848, the highest premium was awarded for his work. aug.26:tf.

HAVANA AND PRINCE CIGARS.
JAMES SADLER, No. 234 BROADWAY, (3d door above American Hotel.)—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Prince Cigars, of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 3m245*

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON,
CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN.
VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers.
 N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venetian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235:tf

F. W. CORINTH,
HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 2d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m.

BARD & BROTHERS.
MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m239

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.
THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. _____.
 Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth.
 Date, _____ (Signed.)

Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S., 101 Forsyth st.
 New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243:tf.

I. O. O. F. at PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 236:tf

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.
SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved **CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP**, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of **FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.**

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over *One Thousand Dollars.*

Single copies Fifty Cents each; Twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to
 J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.
REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 232:tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.
JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 Courtland St., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 2m236

REGALIA IN READING, PA.
THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.
 H. A. LANTZ, 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P. 232:tf.

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.
THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches.
 Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains,
 Do. Gold Keys, Fob Keys and Seals,
 Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens,
 Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles,
 Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins,
 Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings,
 Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c.
 Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$52 each.
 Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.
 All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.
 G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

THE NEW-YORK SUN'S ART UNION!
A SPLENDID ENGRAVING, AND
THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY SUN one Year for One Dollar, besides One Thousand Magnificent Prizes distributed among those who Subscribe!—BEACH, BROTHERS, Publishers of the Weekly Sun, as a testimonial of their appreciation of the vast and rapidly increasing patronage bestowed upon that Dollar Newspaper, will make a gratuitous present of a large and elegant full length engraving, beautifully printed on fine paper, of General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, to every subscriber, (whether a new one or one who renews an old subscription,) whose name is entered upon the subscription books between the first day of January, 1849, and January, 1850. They will also distribute among the subscribers **ONE THOUSAND PRIZES**, varying in value from \$25 to \$1—the total value amounting to *two thousand dollars!* The very great expense attendant on this liberal distribution of prizes and splendid Portraits of President Taylor, in full military uniform, &c., renders it imperatively necessary that only one name should be entered for each dollar sent. Those who subscribe in clubs will please designate the names of such as are to be entered upon the books as candidates for the prizes, &c.

THE ONE THOUSAND PRIZES
 To be distributed among the subscribers to the Weekly Sun, will comprise a rich selection of costly and valuable works in the several departments of Literature, History, Biography, Voyages, and Travels, Domestic and Moral Economy, Essays, Belles Lettres, &c., including most of the well known publications of Harper and Brothers.
 Those who draw prizes will have the privilege of making their own selections from the catalogue which is furnished to each subscriber. To insure the fullest advantages of the above prize distribution, subscribers should send in the amount of their subscriptions without delay, as the names are registered in rotation, and those first in order will be entitled to the early impressions of the engravings of General Taylor, &c.
 For a more detailed account of the above plan, the reader is referred to the *Extra Sun's Art Union*, which may be obtained free of charge by any person addressing (postpaid) the proprietors.

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY SUN
 Is the best as well as the *cheapest* family newspaper ever presented to the American public.
 In addition to its usual features of interest, beautiful Engravings, &c., the Weekly Sun for 1849 will be enriched by a succession of

ORIGINAL PRIZE STORIES,
 written by eminent American authors expressly for this paper, for the premiums of \$250.
 The subscription price being

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,
 any person may receive a copy, at any time, by sending the direction and enclosing the money by mail. (Postmasters will frank the letters.)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS, when sent to one address, are received at the following rate: Five copies for \$1—eleven copies for \$2—twenty five for \$18—and seventy-five copies for \$50. When an order is sent for copies requiring them to be forwarded to more than one address, one dollar will be charged for each subscription.

Letters and Communications (always postpaid,) should be addressed to
BEACH, BROTHERS,
 Sun Establishment, New York.

PREMIUM VANILLA TOOTH WASH.
AT the late Fair of the American Institute, the Premium was awarded to the Proprietor for his Vanilla Tooth Wash, as being the best preparation for cleansing and preserving the Teeth and purifying the breath. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, **THOS. MAN-ON**, Surgeon Dentist, No. 30 Eighth Avenue.
 Also, for sale by the principal Druggists throughout the city. Liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 3m237

OLD DOCTOR
Jacob Townsend,
THE ORIGINAL
OF THE
TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the **AUTHOR** of the **DISCOVERER** of the **GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA."** Being poor, he was compelled to hunt its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of severe diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful **HEALING POWER.** This

Grand and Unequaled Preparation
 is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the laud and wealth of the land.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the art, had been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the **OLD DR. SARSAPARILLA.** The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medicinal properties of the root, which give it all its value. The

GENUINE
Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, every thing capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the cure of

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.
 Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of **CONSUMPTION, DYSENTERY, AND LIVER COMPLAINT, and all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all affections arising from**

Impurity of the Blood.
 It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from indigestion, from Acidity of the Stomach; from unequal circulation, determination of the blood to the head, from the operation of the heart, cold hands, cold snills and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in coughs and colds; and promotes easy expectoration, and gentle perspiration, relaxing structure of the lungs, throat, and every other part.
 But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and ages of

Female Complaints.
 It works wonders in cases of *four* either or whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstruation, irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the Kidney Disease.
 By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,
 and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as Spinal Irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.

It is not possible for this medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it which can ever harm; it can never sour or spoil, and therefore, can never lose its curative properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflammation, purifies the skin, equalizes the circulation, what much it produces, restores the balance of the system, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then,

The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?
 But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,
 because of one **GRAND FACT**, that the one is **INCAPABLE** of **DETERRIORATION** and

Never Spoils,
 while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system? What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid! What causes Dyspepsia But acid! Do we not all know, that when food sour in our stomachs, what much it produces, restores the balance of the system, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then,

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound"
OF S. P. TOWNSEND!

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's **GENUINE ORIGINAL SARSAPARILLA**, is an **IMITATION** of his inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article; and which would bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain of complaints and circumstances from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's **FERMENTING COMPOUND.**

We wish it understood, because it is the **absolute truth**, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are as heaven and earth apart, and infinitely dissimilar, that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmacist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of changes which might render them the **AGENTS OF DISEASE** instead of health? It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour bait into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing, to restore health and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity—that **OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND** has **BOUGHT** and **FOUND** the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy,
 within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!
 and thus to have the unpurchaseable satisfaction of having saved thousands and millions from the bed of sickness and dependency to hope, health, and a long life of vigor and usefulness to themselves, their families and friends.
 Principal office 108 Nassau-street, N. Y.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY CRAMPTON AND CLARK, AT NO. 44 ANN-ST. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 15.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 249.

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER,

OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA. *

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
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CHAPTER VIII.

MOULTRIE'S DEFENSE.

The flash, the smoke, the artillery roar—
The answering volley from front and rear—
The wounded, slain, the bloody gore—
Yet not a thought of fear. G. W. DEWEY.

DAY-BREAK glimmered in gray light over the harbor and city of Charleston. All along the line of the water, on beach and wharves, were gathered, even at that early hour, crowds of the anxious inhabitants. Every housetop which could command a view of the river and channel—every elevated spot from which Sullivan's Island and the British squadron could be seen—was thronged with old men, and women, and children; parents, wives, and infants of those who had gone forth to fight the battles of their country.

Little hope cheered the lookers-on who loved the cause of freedom. Though stimulated by their brave governor, and urged likewise by their own patriotic feelings, the citizens had determined on the most strenuous resistance; though Lee with his raw levies had sworn to die on the beach rather than behold the landing of the foe; and though every confidence was felt in the unyielding bravery of Moultrie, Marion, and the other brave men that formed the garrison of Sullivan's Island,—yet, such was the dread entertained of the British ships of war, and so vastly had report magnified the courage and ferocity of the regular English army, that there was scarcely one among the spectators of that morning's conflict who dared to hope even, for the triumph of the good cause.

The river-mist rose slowly from the surface of the water, beneath the advancing rays of the sun, and the fleet of Sir Admiral Peter Parker appeared in all the pride of its nautical display, slowly advancing up the harbor. It was a magnificent spectacle. Nearly fifty vessels, comprising nine ships of the line, and forty transports, ranged up the channel, with all their canvases set to catch the soft morning breeze, and the first beams of the sun, shooting on their bellying sails, made them seem almost like wings of fire, bearing huge monsters to the battle against freedom.

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Lee from his camp, and Moultrie from his redoubt, watched with earnest gaze, the movements of the enemy. No fear, it is probable, found room in the breast of either, but the latter was certainly apprehensive of defeat, while on the other hand, the bold partisan colonel expressed to his comrades an unbounded assurance of victory. It may be that Moultrie hazarded in word more than he in reality felt; but however that may be, never was there a more determined front displayed than that by the devoted little garrison of the palmetto fort, as the war-ships of the enemy rode majestically in their view.

It had been foreseen, that, should the engagement be a protracted one, the small store of ammunition on the island would be exhausted before its termination; and therefore Moultrie, like Putnam at Bunker's Hill, resolved that every shot should tell upon the enemy. The feeble armament which he possessed was therefore mounted in the most commanding, and at the same time protected situation, so that it should sweep diagonally the advancing fleet; and the powder, consisting of scarcely five thousand pounds, was distributed in due proportions along the line, every gun being superintended and even pointed by the commissioned officers of the regiment. The defenders of the fort, mute with determination,—every heart swelling with the spirit of a hero,—awaited the attack of their haughty foemen.

They could cast their eyes to the left, and behold where watched their trembling friends. They could see the house-tops of Charleston, covering their own homes and firesides, now crowded with those who were dearer to them than life. Were greater sentiments than these needed, to inflame each soul with patriotism—to make every lip respond to the gallant Moultrie's resolve to die or beat off the invaders?

The river-fogs melted away entirely, and the hot sun of June began to pour its scorching beams upon the scene. Moultrie moved up and down the line, smoking a short pipe, and emitting a continued succession of puffs, as he encouraged the soldiers. Marion, cautious and silent, moved among his men, exchanging quick glances with his old comrades in arms—glances which contained whole volumes of brave meaning. All watched earnestly, at the same time, the advance of the hostile squadron.

"We shall have hot work, Captain," said Moultrie to the young volunteer Rivers, who stood beside an English eighteen-pounder, which he had pointed upon the hull of the enemy's flag-ship, and was at the moment lowering, to catch the range of her course. "We shall have hot work,—but we must endeavor to keep cool."

Saying this, Moultrie quietly took his pipe

from his mouth, and lazily emitted a wreath of smoke.

"The enemy may find our shot as hot as theirs," returned Rivers. "And if our powder holds out, they will acknowledge it as strong."

"Our powder must be husbanded," said Moultrie. "I see, captain, you understand the business, by the direction in which your gun points. That is right, my young soldier. Look to the Commodore—look to the two-deckers—and we'll soon have them all between wind and water."

"Look to the Commodore—look to the two-deckers," ran in a low murmur along the line of the entrenchments, and in a moment it might be seen that every gun was aimed at the hulls of the advancing line of battle-ships, and all following closely with their veering muzzles the course which the windings of the channel forced the frigates to take.

Moultrie smiled as he noticed the quick response to his directions. "There's no fear of men like these," said he.

At this moment Major Marion approached his commanding officer, followed by the stalwart Sergeant Jasper and another individual of an equally athletic frame. Moultrie glanced rapidly from one to another, and a slight frown bent his eyebrows, as he seemed to recognize the last of the three. "Who have we here?" asked he sharply.

"A new volunteer," answered Marion "who, however, finds little favor in the eyes of our brave sergeant, here."

As the major spoke he pointed to the new comer, in whom Moultrie had recognized the individual who, the night previous, had ridiculed the idea of defending the island, and whom the reader is further acquainted with under the name of Matthew Orrall.

"Well, sir, you have altered your mind in regard to our log ramparts?" said Moultrie, attentively regarding the forbidding features of the man.

"Whether I have or have not, colonel," answered the bravo, carelessly, "I have come to do my part in defending them—that is, if one poor fellow is worth making a target of."

"We want men who will make targets of the Britons," said Sergeant Jasper, warmly.

"I can point a gun as true as any man on the island," said Mat. Orrall, with a scowling glance at the sergeant.

As the bravo said this, a gun from the admiral's ship boomed across the water, and the two foremost frigates immediately let go their anchors, and ranged broadside to, abreast of the fortifications.

"Answer that, if you can point a gun so well," said Moultrie to the man, as the shot from the

enemy's gun whizzed over their heads. "Answer that—'tis the signal for battle."

"I beg, sir, you will permit me to point the gun!" cried the young Captain Rivers, hastily.

But the bravo had already swung the heavy carriage round with one hand, while with the other he seized a match, and stooping at the breech, sighted the piece with a rapid glance. The next moment he had applied the fire, and the smoke and flame belched forth from the cannon's mouth.

"See you that, Colonel Moultrie?" cried Mat. Orrall, with a laugh, as the smoke clearing away discovered the direction of the shot, ricocheting over the waves, which, on account of the late easterly winds were now unusually rough. It struck the hull of the admiral's ship, the Bristol, and the men of Sullivan's Island could see the splinters flying in every direction from the shattered planks.

A loud huzza ran through the American lines as the opportune effect of the shot was witnessed. Moultrie puffed three or four thick volumes of smoke from his mouth in quick succession.

"Well done! well done!" he cried. "'Tis a good omen. Now, men, to your stations, and give the foe a sample of what they may expect. You, sir, may remain here, if Captain Rivers is agreeable, and assist in working the gun you have aimed so well."

"With all my heart," said Rivers; "he is a brave fellow, and will fight well, I've not a doubt."

The dark sneer that was habitual to him, curled Orrall's lip with a deeper shade, as he heard this; but no one noticed it, save Jasper, who had never ceased to regard the bravo with a suspicious gaze.

"Let us to our post, sergeant," said Marion; "the man will do well enough; if he be a traitor, we have him in our power."

With these words, spoken in a low voice to Jasper, the major turned from the spot.

The sergeant followed his commanding officer to their station, but not without first casting a last scrutinizing look at the new volunteer, and muttering to himself: "I like him not—I like not."

But the battle had now begun. From the ports of six frigates, which had ranged in the channel opposite the fort, vomited at once a tremendous burst of flame. The fort replied by an extended volley of small arms, and a succession of double-shotted discharges along the line of the works. And now, almost instantaneously, a dense cloud of smoke rolled and wreathed upon the water, and soared upward in columns above the heads of the combatants. Flash—crash—followed in awful rapidity, shaking the land and water, and echoing a thousand times from the plantations and the city.

The waves rocked and swelled up with every fierce explosion, lashing the beach with their white froth, and rolling at times close up to the logs of the outer walls of the fort. Now the prolonged roar of a hundred guns would rumble like heavy thunder, and a serried line of continuous flame seemed burning along the surface of the water. Then with a sudden crash some heavy broadside would rise above the din, and the dense volumes of smoke, scattered aside for an instant, would permit the swaying hull of a frigate to be seen, and give the gallant fort defenders an opportunity to point their guns with greater precision.

Beyond the immediate theater of conflict, and about a mile below the island, the British transports had endeavored to anchor, in order to permit Sir Henry Clinton to effect a landing with his regular troops, and attack the American fortifications on the side where the defenses were weak, or perhaps to make a detour and assail the city and the camp of Lee, in a totally unexpected quarter. But the elements were against the well concerted scheme of Sir Harry, and in attempting to carry it out he nearly involved himself, inextricably, among the dangerous shoals that surrounded the islands of the harbor. As it was, three frigates, in trying to gain the positions assigned them for the general attack, ran aground below Sullivan's Island, and lost all opportunity of testing their metal in the fierce conflict.

[To be continued.]

Oriental Tale.

MOORSHID THE WISE.

A TALE OF AN ARAB STORY-TELLER.

EIGHT hours on the back of a camel, under the clear sky of Eastern Arabia, will generally be found sufficient for the development of a sound substantial appetite. My companion and myself, therefore, on our arrival at Minna, were in a condition to do ample justice to the worthy sheikh's hospitality, which exhibited itself in the inviting form of a lamb boiled whole and stuffed with rice and spices, after the Persian fashion. When the meal was concluded, with the invariable *Al humdoo lillah!* (Praise be to God!) we reclined for a time on our carpets and cushions, smoking our pipes in unbroken silence. At length, the sheikh, who seemed to feel that something was wanting for our entertainment, and perhaps for his own, said suddenly to one of the Arabs who surrounded us as attendants and spectators, "Where is Abou Talib? Send for the story-teller. He will divert our guests."

As there is nothing in which the Arabs so much delight as in the tales related by their professional reciters, particularly when these narratives have reference to the famous deeds of their forefathers, I always made it my practice to listen with attention to their stories: not that these are often interesting to strangers, even to such as are better acquainted than myself with the language; but the cheap compliment of appearing pleased afforded an evident gratification to my entertainers, and helped to establish a friendly feeling between us.

The story-teller, who presently made his appearance, differed little in externals from the other Arabs, being a small, poorly-dressed man, of a rather ordinary physiognomy. He had, however, a clear, pleasant voice, with a bright, animated eye, and a wide forehead, which gave him a decidedly intellectual look. His gestures were graceful, his elocution easy and fluent; and, after speaking for a little while, his countenance lighted up with a sort of poetic inspiration, which lent dignity to his mean form and homely features. As the story which he related on this occasion struck me as being more interesting than usual, I afterwards noted it down, and give it here in an abridged form, but retaining, as far as possible, his style of narration: "I am commanded," he said, "to relate a story in the presence of the great Sheikh of El-Ghafaree, who is renowned throughout the southern lands for his wisdom and his liberality, and before the noble ameer of the great Inkilish nation, whose troops, in former days, conquered the heretic robbers, the Beni Abou Ali, and whose war-ships are stationed on the coast to prevent the Johasmee and the other tribes from fighting and plundering. Therefore it will be fitting and pleasing that I shall relate a tale of the Sheikh Moorshid the Wise, the great-grandfather of our excellent sheikh, who ruled over the Ghafarees at a time when they had the supremacy of all Oman; which time, if it please Allah, will speedily return."

"Very good! well said!" exclaimed the sheikh and the other Arabs, flattered by the compliment paid to their tribe. "The Sheikh Moorshid," continued the story-teller, "was the greatest prince of the southern lands. His power extended over all Oman, from Ras Musendom to Hadramant, and his riches were beyond calculation. He had many thousand pieces of gold and silver, with herds of camels, both noble and common, and flocks of sheep and goats. Now all this wealth he had acquired by his sagacity, for he was wise above all other men, even like to Suleyman Ibn Daood, who subdued the Genii; or like to Lokman king of Yemen, who built the great mound to restrain the waters of the plain. Moreover, he was generous in giving, as another Omar or Hatim Tai, and whosoever brought him a present received a hundred-fold in return. So that the fame and good report of Moorshid the Wise, the son of Salah, was spread abroad among all the tribes of the Arabee and the Mostarab.

"In his younger days, Moorshid had been a

great warrior, and had conquered many enemies and taken much spoil; but when he became of mature age, his mind was changed, and he sought rather to make peace than to kindle war. 'By peace,' he said, 'come abundance, and strength, and happiness; but out of war arise misery to many, and weakness in the end to all. Behold,' he said, 'if we people of the south, who are all Khuwarigites, fight among ourselves and destroy one another, then the Persians from the east, and the Bedoweens of Nejd from the north, and the tribes of Hadramant from the west, will come upon us unawares when we are at variance and destroy us one by one; for they hate us because we alone have preserved the true faith. Therefore let us be reconciled, and adjust our differences like people of judgment, and renounce the right of retaliation, and accept the price of blood.' These were the words of Moorshid the Wise, and whether they were right or not is a matter too high to be judged. God knows all things. But the Arabs will never renounce the *thar* (blood-revenge)."

"No," interrupted the auditors, "the Arabs will never renounce the *thar*."

It is known that this law of retaliation, or of 'blood for blood,' is the main cause of the continual dissension and feuds which prevail among the Arab tribes. Many of their more sagacious rulers, seeing the evil consequences which it produces, have attempted to eradicate the custom, but without success. Among those who have been the most earnest in their efforts may be mentioned Mohammed Ali and the Imaum of Muscat, both of whom have denounced the severest penalties upon all acts of private revenge committed within their dominions. These measures, though well meant, have had no other effect than greatly to irritate their Arab subjects, who are resolute in maintaining the law of their forefathers. As the Bedoweens of the interior, it has been asserted with much truth that the "*thar*" is the very foundation of their social system, without which they would be completely lawless. These observations will serve to account for the strong expression of feeling which the subject elicited from the story-teller and his auditors, all of whom were partially under the sway of the Imaum of Muscat. The former thus continued his narrative:

"Now, when Moorshid was wont to speak in this manner in the presence of his councilors and chief men, they would reply, 'Your words are words of wisdom, O great sheikh; but tell us, when the Beni Heshed come against us from Hadramant, under their young chief, Aloyan Ibn Saad, to take vengeance for the death of his grandfather, what will you do? For he has sworn never to accept the price of blood.' Then Moorshid would reply, 'If Aloyan Ibn Saad come against me with his tribe, I will meet him face to face, and overcome him with a victory which shall be a cause of astonishment to all the tribes from Lahsa to the Holy City.' So these words were spread abroad, and reached the ears of Aloyan Ibn Saad and his people, whose anger thereupon burnt more fiercely than ever; for the grandfather of Aloyan had been slain by the father of Moorshid in a great battle between the Ghafarees and the Beni Heshed; and the Beni Heshed had been driven away from their lands in Oman, and had fled to Hadramant to escape from the fury of their enemies; and since that time they had increased greatly and became stronger than at first, and their souls were eager for vengeance on the Ghafarees.

"Now it happened that one day a great troop of armed men on camels and horses were crossing the desert, and came to a well that had been dried up. And beside it they found a man lying with his face in the sand, unable to speak, and his camel expiring beside him. So they took him up, and gave him water to drink, and bread and dates to eat, and set him on a camel; and presently his strength returned to him. He was a man of swarthy complexion, and wore an aba and a keffiyeh, like the Arabs of the west, and spoke in the dialect of the Hedjaz. When the chief asked him who he was and whither he was going, he replied.

"O great sheikh, I am called the Hajji Hassan El-Khateeb, of the tribe of Joheina. I came

from Muscat with other merchants to trade throughout Oman and Hadramant; and when the caravan left Minna four days ago, I was weak from illness and could not accompany it: but two days afterward, I set out alone on a swift camel, thinking to overtake it, and, losing my way, I wandered about in the desert till the water in my goat-skins was exhausted, and my camel could go no further; and, at length, coming to this well which was dried up, I said to myself, 'It is the will of Allah that I shall perish here,' and so I lay down to die where you found me. But tell me, O sheikh, what is this great multitude of lion-like warriors, and what wretched tribe is about to undergo destruction at your hands? For, as I judge, it is not for plunder alone that such a host has taken up the spear and the matchlock, and girded on the sword.'

"At these words the young chief frowned and said:

"Art thou an Arab, O Hajji, and dost not know the Beni Heshed when thou seest them in their array?"

"To this the Hajji replied:

"I have been many years a wanderer beyond the seas, trading with the Franks, and am now a stranger in my own land. Tell me, O sheikh, to what end is this great armament?"

"Thou hast been in Minna," said the chief, "and hast seen the Sheikh Moorshid, whom men have called the Wise, but who will be hereafter known as the Braggart. Art thou a friend of his?"

"I have eaten and drunk at the table of the Sheikh Moorshid," replied the Hajji. "Moreover, I was ill in his house, and his slaves tended me with care, and it was his camel on which I was riding: therefore I am bound to the sheikh Moorshid. Nevertheless I will not say that I am his friend. How should a poor wandering trader call himself the friend of a great sheikh, and one whom he will perhaps never see again? Does not the proverb say, 'If the rose come, we eat and drink near it; if it depart, we do not regret it?'"

"Thou speakest after thy kind," said the chief. "Then know that I am Aloyan Ibn Saad, sheikh of the Beni Heshed, and that we are going to take revenge upon Moorshid and his people. There is a blood-feud between us for my grandsire, whom his father slew at the time when we fled before him from Oman to Hadramant. Moorshid has defied us with many scornful words, and at length the hour of requital has come. To-morrow thou wilt see the vengeance of the Beni Heshed."

"But can there be no adjustment?" asked the merchant. "Wilt thou not take the price of blood if he offer it? For we know that such an act would be most agreeable to Allah, of whom it is said in the Book, 'He is the most merciful of those that show mercy.'"

"But the chief answered with a scowl:

"It is easy to see that thou art a stranger in this land, or thou wouldst not ask if the Beni Heshed will take ransom from El-Ghafaree."

"Be it so, O sheikh," answered the merchant. "What is it to me? Thou dost right to act as shall seem best for the honor and prosperity of thy tribe. Therefore, no doubt, thou wilt come upon the Sheikh Moorshid by surprise. Else will he bury his treasures of gold and silver in the earth, and the spoil will be lost to thee and thy people."

"I will meet him face to face as he has defied me," said the chief. "It is not for spoil that I have come out against the Ghafarees."

"Nevertheless," persisted the hajji, "thou wilt do well to send a detachment suddenly to Nizzuwah; for he has there a herd of camels at pasture, all of the pure breed, such as are not to be found elsewhere in Oman. To each camel there is a driver, and it is known that thou hast come against them, they will flee with the herd to the fortress of Rostak."

"Truly, the camels would be a prize," replied the chief; "but I cannot divide my troop, lest we be found too weak for our enemies."

"At least," continued the merchant, "thou wilt surround the town of Minna before the battle? Else will he send away his two famous Nejde mares, Fodda and Janhar, the boast of

El-Ghafaree. Pure white are they from the ear to the fetlock, swifter than the wind, each with its pedigree of a thousand years suspended from its neck. But at the first alarm they will likewise be sent to Rostak, whither thou canst not follow them."

"I have not men enough to surround the town," answered the young chief; "yet, verily, it will be a cause of grief and shame to us if the mares escape out of our hands: for their worth is well known throughout all the country."

"Then the hajji said, 'There yet remains one prize, the greatest of all, which thou wilt surely take. Thou knowest that the Sheikh Moorshid has a daughter, Khadeejah, loveliest among maidens. I was admitted, as a merchant, to the presence of the girl; and I speak the truth when I say, that I have nowhere beheld such beauty in all the countries of the Arabs or the Franks. Bright-eyed is she as the gazelle, graceful as the slender palm-tree, her cheeks ruddy as the peony, her braided locks black as the wing of the raven. She is like Ibla, the beloved of Antar, of whom the poet has written: 'She moves,—thou wouldst say it was the branch of the tamarisk that waves its boughs to the southern breeze. She starts away,—thou wouldst say it was the frightened fawn, when a terror alarms it in the desert. She approaches,—thou wouldst say her face was truly the sun, when its luster dazzles all beholders. She gazes,—thou wouldst say it was the full moon of night, when Orion encircles it with his stars. She smiles,—and the pearls of her teeth sparkle, in which there is a cure for the sickness of lovers. She kneels in adoration to Allah,—and the greatest of men are ready to bow down to her beauty.' Truly, O sheikh, such a maiden, of the blood of El-Ghafaree, would be a wife for a caliph; and now thou mayest have her by the strong hand, and without the fear of a repulse, or the payment of a price."

"Hajji," answered the chief, "thou hast lived among the Franks until thy mind is perverted like theirs. Do the sheikhs of the Joheinah get them wives by violence? It would be an enduring shame to a chief of the Beni Heshed who should carry off a woman. Yet, if it please Allah, I will see this Khadeejah of whom thou speakest, and of whose beauty the Ghafarees brag so highly. Perhaps there are fairer damsels among the Beni Heshed."

"So they rode on in silence: but it was easy to perceive that the heart of the young chief was inflamed with what the merchant had said of the maiden's beauty. That night they encamped by a fountain, and on the morrow, before noon, they came in sight of the town of Minna. And in the town were great confusion, and shouting, and running to and fro; and presently a troop came forth armed for battle, some on horseback and others on foot, and arrayed themselves opposite the Beni Heshed. And when it was seen that the hostile troops were equal in number, there was an expectation of a terrible battle; for no man could judge on which side the victory would fall."

"Then the merchant said to Aloyan, 'Behold, I have eaten of the bread of the Sheikh Moorshid; and now, if I am seen in the ranks opposed to him, it will be a disgrace to me for ever. Let me therefore go to him and explain the matter, and I will return faithfully to thee; but I cannot take part in the battle against one whose bread I have eaten.'

"Then the young chief answered, 'What thou sayest is just and honorable. Go to Sheikh Moorshid, and tell him that I have come to require the blood of my father's father at his hand, and that I will not return without atonement; therefore, let him look now at the sun and the earth, and his treasures, and his daughter, and all things that he prizes; for he will never behold them after this day.'

"So the hajji dismounted from his camel, and walked across the space between the two armies. And when he had come to the line of the Ghafarees there arose a great shouting and joyful clamor, and the warriors closed about him, so that he was no more seen by the Sheikh Aloyan and the Beni Heshed. And they wondered greatly, and began to suspect some treachery. And while they stood in suspense, behold! the

throng of their enemies opened, and a horseman came forth, richly dressed, in a white mantle, with a shawl of Cashmere about his head, and a jeweled dagger in his girdle, and a sword, the scabbard of which was inlaid with gold, and in his right hand a lance adorned with scarlet plumes. He rode a handsome steed, black as night, with splendid housings of red cloth and silver. And as he came near, the Beni Heshed beheld the face of the hajji, but he had washed away the dye which had darkened his skin, and they knew that they had been deceived in him; and some who had seen him before said, with astonishment in their hearts, 'This is the Sheikh Moorshid!'

At this point, which he, no doubt, considered the most interesting crisis of his narrative, the story-teller suddenly stopped short, and, sinking the high falsetto voice in which he had been speaking to his natural tone, addressed the circle of excited and eager listeners in the following terms: "O mighty and generous sheikh! O excellent ameer! O noble and valiant children of El-Ghafaree! I, your poor servant, am an humble poet and story-teller, who, as it has pleased Allah, (exalted be his name!) have neither 'date-trees, nor fields of grain, nor flocks of goats and sheep,—only my camel, my matchlock, and the tales of wonderful and pleasing events and great deeds of our forefathers which I recite for your gratification. Let now your liberality be manifest, and do not shame your noble ancestors by niggardliness; for if you fail to reward the recorder of traditions, who will preserve the memory of your own exploits?"

In reply to this appeal, the narrator received a number of small copper coins, varying in value from a half-farthing to fivepence. The sheikh, however, and the two foreigners, displayed their munificence by the gift of a dollar each, which unusual liberality threw the astonished story-teller into a trance of delight. As soon as he had recovered his equanimity, and deposited the money in his girdle, he proceeded with his narrative:

"The Sheikh Moorshid stopped not until he was face to face with the young chief, when he checked his horse, and said:

"Sheikh Aloyan Ibn Saad, I am Moorshid, whom thou hast come to seek. Take now my life for the life which my father took, and let there be peace hereafter between the Beni Heshed and El-Ghafaree."

"But Aloyan replied, in a transport of rage:

"O thou more subtle than the fox! thou knowest that I cannot slay thee at this time, for thou hast eaten of my bread. This is the victory which thou hast gained over me in thy craft and the cowardice of thy heart. If I kill thee I am for ever dishonored, and if I return home unrevenged, I shall become the laughing-stock of all our neighbors. When next I come forth against thee, I will leave all compassion behind, and slay every man whom I meet in the way, whether he call himself friend or foe, hajji or robber. So look to thyself, Sheikh Moorshid, for thy wiles will not avail thee a second time."

"Yet listen to me, Aloyan Ibn Saad," returned the sheikh; "there is a third way by which thou mayest escape both dishonor and derision. Take now the price of blood which I have brought with me—it is four thousand dollars; such a ransom was never yet paid among the tribes of the south."

"But the young chief answered in a voice of anger:

"Not for the treasures of the mosque of Mecca will I sell the blood of my forefather."

"Yet hear me, Sheikh Aloyan," persisted Moorshid; "I have a herd of a hundred camels at Nizzuwah, all of noble breed, straight-limbed, bright-eyed, broad-chested, fit to carry warriors and princesses; these I offer thee, with four black slaves of the Somanly race, and two matchlocks encased with silver,—all these and the money besides."

"The chief considered for a moment, astonished at the munificence of the offer, and then replied:

"What need of more words, Sheikh Moorshid? Shall I break my vow for a hundred camels? no, not for ten thousand."

"A vow which is contrary to the Koran is

not binding,' answered the sheikh; 'and the Koran commands to accept the ransom of true believers. Hear once more. I have two Nejdees mares of the breed of Saklawye, white as milk, devourers of the desert, tireless as eagles, such coursers were never yet seen in Oman. These I offer thee, with the camels, the slaves and the money, as the price of blood which my father shed.'

"Then Aloyan looked round upon his councillors and chief warriors, and he saw their eyes sparkling with desire; but he hardened his face, and said:

"It is useless, it cannot be!"

"The Sheikh Moorshid remained silent for a time, with a sad countenance, looking first at the Ghafarees, and then at the Beni Heshed, and no man interrupted the stillness. At last he said:

"What a number of goodly men are here to die for the folly of our fathers and our own madness! My soul is heavy with grief at the thought. Listen now to me for the last time, O chief of the Beni Heshed! I have a jewel of price, a darling treasure, the charm of my eyes, the delight of my heart. I offer thee my daughter Khadeejah in marriage. Take her, and return to Oman, thou and all thy tribe, to the valley of Wady Betha, where I will give to you pasture-grounds, and date-groves, and wheat-fields, to be an inheritance of the Beni Heshed for ever. Aloyan Ibn Saad, what sayest thou to this offer?"

"Then the young chief looked round again upon his followers, and saw that they were smiling in the pleasure of their hearts. And he bent down his face, like one confounded, and replied:

"O great sheikh! thou hast conquered. How can a foolish youth stand before the wisest of chiefs? Behold, I am thy son, and thy servant! and the Beni Heshed are thine in peace and in war, from this time forth."

"So the two chiefs alighted from their horses, and the Sheikh Moorshid dug a hole in the ground with his lance, and Aloyan collected seven small stones and threw them therein, and covered them with the sand; and the chiefs pressed down the sand with their feet, saying:

"In the name of the merciful God, this is a witness that our quarrel is buried for ever."

"And all the people shouted for joy."

"So in due time Aloyan Ibn Saad was wedded to Khadeejah, the daughter of Moorshid; and there were great rejoicings, with feasts and dances, and racing of camels. And the Beni Heshed returned to Oman, to the valley of Betha, where they remain to this day, close friends of El-Ghafaree, in peace and in war. And the renown of Moorshid the Wise, and his wonderful policy, was spread through all the lands of the Arab tribes, from Masr (Egypt) to the borders of Sind (Western India)."

The story-teller, having finished his narrative, sat down amid loud exclamations of applause; but the strain was presently taken up by one of his auditors, and continued by the others in succession, each seeking to outvie the rest in the marvelousness of his tale. When the Arabs once commence on the theme of their legendary history, they never seem to be willing to leave off. My last recollection, before I resigned myself to slumber, is of a long-winded narrative that an old man was relating, with great particularity, about the manner in which a remote progenitor of his chief had acquired great distinction and riches through the plunder of a caravan. Such an exploit would be quite as much to the taste of the Modern Arabs as of their forefathers. But there are very few among them, I fear, who are disposed to imitate the far-sighted policy of the wise and peaceful sheikh of El-Ghafaree.

A MAN at an ordinary had eaten so enormously, that the company were astonished and disgusted at his gluttony. The gentleman at the head of the table ironically pressed him to take another plateful, observing that he had actually eaten nothing. The gourmand declined taking any more, saying that his stomach was quite gone; upon which an Irish gentleman opposite exclaimed, "If its your stomach that's gone, my honey! you must mean the bottom part of it!"

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD BARON.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

HIGH on a leaf-carved ancient oaken chair
The Norman Baron sat within his hall,
Wearied with a long chase by wold and mere;
His hunting spear was reared against the wall;
Upon the hearth-stone a large wood-fire blazed,
Crackled or smoked, or hissed, as the green boughs
were raised.

Above an arched and iron-studded door
The grim escutcheon's rude devices stood;
On each side reared a black and gristly boar,
With hearts and daggers graven on grounds of blood,
And deep-dyed gules, o'er which plumed helmets
frown;
Beneath this motto ran—"Beware! I trample
down."

And high around were suits of armor placed,
And shields triangular, with the wild-boar's head;
Arrows, and bows, and swords the rafters graced,
And red-deer's antlers their wide branches
spread;
A rough wolf's hide was nailed upon the wall.
Its white teeth clenched as when it in the dell did
fall.

An angel-lamp from the carved ceiling hung;
Its outstretched wings the blazing oil contained,
While its long figure in the wide hall swung,
Blackening the roof to which its arms were
chained;

The iron hair fell backward like a veil,
And through the gusty door it sent a weary wail.

The heavy arras fluttered in the wind,
That through the grated windows sweeping came,
And in its foldings glittered hart and hind,
While hawk, and horse, and hound, and kirtled
dame,

Moved on the curtained waves, then sank in shade,
Just as the fitful wind along the arras played.

On the oak table, filled with blood-red wine,
A silver cup of quaint engraving stood,
On which a thin-limbed stag of old design,
Chased by six long-eared dogs made for a wood;
Sounding a horn a huntsman stood in view,
Whose swollen cheeks upraised the silver as he blew.

At the old baron's feet a wolf-dog lay,
Watching his features with unflinching eye;
An aged minstrel, whose long locks were gray,
On an old harp his withered hands did try;
A crimson banner's rustling folds hung low,
And threw a rosy light upon his wrinkled brow.

VERSES

Suggested by seeing a Little Girl weep over her Mother's Grave.

MOTHER, they say you slumber here—
The cold, cold clay your dreary bed;
They tell me, too, you call'd me "dear,"
And to your child kind words have said.

And I am told you loved me, too,
And often press'd me to your heart;
But such sweet days were long ago,
That memory serves me but in part.

The fond caress, the tender smile,
I ne'er shall feel or see again;
My infant hours you did beguile—
Oh! mother, I was happy then.

And if thy placid spirit fled
Can visit earth's discordant shrine,
Oh! hasten to my home, and shed
In other hearts such love as thine.

A home! Alas! dear mother, I
Am torn from that you left away;
My home is with you in the sky,
Where cruel spirits hold no sway.

"In a village in the west of England," the
Arbroath Guide relates, "the following is seen
to flourish upon a sign-board over the door of
an ancient couple:

"I cures a goose, and my wife cures the ganders.

"The meaning intended to be conveyed is:

"I cure agues, and my wife cures the jaundice."

QUESTION.—There are two words in the English
language which contain all the vowels, in their
proper order, including y. Which are they?—
[Sphinx.

Sketches of the Aborigines.

THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

WHERE the Sacramento—the boasted Pactolus of the present generation—rolls its tranquil and limpid waters amid a rich vegetation, interrupted occasionally by long slips of bare sand, may be seen small round huts of rushes, like bee hives, the habitation of the Indians. These wigwams, which are of a temporary character, the Indians erect where they halt for a season, and burn when they change their station. These huts are about thirty-five feet in circumference, constructed with pliable poles, fixed in the ground and drawn together at the top, to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. They are then interwoven with small twigs and covered with bulrushes, having an aperture at the side to admit the inhabitants, and another at the top to let out the smoke. In each dwelling are nine or ten Indians of both sexes, and of all ages, nearly in a state of nudity, huddled round a fire kindled in the center of the apartment, a prey to vermin, and presenting a picture of misery and wretchedness, seldom beheld in even the most savage state of society.

In removing, the Indians take all their furniture on their shoulders. This furniture consists only of a chest, a dish, a bowl, made in the shape of a high crowned hat, a bone which serves them for an awl in making it, a little piece of touchwood for kindling a fire, a small net in which they put their fruit and seeds, another in the shape of a purse or bag, fastened to a kind of prong across their shoulders, in which they carry their children, and lately, their bows and arrows—to which some, who affect elegance, add a shell for drinking. This furniture the women carry, when they remove from one place to another. The men have only their bows and arrows, with their appurtenances, as flints and feathers for the arrows, and sinews for the bows. But to secure them, and at the same time not to discommode them in their march, they make holes in the cars, where they hang a large case, which holds the things they need.

In personal appearance the Indians of California are, in general, small and weak, their height being seldom above five feet. They are of a considerably darker color than the natives of the provinces more to the south; and what, with their filthy habits and constant exposure to the sun, they approach the hue of the negro. They resemble the negro also in their large projecting lips, and broad, flat noses. Their hair, however, is very different from that of the negro, being long and straight, not crisp; if let to grow it hangs down to the hips; but they commonly cut it off to the length of four or five inches, which makes it stick out like quills. The hair grows very far down towards the eyes, which makes their naturally low forehead look extremely low; the eyebrows are, in general, small, though in some bushy; the beard is also, in general, scanty, although occasionally a full, flowing beard is observed. These people are in the habit of painting themselves in party-colored stripes of red and black; and this is also an emblem of mourning for their friends, for whom they seem to entertain strong affection. But they tattoo their bodies in a much less degree than the Indians of the Islands. This practice is chiefly confined to the women. They turn their toes inward when walking. At first sight their timid character announces their pusillanimous character. Both sects, in their native state, go nearly naked, having only a wrapper, of greater or less extent, around the waist. In the winter, however, they use a sort of outer garment of deer skin, or otter skin, or of the feathers of water fowls. These latter are chiefly worn by the women, and are rather ingeniously constructed. The feathers are twisted and tied together into a sort of ropes, and these are then tied close together, so as to have a feathery surface on both sides. Like all savages they are fond of ornaments for their persons. These consist of bits of carved wood, worn as earrings, bands of feathers around the head, and shells

rounded and strung as beads. Their feather bandeaus are sometimes very beautiful.

Of the character of the Indians perhaps a better idea may be formed, than from a lengthened description, from the following passages, being part of the narrative of a traveler, who has visited California since the discovery of the gold region. These passages will also point out the great danger to which Europeans are exposed who emigrate to the newly-found Utopia. We may here observe, by the way, that many assassinations imbrue with blood the *placers*—as the Indians term the places where gold is found—and these assassinations are never heard of, as these *placers* are not organized like towns, and do not swarm with the idle, the inquisitive, and above all, with police.

The infatuation, besides, which the sight of gold produces, the almost certain impunity promised by the deserts which surround one, and the facility with which crime can be committed in tents on the open plains, are motives more than enough to give free scope to cupidity. In a *placer*, the gold-finders, encamped according to the position of the ground which they are exploring, remain at a distance from one another in a thousand different places. If by accident a human body, not to be known again, and decomposed, is found, where is the man who will trouble himself about the motive which made that body a corpse? The isolated gold-finder is exposed to so many accidents, without taking into consideration fevers, disasters, and hunger. One is contented to pass by, after looking, if any sack of gold is near him; but gold is never found near corpses. Many a time has there been seen in *placers*, already known and occupied, crowds of birds of prey, stopping and wheeling about at the bottom of a ravine or a precipice. "Ah, a crime has been committed!" thinks the spectator, as he passes on his way, carelessly; but never has the idea ever entered his head to write to a newspaper, or to tell any one that the *zopylotes*—or birds of prey—were busy at their repast.

The *placer* of Sacramento, yet scarcely touched by the rapacity of man, offers much less chance of assassination than if it had been explored for a long time. Up to this point it may be compared to one of those seas which abound in fish, and where the sharks, glutted with prey incessantly in their reach, do not think of attacking the bathers. But as soon as the soil of Sacramento shall become impoverished, the gold there becomes scarcer, and the difficulties to procure it be augmented, assassination will replace labor. Alas! for those avaricious Europeans whom we see hastening thither! Their bones, picked clean by the beaks of birds of prey, will blanch the soil which they have seen in their dreams enameled with gold, and which will serve for their tomb.

In the narrative above mentioned we find the following facts, respecting

STREAMS POISONED BY THE INDIANS.

"We might have gone," says the traveler, "about four or five miles, when he, (meaning his companion, Quirino, a *gambusino*, as the Indians term a gold finder,) stopped near a place where about fifteen Indians were busily washing for gold.

"You are laboring here at sad task, friends," said he to them. "This place is badly chosen."

"Your worship," replied one of them to him, who probably knew him, for he saluted him humbly—"Your worship is very good to trouble himself in this fashion about poor Indians; but still this place is the best of those that the Americans have left us. We ask only one thing more of them, and that is to leave us here to ourselves."

"Does not the soil in a *placer* belong to the first occupant?" asked Quirino.

"Alas! your worship, that used to be the case once, and ought to be still; but the Americans, since the traitors gave up California to them, act and speak like masters, and see in us but slaves and beasts of burden, instead of independent men. See, there's one coming in our direction. I will wager ten ounces of gold that he is going, without saying anything, and as if it was his right, to set about digging our ground."

"Indeed, an American, distant about a thou-

sand yards from the place where we were, was disappearing and appearing, according to the inequality of the ground, as he directed his steps toward us.

"I am anxious to know if the Indian is right," said I to Quirino; "let us remain here. While waiting for the Yankee I will go and quench my thirst at that beautiful spring of clear water, which is glittering twenty yards from us, like a bed of rock crystal."

Quirino held me back forcibly, by the arm.

"Would you advise Senor to drink of that water?" asked he of the Indian, accompanying his question with an inexplicable smile.

"Why, your worship," replied the Indian, very embarrassed, "fresh water, to speak the truth, is a bad thing for the health. It often gives *frios*.* If I was his worship I would not touch that spring."

"You hear the advice which this brave fellow gives you," said Quirino to me, still holding me strongly by the arm.

"Yes, I hear it, and I thank him for it; but as I am not at all in perspiration, I think that I can dispense with following it."

"Then yield to my entreaty. Do not drink."

"You are my guide, and I must obey you," I replied to Quirino, quite surprised at his importunity.

"Very good," said he to me. Then addressing the Indians, who, during this colloquy, insignificant as it was, had left off working, he resumed:

"Friends, the American is drawing nigh. Let us speak a few words together, but to some purpose. How much do you gain here a day? Eighteen or twenty piastres each, don't you?"

"Yet, your worship, twenty piastres."

"Will you work for his worship? he will pay you forty piastres a day."

"Certainly, your worship."

"It's a bargain. Pick up your shovels and baskets, and come along with us at once."

Scarcely had Quirino finished uttering this phrase, when the American, whom we had not perceived, arrived. His forehead bedewed with perspiration, his clothes covered with dust, and his hard and difficult breathing, proclaimed that he had come far, and that he had been walking fast. His first glance was at the spring of living water, of which I have already spoken; his first action was to plunge his bowl into it, to draw it out full, and to drink with avidity.

"Here is a man less prudent, and more fortunate than myself," said I to Quirino.

"*Quien sabe?* (who knows?) he replied to me, shaking his head.

The Indians having picked up their shovels and baskets, we proceeded on our journey. Quirino walked before us and showed us the way.

I perceived, however, before leaving, the American digging with as much ardor as lack of ceremony, in the place lately occupied by the Indians, whom Quirino had hired so inconsiderately on my account.

Quirino walked on for about an hour, directing his steps always toward the north, without once turning his head round to us, and without uttering a syllable.

"Friends," said he, at last, turning round toward us, "we have reached our destination. First of all let us exchange a few syllables. Good pay makes good friends; your time is precious; I will be brief. I am going to discover to you a place hitherto unknown and easy to work. A man may easily pick up there, in a day, from eighty to one hundred piastres of gold. You are going to work for Monsieur. (Quirino mentioned.) These are his conditions. Each of your are to deduct from the produce of his day's work a sum of forty piastres; and then to remit to him faithfully the surplus; but when this surplus shall exceed forty piastres, which will always be the case, if you are tolerably active, this surplus will be again divided between you and him. The Senor relies entirely on your good faith; however he has been pleased to authorize me to sheathe my knife into the breast of any one of you whom I shall catch abusing his confidence. My name is Rafael Quirino. It

*Literally colds. It is thus that the Indians designate the intermitting fevers of California, which are always very dangerous, and often fatal.

is very difficult to deceive me, and I always keep my word. Now, answer my conditions; or, to speak more properly, those of Senor; do they suit you—yes or no?"

"*Que viva el Senor Quirino!* (Long live Senor Quirino!) cried the Indians, waving their caps, 'Yes! yes! your conditions suit us.'

"Then follow me," said the Gambusino.

Don Rafael immediately glided between two rocks, so close to each other that a fat man could not have passed between them.

"Here," he exclaimed five minutes after, pointing with his finger to the dried up bed of a river that was surrounded by rocks. A very small stream of water, just sufficient only for the washing of the gold, flowed in a serpentine course through the middle of it.

Scarcely had the Indians examined some handfuls of sand, than hurrahs of a frantic joy—the first, no doubt, that had ever called forth, up to that day, the echos of the desert—rose toward heaven. The tenth part of the sand, at first sight, was gold.

"I did not think that this place was so rich," said he to me, as he look carefully at a small quantity of sand in the palm of his hand; "receive my most sincere congratulation. Each man can gather here, without difficulty, at least two hundred piastres of gold a day."

"But, Quirino, you overwhelm me—my gratitude—"

"Bah! bah! let us have no fine speeches—this discovery is not worth it. In three weeks' time the bed of our stream will be exhausted. But it is getting late, come."

"Ah! now that I think of it," resumed the Gambusino, after he had explained several times to the Indians the precise place where my tent was to be found, "you must still be thirsty."

"That I am."

"Well, quench your thirst at this stream before we resume our route."

"You are then no longer afraid I shall catch the fever?"

"Drink—drink without fear—I will answer for you."

When the Gambusino and myself arrived at the place where we had met the Indians, who had been engaged on my account, we fancied we heard groaning. Soon after we saw the American, whom we had left there, lying on the ground, and a prey to frightful convulsions. I was hastening forward to give him assistance, when Quirino held me back.

"It is useless to disturb yourself," said he to me, coldly, "that man will be dead in five minutes. See, he is stiff—he is dead."

"It was true. I remained struck with astonishment."

"You see, dear friend," resumed the Gambusino, with the same calmness of manner, "that one sometimes dies in a singular way in these *placers*. This man, who is young and strong, was this morning in most excellent health; now he is dead."

"And what can be the cause of such a terrible and sudden catastrophe, Don Rafael?"

"Who knows? Probably imprudence. Ah! I recollect. Did not this American, who had not such good advice as you, drink of that neighboring spring? Yes, it is that, he has been seized with the fever."

"But, Don Rafael, a glass of cold water does not kill one like a bullet."

"Gad, it depends. If the water has been poisoned, for example, by the fortuitous fall of some poisonous plant."

"What is this you are telling me?" I cried with horror; "you think that the Indians have poisoned this spring?"

"Who knows? The Indians are vindictive when they are crossed in their interests, and they administer poison in the most dexterous style. As for myself, I have never drank in any *placer* of the water from a spring near which I have seen the prints of human footsteps. After all, every one has his ways and his fancies. Let us resume our journey."

PERSEVERANCE merits neither praise nor blame it is only the duration of our inclinations and sentiments which we can neither create nor extinguish.

Ladies' Department.

LASTING FLOWERS.

FLOWERS there are of the brightest hue,
Which bloom in the shade and sunlight, too;
Which lavish gay smiles on great and small,
And breathe out their perfume alike to all.

But are there not flowers as fresh and fair—
Are there not flowers as rich and rare—
That fold their leaves when the sun is gone—
That bloom in his presence, and for him alone?

They care not for colors to show and allure;
Their worth is more lasting, their fragrance more
pure;

The straggler may scorn as he passes them by,
But the flowers care not, for the sun is nigh.

If the clouds are obscure, and he visit her not,
The flower may wither, but she clings to the spot;
In silence she looks on the heavens above,
And waits for his coming in sunshine and love.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

THERE WAS, in other times, a club (if Johnson tells us true.)

Where learned men might not appear but dress'd in stockings blue.

'Tis said, that then the gentle sex, with great desire imbued

To see this club, entreated that they might for once intrude;

But (the *Spectator* tells the tale) that, to seem learned too,

And of that club, they were obliged to wear the stockings blue.

And since that time no lady yet to learning finds the clue,

But by her friends, the luckless one is called from this—"A Blue."

They picture her with ancient books, of Hebrew and of Greek,

And tell you there's no modern tongue but she of course can speak;

Philosophy, the words of Kant, combined with those of Plato,

And the biographies of men like Regulus and Cato. Stern sentences, condemning all the sentiments poetical,

And talking, *a la* Martineau, economy political. Such is the picture; such is said of ladies who pursue

The road which intellect directs, but which proclaims them "Blue."

Surely of deeper thought the mind had better far be full,

Than occupied with netting silks, or shades of Berlin wool?

If, in the garden of the mind, the muses cull their flowers,

Why scorn the fragrance which may cheer amid life's desert hours?

Nor for the sage's hidden lore, nor yet for worldly fame,

Nor yet that other ages may repeat with praise her name;

But that o'er home and hearth may beam a soul enrich'd and pure—

A light to cheer its darker days, when joys no more allure.

Thus, in the bright companion, if ye to yourselves are true,

Fair sisters, will the world at length forget the hated "Blue"

HYSTERICAL WIVES.

CAPTAIN WEATHERSFIELD'S REMEDY.

You must know that last October was a year, when I arrived at Babylon with a cargo of teas from Canton, and as soon as it was possible, I left the ship, and under the highest steam-pressure, set out for my little nook of a village, on the Hudson, where my whole stock of human hopes and affections lay invested in a wife and three children. It is singular, perhaps, but so it is, that I never had any dread that anything can have happened to my family, till I get on soundings, and then I can neither sleep or eat till I get into port, and have seen my owners, and found out if all is well at home. I had the happiness to learn that my family had been increased by a fine boy, born one month after my departure. You may guess my impatience to see him. I sent off a letter announcing my arrival, and the day on which I should be at home. My

welcome was as joyous as I could have wished it to be. The boy was a noble fellow, a year old, and as like me as two peas. These are bright days of sunshine, which repay a sailor for some of the storms of his ocean life, and of which his owners, though they get all the profit of the voyage, can't deprive him, though they would do so if they could, for they grudge everything of their ship-masters.

After I had been at home three days, I returned to finish up the voyage with the owners, and haul up the ship. This done, I returned, bag and baggage to my wife, to make a long stay at home. The opening of a sailor's boxes is always a matter of interest to captain's wives, and I had procured for myself all the presents Canton provides. Two pieces of rich silk for dresses, a set of lacquered tea-tables, a set of carved chess-men, and things of that sort. I saw a look of disappointment upon my wife's face, but she said nothing, and things passed off. But when Sunday morning came, my wife was exceedingly cross, and declared she would not go to church, though she was as regular as the sexton, "for," she said, "I have nothing fit to wear." I thought it very odd, but said nothing, and taking my little boy and girl, set off for church. Everybody was glad to see me, and I quite forgot that all was not right at home, till I found my way back into my house. There my wife stood, ready to scold the children for muddying their shoes, and would have spanked them on the spot, if I had not interfered with a good deal of firmness in word and look. The children were undressed, and dinner served, and nothing on the table was cooked fit to eat. And so the next week passed on. My coffee was as thick as mud—my turkeys were done to a crust, and I well knew the devil was about to be let loose; but for why, I couldn't guess. In the meanwhile, my wife's sister, who had been a sort of ship's cousin quartered upon me, ever since my marriage, looked all the while as demure as a Connecticut deacon under the parish pulpit, and gave no sign to show me what all this was about.

On the next Saturday afternoon, as I was sitting with my wife and children, I heard a knock at the door, and called out "Come in,"—and in came my old friend, Capt. Thomas Bowline, and his wife, in all the splendors of a new rig. He had returned the week before me, from Calcutta, and we were the only seafaring men of the place, and though our wives were neighbors, it so happened that we had not been home at the same time for years.

I was delighted to see them both, and my wife, I thought, was wonderfully cool, though exceedingly polite. I soon forgot all about her manner, in the pleasure of talking over our several fortunes since we last met; and as we had not met before, he having been absent from the village since my coming home, we had many things to talk over. They made a long call, and when they went away my wife went up to her room, and I saw no more of her, for when tea was ready, she sent word that she had a headache, and had gone to bed.

The next morning matters wore a no more pleasant aspect than they had done, and when the first church bell began to ring, my wife burst into a flood of tears, and set off for her chamber. I followed her, and there she lay on a bed, in a regular fit of hysterics. When she came to herself, I asked—"Why, what on earth, what is all this about?" She rose, and putting her hands on my shoulders, looked me full in the face, and said—"Captain Weathersfield, if you don't know, *you ought to know*," and I wilted down under her look, like a boy caught in the act of playing truant.

There's very few men, who, after a long voyage, could have stood such an appeal as this. I felt some rascal had been telling stories out of school; but for the life of me I couldn't conceive who it could be. And then my wife went off again, into another fit, worse than the first. I took off her shoes, and her feet were as cold as ice. As I rubbed them I conjured up all the recollections of my voyage, and they were not half so pleasant as I could have wished them. But finding it impossible to restore my wife, I ran down stairs, leaving the doors all open behind me, to the kitchen, to make some mulled

wine; and there was my wife's sister, with her demure face, which helped to irritate me no little. I called for wine, and spices, and a porringer, and while it was heating she began by saying—"She wished to Heaven her sister knew how to treat a husband as he ought to be treated—that if she was a wife, she would know how to prize a man who did everything a man could do to please her." I was in no humor to hear my wife abused, and I burst out upon her in a rage, and told her I believed she was a snake in the grass, and that I had rather have her sister than ten thousand such hypocrites as she was; that if there was any mischief done between me and my wife, I knew who to thank for it all. She lifted up her hands and said she believed all men were fools, and of all fools I was the greatest. This brought on a spirited altercation, in which I spoke my mind pretty plainly. So soon as I had heated the wine, I decanted it into a tumbler. My wife's sister recommended hot vinegar, but I told her I knew a better thing than that for my wife.

On my way up stairs, I thought I heard my wife's footsteps about the chamber, but on entering, I found her laying on the bed, crying in a very sensible way, so I found no difficulty in persuading her to drink the mulled wine, and then I rubbed her feet again. She now began to sob, and to say she didn't deserve to have such a husband—I was too good for her—nobody would love her. I felt encouraged to leave rubbing her feet, and take to rubbing her hands, and kiss her, begging her to tell me what was the matter. And then she fell to crying again, and sobbing; she said she couldn't tell me, for I should hate her, and she deserved to be hated, and all that sort of thing. The more she cried herself, the more penitent I became, and was on the point of making a clean breast, and asking her forgiveness; but luckily, I did no such thing, for, after sobbing, the secret came out. Captain Bowline had brought home to his wife a Cashmere shawl, and I had only brought her a silk dress. "Is that all!" I exclaimed, and I kissed her as heartily as ever a woman was kissed before. And now 'twas my turn to complain, to tell her how unkind she had been to keep me in such suspense all the while, and then came her turn to put her arms around my neck, and to kiss me, and beg to be forgiven. All which, I assure you, was a very agreeable winding up of the scene.

I was not long in discovering the whole secret of my wife's grievances. She thought I didn't love her as much as Captain Tom loved his wife, because I brought *China* silks from Canton, instead of an *India* shawl; but I explained to her that Cashmere shawls came from one part of the world, and silks from another; but these women believe that shawls are made everywhere beyond the seas.

Now, every woman has her *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and my wife's was *Mrs. Tom Bowline*, and the thought of being outshone by her, at church, had caused all this commotion, now so happily ended in a clearing-up shower. I told my wife her wishes should be gratified as soon as ever I had it in my power to do so, and intended that this should be done as soon as ever I could find a shawl to my mind.

By dinner time my wife was dressed, and as we sat down to dinner, she looked as happy as a bride, and as for myself, I never was happier in my life. My wife's sister looked on with astonishment, and I was surprised to see, for the first time, that my wife spoke to her with a little tinge of sharpness. I had reason to believe, afterward, that my wife, hearing our loud talking, had come to the head of the stairs and overheard us. It was one of those few instances in which listeners hear good things of themselves; and resulted in my wife's sister finding the house too hot for her; so she married herself to a saddler, and removed to Babylon.

But to go on with my story; the next day my wife and I set out for Babylon, she to have her *China* silks made up, and as for myself, I really had no other business than to accompany her, and to buy a shawl, which should outshine *Mrs. Tom Bowline's*. Fortunately, I found my old friend Briggs, of Salem, in from Calcutta with a half dozen magnificent shawls, of which he allowed me to take my pick, at cost price, and a

bill made out at any price I pleased to have affixed. So I modestly told him he might receipt a bill for one at seven hundred and fifty dollars, for which I paid him three hundred. This I had safely stowed away in my trunk as a coat I had been buying. I purchased, beside, a fine satin bonnet with a plume that dropped down on her shoulder in the most bewitching style, and she was perfectly delighted with her visit. We remained in town a week, when her silks came home from the milliner's. Her dresses were just as she liked to have them; a most rare thing, I can tell you, and as to the bonnet, no language could express her admiration of it. And so we reached home on Saturday night, perfectly well pleased with every thing in the house and out of it.

The next day was rather a bright and frosty day, and my wife, dressed in her beautiful bonnet and rich silk dress, certainly looked charming. She had a pretty fur cape on, and with a sweet smile, said, "Now, dear, let's go, for the bell is tolling." You must know my wife never goes into church too soon, but just before the minister commences his prayers. "Why, my dear, where's your shawl?" "Oh! I don't need a shawl to-day." "But, love, just please me, and wear one;" she was for an instant a little displeased, but quelling the feeling, she ran up stairs, and there lay my splendid present on her bureau. She came running down with it on her arm, and throwing her arms around my neck, burst into tears. As I knew these tears did her good, I let her cry them out, and as soon as they could be dried away, she put on her shawl, found it all right, and, though I say it, there was never a finer looking nor a happier woman in the world, than my wife at that moment.

We walked up to the head of the broad aisle, in presence of the whole congregation, to our pew, next to the minister's, and it would have done your heart good to have heard her sweet, clear, ringing voice, making the responses; she seemed especially desirous that all the congregation should know what a miserable sinner she was, and how, "she had done the things she ought not to have done;" and when the service was over, she had a kind word for every one, especially was she anxious for the health of Mrs. Bowline, and all her children, and on the church steps she lingered to speak to all her neighbors, high and low, far and near; so it was pretty well advertised, before we got home, that my wife had a splendid shawl, the prettiest bonnet, and the richest silk dress ever seen in the parish. As for poor Mrs. Tom Bowline, her dinner was spoilt for one day. Nor was she the only woman made miserable by my wife's finery. Many an old cloak and shawl, which in the morning was thought good enough to last another winter, was now taken off with a feeling of absolute loathing. The wives of all the parish praised me to their husbands, as "such a kind man," "one who loved to see his wife look like somebody;" and the daughters teased their fathers for new bonnets and shawls, so that I was abundantly abused on all hands, by the men for spending all my money on my wife's back; and when the secret leaked out what my wife's shawl cost, for I took care to hide Brigg's bill were my wife was sure to find it, the admiration of the women, and the contempt of the men, rose to the highest pitch. One thing is certain—never had the parish church worn such a fashionable air before as it did that winter. "Now," said the Captain, with a thump on the table that made the glasses dance, "there's my method of treating women with the hysterics. And I will give you, sir," addressing the priest, "the exact proportions of spice to be put into a pint of wine, and in your next edition of *Conjugal Love*, I beg you will put it in as Captain Weatherfield's Remedy. Women will sometimes be cross-grained; it can't be helped! but instead of breaking up all the relations of husband and wife, mother and child, the most terrible of calamities, let everybody try my prescription—a pint of mulled wine taken warm on going to bed, and a Cashmere shawl in the morning—and I pledge you my life it will work wonders. There never need be another divorce on that score—don't you think so?" said the Captain, turning briskly to Peter.—[Peter Schlemil in America.]

Choice Miscellany.

DEATH-BED OF JACOB BOEHMEN.

BY REV. R. S. BROOKE.

"And thus I shadow out the enthusiast mystic of the first sort—viz: the harmless species; at the head of which stand the illuminated Teutonic Theosopher Jacob Boehmen." SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

The circumstances attending the death of this great philosophic mystic of the sixteenth century, are faithfully detailed in the following lines.

WHEN, within the walls of Gorlitz, the Teutonic mystic lay,
Circled by his weeping dear ones, watching till he passed away:
When, with coming death contending, the reluctant flame of life,
Leaping in its silver socket, scarce maintained the dubious strife.

It was daybreak, and the crimson of the purple skies had come,
Like a spirit, through the lattice, flushing all the sick man's room—
Lighting up his bright features, calm as marble sculpture-wrought,
With something like their former tone of life and lofty thought.

Broader, brighter broke the morning, and the crimson hues are gone;
And, blazing all with gems and gold, upheaves God's glorious sun;
Was it this that stayed the life-tides, as they slowly ebbed away?
Was it this that checked the spirit ere it soared to endless Day?

And the dying man upspoke and said: "Ope the door, that I may hear
That soft music which is ringing wild and sweet within my ear.
Hear you not that strain excelling? Blessed sound! it sinks and falls—
Oh, Lord of Hosts, 'tis thy still voice which to my spirit calls!

"Oh! strength of Love—oh! Life of death—my God, 'above this hour
Lift me. Oh, Saviour, strong the waves, but stronger is thy power!"
Then to the wall he turned his face. "Now I go hence," he cried,
"To paradise to meet my Lord." And simply thus he died.

And was it not a marvel in such an hour to see
How God did loose the fetters of his mind's long phantasy?
How one like him, so over-wrought, who had leaped beyond all rules,
To plunge in depths untrod alike by sages and by fools—

"Rapt in the holy Sabbath"—"trod the center and the ground
Of man's hidden nature"—"shadowed over with a mystery profound"—
"Heard the tones, and felt the touch of God"—"in seven day's vision dim
Saw the Spirit throned in thousand lights"—"held his peace, and worshiped Him."

To think that such a mind and man, on this his dying day,
Like a river issuing bright and swift from weeds which clogged its way,
Heard but the Heavenly Shepherd's voice, as the vale he trod,
Then laid him down like some dear child, and slept, to wake with God.

NOTE.—For a picture of Boehmen's extraordinary and interesting mind, the reader is referred to Coleridge's exquisite "Parable" in the "Aids of Reflection," and under the head of "Mystics and Mysticism."

* "After the fire, a still small voice."—1 Kings, xix., 12.

† Some of Boehmen's extravagant doctrines.

THE WAR OF MIND.

MAN is doomed to fight in some mode or other for ever. When the sword is sheathed, the tongue is unsheathed; and when the tongue is at rest, the pen is engaged. But war, like everything else in nature, is susceptible of refinement, and by means of the application of a series of polishes, the thing which in its rude and natural state is a great and unmixed evil, may actually

become the source of the most exquisite enjoyment.

There can be no enjoyment to a mind of any refinement in the physical conflicts of the field of battle, nor can there be any satisfaction derived by such a mind from the railing and abusive controversies of bigotry in politics or religion; for enmity reigns supreme over these arenas of contention, and the defeat, the death, the ruin, the confusion, and misery of the vanquished, constitute the glory and happiness of the conqueror. But yet we must not be too hasty in condemning the principle of battle in the abstract, for it is easy to conceive the possibility of deriving both benefit and instruction, health and enjoyment of mind and body, from the amicable conflicts of generous and enlightened friends on the field of physical and intellectual emulation, discussion, and controversy. The principle of contention must not be condemned, but only the abuse of it. The principle of everything is right, and lasts for ever; and the evil modification of the principle alone is that which may or can be annihilated. Heaven itself may be represented as the scene of active controversy on the mysteries of Nature for ever, but of controversy refined and beautified by the laws of good manners, and by the generous impulses of a liberal and an enlightened spirit. But such wars and such controversies as we have at present, are merely manifestations of the evil aspect of the principle which they represent—the principle of action and reaction, which is the soul of society.

The evils of controversy are everywhere developed in this world, for the subject matter is intimately mixed up with the overwhelming interests of a selfish and an unsocial existence, which open or shut the eyes or the ears of men to the truths or opinions that float about in society, in proportion as the reception of them is likely to influence the pecuniary or social condition of the thinker. A rich nobleman does not think of becoming a charlatan; because by so doing he loses *caste*, or social rank, and, moreover, gives encouragement to a doctrine subversive of his own interests. For corresponding reasons, a poor handloom weaver cannot hold the opinions of the rich nobleman. Controversy between two such men, therefore, is interminable. It is not pure controversy, not the controversy that leads to the discovery of truth; for the ears and eyes of both parties being partially shut, the truth can never be perceived by either. They are both blind of an eye. Hence the tendency to fight with physical weapons, when an opportunity occurs. If both eyes and ears were opened, the necessity for the use of physical weapons would be superseded.

The case of a Roman and a Protestant Christian is precisely analogous. The one will not hear the other. Their ears are stopped; neither will yield one jot or tittle; and in the heat of intellectual battle, they very often deny that there is any truth or goodness whatever on the other side. This uncharitable antagonism would be exceedingly amusing in monkeys, but it is frightful in men; for the very sight of it alone, independent of the subject matter of debate, is sufficient to show that the controversy is interminable. Set John of Tuam on the one side, and Hugh McNeile on the other, to discuss a great question of Christian doctrine, and the result is the same as putting equal weights in the scale of a balance. The ears and eyes of both are shut. A sectarian cannot see a truth in direct opposition to his own church; or, if he do, he feels conscientiously bestirred to question it, to evade it, to modify it, to clip it, to prune it, to dress it up in his own livery, and send it out against his opponent. The controversy thus becomes a display of ingenuity—in paring, and clipping, and dressing up truths and errors to make them conform, or not conform, as the argument demands. This is not pure controversy. There can be no such thing until the ears and eyes of men are opened.—[English Periodical.]

TRAGEDY at first was nothing more than a song, sung at certain festivals; and even among the English it was at one time used to designate any narration that had an unhappy ending, or was of a serious nature.

MY BOYHOOD'S HAPPY HOME.

ONCE more I tread the much-loved spot,
Where I in youth have play'd;
And see the well-known fields again,
O'er which so oft I've stray'd.
Glad welcome sounds on every hand,
But yet I'm dull and sad;
Something, alas! is wanting still
To make my heart feel glad.

The quaint old church looks still the same,
The parson's house is here;
The mill is turning as of old,
The stream still flows as clear.
But where are they that watched o'er me,
That soothed me into rest;
And first instilled the holy word
Into my youthful breast?

Yes, where are they? Can they be gone,
While all the rest remain?
'Tis true—upon a fresh tombstone
I trace the hallowed name!
My bosom swells with grief, as o'er
The sacred spot I roam;
The tie is gone which binds me to
My boyhood's happy home.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

THERE is very little in America of what we understand by acquaintanceship. Intercourse leads to friendship, or it leads to nothing, it being contrary to an American's nature to feel indifferent, and yet look cordial. Having none of the sympathies, he has none of the antipathies of class; his circle is his country; and in that circle, admitting of no superiors, he sees none but equals. Not but that there are in America many who are superior, in the share which they possess of all the conventional ingredients of a gentleman, to the great bulk of their countrymen, and to whom cultivated society is more grateful than that which is rude and undisciplined. The distinction of polish and refinement is all the difference that is discernible on the surface of American society, there being no exclusiveness of feeling, or isolation of sympathy concealed beneath a polished exterior. The American is first and essentially an American, and then a gentleman: with him refinement is not the enamel which conceals what is beneath, but the polish which brings out the real grain, exhibiting him in a better light, but ever in the same character. I have often been struck with the readiness with which the ease and frankness characteristic of American intercourse have led parties to an unreserved interchange of views and sentiments, although they might have come from the most remote parts of the country, and had never seen each other before. How can it be otherwise, when the Georgian can put himself at once into the position of the Missourian, and the resident of Louisiana find in himself the counterpart of the inhabitant of Maine? It is this ease of manner which so frequently offends the stranger, who does not comprehend its origin; that which is the natural result of the universality of feeling and sympathy in America, is regarded as an impudent liberty with us, when a member of one class dares to address one of another in those terms of familiarity which nothing but a community of interest and sentiment can render tolerable. An American can be as reserved as any body else, when he comes in contact with one whom he does not understand, or who will not understand him; and this is the reason why so many travelers in America, who forget to leave their European notions of exclusiveness at home, and traverse the republic wrapped in the cloak of European formalism, find the Americans so cold in their demeanor, and erroneously regard their particular behavior to themselves as the result of a general moodiness and reserve.—[The Western World, by A. Mackay.]

On one occasion La Fayette resigned the command of the National Guard, and entered an evening party in the dress of a private. "What, general!" exclaimed the guests, "we thought you were commander of the National Guard?" "Oh!" said he, "I was tired of obeying, and therefore entered the ranks of the privates."

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

I CANNOT help taking notice of an opinion which many persons entertain, as if the taste were a separate faculty of the mind, and distinct from the judgment and imagination: a species of instinct by which we are struck naturally, and at the first glance, without any previous reasoning, with the excellencies or the defects of a composition. So far as the imagination and the passions are concerned, I believe it true that the reason is little consulted; but where disposition, where decorum, where congruity are concerned—in short, wherever the best taste differs from the worst, I am convinced that the understanding operates, and nothing else; and its operations are in reality far from being always sudden, or when they are sudden, they are often far from being right. Men of the best taste, by consideration, come frequently to change their early precipitate judgment, which the mind, from its aversion to neutrality and doubt, loves to form on the spot. It is known that the taste (whatever it is) is improved exactly as we improve our judgments, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise. They who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly; and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any sudden irradiation that in a moment dispels all darkness from their minds. But they who have cultivated that species of knowledge which makes the object of taste, by degrees and habitually, attain not only a soundness, but a readiness of judgment, as men do by the same methods on all other occasions. At first they are obliged to spell, but at last they read with ease and with celerity; but this celerity of its operation is no proof that the taste is a distinct faculty. Nobody, I believe, has attended the course of a discussion which turned upon matters within the sphere of mere naked reason, but must have observed the extreme readiness with which the whole process of the argument is carried on, the grounds discovered, the objections raised and answered, and the conclusions drawn from premises, with a quickness altogether as great as the taste can be supposed to work with; and yet where nothing but plain reason either is or can be suspected to operate. To multiply principles for every different appearance is useless, and unphilosophical too in a high degree.—[Burke.]

ERROR RESPECTING EATING FRUIT.

IN the last quarterly return on the state of public health, some notice is taken of the common notion that dysentery, and other diseases of the sort, are occasioned at this season by eating fruit. That it is an error, is established by the fatality of these diseases to infants at the breast, to the aged, to persons in prison and public institutions, who procure no fruit, and by many such facts as the following, reported about the middle of the last century by Sir John Pringle in his classical account of the diseases of the campaign in Germany:—Nearly half the men were ill or had recovered from dysentery a few weeks after the battle of Dettingen, which was fought on the 27th of June, 1743. The dysentery, the constant and fatal epidemic of camps, began sooner this season than it did in any succeeding campaign. Now, as the usual time of its appearance is not before the latter end of the summer or the beginning of autumn, the cause has been unjustly imputed to eating fruit to excess. But the circumstances here contradict that opinion; for this sickness began and raged before any fruit was in season except strawberries (which, from their high price, the men never tasted,) and ended about the time the grapes were ripe; which, growing in open vineyards, were freely eaten by everybody. To this add the following incident. Three companies of Howard's regiment, which had not joined us, marched with the king's baggage from Ostend to Hanau, where, arriving a night or two before the battle, and having orders to stop, encamped for the first time at a small distance from the ground that was afterwards occupied by the army. These men had never been exposed to

rain or lain wet; by this separation from the line they were also removed from the contagion of the privies; and having pitched close upon the river, they had the benefit of a constant stream of fresh air. By means of such favorable circumstances, it was remarkable that, while the main body suffered greatly, this little camp almost entirely escaped, though the men breathed the same air, the contagious part excepted, ate the same victuals, and drank the same water. This immunity continued for six weeks, until the army removed from Hanau, when these companies joined the rest, and encamping in the line, were at last infected, but suffered little, as the flux was then so much on the decline. Fruit, potatoes, and green vegetables are essential parts of the food of man; and it is only when taken to excess that, like other articles of diet, they disorder the stomach.

A MEDICINE AGAINST DROWSINESS.—In an excursion made in the winter of 1702-3, from St. John's to the Bay of Bulls, Captain (the late General) Skinner forming one of the party, we had, on our return, to cross a large lake, over the ice, some miles in extent. When about the middle, Captain Skinner informed me that he had long been severely pinched by the cold, and found an irresistible drowsy fit coming on. I urged him to exertion, representing the fatal consequences of giving way to this feeling, and pointing out the state in which his wife and family would be found should the party arrive at St. John's without him. These thoughts roused him to exertion for some time; but, when he had reached the margin of the lake, he gave way, and declared he was utterly unable to struggle further, delivering at the same time, what he considered his dying message to his family. As there happened to be some bushes near the spot, I broke off a branch, and began to thrash my fellow-traveler with it; at first, without much apparent effect, but, at length, I was delighted to find that my patient winced under my blows, and at length grew angry. I continued the application of the stick until he made an effort to get up and retaliate. He was soon relieved from the torpor, and, as we were now but a few miles from St. John's, I pushed on before the party, leaving the captain under their especial care. I left, also, the stick, with strong injunctions that it should be smartly applied in the event of the drowsiness returning. I soon reached the town, and had some warm porter, with spice, prepared against the arrival of my friends; with this and considerable friction he was enabled to proceed home, where he arrived, perfectly recovered. He himself related the story at the Earl of St. Vincent's table, at Gibraltar, many years afterward, expressing at the same time, much gratitude for the beating he had received.—[Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Sir J. J. Brenton.]

FINE CRITICISM.—Endymion is an ecstatic dream of poetry—a flush—a fever—a burning light—an involuntary outpouring of the spirit of poetry, that will not be controlled. Its movements are the starts and boundings of the young horse before it has felt the bit; the first flight of the young bird, feeling and exulting in the powers with which it is gifted, but not yet acquainted with their use or extent. It is the wanderings of the butterfly in the first hour of its birth, not as yet knowing one flower from another, but only that all are flowers. Its similitudes come crowding upon us from delightful things. It is the May-day of poetry, the flush of blossoms and weeds that start up at the first voice of spring. It is the skylark's hymn to the daybreak, involuntarily gushing forth as he mounts upward to look for the fountain of that light which has awakened him. It is as if the Muses had steeped their child in the waters of Castaly, and we beheld him emerging from them, with his eyes sparkling and his limbs quivering with the delicious intoxication, and the precious drops scattered from him into the air at every motion, glittering in the sunshine, and casting the colors of the rainbow on all things around.

An equivocation is worse than a lie, for it is a lie guarded.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1849.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

WE, some months since, had a conversation with Prof. Lewis, touching the education and discipline of children, when he advanced some very strange doctrines. Mr. Lewis is well known as the Greek Professor in the New-York University, and editor of a volume of the Platonic writings, published two or three years ago in this city. We had never seen the Professor before, but held him in high esteem, on account of his supposed acquaintance with, and love of the distinguished sage of ancient Greece.

We had supposed the Professor to be a man of progress—of enlarged and liberal views of things, and far more likely to live in the future than the past. We were disappointed; and the peculiar and wild thoughts of Mr. Lewis, particularly on the subject of the government of children, are an anomaly in this age.

The Professor insists that in the government of children, we should go back to the old Hebrew customs, and punish *filial disobedience with death*. According to him the world has made no advancement on the past, but has rather retrograded; that the liberality, generosity and mercy which have been blended with the laws and institutions of modern civilization, are rather to be condemned than approved; and that the sanguinary and barbarous laws of the ancient world are precisely what degenerate society needs to-day. "Let one child," said the Professor, "who disobeys his parents, be punished with death by our laws, and what a salutary effect would be produced? What terror would it strike through the hearts of disobedient children, and with how much greater ease would the filial government be carried on?"

This is, no doubt, a horrible and infernal doctrine, and few will believe that any man in this enlightened age could be found who would hazard the utterance of such an abhorrent sentiment. But while we reprobate this doctrine as unchristian and savage, will it not be well for us to consider whether our modern notions on the government of children are not also excessive and extreme in the other direction? If the theory of Professor Lewis is cruel and horrible, the prevailing "moral suasion" doctrines bid fair to leave no parental government at all.

Children have no reason, and consequently must be governed by *force*. Just as soon as a parent begins to reason with his child, he loses his authority and power to govern. The child should believe the parent *infallible*; and the parent, on his part, should give no reason whatever for his command, but insist on its being obeyed, without question and without hesitation. And all this may be done without severity—without unkindness, and without a harsh word. A gentle and firm hand is all that is requisite.

A child who is always taught to regard the command of its parent as absolute and final, will rely with more confidence on the parent's judgment, and trust more confidently to his benevolence, and will love him with a devotion and intensity which will always secure obedience. Hence we find that those parents only have loving and obedient children, who govern absolutely, and by *force*; while the children of the "moral suasionists" are generally disobedient, and without filial affection.

While, therefore, we reject Professor Taylor Lewis' theory with horror, we are by no means ready to go to the opposite extreme of no government. The family is no doubt the foundation of government, and the authority of the parent is the

basis of the authority of the State. In other words, the government of the State will always be the reflex of that of the families composing it. Indeed, the whole superstructure of the State is based and rests upon the family. See the importance, then, of having the family government right. The training of children, therefore, is the most important subject which can engage our attention and command our consideration. To have a well regulated household should be the highest ambition of a parent. There is no spectacle so beautiful and lovely as that which is presented by dutiful, loving and obedient children. They make home a paradise. The father's foot-fall, as he returns from his business, is hailed with exclamations of joy, and his appearance is greeted with embraces and kisses. "Happy is the home which is in such a case"—happy are those children who recognise the absolute authority of the parent.

HEALTH-INSURANCE AND ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

THE Boston Odd-Fellow, of last week, has the following judicious remarks, which, we need not say, meet our entire approval. It has long been our opinion that these health-insurance companies were little better than public swindlers:

"THE TABLES TURNED.—One of the greatest hindrances to the progress of Odd-Fellowship, for the last two years, has been the rise and multiplication of Health Insurance Offices. These have offered greater apparent inducements, on the score of pecuniary benefits, than the Order of Odd-Fellows could afford; thus many who would have joined our Order have been deterred, and benefits accruing from mere health insurance, have been sought at the sacrifice of the richer advantages connected with a social and charitable institution, spread over a large part of the world. But the experiment has been tried, and health insurance has not given satisfaction. The policies issued have been next to worthless to the holders, because the offices, which are generally managed by the meanest men in the community, are so reluctant at paying losses, that those who are justly entitled to them, abandon their claims rather than to contend for them. Such is the feeling in many neighborhoods where health insurance was quite popular a year ago, that an agent of one of these humbugging, sponging concerns, would be hissed at as he passed by, and he might think himself fortunate to escape without riding on a wooden horse.

"The inquiry now is 'what does Odd-Fellowship promise?' The answer is at the tongue's end of every intelligent member of our Order. 'It promises and secures, for the same amount of premium, advantages vastly superior to any other provident institution.' In the first place there are the social benefits, those to be derived from an extended and select acquaintance. In the second, the watchful care of brothers in sickness, and in health. Then there are the weekly benefits to the sick, and the provisions made for funeral charges, and care of widows and orphans of deceased members. Odd-Fellowship promises and performs this, while health insurance companies only promise to pay a weekly allowance to a person insured, providing he can prove that he never was sick till the time he took out his policy, and that he was down sick and no mistake, during the time for which he claims damages. There are so many *ifs* and *ands*, so many doctor's certificates, and in short, so many holes to creep out of, that it may be safely said, that the health insurance does not perform the little which it does promise. The public begin to understand it so, and to appreciate the vastly superior merits of Odd-Fellowship."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AT FINESVILLE, N. J.—On Thursday, the 5th inst., we made a visit to Finesville, and attended a public meeting of the Order in the evening. This little village is pleasantly situated among the hills in the valley of the Delaware, and depends chiefly on manufacturing. The Lodge consists of about forty members, and appears to be in a good condition. The brethren are intelligent and active, full of zeal, and desirous of doing their part in the great work of Odd-Fellowship. We put up at the hotel of Bro. Hagen, where we also enjoyed the pleasant society of Bro. Dr. John Leavitt. The lecture was well attended, and the audience listened with much apparent interest.

CHARITY AS CONNECTED WITH ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

An Address delivered before Lackawanna Lodge No. 238, I. O. O. F., Rondout, Feb. 13, 1849.

THE few remarks I intend to make will be confined to the two questions:

1. What is charity? 2. How is it to be understood in our Order?

The word Charity, in a general sense, means love, benevolence, good will; that disposition of heart which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow men, and do them good. Accompany this disposition with an active desire to promote their happiness, and you have benevolence; add to both the affections of your heart, and you possess brotherly love.

Of all the virtues that humanity and the spirit of our institution demand of an Odd-Fellow, none is more easy in its practice, and hence none more generally noticed by the community at large, than charity. What is easier for a man than to divide, here and there, a small portion of his substance with the poor and needy—a portion which otherwise would, perhaps, be spent to less useful purposes?

But is this, by itself, virtue? We might be charitable to rid ourselves of an importunate intruder—give, as a kind of ransom, for the momentary good feeling awakened in our bosom, by the sight of misery and distress; we throw our mite to them more for our than their sakes. This is not true charity. Often, too, men are charitable because they are rich; and it leads them to think mightily well of themselves—how happy they are, compared with this or that poor man—how little a few dollars will affect their easy circumstances. Now this class of benefactors care little whom they benefit with their charity; worthy or unworthy subject is all one to them. This is not true charity. Again, many give because, in these days of progress and civilization, a man dare not be hard-hearted toward the poor, without exposing himself to censure and disrepute in community. It is fear that stimulates them to be charitable, not love; it is to public opinion that they make a sacrifice, rather than to the poor. The giving of a shilling is so little, but to refuse the shilling might injure them; hence almost everybody is more or less inclined to charity. But such is not true charity.

Be not deceived, brethren, with many that act charitably. It is more a matter of good breeding than a virtue. Their standing and relation in society is the main mover of their deeds; the spirit of true charity never entered their bosoms. Be not deceived, brethren. It is too true that our actions, as a body, are often better than ourselves; that at times we are charitable and generous, without possessing the true spirit of those virtues; hence Christ prized the poor widow's penny higher than all the gold of the Pharisees.

Charity becomes a virtue only when our willingness to give springs from an inward participation in the misfortunes of the needy and the afflicted; and at the same time it be applied to a worthy subject, with the intention to relieve, or at least alleviate his sufferings as much as it is in our power so to do.

But our good will and charitable deeds require one more caution. In order to be truly charitable we must spare no pains to learn how our gifts may be applied to the best advantage, and to do the most good, i. e., in the distribution of our gifts we must be prudent and wise, for there is danger that any virtue practiced without prudence and wisdom may do more harm than good.

True charity, my brethren, has her seat within the heart; she is planted there by our Creator, as one of those nobler sentiments, the exercise of which elevates man to his proper sphere, and not only makes him social and humane, but yields him peace and happiness. She is one of the main sources from which spring all the nobler sentiments of the human race.

A selfish man may be inoffensive, but he will never be truly charitable as long as he is selfish. He may quiet his conscience, that in paying his poor tax he has done all that is necessary for the support of the poor; while perhaps he knows that in the next house an honest, yet timid family are in want of bread, and he heeds them not. Let us compare such a man with the truly benevolent philanthropist at the close of their respective daily avocations; the one making an idol of his own dear self, the other, humble and lowly, thanking his Creator that on that very day, perhaps, he was enabled to do good to his fellow man without ostentation and outward show. Will not the angel of peace watch over his couch, lest some malignant spirit poison his holy pursuit at the next rising sun?

Without true charity no other virtue is possible. Its practice and meaning, while they are laudable and necessary, should be distinctly understood by all, but more especially by an Odd-Fellow.

Now there is no government in the world without some law or other to protect the poor. There is no man, whether rich or poor, who does not desire, nay, feel proud of the name to be called charitable and benevolent. But it is evident, and generally admitted that all the laws a government can make in relation to the poor, are inadequate and insufficient to the purpose. The difficulty is mainly this: that no civil law can ever find the point where to establish the line between the worthy and the unworthy sufferer—between the timid and the bold. He who, by misfortune or disease, is thrown on the public charity, is likely to meet in the poor-house a companion whom he would have shunned in society, as a man void of principle, enslaved to his passions and appetite, which reduced him to want. There is something degrading in this, to which a good man, though poor, will not submit; and rather than share the society of the wicked, he will not ask the county for support, but stay at home, if he has a home, and suffer; and where is the civil law to relieve him, over and above ten dollars? This picture needs no argument to establish its reality. Look around you, brethren, and you may find similar cases, perhaps in your immediate neighborhood.

But if civil law is inadequate to the wants of the poor, the needy and the afflicted, then must the philanthropist step in and supply the deficiency. This maxim was true centuries ago, and hence we find at the remotest state of civilization, benevolent societies of divers casts and names, but all resting on one and the same basis, which is, "that my fellow man shall not suffer if I can prevent it." As the race increased, so did the institutions of benevolence, and among them stands conspicuous the Order of Odd-Fellowship, almost generally acknowledged as an institution elevating in its principles, moral in its tendency, prominent in its efficiency, and tried in its expediency. A true Odd-Fellow must be charitable and benevolent; and this leads me to the second question prefacing these remarks: "How is it to be understood in our Order?"

Ours is a happy lot, my brethren. The good we intend is not based on selfish motives or narrow abstractions. We do not discuss or practice charity on utilitarian principles. We don't ask where a man is borne before we assist him in distress; our motto is, "First our brother, next the whole world."

Be it ever far from us, that false charity that only gives to be noticed. Never shall the truly needy be sent away from an Odd-Fellow's door without help; and while it is our duty to assist a brother in distress, we are morally bound to extend our munificence and bounty to our fellow men to the best of our abilities; and the reward will for ever dwell in our own conscience.

The wise and good of former ages have gained the admiration of the world by their noble deeds; but none were ever truly great, if charity and benevolence were not the primary movers of their actions. A retrospective view of the history of the past gives

us the most striking proofs, that without the practice of charity no nation ever prospered, no man was ever truly happy. If a man be not charitable, he must be selfish—if he be not benevolent, and cares nothing for the welfare of his fellow men, he must be proud. There is no medium between the two. I have said that without the practice of charity no nation ever prospered, no man was ever truly happy. Can any one read the writings of our immortal Washington without being convinced of this fact; without being filled with esteem and veneration for the father of his country? Every word, every sentence, breathes the spirit of love and charity. To free his beloved country, his oppressed fellow citizens, from the absolutism of a foreign king, to render them free, happy and prosperous, with the least possible sacrifice of human life—this was his aim, and after he so gloriously attained it, he retires from the scene, ever continuing his charitable deeds in humble retirement.

It is not my place to expound the life of a Washington, but I would merely point at him as the greatest model of a virtuous man known in history since the time of Christ. And let me tell you, that for the observer of the human character, one fact remains incontrovertible, and too clear to admit of dispute; that his spirit still lives within the heart of this people—and may it never die, that spirit of charity so successfully engrafted in their bosoms, and in a great measure is due, by the grace of Almighty God, the unparalleled prosperity of this infant nation.

But while we profess before the world that charity is one of the main attributes of our Order, is it not our duty to make it manifest by our deeds? should we not, must we not act accordingly, or fall? What can be thought of a man who professes one thing and doeth another—who blows hot and blows cold, in one breath—who receives you in his arms with the fashionable phrase, "*O, my dear friend, how happy I am to see you!*" while to himself, he says, "*I wish you were in China!*" Should you ever meet with such a character, would it not strike you at once that he had never entered an Odd-Fellows' hall? and if he did, he is an unworthy member.

Within these walls we are told that charity is one of the main features of our Order. So it is; but it is not all, and the mere practice of it, without the true moving cause, is not sufficient, and, apt to degenerate, our Order demands that we should understand the moving cause, the why and wherefore, and what is it. Let us reason for a moment. It is a self-evident truth, believed by all, that man was created to be happy, and to render others happy—created to do good. No one ever denies this. We, collectively, like any other religious and benevolent institution, are summoned to do our share in the great work of ameliorating mankind; we have all voluntarily assumed this responsibility, hence we must be charitable and humane, not because the cause demands it, not because others are, not because of an expected reward, but because it has become our imperative duty, because we are initiated in the purity of its motives, because we cannot be worthy Odd-Fellows without being charitable men; and thus, my brethren, I understand charity, as connected with our Order.

A certain man once went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead; and by chance, first a certain Priest, and then a Levite, came also down that way. Both saw the helpless sufferer, covered with blood, but they passed on the other side of the road, and went their way and left him.

Now let us pause for a moment, and ask who were the Priests and Levites of those days? They were the officers of the Jewish Church; they considered themselves the very perfection of human society; in their conceit, none were holy and good but they. From the high position which many of them so unworthily occupied, they looked down on their fellow-men, as being their inferiors, treated

them with contempt, and called them corrupt and wicked.

Vice, like virtue, is contagious; and while the spirit of a Washington has descended to us, in the full rays of its splendor, so the spirit of the Levite is, spider-like, creeping its way to, alas! too many little souls. They are those that style themselves the exclusives; and, comparatively few as they are in numbers, they never have been the friends of Odd-Fellows.

But the whole story is not told yet. We left the poor man half dead, by the wayside. Soon after this Priest and Levite had passed by, without tendering him their sympathy and aid, not even a word of consolation, behold, there came a Samaritan, a stranger, one of the sect of the city of Samaria; and when he saw the wounded, he had compassion on the man. He went and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him; and on the morrow, before he parted, he left money with the host, and said, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I return I will repay thee."

Need I tell you which of the three travelers was the Odd-Fellow, if not in name yet in the spirit? Our Saviour tells us, "Go thou and do likewise."

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS. -CIRCULAR.

To the I. O. of O. F. of the City of New-York:

BRETHREN: WE herewith transmit you a copy of the CONSTITUTION of the ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY, recently adopted by a Convention of your Representatives. Books of subscription will soon be opened and circulated, when it is confidently expected that most of the Odd-Fellows in this city will enter their names, and press our noble enterprise forward with earnest zeal.

We suppose that the subscription—i. e. the entrance fee of Fifty Cents each—will amount to nearly five thousand dollars, which sum will give the Institution an excellent start; while the annual dues of Fifty Cents will be ample for the future exigencies of the Library.

We cannot but hope, nay, we believe that every brother in this city will become a member of this Library, and thus be entitled to all its privileges. The price of admission is exceedingly small, as are also the annual dues, so that the poorest of our members can have access to it. It will be to them an intellectual treasure, more valuable than silver and gold, at which they can always apply, and whence they can draw a fund of enjoyment and solid peace, of which no reverses can rob them.

A LIBRARY, extensive and cheap, like the one we propose, will be invaluable to our Order. A great majority of the Odd-Fellows of this city are young men, and not a few of them are mechanics, who need the means of intellectual culture. The Library, with its books and popular lectures, is precisely what will supply this need. Its rooms will be a favorite place of resort. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, who have now no connection with any library, and no taste for reading at all, will here acquire a relish for intellectual pursuits, and become ambitious of obtaining those mental treasures which abide for ever.

W. H. DIKEMAN, Chairman.

A. C. L. ARNOLD, Secretary.
New-York, March 28, 1849.

CONSTITUTION OF THE NEW-YORK ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY.

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

THE Name of this Association is the "New-York Odd-Fellows' Library."

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

Any Odd-Fellow belonging to any recognised Lodge, may join this Library Society, and be entitled to its privileges on paying the sum of FIFTY CENTS entrance money, and the further sum of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS semi-annually—viz: on the first of June, and the first of December of each year—but if on the first of July or the first of January of each year, any dues shall remain unpaid, the delinquent shall cease to be entitled to the aforesaid privileges, until he shall have again paid FIFTY CENTS entrance money as a new member.

unless he be excused by the Trustees on account of sickness or absence from the city.

ARTICLE III.—REPRESENTATION OF THE ORDER.

This Library shall be directed by a Board of Ten Trustees, who shall be elected by Representatives from all the Lodges in which there are subscribers. The subscribers to the Library at the last semi-annual meeting in each Lodge, shall choose Representatives as follows: *Less than fifty subscribers, one Representative; over fifty and less than one hundred, two Representatives; over one hundred, three Representatives.* The Representatives so chosen shall meet in Convention once a year—viz: on the second Wednesday after their election in December, to hear the Report of the last Board of Trustees, and choose a new Board. The Convention shall deliberate concerning the Library, plans for its improvement and increase, and also concerning the intellectual instruction and entertainment of Odd-Fellows, and other modes. *Provided, nevertheless, that this Convention do now proceed to elect Ten Trustees to serve until the annual election.*

ARTICLE IV.—GOVERNMENT.

The Government and management of the Library shall be vested in the ten Trustees chosen by the aforesaid Representatives, which Trustees shall elect one of their number Chairman and another Secretary. They shall elect a Treasurer and appoint a Librarian from the Order at large.

ARTICLE V.—SALARY.

The Librarian shall receive such yearly salary, (payable quarterly,) and give such bonds as the Trustees may determine.

ARTICLE VI.—ROOMS.

Suitable rooms shall be provided for the Library in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, if possible—one apartment being devoted to the purposes of a Reading Room—the rent of which rooms, together with other necessary expenses, shall be provided for out of the funds of the Library.

ARTICLE VII.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The Chairman shall preside, and be entitled to a casting vote. The Secretary shall record the minutes of each meeting of the Trustees and Representatives, and prepare an annual statement to be presented to the Lodges, under the approval of the Trustees. The Treasurer shall give security in the sum of two thousand dollars for the safe-keeping and proper disbursement of funds, whether regularly received or by donation. He shall pay all drafts properly and legally made, and shall report each month to the Trustees the state of the Treasury.

ARTICLE VIII.—DUTIES OF LIBRARIAN.

It shall be the duty of the Librarian to take the entire charge of the Library. He shall purchase such books as are authorised or directed by the Trustees. He shall keep accurate lists of all books, pamphlets and magazines, and see that a yearly Catalogue is prepared for the use of the members. He shall also keep a record of all books presented to the Library, and the names of the donors. He shall register in a book kept in the Library, the names of all members, with their residences, and shall in no case deliver a book to any one till his name shall have been so registered. He shall carry out in minor matters, such regulations as may be made by the Trustees.

ARTICLE IX.—MEETINGS OF TRUSTEES, AND THEIR DUTIES.

The Trustees shall meet on the first Wednesday of each month for the transaction of the business of the Library. It shall be their duty to direct and authorise the purchase of books by the Librarian, and to give drafts on the Treasurer, signed by the Chairman and Secretary, in payment for the same. The ten Trustees shall constitute a *Board of Direction*, with full power to appropriate funds, enact by-laws, and conduct the affairs of the Library. In case any vacancy should occur, the Board shall have power to fill the same. The Trustees shall enter upon their duties immediately after their election by the Convention of Representatives.

ARTICLE X.—HONORARY MEMBERS.

Any person not a member of the Order, on being reported by the Librarian as having made a donation of Fifty Dollars, or books to that amount, shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Library as an honorary member, subject to the regulations of the Library.

ARTICLE IX.—AMENDMENTS.

No part of this Constitution shall be repealed, annulled, altered, or amended, unless a proposal in writing be submitted to the Representatives at their annual session, when, if two-thirds of the Representatives present vote in favor of the motion, it shall be adopted.

TRUSTEES OF THE N. Y. ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY.

W. H. Dikeman, Chn. (Compt'r's Office),	No. 107
A. C. L. Arnold, Sec'y, (office 44 Adu-st.)	" 331
Charles Rolfe,	" 126
E. S. Ralphs,	" 64
A. L. De Camp,	" 31
John J. Beecher,	" 234
James McClave,	" 9
C. J. Ketcham,	" 228
B. R. Barlow,	" 278
Lyman Cobb,	" 107

At a meeting of the Trustees held on the 26th of March, Brother JAMES HARPER was unanimously elected Treasurer.

Subscriptions and Donations will be received by either of the Trustees, for which a receipt will, in all cases, be given.

A subscription book is open at the office of the Grand Secretary, BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Esq., Odd-Fellows' Hall.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

WE have all read of the ingenious philosopher who would fain have instructed Rasselas, in the art of flying; his wings which were unable to support him in the air, were however, amply sufficient to save him from drowning when he had been precipitated into the lake. This is not a bad illustration of the folly of men, who set out in life with an egregiously erroneous estimate of their own capabilities. Many men entertain ambitious views, which their genius is insufficient to accomplish, for in the pursuit of fame, we aspire too high, and thus in our vain endeavors to grasp a shadow, we negligently forego possessing ourselves of the substantial reality. The capabilities of men are often like the wings of the philosopher, unable to realize his air drawn projects, but are still amply abundant to be an assistance to him in attaining a social position, alike honorable to himself, and serviceable to the community. Like nations, men have a destiny to fulfill, and for the most part it must be through a culpable negligence of their own interest, that they fail to attain that stand in society, to which their talents *justly* entitle them. In the absurdity of their vain-glory, petty intriguing politicians imagine that they possess acquisitions which would entitle them to fill the highest offices in the State; artists, sculptors, actors, all aim at being considered a great *maestro*, and thus they "fume and fret," and waste their time, their energies, and happiness, in the pursuit of an object, which to them, is but an *ignis fatuus*—a rank, and position which they do not really deserve. Let it not be supposed that these remarks apply to others than the vain-glorious aspirants for fame, and those who do not "know themselves;" far be it from us, to check by any means, the commendable exertions of those, whose views are bounded by reason and moderation; on the contrary, we deeply regret that disappointment but too often attends on their meritorious endeavors. The frustration of a man's projects, or all the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," should not deter him in prosecuting his social or political progress; that ill success, which men so often meet in life, should rather stimulate him to more energetic action, act as an incentive to perseverance, and mould his capabilities to the form most adapted for the eventual attainment of success.

Yet in this "battle of life," we frequently behold the finest talents unappreciated, and overwhelmed by the blighting influence of adversity, and neglect, the kindly affections of the heart scorched by the searing blast of poverty; "while the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while." The struggles of life are oppressive, but we are all subject to the same vicissitudes of fortune, alternately prosperity or adversity, the latter should engender perseverance, and to the disappointed, we will add, struggle, hope—yes, hope on, hope for ever.

THE ORDER IN INDIANA.—A correspondent says that Columbia Lodge, No. 58, of Indiana, is in a very flourishing condition. It is composed of excellent materials, and will command the respect of the community.

Glances at Men of Seventy-six.—No. 1.

BY WINSLOW TRACY.

PATRICK HENRY.

"It is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun shines through the darkest clouds,
So honor 'feareth in the meanest habits.'"

AMONG those of our proud land who have reared for themselves on the solid foundation of real merit, a fame which shall stand, a monument of glory, "amid the solitudes of time," no one has commenced lower and risen higher than Patrick Henry. In claiming for Mr. Henry this proud station, I would not detract in the least from the dearly-bought and well-deserved fame of his worthy compatriots; many of whose names appear more conspicuous on the page which records the great events of our country's history. In the hearts of their countrymen, in the thanks and plaudits of the millions who are yet to come along the track of the future, to enjoy these glorious privileges and civil liberties, there is glory and honor enough for them all. Their names have not been written in the sand, that the first gale that sweeps along the plain might bury them in oblivion. They have been interwoven with the very fabric of our free government, and can be erased only when that shall have crumbled and wasted away in the vortex of political dissolution.

The heroism of a Washington might lead a brave people to victory. The wisdom of a Jefferson direct the decisions of sage legislators; but it required the eloquence of a Henry to arouse that feeling of patriotism which prompted the heroes of Seventy-six to that soul-trying struggle for freedom. And when the American people cease to do honor to his name, we shall behold them in chains—weeping at the tomb-stone of liberty. He was the first American legislator who opposed the odious and obnoxious stamp act. When the Continental Congress had assembled, he first dared to break through the gloomy cloud of fearful anxiety which overhung that venerable body, and portrayed with unequalled skill the oppression of the colonial wrongs. He first exclaimed, the "war is inevitable; let it come." He proposed and headed the first military movement in his own native State, in support of the cause of independence. He was the first Republican Governor of the State of Virginia. Then may we not agree with America's *great statesman*, in saying, "Mr. Henry certainly gave the first impulse to the ball of the revolution?" That first impulse was given in a speech by Mr. Henry, in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, in which the character of the King, for the first time in America, was publicly arraigned and denounced. It was during this speech that he gave utterance to that memorable sentence, which created against him, from the minions of an arbitrary Prince, the cry of *Treason!* He said, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III. may profit by their example."

Patrick Henry is a prominent example that Greek and Latin alone do not form the man; that true greatness is native in the man, not dependent upon external conditions. At twelve years of age he was an idle fishing boy—at fifteen a clerk in a counting house—at twenty honestly delving the dusty earth with his own hands to obtain a livelihood—at twenty-four a bankrupt merchant—at twenty-seven suddenly bursting from obscurity into a rich popularity, by a bold, noble, and astonishing display of those mammoth powers of mind, which had so long remained shrouded in darkness by the mantle of his own sublime contemplation—at forty the first orator in America, and, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, "the greatest orator that ever lived."

There is something in genuine eloquence at once so supremely grand and majestic, as to constrain us to confess it the summit of human dignity. The artist may please the eye, the musician the ear, the poet the imagination, and the inspiring power of

song, and the sweet melody of the vocal harp, attuned in harmonized unison, may warble forth their loftiest strains, and gratify for a while the finer feelings of our nature; but it is left to the orator to combine *all* these supereminent powers in *thought, word, and action*; for the orator to strike all the pleasure-giving chords of our beings, nature, and make them vibrate symphonies of delight to the human heart.

The cunning of logic may convince the understanding. Eloquence does more. It unlocks the human heart, unhinges obstinacy, hurls down superstition, arouses to real and engaged activity, elevates, charms, and enraptures all the ennobling energies, sways the judgment, "and shakes the human soul."

Such was the power wielded by Patrick Henry; and never was a power wielded in a better cause, and with better success. His genius was an accurate mirror of the human heart, and reflected in all its *protean-like* shapes and chameleon hues, which enabled him to spring the chord appropriate to the occasion, and always command the feelings of his hearers. His eloquence came from the full fountain of his understanding, and flowed in a channel far superior to the splendid decorations of art, because it was nature's own.

At times, like the limpid stream, it purred along the grassy dale, murmuring in tones of silvery sweetness; then, in comic playfulness, dashing down some little steep; then swelling into a broad stream, winding and rolling onward through beautiful woodlands and verdant landscapes, enriched by the choicest evergreens of fancy, tintured by the various colorings of passion—then making many circumlocutions, unobstructed, in the extensive field of argument—then in matchless grandeur, like the roaring cataract, with boundless force, plunging down a huge precipice, overhung with high rocks and craggy mountains, or the deep torrent, swift and irresistible, overwhelming opposition in the depths of its waters. He did not resemble the eccentric meteor, which shoots along the sky, dazzles and sinks below the horizon, but exciting our wondering curiosity. Nor did he resemble the silvery moon, effulgent with borrowed light; but like the sun, he shone with his own original luster—like that emblem of superior greatness, he ever presented the same appearance. He was always the ardent lover of liberty—the patriot, the philanthropist, and the orator. He rose with the splendor of the morning sun, illuminated an ever-glorious day, and set amid the grandeur of moral sublimity.

His motives pure—his objects noble—his achievements great—he won Liberty for his countrymen, and immortality for himself.

His last appearance in public forms an anecdote which, as related by his biographer, is illustrative of the *whole* man. Thinking his country needed his services as a legislator, he offered himself as a candidate in his county. As he appeared to his constituents on the morning of the election, the people thronged about him in a mass, and gazed upon him with that feeling of awe and reverence with which the great and noble benefactors of mankind are ever beheld.

A clergyman present, raising his voice in reproof against the people, said, "Why do you follow Mr. Henry about with so much adoration—he is not a god, but a man."

Mr. Henry replied with a *pathos* which suffused all to tears who heard him. "No, no, indeed, my friend, I am not a god, but a poor *worm of the dust*, as fleeting and unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that floats over your field—it disappears, and is remembered no more for ever."

§§ "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE." We have received the republication of this valuable periodical for March. It contains its usual rich variety.

§§ "MRS. STEPHENS' NATIONAL MAGAZINE." We always receive this periodical with pleasure. It is well conducted, and always interesting.

THINGS IN MOBILE, ALA.

MOBILE, March 26th, 1849.

WITHIN the past ten days we have had all the gradations in our weather, from "Summer's heat to Winter's cold." Ten days ago summer had commenced in earnest. Ice cream, sodas, and ginger pop were all the rage. White hats and thin clothes were the fashion. To-day the tender bud of hope puts forth, to-morrow it blossoms, but the third day there comes a frost, a killing frost, and out it down. Now over-coats and furs are comfortable; ice cream and soda have taken their departure for a time, and hot whiskies are again in vogue. We have had a slight frost for two nights, but not enough to injure fruit. Notwithstanding the cold, however, we have green peas, cucumbers and strawberries in market, and we will soon have all the vegetables and fruits of the season. Our city, as usual, is alive with amusements. The John Smith is here with Stone & McCallow's mammoth circus, and, as usual, are drawing crowds; they leave on Saturday, bound north. Mad. Cailly undertook to give *one grand concert*, on Monday night, but it was no go. Your people may afford to give a dollar to hear Fanny Kemble read Shakspeare, because it is fashionable; but people are not quite so fashionable here, they think more of the "castings" than fashion; consequently the Madam had to postpone her concert, as she was too unwell to sing to twelve persons, including "dead-heads." Our theater closed about the 1st of February, after a miserable attempt at a season under the management of Deering, since which time our old friend Caldwell has sold it to two of our citizens for \$10,000, cash, and cheap at that. It is now open under the management of Tom Brown—don't you know Tom?—every body knows him here—he was a perfect novice in the business, but energy and perseverance will do wonders; he will soon be as familiar with contracting with the *profession* as he was with the cotton broker; be as intimate with traps, scenery, and the smell of orange peel, as he was with cotton samples, cheeks, and pony expresses. He opened with the Monplaisirs, and they proved a card. The Heron family are now the rage—they are "some pumpkins"—and I trust that Tom's pocket will be as well filled as his theater. Dodge with his splendid dioramas left yesterday, satisfied I presume with his visit here. Ex-President Polk passed through our city last week, and I have no doubt was perfectly satisfied and gratified at his reception; it was all any one could wish.

Our Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment meets on the 15th of April, at which time the elections take place. I will advise you of their doings.

Yours, in F., L. & T., ALPHA.

SAMARIA ENCAMPMENT, No. 14.—In our list of Encampments, published last week, we put the above mentioned Encampment down as *suspended*, which was an error. This Encampment was expelled previous to the decision of the G. L. U. S. on the validity of the new constitution of N. Y. S. Subsequently the members petitioned to the Grand Encampment of N. Y. to be reinstated, which was done by G. P. J. R. Taylor, in person. We would also state for the information of members in good standing, in this State, and members from other States that Samaria Encampment meets at the Grand Encampment Room, National Hall, Canal-street, on the 1st and 3d Saturday of every month until the 1st of May, after which the place of meeting will be in Rooms No. 88 Canal-street, and that the patriarchs would be happy to receive a visit from any brother who may wish to visit them. This Encampment is flourishing finely.

We are indebted for the above information to Bro. S. C. Moore, S. W. of Samaria Encampment.

GONE.—The *Symbol*, a paper published at Boston, has given up the ghost. The Yankee Blade, the excellent paper of our talented friend and brother, Mathews, has swallowed it up.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

ANOTHER arrival from the Old World, and a gossip of fourteen days news is the most important cargo brought by the Niagara. The sky looks rather dark over France—a new revolution is on the eve of bursting over that country, and God knows when and how it will terminate. Louis Napoleon is no better situated in the Presidential chair than Louis Philippe was on the throne of France. The modern Bonaparte despises the people, and has united with the aristocracy and the middle classes. He has already forgotten that he was elected President by the voice of the poor people of France. Capital punishment, concerning political affairs, was abolished by the glorious revolution of 1848, and now we see the guillotine restored in that country against the red republicans of the insurrection of June.

In Italy they are marching against their enemies, and the Republic of Rome continues to be united as ever. In Austria they have had a liberal constitution, and the war has not yet ended with the Hungarians.

ENGLISH COMMERCE.

The alarming state of Europe has created a great decline in all the commercial branches over England. The Cotton market was dull and depressed; but two days before the sailing of the Niagara, the news from India being more favorable, quite a reaction was created in all the principal articles of commerce in general.

ENGLAND.

The tory party has met with a failure in their peculiar burdens on land. Mr. D'Israeli is decided to bring forward his proposals again and again; but it remains to see to what point of depression agricultural produce will fall. The financial reform movement was supported by a small minority, and Mr. Cobden has lost all hopes of reducing the army and navy for the benefit of the State. There is a great movement in the House of Commons, in Order to disclergify Clergymen, and to abolish the infamous bill which condemns to imprisonment every minister of the English Church who preaches in dissenting Chapels. It seems that the great events in India have alarmed the government, and aroused the British feelings, so long kept in abeyance. England has united with France against any intervention in the affairs of Italy, and we believe that John Bull has plenty of troubles at home, without acquiring any more abroad.

IRELAND

Is continually starving, and ravaged by the cholera morbus. But in spite of the misery of the people, and the desolation of that unfortunate country, the Priests, the greatest scourge of the Island of Erin, have made large collections for the Pope, and robbed the poor Irish laborers of their last penny to pay mercenary troops to butcher the Romans, in order to restore the Pope on his Pontifical throne. When will the Irish, in general, imitate the Italians in throwing off the yoke of Roman hierarchy and English despotism? They have sacrificed their land, and abandoned their noble leaders in the sacred cause of Irish rebellion, and at present are willingly disposed to build, with their last penny, a tyrannical power over the Republic of Rome. *Oh! tempora! oh! mores!*

FRANCE

Is threatened with a bloody revolution. If the people are victorious in this attempt for ameliorating their situation, we do not know what great consequences will be derived from this social movement. Persecutions against true Republicans are attempted, as during royalty, and as the murderous instrument of human destruction, the guillotine, has been restored in France, I believe that it will disappear, not only with Louis Napoleon, but will carry away many thousands of new victims. Louis Napoleon had to use clemency, and to commute capital punishment to imprisonment for life; and this act of humanity and justice would have acquired for him the love and support of all the French population. He may return again to exile,

if he succeeds in escaping from the muskets of the fierce democrats of France, or from the guillotine. It is said that the army of the Alps has been increased, and in case Russia should persist in her war-like operations, the French army will cross the Alps and enter Italy. The State trials at Bourges are proceeding with great solemnity, and the abolition of clubs has been decided by the slender majority of 378 to 339, the division being taken by ballot.

ITALY

Is decided to have war with Austria. It seems that the Italians and the Magyars have formed a league against the enemies of their countries—the hateful Austrians. Charles Albert has prepared every thing for a new campaign, and all the other States of Italy are decided to enter the field of battle against their oppressors. The Italian army will consist of 800,000 men, while the national guard will remain in the cities and on the frontiers. The Holy Office of the Inquisition has been abolished in Rome, and over the Roman States. In the city of Faenza the people have burned down the palace, having seized and sealed all the important documents found in that nest of tortures. The Roman Government has given orders to demolish the Inquisition of Rome, and restored the miserable prisoners to liberty, and among them there was found a bishop, who had been buried in a dark and damp dungeon for thirty years. All the papers found at the Holy Office will be published in a short time, and certainly we shall know more about that infernal institution. Several bishops and cardinals were arrested for having attempted to excite the people against the Republican Government. Giuseppe Mazzini, the chief leader of *Young Italy*, it is said, will be named Dictator of the Republic of Rome.

HOLLAND

Has lost her king, but too soon found another, who, under the name of William III, has gladly succeeded his father, who died with the consolation of having reduced the country and public treasure to a state of misery. When Holland was a republic it was one of the greatest and richest nations on the earth; having a king, she is almost forgotten by the rest of the world, and has lost every vestige of ancient glory and grandeur.

AUSTRIA

Has a liberal and truly democratic constitution, decided and granted by the Assembly of Kremzier, for the whole Austrian empire. It is difficult to know how this constitution may work when reduced to practice; it will be a source of continual misunderstanding between the people and the Emperor. This constitution places in the hands of the Austrian people ample means of securing a name of political freedom, scarcely inferior to any other country in the world.

HUNGARY

Prosecutes a fiery war against Austria; they have adopted a guerilla warfare, and their union with the Italians will secure them great success.

GERMANY.

The cessation of the armistice between Prussia and Denmark has been officially announced to the foreign powers, and the Danes are firmly resolved to support what they call their rights, and to have a fight with the Germans. A correspondent in Berlin, however, on the 20th, writes that a proposal has been made to renew the armistice for three months.

THE ROMAN REPUBLIC

Is preparing to march against its enemies, and to sustain its independence to the last. An army of 15,000 men is marching to the frontier of Austria, to co-operate with the legions of Charles Albert, to expell the barbarians from the beautiful plains of Lombardy. Important documents, emanating from Gaeta, the present seat of the Pope, have been found in a convent of Spoleto, in the Roman States, addressed to the superior of this religious house, and to the priests of the town, to prepare themselves to preach a crusade and extermination against the Carbonari, and their wives and children. These advices recall to our memory the times of the per-

secutions against the heretics of France and other countries, and against the Liberals of the Roman States under the former Popes. Italy, at the present time, has need not only of all her children, but also of the succors of all the friends of freedom, in every part of the world. Rome shall stand in spite of the shameful and bloody attempts of the ultracatholic demagogues; and we must thank the creators of this glorious republic for having destroyed for ever the temporal power of the Pope, which was a disgrace to human kind. SECCHI.

AN ODD-FELLOW'S ATHENEUM IN BROOKLYN.—Our brothers in Brooklyn seem determined not to be outdone in good works. A movement has been started for the foundation of a *casino*—embracing a library, reading-room, &c., where frequent lectures, addresses, debates, concerts, and entertainments, will be held for the benefit and amusement of the Order. We believe there is no reading-room now in Brooklyn, and certainly the plan proposed must meet with universal approbation. More of its progress, next week.

THE SOMERVILLE AND ELIZABETHTOWN RAILROAD.—A few days since we rode over this road as far as the "White House," where it terminates for the present. This point is about fifty miles from New York, so that passengers new, for Easton, Pa., have only twenty-five miles of staging. We learned from the Conductor of the road, a gentleman to whom we are under obligations for many items of information regarding the country, and the history, progress and condition of the road, that surveyors and engineers are, next week, to commence operations on the residue of the distance, and that the route will speedily be extended to the Pennsylvania line. This railroad is destined to be one of the very best investments in the country. The travel is now immense, and will steadily increase. We understand that a new boat is to be put on the line between New-York and Elizabethtown.

THE money market, which for some time has been exceedingly stringent, has grown easier upon the favorable news from Europe, aided by other causes. Good paper sells from eight to nine per cent. per annum, and short loans are made at seven per cent. A small amount of specie came in the Niagara from Halifax, and a large remittance is expected by the steamer, due at the close of the week. This influx of coin, added to the large payments soon to be made, by merchants from the north and west, cannot fail to give an easy money market soon. In addition to other causes, the receipt of gold from California will also give relief to the market. Two sales of railroad bonds have been made recently. Of Erie railroad bonds, 7 per cents., \$500,000 sold at 85a85½ per cent.; and \$87,000 New York and New Haven railroad, 7 per cents, at 92a92½ per cent. Government Stocks are in demand, and close firm at the annexed quotations. Treasury notes 108½; United States, 6's, 1867, 110.

A. J. H. DUGANNE, Esq.—We received, a few days since, a call from this distinguished poet and romancer. Mr. Duganne has written, of late, some of the best poems we have in the English language. He is now engaged on a new tragedy, which we predict will be most successful. His "Lyidian Queen," a play whose merits has already been acknowledged by the public, is to be played in Baltimore, next week. The principal character is to be sustained by Miss Julia Dean, an accomplished lady and actress.

BOSTON VIA STONINGTON.—This route still continues the favorite line to Boston. The Vanderbilt and Rhode Island steamers are among our first boats, and we assure travelers that they will find this line the safest, speediest, and most comfortable. Capt. Stone, Mr. Walker, Mr. Morse, and Mr. McConklin are exceedingly popular in their respective departments.

BARNUM AND THEOLOGY.—Mr. P. T. Barnum, the enterprising and successful proprietor of the American Museum in this city, has recently challenged a clergyman of Connecticut to a theological discussion. This is a new idea; but we have no doubt it would prove a profitable speculation, if it were made a part of the entertainments at the Museum. Mr. Barnum is a universal genius. We understand the clergyman has declined, probably fearing to fall into the hands of such a lion as Mr. B. is.

A NEW PAPER.—A new semi-monthly journal of literature and art, to be called "THE MESSAGING-BIRD," is to be issued in this city about the 1st of May. This paper is to be edited by one of the first poets and journalists of the age. This journal will, no doubt, create a great excitement in the literary world.

The town of Bellville, Mo., now contains 3,118 inhabitants; and there were, during the year 1848, one hundred and twenty-five houses built. Ten years ago it was a forest.

The Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has passed a resolution, recommending that the property question in dispute between the Northern and Southern branches of the Church, be submitted to arbitration.

A letter has been received at Pittsburg, Pa., from Rev. Theobald Matthew, the great Irish apostle of temperance, announcing his intention to pay his long contemplated visit to this country in April next.

The Sheriff of Rockbridge County, Virginia, in attempting to quell a disturbance which happened at the Lexington court, received a severe, if not fatal shot, from a pistol, the ball entering the jaw. Paxton, who committed the crime, is now in jail.

A bill to authorize married women to wear their husband's unmentionables, was introduced into the Senate of Wisconsin, by Mr. Botkin, the Whig candidate for United States Senator, and lost, receiving two votes to 13 in the negative.

At Chicago, Ill., recently, a man was sent to the penitentiary for one month for murder, and a woman one year for stealing four yards of Alpaca. Woolen goods are valuable in that section, while life stands considerably below par.

The Senate of Wisconsin has passed a resolution, instructing their Senators and Representatives in Congress to ask for an amendment of the Federal Constitution, to the effect that the United States Senators may be elected by the people.

The depot building of the Worcester and Nashua Railroad, at Clintonville, Mass., together with one hundred cords of wood, and two freight cars, has been destroyed by fire.

Special Notices.

S. T. CLARK, who has for the last nine years been connected with the "New-York Express," will in future be associated with Mr. J. R. CHAMPTON in the publication of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule. The long experience of Mr. CLARK in connection with a leading New-York daily newspaper, will, it is confidently believed, make the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule more valuable to its patrons.

TO LOCAL AGENTS.—We have heretofore received very efficient aid from our Local Agents, and many of them are still rendering us much service by increasing our circulation and collecting dues. There are others from whom we have heard nothing for many weeks. We again ask your assistance in extending the genuine principles of Odd-Fellowship. We often experience much inconvenience from the failure of agents to report to the office, probably because but little has been done, and delaying until more is accomplished. If but two names are obtained, please forward them. Punctual correspondence is essential to the proper transaction of the business of the office; and subscribers are often disappointed and deprived of their rights by its omission. Will you not now renew your efforts as formerly, and see that our interests and the interests of the Order are properly cared for within the sphere of your respective agencies?

ERRATUM.—An error in the numbering of our paper occurred last week, of which we desire the reader to take particular notice. The No. was printed 16 instead of 14, the right No. This may create confusion in writing for No. 16, there apparently being two of that No. to the present Vol. To avoid this, correspondents in sending for back numbers, should always designate them by their Whole No. only, instead of the Volume No. Let them remember this.

Humorous and Amusing.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

POTTSTOWN, March 27, 1849.

I AM composed of 53 letters.
 My 3, 24, 17, 10, 7, 18, 16, 9, 13, 11, 5, was an American General.
 My 22, 41, 25, 46, 20, 45, 3, surrenderer of Sicily.
 My 17, 6, 14, 24, a river in Great Britain.
 My 30, 8, 31, 40, was a doctor of Pennsylvania.
 My 20, 45, 4, 2, 27, 24, 11, 1, 3, 40, 45, 12, was a General of Pennsylvania.
 My 38, 20, 29, 16, 3, 46, is a town in the United States.
 My 18, 3, 35, 29, 32, 10, is an American General.
 My 5, 35, 29, 16, 20, was a Roman General.
 My 52, 38, 1, 3, 10, 31, 19, 20, 45, 17, was an American General.
 My 20, 45, 33, 51, 34, 24, 85, 17, 39, 53, 20, 21, was a Judge of the Provincial Court in the south of France.
 My 26, 47, 22, 23, 10, a Grecian poet.
 My 8, 3, 10, 29, 42, 11, was a celebrated Sculptor.
 My 16, 44, 20, 45, 31, 23, a son of Socrates.
 My 3, 15, 46, 48, 10, 11, 20, a country of Europe.
 My 51, 3, 45, 49, 43, 52, 10, is a town in Pennsylvania.
 My 44, 53, 7, 37, is an animal of Oceanica.
 My 36, 31, 42, 10, a river in Europe.
 My 2, 28, 24, 4, 5, a river in the United States.
 My whole is a rule that every man ought to have.

ENIGMA.

Beneath my shade a prophet sat—
 A prophet, too, of old—
 And of a mighty city's fall
 To all around foretold;
 And soon—too soon, alas! it fell;
 But ruin'd, ere complete,
 I to a nothing dwindled down
 Beneath the prophet's feet.
 Years have roll'd on, the monarch Time
 Has other realms laid low;
 Yet the famed plant which bears my name
 Continues still to grow.

REBUS.

One of the four Evangelists who strove
 To teach mankind the gospel truth to love;
 The dark-hued native of a burning clime,
 By a fell passion led direct to crime;
 A fair Italian city, and a tone
 That often answers softly to our own—
 Add these initials, and you'll find a guest
 Too deeply cherish'd in the human breast.

How DAVID PRICE CURED HIS WIFE'S SHOCKING BAD TEMPER.—David, a man of meek and kindly spirit, had long suffered from the patter-clatter, never-ending, scolding tongue of his *worser* half.

One day an herb-doctor greeted David at his work with a

"Well, Master David, and how be you?"
 "Oh, I be very well, thanks to ye; but my wife's not so very nicely."

"Indeed," said the gatherer of simples, with a quick ear for an ailment, "what my be the matter wi' she, Master David?"

"Well," said David, in his usual dry and quiet way, "she hev a bad breaking out about the mouth now and then, that troubles her and me varry sore, I sure ye, Master Doctor."

"Well," said the latter, "I could make a grand cure of her, I'll warrant; I hev a salve 'at I makes fra the juice of the juniper tree, and by biling up a vast o' different kind o' things 'at quite cures that in no time."

"Deed," said David, "and what might your charge be, now, for a box o' that 'intment 'at would quite cure her?"

"Oh, said the herbalist, looking anxiously up in David's face, "only a matter of a shilling."

"Well, that's dirt cheap," said David. "If you cures her I'll give you eighteen pence—there, now."

With this offer the doctor set off home to prepare his nostrum, and straightway hied the very next day to David's house, box in hand. There he found Mrs. Price, and went at once to business.

"Well, Mrs. Price, your master tells me that you hev betimes a bad breaking out about the mouth, and I've brought a box o' fine 'intment 'at will cure ye."

With this announcement Mrs. Price fired up, at once seeing her husband's jest, raised the brush with which she was sweeping the floor, and pummeled the doctor to her heart's content, even following to beat him a field from her house, he screaming out all the while:

"Oh, Missus Price! be you gone mad?"
 From that day, however, Mrs. Price has been wholly cured of her scolding habits. David has only to look up in her face and say, "I'll get a box of that 'intment, and there's an end to the matter. David honorably paid the doctor his eighteen pence, and treated him to make him forget his pummeling. The whole of these circumstances are strictly true.

RUSTIC IMPUDENCE.—A worthy farmer at Trull, near Taunton, was lately, on a Sunday afternoon, aroused from the solace of his fireside and cider-cup by his servant maid, who had brought into the passage of the house two youths, whom she had detected stealing apples. The culprits sued for pardon, alleging that they had only taken a few in their pockets; but on being asked what they intended doing with the sacks found on them, admitted that, "they intended to take a few home for mother to make dumplings." The farmer threatened the offenders with due punishment, and in the course of his address expatiated on the extravagated nature of their trespass by stealing on the Sabbath, and observed that if they had wanted a few apples, and had come to him to ask for them, he would have given them a pocket full. Having promised never to repeat their depredations, they were dismissed. The next Sunday the good-natured man was again called from his easy-chair by his servant, who announced that two young chaps wished to speak to him.

"Well, my lads," said he "what do you want?"

"Pleas, zur," said the applicants, "we be the two boys that you said last Sunday you would give some apples to, if we ax'd vor 'em, and so we be com'd, and have brought the grist-bag to carry home some to mother!"

Whether they got the apples, or were served with a crab-stick, we are not informed.

"PERSEVERANCE," said a lady, a friend of ours, to her *help*, "is the only way you can accomplish great things."

One day eight apple dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared.

"Sally, where are those dumplings?"

"I managed to get through them, ma'am."

"Why, how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?"

"Persevering, ma'am," answered Sally.

A MEAN MAN.—We have heard of mean men in our day, but a correspondent of the St. Louis Revue mentions one, to whom must be yielded the palm:

"Talk about mean men! Why, there's that Bill Tompson, he's the meanest man I ever heard on!" (Bill was a constable there.) "Why don't you think he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and he came out and levelled on my old 'oman's ducks, and he wanted me to drive 'em for him, and I told him to ketch 'em himself; and he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd ketch a duck, he'd set down and wring its head off, and charge mileage!"

A SAILOR, calling upon a Liverpool goldsmith, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The shopkeeper beckoned him in a back room, and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot.

"Oh," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet, but I'm going to California, and would like to know the value of such a lump before I start."

The jeweler started him out of the shop.

On a recent moonlight night, a mother had the following observation made to her by her son:

"It maun be a nonsense, mither, about there bein' folks i' the moon!"

"What way, my man?"

"Ou, because, how could they crush themselves thegither when it's only half-moon?"

Mamma, grinning:

"May be the folks are like spy-glasses, shut and themselves in."

RATHER SEVERE.—An empty coxcomb, after having engrossed the attention of a company for some time, with himself and his petty alliances, observed to Dr. Parr that he could never go out without catching cold in his head.

"No wonder," said the doctor, pettishly, "you always go out without any thing in it."

THEATRICAL.—Her majesty, it is known, presented Mr. Charles Kean with a magnificent ring, for his services as manager of the Victoria Theater, Windsor. On the day the papers containing this information reached New York, the ring was missing from Mr. Kean's house. It has, however, since been discovered, sticking in Mr. Macready's gizzard.—[Puppet Show.

AN IRISH CALCULATION.—There are 1000 men in the Cork workhouse without a shirt. "It would require 22,000 yards of calico," says a member of the board, "to give the paupers a single change of linen."

DESCRIPTIVE.—A young dandy, who sported an enormous mustache, asked a lady what she thought of his looks.

"Why," said she, "you look as if you had swallowed a squirrel, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth."

GAZETTE OF THE UNION
AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,
 Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by CRAMPTON & CLARK, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

ST. LOUIS.

Bro. Albert G. Leary is our Agent for St. Louis, Mo., and duly authorized to transact the business of such agency.

MILWAUKIE, WIS.

Bro. A. S. SANBORN is our Agent at Milwaukee, Wis., and duly authorized to receive subscriptions, collect dues, and give receipts therefor.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

Bro. ALONZO WELTON,	Bro. ISAAC H. RUS,
WM. H. FAIRCHILD,	PERRY E. TOLLES,
HENRY L. BROUGHTON,	L. W. ALDRICH,
CHAS. H. HARRISON,	HORACE LAMB,
SAMUEL H. BARRETT.	

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have a large amount uncollected on the Books of the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, and again call upon all who are still in arrears to forward the amount due us as soon as possible. Do not wait for our Agent to call. Several may unite and send their dues through the Post Office. All money enclosed in presence of the Post Master is at our risk

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Aug. C. L. Arnold will preach to-morrow, (Sunday, 8th inst.) at the Church in Fourth street, between Avenues B and C. Service at 3, and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

DIED,

April 6, in this city, of scarlet fever, ANNA, daughter of Rev. A. C. L. Arnold, Editor of this Journal, aged one year and six months.

February 24, 1849, at the Island of St. Kitts, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Bro. JOSHUA UNDERHILL, of Empire Lodge No. 64, of this city, aged 39 years.

I. O. O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ONE FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK, }
 March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

BALDNESS CURED.

The following is from *Sumner F. Barrett, Saratoga-street, East Boston.*

East Boston, Feb. 8, 1847.

MR. WILLIAM BOGLE.—Dear Sir: For several years past, my wife has been troubled with baldness on the crown of her head, about six or seven inches in circumference. After repeated failures of other so called remedies, and by the advice of friends, she was induced to use your HYPERION as a wash, for the purpose of restoring her lost hair, and I am happy to say that its effect has been to cause the hair to grow all over the part affected. She has used only two bottles, and that very irregularly; had she used it often and more regular, I am convinced that the growth of the hair would have been accelerated. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

SUMNER F. BARRETT.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm. Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

BENJAMIN'S BRASS SPRING TRUSSES,

Never grow weak, or rust from the moisture or heat of the body. "Once right, always right." Pressure graduated from one to 50 lbs. without a back pad, which does great injury to the spine. Six days' trial given, if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Thompson's Trusses at reduced prices. Also, the best kind of Shoulder Braces and Abdominal Supporters. 13 Beekman-st. N. Y. 249eowit

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER,

NO. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers of every variety of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is selected with great care. ONLY ONE PRICE. Your patronage is very respectfully solicited. F. HITCHCOCK, (218 if) E. H. LEADBEATER.

FINE MILINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.—Patent Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

EMPIRE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwich street, between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the undersigned do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.

An assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices.

Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

N. B.—A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at from \$25 to \$30, and at 12 hours' notice, if wanted.

THOMAS WILEY, Jr.
WILLIAM R. BOWNE.

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m248

OPPOSITION—TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers, for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Bareges, (green, plain & fancy,) Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdkfs., Fancy Silk Hdkfs., Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Crape Lince, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tiarlets, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable.

241 L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation.

WM. A. CORRIE.

N.B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 13238

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER.

NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

SELPHO'S PREMIUM ANGLESEY LEG,

And ARTIFICIAL HAND, patronised by the most eminent Surgeons throughout Europe, and by the most distinguished of their professional brethren in this country, and allowed by all to be the nearest approach to nature hitherto produced. Introduced into this country, and made solely by WILLIAM SELPHO, 24 Spring-st., N. York. Reference to Prof. V. Mott and other eminent Surgeons at this city. 245

BOLECTIC MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICE,
No. 127 Chambers-st., New-York.

I. ALL CASES OF DISEASE in any part of the HUMAN SYSTEM, INTERNAL or EXTERNAL, whether in MEN, WOMEN or CHILDREN, will be EXAMINED, and COUNSEL or ADVICE given freely to all, by the Physicians in attendance.

WITHOUT CHARGE.

II. Patients will find our EXAMINATIONS, and the mode by which we arrive at a knowledge of their diseases—as also our TREATMENT, unlike those of any others which they may have heretofore known or tried.

III. Our REMEDIES or TREATMENT will be found the most pleasant, safe, simple, and efficacious that can be used. No confinement to the sick room—no hindrance from business,—no danger from colds,—and no injury to the constitution,—but, on the contrary, IMPROVEMENT at once.

IV. All the Medicines we prescribe are made in our own CHEMICAL LABORATORY, as we cannot rely on the Drugs sold in the shops, in consequence of almost universal ADULTERATIONS. Our remedies being prepared in the most pure and concentrated form, but little is used or needed to cure the worst cases.

V. We claim, by our UNUSUAL SUCCESS, to be masters over all curable diseases—particularly in all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS—the DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN—the HEREDITARY DISEASES OF CHILDREN—and all those most HOPELESS and DESPERATE cases in male or female which have defeated the best efforts of the most distinguished medical practitioners, as the more than ten thousand cases, whom we have successfully treated, can testify.

VI. THOSE DISEASES which are almost invariably treated in the first stage with Balsam of Copiava, Capsules, Cubebæ,—with injections of solutions of Nitrate of Silver, Borax, Alum, Sugar of Lead, Sulphate of Zinc,—with Bougies, Catheters, and Caustics,—and in the second stage with Yellow or Black Washes, Blue or Mercurial Ointment, Blue Stone or Lunar Caustic, externally,—and with Calomel, Blue Pill, Red Precipitate, Corrosive Sublimate, Hydriodate of Potassa, Sarsaparilla Syrup, and other like cheats and slops, internally—we say before Heaven and Earth what we know and can demonstrate by hundreds of cases, that by such treatment and means these diseases have never, and can never, be healed—they deceive the patient, disguise the disease by driving it into the system to other and more important parts,—they produce Strictures; Abscesses in the Kidneys; Piles; Fistulas; Catarrhs; Gravel; Diseases of the Eyes; Loss of Hair and Hearing; Rheumatic Pains; Decay of the Flesh and Bones; Ulcers in the Limbs, Throat, Head, Neck, Nose and Palate; Disease of the Liver and Stomach; with CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS, or WHOLE SYSTEM; and thus render either the whole life of the patient miserable, or hurry him to a premature grave.

Without using any of the above named Quackish, Swindling and Murderous Remedies, we PROMISE to every case we treat a PERMANENT and RADICAL cure FOR LIFE, by a very simple medicine, which is without taste or smell, which neither purges nor vomits, nor hinders from business, nor exposes the patient in any way whatever. Testimonials to these Facts we can furnish from persons who were carried out of the Broadway Hospital to die as hopeless cases, and many others of like character, whom we have cured.

VII. FISTULAS cured invariably WITHOUT AN OPERATION. Of the hundreds of cases of this disease which we have known, we have never seen one which had been cured with cutting with the knife—though nearly all had been cut out once, twice, or more times. *Cutting never cured a case—it is false, delusive and cruel.* References will be given to cases in this city which have been successfully treated of the most terrible forms of Fistula ever known.

VIII. Cases of SURGERY, MIDWIFERY and DENTISTRY attended to in all their departments—Tumors, Cancers, Dislocation, Fractures, Wounds, and Injuries of every kind treated with safety and success.

IX. ALL DISEASES OF THE EYES AND EARS treated without PAIN or PERIL, and with UNEQUALLED SUCCESS.

We invite all the afflicted, however hopeless their cases may appear, or whatever their disease may be, or however many physicians or remedies they may have tried, to put our knowledge and skill to the test in an examination of their case,—it will cost them nothing,—and then they will be prepared to know whether we can treat them successfully or not—for if we do not find, to their satisfaction, the cause or origin of all the difficulties in the case, we will own that the cure is not in our power, and hence put them to no expense. Most physicians treat symptoms—we go to the root, and thus succeed where others fail.

NEVER DESPAIR till you have given our Remedies and Treatment an honest trial.

Patients visited at their residences when required.

All DR. BEACH'S BOOKS AND MEDICINES for sale at this office.

Office open from 8 o'clock, A. M., to 8 P. M. Sundays from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 7 to 8 P. M.

JAMES McALISTER & CO., Proprietors,
No. 127 Chambers-street, New-York.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS
VEGETABLE

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

PREMIUM VANILLA TOOTH WASH.

AT the late Fair of the American Institute, the Premium was awarded to the Proprietor for his Vanilla Tooth Wash, as being the best preparation for cleansing and preserving the Teeth, and purifying the breath. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, THOS. MANSON, Surgeon Dentist, No. 20 Eighth Avenue.

Also, for sale by the principal Druggists throughout the city. Liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 3m237



IN QUART BOTTLES.

For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of

SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STUBBORN ULCERS, DYSPEPSY, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time

in bringing this preparation of Sarsaparilla to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly,

JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal.

"U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of his Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it: Your obedient servant,

"THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 246

H. RICHARDSON,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD,

No. 90 FULTON-STREET,

New-York,



Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery. 247

B. COMBS—238 GRAND-STREET.
LODGE AND ENCAMPMENT JEWELS, constantly on hand and for sale cheap, by
 2m246 **E. COMBS, 230 Grand-street.**

REGALIA AND JEWELS
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY E. COMBS,
 238 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.
 Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 238:tf.

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATTSON, No. 198 MARKET, 6th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia. Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y239

BARNES & DENNEY, MANUFACTURERS of Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.
 N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts.
W. DENNEY. (331:tf.) J. BARNES.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.
 To the I. O. O. F. and the public in general.

The subscriber, **J. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side,** would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City.
J. J. CRISWELL'S, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia.
 1y: nov. 9.

REGALIA.
M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia, Costumes, Tents, Crooks, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 309 Grand-street, New-York. At the great Fair of the American Institute, 1847 and 1848, the highest premium was awarded for his work. aug. 26:tf.

HAVANA AND PRINCE CIGARS.
JAMES SADLER, No. 234 BROADWAY, (3d door above American Hotel).—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Principe Cigars, of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 3m245*

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON, CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 343

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN, VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers.
 N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venetian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235:tf

F. W. GORINTH, HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No. 230 North 2d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m.

BARD & BROTHERS, MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m239

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.
THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. ____.

Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth.
 Date, _____. (Signed).
 Applications for charters, or letters for information, should be directed, (post paid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S. 101 Forsyth-st.

New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 343:tf.

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:tf

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.
SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING! J. WINCHESTER, having become the sole Agent for the sale of the magnificent steel engraved CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP, published by the former publisher of the Golden Rule, offers the same to members of the I. O. O. F., at the low price of FIFTY CENTS PER COPY.

This Certificate is 18 by 24 inches, and contains all the Emblems of the Order, with eight large and elegant Vignettes, representing the motto, "Visit the Sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan," as well as other leading principles and duties, "Faith, Hope and Charity." The cost of this beautiful picture was over One Thousand Dollars.

Single copies Fifty Cents each; twelve copies for Five Dollars; twenty seven copies for Ten Dollars; or Thirty-Seven Dollars Fifty Cents per one hundred. All orders must be accompanied by the Cash, and directed to
J. WINCHESTER, 44 Ann-st., N. Y.

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.
REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. **T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 232:tf**

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.
JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1 COURTLAND ST., Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom & Fowler's celebrated Premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 2m236

REGALIA IN READING, PA.
THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.

H. A. LANTZ, 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P. 232:tf.

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.
 Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$52 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.
G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 61 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

THE NEW-YORK SUN'S ART UNION! A SPLENDID ENGRAVING, AND THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY SUN one Year

for One Dollar, besides One Thousand Magnificent Prizes distributed among those who Subscribe!—**BEACH, BROTHERS, Publishers of the Weekly Sun,** as a testimonial of their appreciation of the vast and rapidly increasing patronage bestowed upon that Dollar Newspaper, will make a gratuitous present of a large and elegant full length engraving, beautifully printed on fine paper, of General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, to every subscriber, (whether a new one or one who renews an old subscription,) whose name is entered upon the subscription books between the first day of January, 1849, and January, 1850. They will also distribute among the subscribers ONE THOUSAND PRIZES, varying in value from \$25 to \$1—the total value amounting to two thousand dollars! The very great expense attendant on this liberal distribution of prizes and splendid Portraits of President Taylor, in full military uniform, &c., renders it imperatively necessary that only one name should be entered for each dollar sent. Those who subscribe in clubs will please designate the names of such as are to be entered upon the books as candidates for the prizes, &c.

THE ONE THOUSAND PRIZES To be distributed among the subscribers to the Weekly Sun, will comprise a rich selection of costly and valuable works in the several departments of Literature, History, Biography, Voyages, and Travels, Domestic and Moral Economy, Essays, Belles Lettres, &c., including most of the well known publications of Harper and Brothers.

Those who draw prizes will have the privilege of making their own selections from the catalogue which is furnished to each subscriber. To insure the fullest advantages of the above prize distribution, subscribers should send in the amount of their subscriptions without delay, as the names are registered in rotation, and those first in order will be entitled to the early impressions of the engravings of General Taylor, &c.

For a more detailed account of the above plan, the reader is referred to the *Extra Sun's Art Union*, which may be obtained free of charge by any person addressing (postpaid) the proprietors.

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY SUN Is the best as well as the cheapest family newspaper ever presented to the American public.

In addition to its usual features of interest, beautiful Engravings, &c., the Weekly Sun for 1849 will be enriched by a succession of

ORIGINAL PRIZE STORIES, written by eminent American authors expressly for this paper, for the premiums of \$250.

The subscription price being **ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,** any person may receive a copy, at any time, by sending the direction and enclosing the money by mail. (Postmasters will frank the letters.)

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS, when sent to one address, are received at the following rates: Five copies for \$1—eleven copies for \$2—twenty five for \$18—and seventy-five copies for \$50. When an order is sent for copies requiring them to be forwarded to more than one address, one dollar will be charged for each subscription.

Letters and Communications (always postpaid,) should be addressed to **BEACH, BROTHERS, Sun Establishment, New York.** 1m246

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

The Most Extraordinary Medicine in the World!!
This Extract is put up in Quart Bottles; it is six times cheaper, purer, and more pleasant, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures without vomiting, purging, or debilitating the Patient.

THE great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, that while it eradicates the disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES ever known: it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates rich, new and pure blood, a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed, within the last two years, more than 100,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 15,000 were considered incurable. It has saved the lives of more than 10,000 children the past two seasons in the city of New-York alone.

10,000 Cases of General Debility and want of Nervous Energy.

Dr. S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on by physical prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening toward that fatal disease Consumption, can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy. This Sarsaparilla is far superior to any

Invigorating Cordial, as it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the limbs, and strength to the muscular system, in a most extraordinary degree.

Consumption Cured.
Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Hætic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c., have been and can be Cured.

Spitting Blood.
 New-York, April 28, 1847.—Dr. S. P. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad Cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla a short time, and there has been a wonderful change wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city. I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant,
WM. RUSSELL, 65 Catharine st.

Dyspepsia.
 No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food, and strengthening the organs of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla.

BANK DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, May 10, 1845.—Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with the Dyspepsia in its worst forms, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.
 Yours, &c. **W. W. VAN ZANDT.**

Great Blessing to Mothers and Children.
 It is the safest and most effectual medicine for purifying the system, and relieving the sufferings attendant upon childbirth, ever discovered. It strengthens both the mother and child, prevents pain and disease, increases and enriches the food; those who have used it think it is indispensable. It is highly useful both before and after confinement, as it prevents diseases attendant upon childbirth. In Costiveness, Piles, Cramps, Swelling of the Feet, Despondency, Heartburn, Vomiting, Pain in the Back and Loins, False Pains, Hemorrhage, and in regulating the Secretions, and equalizing the Circulation, it has no equal. The great beauty of this medicine is, it is always safe, and the most delicate use it most successfully.

Scrofula Cured.
 This Certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the Blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

Three Children.
 Dr. S. P. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores; have taken four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under great obligation.
 Yours, respectfully,
ISAAC W. CRAIN, 106 Wooster st.

Opinions of Physicians.
 Dr. S. P. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from Physicians in different parts of the Union. This is to certify, that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the city of Albany, have, in numerous cases, prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations in the market.
H. P. FILLING, M.D., J. WILSON, M.D., R. B. BRIGGS, M.D., P. E. ELMENDORF, M.D. Albany, April, 1847.

Principal Office, 126 PULTON STREET, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North Second street, Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co., 151 Chartres street, N. O.; 105 South Pearl street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India, and the Canada.

243:cow
B. WINCHESTER, PRINTER, 44 ANN-STREET.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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WHOLE NO. 250.

Original Poetry.

SONNETS.

I.—FRIENDSHIP.

THERE were twin trees, with branches intertwined,
Roots interlocked, and summits raised toward heaven;

And they grew green together, in the kind
And genial airs of spring—the dews of even—
Each shared with each, and the sweet matin-song
Of early lark, was first upon their boughs.
Alike the gentle shower, and tempest strong,
And autumn's frost, and winter's withering snows
They felt, until the whirlwind's voice awoke,—
Then writhed together, struggling with its wrath;
But all in vain—they wrestled, bowed and shook—
Destruction would not pause upon its path;
And strain'd from earth, with roots upturned and bare,

And branches still embraced, they fell together there.

II.—LOVE.

A moldering turret, long besieged by time—
Rifted and creviced by his slow approach,
Stood beautiful in ruin. There did climb
Its thridded walls a greenest ivy—such
As clings around deserted things—and soon
Winding its tendrils through the shatter'd pile,
It clung the closer where decay had done
Its work most rapid. Still, even with a smile,
It twined itself around each loosening stone:
So Love, around the wreck of wealth and power,
Its soft, prevailing strength, the closer brings,
And lives as green in dark misfortune's hour
As when in pleasure's haughty bower it springs—
Though wreck and ruin fall around it, still it clings.

III.—TRUTH.

The morning twilight rolls its misty shroud
O'er dewy earth, and through the illusive veil—
A thousand shapes, distorted, seem to crowd,
With glimmering indistinctness, on the sight.
Forests, like giants, robed or clad in mail—
Rocks, that like turrets, frown in the gray light,
Rise like a spell from some enchanted wave;
But lo! the king hath oped the gates of day,
And where his rays are shot, disparting wide,
Roll the thin vapors from his glance away,
With all the glory of their phantom pride.
Thus Error's thin deceptions flee the ray
Of Truth's pervading sun, and all its forms
Are roll'd like mist away beneath Truth's holy charms.

Colvane, Miss., April, 1849.

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA. *

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

The sun was rising to high noon, and the heat of battle was rendered fiery by the scorching beams that showered down upon the combatants. The American soldiers, all grimed with smoke and powder, tore their shirts from their backs, and fought thus half naked. For a moment a man would leave his gun, rush to his canteen for a gulp of water, take a long breath, and then hasten back to the combat. If for a moment, nature, well nigh over-tasked, half faltered, the brave defender would cast his eye aloft, where waved his country's flag amid the battle-smoke, and with a thought of his wife and child at home, toiled on and fought uncomplainingly.

The city was now entirely concealed from the view of those upon the island, by the vast burden of smoke which had rolled up the river, and settled upon the surface of the water. Yet, although he could behold them not, every soldier knew that thousands were intently watching and listening to the dreadful din of the engagement.

Moultrie, calm and collected amid the dizzy scene, smoked his pipe, as he inspected his defenses, or sat coolly arranging his plans, while the bombs and cannon balls whizzed and fell around him. Every now and then, with a few preparatory whiffs, he would take the pipe from his mouth, to give an order or speak a few brief words of encouragement to his gallant men, and then replacing the short stem between his teeth, proceed unconcernedly in his indulgence, as if he were on a piazza in Charleston, rather than under the fire of a hundred British cannon.

Courage like this is infectious. Not a man of the American line but caught the spirit of his bold commander. In silence and determination every gun was worked.

Marion's post was at one extremity of the fort, least defended by the hastily constructed breast-work. There, surrounded by his valiant men, some of whom had been with him in many a fierce conflict with the red foemen of the old wars, the partisan officer pointed the guns with his own hands, served out the fast decreasing ammunition, and kept up the spirits of the patriots by his own undaunted example. Jasper fought beside him, and the sergeant's athletic

* Continued from page 230.

form was scarcely recognizable, so blacked and burnt was it with the powder and sweat which covered him. There was, in truth, little to distinguish him from the negro, Cæsar, who was actively engaged, sometimes in assisting at the gun, sometimes as impromptu aid-de-camp, to bear a sudden message to the other officers. In the intervals of his labors the black kept up a constant fire of dry remarks upon everything that occurred about him, laughing and showing his white teeth as indifferently as if there was not the least danger of their being knocked, by a cannon shot, down his throat.

"Ky hi!" he said, as a rift in the smokey clouds discovered to those who stood at the embrasure, that three of the British vessels were fast among the shoals, and had hoisted signals of distress. "Ky, massa Jasper, we gib 'em some, by-and-by. We'll poke fire into 'em!"

"Here, you nigger, look out for my coat," said a fine-limbed young fellow, who stood on Jasper's right, holding a match, while Marion firmly sighted the gun.

As he spoke the soldier pointed to a blue coat, then the uniform of the regiment, which had been thrown carelessly over one of the merlons, and was now sliding gradually off.

"Me have him in a jiffey," cried Cæsar, swinging himself around, and raising his hand to stay the fall of the coat.

But at this moment a cannon shot came whizzing along, with its strange singing noise, and striking the collar of the garment, lifted it bodily from the merlon, and bore it over the heads of the soldiers.

Cæsar fell back as if he had been struck by lightning, while his open mouth and dilated eyes expressed the most ludicrous astonishment and alarm. On sailed the blue coat through the air, like a big swallow-tailed bird, and the soldiers along the entire western line, desisted as if with common consent from their work, and broke out into one of the loudest and freest laughs that ever made the air ring with merriment.

There, in the midst of that terrible strife, with the bomb shells and cannon balls raining around them, and the roar of three hundred cannon in their ears, those brave men, without a thought of danger, gave way to the impulse of mirth, which this curious incident had produced.

"Cæsar, you black rascal, why did'nt you stop that ball?" cried the soldier to whom the coat belonged, shaking his fist at the negro, with a mock look of anger.

"Ky!" exclaimed the black, slowly recovering from the alarm into which he had been thrown. "Ky! what a shot! It might ha' carried off dis chile, for sartin sure. Golly! look at the coat, massa McDaniel!"

The soldier looked in the direction which the negro indicated, and beheld his coat firmly lodg-

ed in the branches of a live oak tree, some distance to the rear of the entrenchments.

"No harm's done," said the bold fellow, coolly handing his match to Jasper, while he stooped and drank from a bucket at his feet. "The coat has only changed pegs, so as not to be in so exposed a situation. However, Cæsar, you look out that those thieving cannon balls don't make love to it altogether."

"Oh, yea, massa McDaniel, me look out for dat," answered the black.

"And look here, you scamp, be off and get a supply of Jamaica," said Jasper, kicking over the bucket, which the last draught of McDaniel had emptied of its contents.

"And request the colonel to have it strong and sweet," remarked Marion, with a grim smile. "The poor fellows here are half-dead with the furnace-like heat. Be off, now, Cæsar."

"And look ye, Cæsar," said McDaniel, as the negro passed him, "can't you manage to get back my coat from yonder tree? It's a new one, and belongs to the State."

"Ky!" cried the black: "me hope there's no more cannon balls comin'. Dey has a peculiar way of frightenin' dis darkey. Howsomdever, me gets the coat for you, Massa McDaniel."

So saying, and burdened with the importance of his double commission, Cæsar started off to the center of the fortifications, where sat Colonel Moultrie, pipe in mouth, superintending the mixing of a huge tub of "grog," composed of Jamaica spirits and water, to the preparation of "half-and-half," and sweetened with molasses, in the manner that the Yankees manufacture "black-strap." The colonel was in the most calm and placid state imaginable, albeit that the sweltering rays of a Carolina sun were blazing all around him, and at the same time an attack of gout under which he was laboring, smote him at intervals with the most agonizing twinges. But not one who looked upon the brave commander could detect anything but the most determined sang-froid and good humor—save, indeed, when some spasm of pain, sharper than the rest, forced an involuntary exclamation from his lips.

"Well, Cæsar—you want more grog. What were you all shouting and laughing for, like madmen, a moment since?"

"Golly, wish Massa Moultrie had seen it," chuckled the negro, as he deposited his empty bucket beside the tub. "Ky, what a shot dat was, for sartain sure!"

"Well, Cæsar, what was it?"

"Why, you see, massa, dat ar' Sergeant McDaniel's soger-coat got took up by de cannon ball, and off she fly into yonder oak!" and the negro pointed to where, in the distance, could be seen the military coat, dangling from a branch of the tree.

Moultrie joined heartily in the laugh of those around him, as they heard Cæsar's detail of the manner in which the coat was snatched almost from his grasp, and then ordering the black's bucket to be refilled with the fragrant beverage, proceeded, in his playful way, to superintend the manufacture of the article, while continually giving his orders to the men at the black-muzzled twenty-fours, and dropping words of encouragement to the half-fainting, poor fellows, who had sustained the heat of the morning's action.

Cæsar, loaded with his bucket of grog, proceeded on his return to Marion's post, but recollecting the commission of Sergeant McDaniel, to regain his coat, the honest negro thought that he would make a trifling detour from his direct path, in order to gain the rear of the fort, where was the oak tree that had arrested the marauding cannon ball.

At this stage of the engagement the fighting on both sides was awfully severe. An incessant cannonade was kept up by the two fifty-gun ships, which, with springs on their cables, rode at anchor off the fort; and one of which, the Bristol, was the flag-ship of Sir Peter Parker. Supporting these, with the whole force of their metal, were four heavily-mounted frigates; while a bomb-ketch, with the significant title of the "Thunder," brought her terrible machinery to bear upon the island, and vomited her blazing shells in a continual shower into the fort.

The interior soil of the fort towards the rear, and opposite the near strip of land called "Long Island," was formed of swampy earth, and soft morass, interspersed with a patch of solid ground, from which sprang a thick growth of myrtle and palmetto-trees, bordered by scattering live oak trunks.

Across this swampy portion the negro took his way, in order to reach the tree, on which the soldier's coat still hung. Carefully balancing the bucket of punch, Cæsar picked his way along, untroubled by the hail of shot which rattled over him; and exchanging, as he went, quick repartees with the wearied soldiers, who passed him every moment, breathing themselves a brief space, away from the ramparts.

"Take care of the bomb shells, smutty face," said a half-naked rifleman, who was cutting a palmetto stick to replace a ramrod that had been carried from his hand by a chain-shot.

"And take care of the grog even if you should kick the bucket," remarked another wild looking fellow, who was munching a quarter loaf.

"Hi-yi," cried Cæsar, "neber you mind. Dis soldier-chile ar'n't afeard of Jonny Bull-dog."

"Take care, Sambo!" exclaimed the first speaker, as a heavy shell appeared above their heads, describing its curving descent amid the smoke with a line of light. "Look out for your head, you black scamp!"

Cæsar glanced aloft and beheld the terrible implement of war hovering immediately above him, and ready to surge down upon his apparently devoted skull.

"Ky!" yelled the black, springing, with a sudden effort to the right, and sinking up to his waist in the black mud of the morass.

At the same instant down crashed the heavy bomb shell, burying itself completely in the mire beside him, and becoming extinguished instantaneously by the moist ooze of the swamp.

"Dat fire is put out for sartain sure," cried Cæsar, struggling to regain his footing, and still firmly holding the bucket, which had lost scarce a gill of its refreshing contents.

"You've had a narrow escape, darkey," remarked the soldier who had been munching his bread. "Now give us a taste of your grog, and get along with you."

So saying, the man assisted Cæsar upon terra-firma, and helping himself to a mug of the liquor, with which he washed down the last morsel of his loaf, turned away toward the batteries.

But the negro had had sufficient experience of the dangers of swamp navigation, under a shower of shells, to make him little anxious to pursue his course toward the location of McDaniel's coat; so, hastily relieving himself of as much of the black mud as he could easily detach, he once more caught up the bucket, and returned to Marion's quarters.

Hot and heavy was the battle at this point, which was, in fact, one of the least covered portions of the fortifications. But Marion was there, and his undaunted demeanor was reflected from all his brave men. At the moment of Cæsar's appearance with the supply of refreshment, many a longing look was cast at the brimming bucket, by the well nigh exhausted cannoniers. But at that moment, too, Marion beheld, through a break in the rolling cloud of smoke, that the commodore's ship had swung half round, and presented her entire stern to a raking fire. Quick as lightning every gun was pointed, and brought to bear upon the exposed vessel. The word passed like electricity along the line, and a murderous fire followed—every shot of which reached its destination.

"Look to the commodore!"

That cry was answered by a volume of flaming jets, and a crashing explosion that shook the entire island. Then followed a wild shout from the fort's defenders, and then came a dead silence.

That silence was unbroken for the space of five minutes. It was during this interval that the last remaining round of powder was served out to the defenders, and a dispatch immediately sent to Governor Rutledge, at the city, for a new supply. The British, listening for a new discharge, and hearing it not, fancied that the ammunition of the Americans was entirely gone,

and a loud cheer from the frigate's crew attested their anticipation of a speedy triumph.

But they reckoned without counting. The next moment came a rush of flame and crashing shot from the whole front of the island, that dealt ruin and destruction through their ships and crews. Their cheers were silenced at once.

But they answered! They answered with the united metal of five ships. The island rocked to its center with the tremendous explosion. The smoke was lifted suddenly up and dispersed above the heads of the combatants, forming, as the sun's rays struggled through it, a canopy like yellow gauze.

The strange scene of battle was, for a moment, visible to all. The forest of British masts rising out of the dim atmosphere, with a thousand banners streaming from them; the grim forms of the opposing fighters; the rude line of fortifications; all could be, for an instant, discerned. And in the center of the American ramparts, their brave defenders could behold, floating calmly and serene over the strife, the fair flag of Carolina, which Moultrie himself had designed—a single field of blue, with a silver crescent in the right corner.

Marion pointed to the beautiful banner, as its folds unrolled and waved over the defenders. Jasper's breast heaved, and the brave Sergeant McDaniel, springing before the embrasure, raised his blue foraging cap from his manly brow.

At this instant came another terrible broadside from the foe. The iron storm swept over the ramparts which protected the American soldiers. But the gallant McDaniel's breast was before the embrasure, near which he stood, and as he raised his cap to greet the flag of freedom, a cannon ball rushed through the aperture, and stretched him dying before his comrades.

Jasper was at his side in a second, and Marion grasped his hand as he fell. The poor fellow's mouth and nostrils were gushing blood. He strove feebly to rise, but could not, and the arms of two soldiers raised him from the platform.

"I die," he murmured, as he was borne away, while his eye gleamed with the last fire of patriotism. "I die, comrades, but you fight on—for liberty and our country!"

At this crisis a low, fearful murmur ran through the American ranks, and all eyes were turned, as if instinctively, toward the flag. It hung, seemingly, by a single splinter, trembling and ready to fall. A cannon ball had shattered the staff, and Moultrie's silver crescent was hidden from the view, as the folds waved in the air. The next moment it fell without the ramparts, and upon the beach.

The hearts of the Americans sank within them, and a new shout of exultation rose from the enemy's crews.

But Jasper beheld that flag!

Jasper, while his bosom yet swelled with the proud delight with which he had beheld the fair banner unroll above the conflict, saw, with a stifled cry, its fall. He leaped upon the battlements; he raised his hand as if in appeal to heaven, then waved it to his countrymen, and plunged downward to the beach.

The crashing broadsides of the British ships daunted not Sergeant Jasper. The furious shower of bombs, cannon balls, and other missiles that plowed the ramparts and beach around him, stayed not the brave soldier's course. He passed along the entire length of the batteries, until he reached the banner. Then, while the four hundred hearts above him stood still from anxiety, he knelt beside that flag and disengaged it from its shattered staff.

The man seemed to bear a charmed life, for not a shot struck him, though hundreds fell thickly around. He called for a sponge-staff to be thrown from the fortress; and there, upon the beach, fastened it to the recovered banner. Then, waving it over his head, Jasper mounted the fortifications, and planted it once more proudly over his comrades' heads—the fair flag of America.

Thousands, on the island and in the city, had witnessed the disappearance of that banner, and their souls had sunk within them. But such a mighty shout as arose from Sullivan's Island when the blue folds spread themselves again to view, never was drowned by the roar of artillery. It was the AMERICAN HURRAH!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Poetry.

THE PASSING BELL.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

"Tis shut of eve; around me wave the flowers;
The merry birds troll forth their vesper hymn,
Leaf-cradled safely in their dark green bowers;
The distant trees appear like shadows dim.
Marched along the twilight's starry brow,
To hear yon bell's sad sound, and, at each pause,
to bow.

I hear the distant din of laughing boys,
As home they journey bearing boughs of May;
Then comes the far-off city's ocean-noise,
Swelling and falling like the waves at play;
And on mine ear bursts loud above that hum,
Yon dull, dead, dreary bell's slow-swinging, tomb-
toned boom.

But who is dead? nought here that tale can tell:
The quiet kine around me silent lie,
The night breeze creeps along each wild flower's
bell,
No more the bleating lambs bound lightly by;
The hawthorn homes of lute-tongued birds are still,
While yon heart-chilling bell peals loudly o'er the
hill.

Is some old man torn tottering to the grave,
Who seldom left his hearth, but sat in gloom,
Watching the swinging pendulum's measured wave,
Counting those strokes that nearer brought the
tomb,
Who had seen three-score springs, for aye now past,
Yet never once had thought *the next* might be his
last?

Or some poor pauper, kept on niggard pay,
Scarce clothed or fed while he on earth did stir;
Who'll to the grave with speed be borne away,
Scarce clothed in death, so thin his house of fir:
Down the cold earth they'll drop his wide-chinked
bier,
No pause, no sigh, no friend to shed a farewell tear!

Or some fair maid who oft had thought of spring,
And gazed with hope upon the wintry sky;
Oft heard in fancy the first blackbird sing,
And saw imagined flowers round her lie;
Thought of green walks, and morning's rosy breath,
Nor deemed thus soon she'd fall a prey to hungry
Death?

Perchance some youth had won her heart to love,
And she had smiled when sunny days drew near,
And sighed for green-arched woods, where cooed
the dove,
Answered by falling waters cool and clear;
Had seen the virgin primrose angel-eyed,
And when the pale flower droop'd, her beauty with
it died.

Might not that bell have flung its death-cold peal
Upon her ear before the spirit fled—
Causing a tremor o'er her limbs to steal?
How would she gaze on those around her bed!
Grave-shouting bell! thy sound would on her rest
Like pitchy darkness dropped on noon-day's sun-
lit breast.

Oh! it is hard to die when the young trees
Burst forth in beauty with their emerald buds—
When the first blossoms tremble to the breeze,
And bird to bird calls through the flowery woods,
When silvery clouds sail o'er the sleeping wave—
Oh! it is hard to lie deep in the silent grave.

Deep in the grave, far, far beneath the flowers,
From shady lanes, and walks with those we love—
Those whose light feet still dance in leaf-roofed
bowers;

Haunts of the nightingale, and low-voiced dove,
The glens, and glades, and dells where violets
bloom:

All these to be exchanged for the cold, voiceless
tomb.

To be pent up within a narrow cell,
With damps, and coffin-worms, and silent death,
Where not one ray of light can ever dwell,
And if we wake, no air to give us breath;
Year after year to lie 'neath that gray tower,
From whence the watchman, Time, looks out, and
calls the hour.

To-day a thousand forms walked forth in white,
A thousand feet did tread the mazy dance,
A thousand eyes beamed blue, and soft, and bright,
And in the ring did lip to lip advance.
Even now I hear the dancers gaily bound,
While I am here alone, listening to yon sad sound.

Alone! alone!—why should I wish *them* sad?
Time hurries on, his brow deep wrapt in gloom.
Brief is the sunny beam that makes us glad:
'Tis but the ray that glances on the tomb,
Mocking its depths with transitory light,
Then vanishing away in deep, eternal night.

Hush! voice of death! thou makest my blood run
cold;

The very wind seems frightened as it blows,
And the dark earth a grave, but made to hold
All it contains; the darkness darker grows
And warns me home, awhile to rest my head,
Then join the unbroken sleep, amid the silent dead.

Popular Tales.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

It was mid-day in Verona; the season, summer; the air, warm, close, voluptuous, between the double lines of stately palaces which adorned the magnificent old city, but quickening into life and playful activity, as it stole over the gardens and terraces which fringed the broad and rapid Adige.

The streets were hushed in the mid-day quietude of southern climes; the few pedestrians loitered with noiseless steps; the richly-chiseled marble palaces, (their projecting balconies shaded with overhanging drapery, unruffled by breeze or zephyr,) seemed to slumber on the deep-cast shadows; the long-bearded, tattered mendicant reposed with closed eyes against the church pillar, or encumbered the cool steps, where the sun's rays fell not, nor found access.

In such an hour, what makes the noble count—the brave Lorenzo Della Scala—quitting his palazzo, seek to breathe the hot air of the streets? Trace Verona through, who should be held happier than Della Scala? Of illustrious birth, claiming descent from rulers of the city in the olden times, with wide-spread reputation, acquired by the conduct of armies in Germanic warfare, he returned to his native place, still young, though of years beyond the opening flush of manhood, to live in the respect of the citizens, to taste the enjoyment of long-neglected wealth, amid the splendor of a Veronese palazzo, or the deep seclusion of forest-girt villas and pavilions. Scarcely domiciled in his patrimonial mansion, he fell in love with Bianca Guidoni, sole daughter of the count of that name. Lorenzo first beheld her at a *fiesta di campagna*, at her father's suburban villa, was smitten with her youth and beauty, while the nascent passion was enhanced and piqued by the indifference and coldness with which she—the center of a host of worshippers—treated their lavish attentions. Such pride, and reserve, he thought, would well become the house of Della Scala; and so—impetuous in love as in war—he sought the maiden, poured forth his passion, and construing her embarrassed replies favorably, betook himself to her father, by whom he was accepted as his future son-in-law.

The Count Guidoni, anxious not to compromise the offer of so rich a suitor, or suffer accident or contingency to intervene, hurried on the marriage, as regardless of the presumed or known state of his daughter's affections as a despotic father, or Italian noble—whose word in his own household was law even to death—could by harsh, precipitate conduct evince. So Bianca was wedded, and, amidst the costly magnificence which distinguished the ceremonies of the Veronese nobility, installed mistress of the Palazzo Della Scala.

Why, therefore, in the third week of marriage, should the noble Lorenzo be found walking lonely through Verona's streets at an hour consecrated by the Italians to repose, or the quietude of domestic intercourse? Certainly it bespoke a restless spirit. The count was indeed sorely troubled, his pride hurt by the indifference of his young wife. Though the wooing was short, and certainly on his part rather unceremonious, he had married the countess for beauty, in utter absence of sordid motive or consideration; and believing, in his pride, it must be confessed, rather than in his judgment,

that he had made a favorable impression on her affections, his expectations of wedded happiness were as feasible as ardent. But, alas! for short-lived hope—the affection was not reciprocated. Bianca was dutiful, obedient, attentive to his wishes—no wife could be more so—yet her conduct was ever cold, constrained, and devoid of affection. He missed the happiness he sought, which he perhaps thought his due after years of warlike fatigue, and often wandered forth a secret prey to discontent and gloomy forebodings.

In this mood, chance and desire of solitude led him to the margin of the Adige, to seek amid the shade of the river's embowered banks the tranquillity which he found not at home. To avoid recognition by a group of cavaliers lounging, after the fashion of the hour, in a pavilion near to and overlooking the circling stream, though high above his banks, he bent his steps to a small path which intersected, amid flowering shrubs and underwood, a narrow space between the base of the edifice and the edge of the water. As he was passing beneath, his footsteps unheard on the soft velvet turf, the echo of his own name from the pavilion caused the count to pause.

"For rarest beauty," continued the speaker, "I give the palm to Ubaldini—her face is Juno's own. The Signora—I mean, as you may suppose, the old man's wife, Signora Cavalcanti; she, I allow, is peerless in form and figure; but Della Scala I would crown Queen of Grace and witching elegance!"

"Bravo, Guiseppe!" cried another, "thy eloquence is warm and luscious, like the hour; but Della Scala is too cold and reserved for my fancy; I worship the Cavalcanti—my very soul is in bondage to Signora Cavalcanti. O! that I could wrest her from the old man's arms!"

"And what is the harshness of thy fate to mine?" uttered a fresh voice, in deep sepulchral tone, mocking the passion of the last speaker. "My very body is in bondage to Signor Cavalcanti—I owe old Plutus eight thousand crowns—O! that I could wrest my attested bond from the old man's money chest!"

Lorenzo had been absent many years from his native city; his acquaintance with youthful cavaliers of his own rank was necessarily very slight, and of the prevailing themes of scandal, and of its victims, he was almost wholly ignorant; but it was easy to perceive he was listening to a group of young coxcombs, endowed with the arrogance and mendacity characteristic of the class; and Della Scala would fain have walked onward with a sneer on his mustached lip—but no! he was no longer master of himself. A thorn was in his side—the venom of distempered fancy already at work—and he heaved a sigh of self-reproach, as he felt himself riveted to the spot.

"It would be well for the peace of our poor Visconti," exclaimed one in a sentimental tone, "if he could transfer his passion to his universal idol, Cavalcanti—but he has been frantic since his return from Spain, to find his Bianca wife of the proud count."

"What does the lover deserve who seeks the Spanish shore, when he should be watching nearer home?" asked Giuseppe.

The reply of Visconti's friend was to the purpose, that he believed himself safe in that quarter, so long as Francesca, the artful, intriguing Francesca, attendant and waiting-woman of Bianca, remained faithful to his interests. She had sufficient art to scare away a fresh lover, and was in the pay of Visconti.

As the young cavalier proved himself so well acquainted with his friends affairs, and seemed much disposed to babble thereon, he was not suffered to remain silent, but plied with fresh questions, till the whole detail of the lover's history was laid bare to the chagrined and enraged listener beneath. It appeared Guidoni was not altogether ignorant of his daughter's attachment; but as he had never countenanced the Signor Alberto Visconti, he was not disposed to make his love for Bianca an obstacle to the suit of the rich and illustrious Della Scala. The repugnance of the daughter, and the finesse and stratagem of the waiting-maid, were of no avail against a despotic father, more especially in the

absence of the lover, who might have conjured a more desperate resistance to paternal authority.

"I know Visconti well," exclaimed his friend, "and he would never have suffered the shame of that marriage if he had been in Verona."

"Indeed!" muttered Lorenzo between his teeth. His hand grasped the hilt of his poniard, but he quickly recovered his presence of mind, and was again an attentive listener.

"It matters little," observed one of the party sarcastically, "what he would have done if he had been here, the all-important question is, what will he do now? Can you answer that, Signor Jeronimo Fabrizio?"

"Can you tell when the fox was ever caught sleeping?" replied Fabrizio, contemptuously. "Visconti has too much prudence, caution, and reserve, to suffer his plans to travel to your ears!"

"If he show as much prudence in future movements as he exhibits caution in choice of a confidant," remarked the other, "he will speed as well as those ought to do who deposit secrets with the discreet Signor Fabrizio!—but see!—the pinnace heaves in sight—who will follow me?"

"Stay, you have forgotten, signor," exclaimed his antagonist, in anger, "take that with you."

Lorenzo, from his place of concealment, heard a slight, whizzing noise, as though a missile had been flung by Fabrizio at the offender. It was followed by the reiterated cries of the party that they would have no quarreling on that day, but all should embark in the pinnace. The count took occasion of the confusion, and stole away unperceived.

"His Bianca!" muttered Della Scala, as he walked gloomily onward. "Visconti's Bianca! Have a care, Alberto Visconti! thy ancestors and mine fought for the mastery of Verona; wilt thou revive the old feud?"

But anger gave way to grief, as he contemplated the abyss in which his happiness was wrecked. The coldness and constraint of Bianca were now fearfully, harrowingly, accounted for. Why was he kept ignorant of what was already common talk? Had the house of Della Scala no friend or kinsman to warn its chief? Was he, then, a dupe of the avaricious Guidoni? But if he were a dupe of the old man, shall he continue blind to the threatened practices of Visconti? Let him look to it, and dread the vengeance of Della Scala!

The count's thoughts gave accelerated speed to his movements; he retraced his way to the city, endeavoring to conceal, by open brow, the agony of his heart. The streets of Verona were now alive with the busy steps of citizens—the stately signor or magnifico walked heedless of the continually recurring mendicant's prayer from porch or pillar, *par amo di Dio*, while the signora, whether masked, veiled, or disclosing her features, accompanied by ancient attendant or youthful waiting-maid, tripped up with livelier step, yet found leisure to listen to and requite the vagrant's appeal—perchance through pure charity—perchance out of propitiation—perhaps invoking indulgence toward sinful nature—or, may be, as deed of atonement for past peccadillo. Approaching the church of San Zeno, Lorenzo saw, among others, ascending the steps, a lady so much resembling the Countess Bianca, in figure and deportment, that he felt certain of the identity. He smiled with contempt. For whom prays she? if for herself, it is well—she needs it; for her father, for me? no, no! the one she deems a cold, tyrannical old man; the other, an obstacle to her passion. For Visconti, dare she offer prayers! Ah! let both beware!

He entered the church, still impelled by jealousy, lest her visit to the sanctuary were the fulfilment of an assignation, and prompted by savage curiosity to pry unseen on devotions, which to him, wore the semblance of profanity and mockery. In the spacious interior, there was scarcely a chapel or shrine without one or more votaries, deeply absorbed in silent prayer, all unheeding of the many visitors, whose only aim was to escape the wearisomeness of idleness, or enjoy the cooler air and pavement of the holy precincts. Lorenzo at length beheld

the lady he sought, kneeling at the entrance to a small chapel, decorated with a large painting of the Blessed Virgin, represented in the act of bestowing alms on the aged and destitute. He approached stealthily, and stopping at only a short distance from the suppliant, stood gazing at her with strong yet suppressed emotion. Her veil was uplifted—the face presently averted momentarily from the shrine; he drew back to avoid being seen, but the clatter on the pavement caused her to look in that direction—it was not Bianca! To escape the imputation of being a spy upon the lady's actions, he feigned to have been deeply engrossed with the pictorial embellishment of the shrine; but the fair dame once disturbed, renewed not her devotions; perhaps being frightened by the presence of the cavalier. She crossed herself devoutly, and hastily withdrew.

What tempts Lorenzo to linger before that picture? He looked long, earnestly, sadly, even till a tear came to the eye! True, it is the Holy Virgin assuaging the sorrows of crowding petitioners, while others, recipients of relief, are hastening joyfully away. The Catholic hierarchy, with subtlest policy, ever employed the ideal breathing pencil of genius to array the Virgin with tenderness and grace more than human, so that the portraiture wore a divine beatific aspect. Was it this character that moved Lorenzo? Not wholly, but the secret charm was in the strong resemblance borne to the Countess Bianca. They were her features, be-attified, purged from trace of earthly passion. The masters of the art were accustomed to paint from nature, even for ideal subjects; perhaps an ancestress of Bianca was chosen "to sit" for the representation on which Della Scala now gazed. He looked, the eyes of Bianca beamed mildly, innocently upon him, suffused with that divine, tender light, snatched only by genius in moments of inspiration. The heart of the Italian was softened, jealously was buried in saddened admiration. Should he not, he at length asked himself, yet endeavor to win Bianca to the bosom of her lord? It was not her crime that she loved another ere she beheld him. She was yet innocent in act, if not in intention, and might yet be recovered to a sense of duty first, and then affection! One jarring discord alone broke the harmony of his thoughts; it was as the images of Visconti and the pert, intriguing favorite of Bianca stole upon the mental vision. His fingers crept toward his breast, his lips writhed, but anger lasted only a moment—he bent reverently and lowly before the shrine, and left the arching domes of old San Zeno.

Evening approached, and the count was ascending the staircase which conducted to the principal floor in the Palazzo Della Scala, with the intention of visiting the countess, when Francesca suddenly presented herself in the act of passing down. The count had taken a secret dislike to Francesca, even before he heard her character so freely commented on in the pavilion; her features were handsome, her form light, elegant, attractive, but an expression of deep cunning and *espiègterie*, from which the face was never wholly free, counterbalanced the effect of high personal charms—at least in the eyes of a husband whose wife had chosen such an attendant. Francesca started on seeing the magnifico: she murmured a few words expressive of intention to acquaint the countess of his approach, and was about to retreat up the staircase for that purpose, when Della Scala seized her by the wrist.

"Nay," he exclaimed, looking intently at the girl, "I will be my own herald; you may retire."

Francesca uttered a slight scream, accompanied by a contortion of features expressive of physical pain, which first made the count aware that he had unconsciously grasped her wrist with extreme violence; it was, indeed, a grip worthy to embrace throat of Turk or Tartar in mortal conflict, but far beyond the endurance of alim Christian maiden. He smiled at this proof of emotion, and told Francesca, in kindly strain, that she should have a bracelet of gold to hide the bruise. The waiting-woman's evident eagerness to prepare her mistress for the visit

re-awoke Lorenzo's jealousy; but pride and love strove with the bitter passion, mastered it, and so Della Scala determined not to intrude his suspicions on the countess's privacy, but retired to his own chamber, and sent an attendant to notify his purposed visit.

Bianca rose to meet her lord, but she could not sustain his ardent glance; her eyes fell, her step faltered, and she could scarcely find speech to welcome him. He led her to the window which overlooked the garden of the palazzo. The perfumed air, rich with the fragrant breath of flowers, was wafted over the saloon; the red light of the departing orb of day threw its golden shafts across the cool verdure of the lawn, flickered over the scroll-work of the chamber, lit up and surrounded the face of Bianca with a halo which concealed its deadly paleness and dismay. The count gazed with admiration; illumined by the rich glow, the features became angelic, like the Madonna of the shrine.

"Bianca," he exclaimed, "when the guests unmask to-morrow at midnight, at the Palazzo Cavalcanti, let these pearls reflect the softened luster of a brow—Verona's boast and Della Scala's pride!"

"How large and lustrous!" said Bianca, bending over the gift, the rather that her eyes might not encounter the glance of Lorenzo; "such as these, nay, not so large, came lately from Aleppo, brought there by the Indian caravan, and were sent to Venice. Not finding a buyer there, the goldsmith came to Verona with his rich freight, and every day, as the countess tells me, Count Ubaldini feasts his eyes upon them, tells his wife at evening what a rich second dower he will bring home on the morrow, but when morning comes he shakes his head, talks of the mortgage on his forest lands, and bids her wait another day."

"I know it well, Bianca," rejoined Lorenzo, "these are the pearls which Ubaldini dallied with, and now his countess loses. I bought them this afternoon, after a prayer for the welfare of our house, put up in old San Zeno."

"I cannot go to Cavalcanti's house; O! no! I am sure not," cried Bianca, hysterically; "O! pray excuse me!" And she burst into tears.

Lorenzo, at first deeply angered by the sudden intimation of staying away from Cavalcanti's festa, was softened by her tears; and leading the countess away from the window, grew alarmed at her continued hysterical sobbing. With vain fondness he believed her heart was touched, that it struggled against its affection for Visconti, that she was moved by the solicitude shown by him to whom alone affection was due. He endeavored to soothe her by painting the future in the brightest colors, displaying sources of happiness yet at command; but his eloquence proved in vain, its reiteration seemed to add to her misery. She pleaded illness, and prayed to be left alone, that repose would bring back her wonted spirits, which had, she knew not how, fallen into a melancholy train. If Della Scala would but leave her till the morning, she said, sinking on her knee, she would meet him with happier face, and thank him for all he had done to make her happy.

"The Countess Della Scala," exclaimed Lorenzo, in a tone grave, though not unkind, "is not a child asking a blessing of a parent. Let her remember her own dignity; the most illustrious in Verona; to her all hearts vow honorable fealty and courtesy. It is hers to command, not to entreat! Signora," he added, with an attempt at a smile, "I obey your request, and take my leave; yet fail not to send for Agostino."

He led her to a seat, and again pressing her to command the attendance of the house physician, quitted the saloon with the deference of a gallant lover.

Bianca reposed on a rich couch, her beauty disordered with weeping. It was night, and the saloon was illumined by the many-branching luster. Francesca stood beside her mistress.

"This is no more than I expected, signora, from his visit," said the favorite, "a demon's fire glowed in his eyes when I met him, which made me tremble for you, signora—the incarnate brute!"

"Whom mean you, Francesca?" cried the countess, starting up.

"Whom should I mean, signora, but the count?" replied the girl.

"You do him wrong, Alberto does him wrong; you are both bent on my ruin," cried Bianca, with eyes flashing indignation; "have I not told you all he said, how tenderly he spoke, those princely pearls he gave? Alas! ungrateful wretch that fate has made me!"

"Yes," uttered Francesca, with a sneer, "and I can boast his gifts, a gold bracelet, and for what? Look at this arm, signora; this is the work of the tender Count Della Scala! There may not be more generosity in the gift to the mistress. But let us forget the proud tyrant. I have news, good news in store; Alberto prays to see you this evening in the garden, at the same hour he saw the signora last night."

"Did I not solemnly declare, Francesca," cried Bianca, grasping her maid's arm with frenzied agitation, "did I not vow that last night should be the first and last interview I granted Alberto—till—till—"

"Till the signor was prepared to carry us both off to some happier land," cried the attendant; "I know it well! but my lady gripes as tightly as the count."

Bianca flung off the woman contemptuously.

"I meet rare treatment at all hands!" remarked Francesca, in petulant tone; "I had well nigh forgot the signor's letter."

"Where, where is it?" cried Bianca with eagerness.

The countess snatched her lover's epistle, and retiring to a distance, read it o'er and o'er till her eyes melted into tears. Francesca watched with secret joy the effect of Visconti's soft pleading. Bianca's heart again renewed the fetters which bound her to her first love.

"Yet I cannot, dare not see him to-night!" exclaimed she, unconsciously giving utterance to the thought.

"I dread telling poor Alberto this," said Francesca, who overheard the soliloquy; "not see him! How often has he lamented to me his bitter fate, deprived of the delight when you stole to see him, after the old Count Guidoni had gone to rest; and those moonlight walks on the shore of the lake in the Tyrol! Poor signor! he is not the same gentleman he used to be before his fatal journey. Did not my lady mark the change?"

In this strain continued the artful Francesca, when she found Bianca was touched, bringing to fond memory all happy, blissful records, when love was innocent, or guilty of no higher crime than refraining to seek a harsh father's disapproving glance. Bianca's heart was torn in twain: Lorenzo's generosity, still more, his lofty disinterestedness, won upon her gratitude, if not her love. But alas! she had, as she confessed, yielded the previous evening to an interview with Visconti. It took place in a balcony which overlooked the garden, whither her daring lover had ventured, spite of the imminent danger. Reluctantly she consented; assent was only won by Francesca declaring Alberto's intention, in the event of refusal, to force his way through the palazzo and die at her feet. But this fatal meeting served to rivet the links of a passion now criminal. Alberto, warned of her irresolution and wavering, was not slow to detail his scheme of flying with her and Francesca to Spain, where were situate his lately acquired estates, and to gain possession of which had caused the disastrous journey. Once beyond reach of Della Scala, or the Veronese or Venetian authorities, leisure would be afforded to set at work his interest with the Spanish court to procure a dispensation from Rome, annulling her marriage with Lorenzo, on the plea of being forced to the union by a despotic father, when she was, as it might be well averred, secretly betrothed to the absent Visconti. Francesca, in such a suit, would prove an invaluable witness, her zeal readily supplying what was wanting in her testimony. The time selected by Alberto was nightfall, when all Verona would be in commotion with the bustle of guests approaching the magnificent masked festa. The countess and her attendant might easily pass through the streets, masked, without especial observation, and repair to the spot where Visconti would be waiting with horses and servants. A sloop,

well manned, was in readiness at a small port, and would be under weigh as soon as they were on board, long ere pursuit was available. The countess, as Alberto suggested, might accompany Della Scala to the palazzo, mix a while with the guests, then retire to where the faithful Francesca stood prepared to escort her mistress. Nay, if the signora thought Lorenzo would grow jealous if he missed his wife's mask at an early hour, it might be remedied by hiring one, in the same costume, and bearing resemblance to the figure and style of the countess, to wear the disguised honors of the house of Della Scala. Several, he knew, would play the part to admiration, and take a pleasure in it, without knowing more than need safely be told.

Such was the nature of the proposed elopement, consented to by Bianca amid weeping and fainting. Attend the festa! accompany Lorenzo, to quit him with such bitter mockery, she could not! He was, indeed, worthy of a love which she could not requite—but his affection she dare not so coldly insult. Then must she plead illness! Poor Bianca! with lover, dearly loved, at thy feet, threatening to slay himself if thou dost not link thyself with his fortunes; and the artful serpent of thy own sex, with skilful pleading, making the worse appear the better reason, what snares beset thee! It was the day subsequent to this interview that witnessed the meeting we have narrated, between Bianca and her lord. Noble Lorenzo! wert thou not a day too late! What might not have been hoped, if thou hadst displayed thy generous feelings but one day earlier.

The distracted Bianca was but too glad when Della Scala quitted her presence—she was humbled, even to the dust, by the consciousness of her criminal hypocrisy—penetrated with a keen sense of the wrong and misery she was about to inflict on one who, at her hands, deserved a happier fate. It was Visconti's letter which, while a prey to remorse after Lorenzo quitted her, had recalled her resolution and rekindled the lamp of life and affection. That handwriting! the sight of which, in days gone by, gave such intense delight, now renewed old and irresistible associations. He should linger, he said, through the evening, hovering near the palazzo with the hope that she would grant even but a moment's interview; but if cruel prudence forbade, then let her remember, that on the evening of the morrow, so soon as Della Scala had departed—a sharp watch should be kept on the count's exit—he would repair to the little balcony, close to the door leading to the domestic offices, and ring the bell as a signal for Francesca to appear above. On receiving assurance that no obstacle interposed delay, his intention was to retire immediately to the shrine of Santa Croce—a wayfarer's ruined chapel beyond the walls of the city—where horses and two faithful domestics would be in waiting. It might excite suspicion, he said, if he joined the countess immediately she quitted the palazzo. But should any obstacle occur—as Della Scala through sickness or jealous feeling staying at home, or remaining on the watch—then let Francesca await his appearance beneath the balcony, but forewarn him by signal at the post whence he intended to watch the count's departure. Impressing these precautionary measures on Bianca, the epistle relapsed into the lever's strain. Francesca, beholding her mistress resolute not to see Visconti that night, and foreseeing the danger of too much pressing, which might occasion a relapse favorable to Lorenzo's happiness, she immediately undertook to pacify Alberto with the assurance that all matters should be ordered as advised.

Night closed upon the Palazzo Della Scala, but peace and calm repose were banished from its walls! Lorenzo, on leaving his countess, quitted her with mind ill at ease. He was vexed that he had not succeeded better with Bianca; there was a mystery in her conduct which he could not unravel. It was plain his munificence, joined to solicitude which she could not mistake, moved her—had caused distress of mind, to cover which she pleaded sickness. But yet, there was no effort made

to soothe him, to carry hope to his heart! How delighted would he have been with the bare intimation that she must strive to regain health to accompany him the following night! But no, on bended knee she pleads fatigue, and craves till to-morrow—to join in his pursuits, share his happiness? alas! no—coldly to thank her lord for all he had done to make her happy. Restless with these sad reflections, he sought not chamber or study, but strayed out in the cool air of evening. Occasional solitude had become habitual. While general of a numerous and well disciplined army, many a time had he strolled at night, alone, through the camp, reviewing past enterprises, maturing the steps of future achievement. Now, in Verona's streets, was brought to mind how oft in the hush of the tented field had he thought of home, of the happiness that might be enjoyed there!

But who is that damsel tripping by so stealthily! The air and step are familiar to the count. It is Francesca! Whither strays she? Her appearance in the street at that hour, when evening is fading into night, bodes no good. He watches closely—follows her steps, hidden by the shade of lofty walls. She is accosted by a cavalier—they confer a while—he hands a letter, which she places away carefully, and then returns toward the palazzo. The cavalier departs in an opposite direction. Lorenzo hangs on his footsteps, tracks him from street to street, till the stranger halts at the portal of the dwelling in which Signor Visconti has resided since his return from Spain.

"Thy hour, Visconti, has not yet come," muttered Lorenzo, as he turned on his heel; "but it approaches on quickened wing."

The dark cloud again lowered over the domestic fortunes of Lorenzo. He could not, would not, believe Bianca in correspondence with the enemy to his peace; but he could not avoid the conviction that, as Visconti and Francesca were in league, the billet given to the latter was intended for the eye of the countess. Another pang! What if there were indeed a connection between this secret correspondence and the expressed intention of Bianca to absent herself from the masked revel? A planned assignation while he was in the halls of Cavalcanti? He could not pursue the train of thought—it was too harrowing, and suicidal of happiness.

The count was visited next morning by the family physician, to report the state of Bianca's health. The disorder, he said, was neither imminent nor dangerous; a lowness of spirits and melancholy; in fact, hysterics. To Lorenzo's question, whether she could bear the fatigue of a visit, the physician thought it advisable—though his opinion was formed from a wish hinted by the countess, rather than from the nature of the malady—that the count should defer seeing the patient. But she had one request to make, one favor to ask the count.

"Ah!" exclaimed the pleased magnifico, "it is granted ere asked."

It was to the effect, as the learned doctor said, that the count would not defer his promised pleasure of partaking of the festivities through her indisposition. It would add to her illness and distress, if she knew he stayed away.

The count let fall a bead-roll of gold, which he had been passing through his fingers.

"Is monsignor sick?" exclaimed the physician, remarking the paleness and agitation of his patron.

"No!" replied Lorenzo, impatiently. "Tell me, did the countess herself say what you have just recounted?"

The esculapian replied, that he had already quitted the signora's chamber ere the request was entrusted to his delivery by the waiting woman, Francesca.

"The accursed fiend!" exclaimed the count, emphatically. The physician betrayed a discreet surprise; but Lorenzo bade him be silent as death as to what had escaped his lips. He was then commissioned to return to the sick chamber and make happy the invalid with the assurance that Della Scala should be found among the maskers that night, and would carefully absent himself from the side of his sick wife's couch.

"Monsignor!" exclaimed the medical retainer, in an expostulatory tone.

"Nay, then, soften it as you will, Signor Agostino," rejoined Lorenzo, with a curl of the lip.

Evening approached, and the count stood alone in his dressing-room, contemplating in silence a magnificent suit of apparel, the costume of a mixed monastic and warlike order of German knighthood, of which he was a leading dignitary. This was the array chosen to adorn a form worthy to sit beside the peerless Bianca, on an occasion in which he felt touched by vanity, to display to his countrymen how improved was the half-forgotten youth who, in years long past, had forsaken the vales of sunny Italy, and *dolce far niente* existence, for the turbulence of grim war—how worthy to match with the loveliest mate Verona boasted!

The rich robes were presently flung aside with a bitter smile. He selected a far humbler suit, a close habit of dark velvet, sprinkled by the embroiderer's hand with leaves of gold, which, with cloak, domino-mask, and cap, without plume or decoration, completed an equipment that rather betokened intention of intrigue or adventure, than desire of reveling in the merriment and grandeur of the scene.

"Now the fox against the fox, if it must be so!" exclaimed the count sorrowfully. Over the dark cloak he threw a military mantle of bright scarlet, and surmounted the close velvet cap in ordinary with a plumed hat.

Though loth to indulge in suspicion, yet once suspecting, Lorenzo exhibited a wary, subtle spirit, which had oft outwitted the warlike foe, and now rendered him a dangerous adversary to Visconti. He made no confidant, employed no spy, lest the honor of Bianca should be compromised; but, acting on the impression that his departure would be watched, kept a wary eye, searching everywhere through the gloom in his progress to the mansion of the Signor Cavalcanti. Foiled in the survey, he entered the wide-spread doors, but turned aside from the halls of revel, and doffing mantle, mask, and plumed hat, found exit by the garden gate, and was again in Verona's streets, the dark cloak shading the face and hiding the well known figure of the count. He approached stealthily his own domicile, sometimes forced to turn aside to avoid being recognised in the glare of torch and flambeau, lighting beauty to the scene of gaiety.

The night was gloomy, but quiet—the Palazzo Della Scala in view. Should he—yes, the thought must have utterance, though it choke him—should he but find Visconti within? A shade moves along the wall; it pauses, turns the western angle, stops beneath a balcony projecting from a window, which, Della Scala remembered, gave light to a corridor leading to Bianca's suite of chambers. Will the intruder dare scale the palazzo? The count approaches warily, his hand on his poniard. Is it Visconti? No, for the stranger pulls the chain affixed to the bell—it is a love affair with some menial of the household. Ah no, it is the enemy to his honor! Lorenzo has caught a glimpse of his face. "Bianca, hasten, our moments are precious!" murmured Alberto, unconscious of his chiding soliloquy being overheard.

"Ah! that name profaned by thee!" exclaimed the count, seizing his rival by the throat.

"Della Scala!" cried Alberto, in utter alarm and confusion, feeling for his weapon.

"Visconti!" rejoined Lorenzo. The sharp dagger's stroke was the sole echo to the exclamation.

"The traitor's path—the traitor's law!" muttered the count, as he flung the inanimate, bleeding corpse out of view from the balcony window.

The frame of Lorenzo shook with the strong indignation of his soul; should he rush in, and wreak vengeance on—whom? Francesca? Bianca? Were they both guilty? Had he proof of Bianca's guilt? The window opened above, and the count stepped moodily beneath the balcony, with scarcely mastery over his feelings to practice the dissimulation. "Signor, are you below?" was whispered by the well-known voice of Francesca. Della Scala ground his teeth in silent rage; he could not speak, but his very soul was bent on knowing to what extent the tempted as well as the tempters had erred;

so he thrust up his hand to intimate his presence. No words were spoken, but he felt a billet placed between his fingers, he grasped it, and the window was immediately closed. Lorenzo withdrew to the lamp suspended over the side entrance to the offices.

Good heavens! what sees he? it is the handwriting of Bianca! her own slightly traced, delicate characters! In one hour from the present, she will quit the palazzo with Francesca, meet him behind the ruined Santa Croce chapel, to fly to a happier land—may God forgive her flight!

Lorenzo was unnerved, and reclined stupified against his palazzo—it was a total wreck of happiness he experienced—no hope, no sympathy. He wept for the ruin which had fallen, which love had blinded him to! But vengeance was yet unsatisfied, its torch could only be extinguished by the punishment of all, the tempter and the tempted, the destroyer and the destroyed!

In one hour! the time was but short to prepare the means of vengeance. He had no near kinsman, no cherished friend, in whom he might confide; he was almost the only scion of the ancient house whose name he bore. With a sigh he called to his aid Roberto, a military valet who had shared the dangers of his many campaigns. By Roberto's assistance the corpse of Visconti was removed to a place of security, and the trustiest household retainers of Della Scala arrayed in secret under cover of the night.

In Bianca's dressing chamber was a silver crucifix, before which she had often bowed in prayer. How fearfully and askance she now looked at it—now, while the ready, active Francesca was preparing for flight! Poor Bianca! she would have knelt, but dare not. Sunk on her couch, she turned an idle eye on the rapid movements of the waiting maid.

"Signora, I am ready, pray have courage for the last effort!"

"Would I knew the end of this! I fear the count will die of grief!" said Bianca.

"Not he; the race of them are made of sterner stuff," replied Francesca, "but I know the ending, I have had it foretold. The signora has heard of her they call the Sybil, who lives in a tower in the Strada di Vicenza?"

"I know her not," replied the countess, with a vacant stare.

"I will relate all to the signora as we walk to the Santa Croce," said Francesca, who, seeing the necessity of acting a resolute part, tendered her arm to assist her mistress to rise. Bianca obeyed the gentle force, she cast a look toward the toilet over which hung the crucifix, but amid the golden coin which Lorenzo had placed at her disposal, her eyes encountered the casket which held his peerless gift. She hurried away, while the maid thought her mistress uttered a slight cry.

Beyond the wall of Verona, to the northward, far from any habitation, stood the ruins of the Santa Croce, where in ancient times, had dwelt a small brotherhood of monks, whose principal vocation was the dispensation of food and shelter to poor travelers, more especially pilgrims coming from the far north to visit the miraculous shrines and relics of Italy. Hither wended alone, not without fear and trembling, Bianca and her attendant, both concealed from the recognition of prying eyes by masks, and shrouded in riding-mantles.

"See, signora, they are coming to meet us!" cried Francesca, to encourage her mistress. She pointed out three horsemen who emerged from behind the ruins. The chief approached; and dismounting, placed his finger across his mask, a signal accompanied by a half turn of the head in the direction of his companions, as though he were afraid the voice of Bianca or her maid would be recognised, and wished to impress the necessity of silence. He conducted the countess, with great show of tenderness, to a commodious litter, whose burthen was borne by two horses harnessed abreast.

"I fear Alberto expects pursuit. How he trembles! His hand quite shook as it grasped mine," whispered Bianca to her attendant, as the latter was placed beside her mistress; "horror surrounds me—I dread evil will befall us—I feel cold, forlorn—pray for me, Alberto," exclaimed

the grief-stricken lady, now addressing her lover, as he drew close the curtains of the litter and was preparing to mount.

"Pray for us both, Bianca!" replied he, in a low voice, as he spurred forward to take the lead.

The night wore on in gloom, but occasionally the wind made a rent in the driven cloud rack, and the moon or stars peering through, distinctly marked the character of the territory in which they traveled. On the left lay the broad river, on the right a hilly country, softened by vineyards, gardens, villas, and backed by mountains which mingled with the Tyrolean masses.

Often, during the journey, did Bianca silently wonder Alberto came not to the litter to soothe her, while the same feeling found vent in Francesca in loud lamentation, mixed with reproaches against the whole tribe of unfeeling lovers. Left to their own consolation, however, they came to the conclusion that it behoved Visconti to be ever on the alert, and that he could not trust himself with tender thoughts. The road after a while grew more rugged and uneven, and the litter was much jolted. On drawing aside the curtains, they found themselves ascending a steep, winding hillside, shadowed by over-hanging forest trees. Gloomy and more gloomy grew the path, the sound of rushing water was heard, and turning a sharp angle, they crossed a bridge spanning an abyss, beneath which roared the sullen cataract. Branching from this road, the cavalcade entered a dense forest track; and emerging thence, Francesca, who had been on the look-out, uttered a cry of delight on beholding the facade of a country palazzo with long colonnade. Lights gleamed to and fro—indication of guests being expected—and even Bianca felt a comparative freshness of spirits, which she had been a stranger to during the journey. Crossing a sluggish canal, they halted beneath the piazza. Lorenzo came forward, assisted Bianca from the litter, and led her into a handsome vestibule. Francesca was prevented following her mistress by one of the horsemen, on some plea unheard by Bianca.

Lorenzo, without unmasking, conducted the countess from the vestibule to a saloon brilliantly lighted.

"How grand! Is the villa thine, Alberto? Would I had the spirits to be pleased with this splendor! But why retain the mask, is there a meaning in it? some sportive fancy? Alas! the occasion is unsuited for mirth!"

Lorenzo only replied by placing his finger across the mask, and leading the astonished countess to a second saloon; it was yet more magnificent, and elicited her admiration.

"Have you guests, Alberto? Are we safe so near Verona?" exclaimed she.

He replied only by pointing to a half-closed door, from which gleamed forth light. They entered—it was the most superb saloon of the suite. She looked round in amazement. The most conspicuous decoration was a large portrait, representing a youth in hawking costume. She started. "How like it is to him!" exclaimed Bianca, "let us leave this room, dear Alberto, those eyes follow me!" and she assumed a winning, playful look, to persuade him to return.

"It is him—and I am he!" cried the figure in a stern voice, while the falling mask disclosed the face of Della Scala.

Bianca's hand was held in the firm grasp of Lorenzo. Her features yet retained somewhat of their mirthful expression, as though conviction of the awful change came slowly—was too great for the mind to realize. Bereft of utterance, she gazed on the unexpected apparition—appalled, petrified with dismay—and as horror gradually fixed its seal on her features, her form shrank crouching from the fixed gaze of Lorenzo. He loosened his grasp, and with a wild cry, she sank to the floor.

"Bianca Guidoni!" exclaimed Della Scala.

"Lorenzo! O! cover me, earth!" cried the unhappy lady, burying her face in her hands. She heard him move, and beholding in imagination the uplifted poniard, threw herself on her knees, imploring by silent gesture his mercy. To and fro he several times passed before her, with slow step, as though debating the mode of

revenge—his stern, unbending glance cast upon her beseeching figure, while the thick breathing denoted the inward struggle of his soul. Tears at length came to her relief, and she ejaculated—"Have you brought me here to die?"

"Why wantest thou to know, hast any parting wish?" asked Lorenzo.

"O! spare Alberto, if he is thy captive!" she exclaimed, "judge him not too harshly; we loved when love was no offense, and did intend to fly together beyond my cruel father's reach. I crave only mercy for him! with me is the fault, let mine be the penalty; it was I who tempted him!"

"Liar!" cried Lorenzo fiercely; "it was he who tempted thee; but he is dead!"

Bianca shrieked fearfully, as though her soul had flown, and she fell to the floor in a deep swoon. Lorenzo contemplated her prostrate form in silence. Tears fell from his eyes.

"Yes, he is dead! and dead be now my revenge! O Bianca!" exclaimed the count, bearing the insensible lady to a couch, "if we had known each other earlier, how happy might have been our fate! Farewell! and since thou knowest it not, one more adieu!"

Bending over her, Lorenzo for the last time placed his lips to hers, and fled the saloon.

Francesca, by the count's secret order, had been hurried into the litter and conducted back to Verona, whither Della Scala repaired, having first conveyed his instructions to the household respecting the countess. After a long conference with Count Guidoni, followed by interviews with the kinsmen of Visconti, (whose domestic at the Santa Croce had been captured and held in durance by Della Scala's retainers, who took their post,) and with the authorities of the city, he quitted Verona—quitted Italy, a forlorn, unhappy man, seeking, in the military struggles of European warfare, the happiness he missed in domestic life.

Bianca found an instance in the clemency of Lorenzo in her permitted retention of the honors and privileges attached to the house of Della Scala, together with the life-use of the villa to which she had been conveyed. But she preferred the penitential seclusion of a convent, and lived to regret and mourn, not the fatal mistake of Francesca, which betrayed the lover's plans, but her own fatal mistake in yielding to temptation, which urged her to fly to the indulgence of a criminal affection, from hallowed bonds, which cannot be broken without infringing laws both human and divine.

Francesca, unworthy of Lorenzo's vengeance, was banished the state of Verona, at the instance of Count Guidoni, while the sad history we have narrated was long talked of, and added one more to the time-honored legends of Verona.

THE haunch of mutton may be cooked so as to have the flavor of roebuck venison, by cutting all the outer skin from the meat; and having first rubbed it with olive oil, by soaking in a vessel containing a pint of vinegar, some thyme, a few bay leaves, four cloves of garlic, some whole white pepper, a little allspice, a teaspoonful of bay salt, and a little parsley. Cover the upper part of the joint with slices of onion; turn the joint every morning, still keeping the onions on the uppermost part. Repeat this for four days, and then roast it as venison. The result will be a most delightful dish."

It appears, that in New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together, previous to their union.

In England, now, it isn't so;
The bridegroom and the bride
To loggerheads but seldom go,
Until the knot is tied.

A USEFUL HINT.—The difference between rising every morning at six, and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days, and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

Ladies' Department.

MUSIC OF SPRING.

"THERE'S music in the balmy breath
Of spring, when from the realms of death
She calls the flowers to life again,
And decks with gorgeous hues the plain,
Then wakes to notes of harmony
The grove's enchanting minstrelsy.
There's music in the murmur low
Of gentle waters rippling by—
There's music in the onward flow
Of rivers in their majesty.
There's music in the bubbling fountain—
There's music on the sun-bathed mountain—
There's music on the earth—
There's music in the air—
And music into birth
Is bursting everywhere."

NO NIGHT BUT HATH ITS MORN.

THERE are times of deepest sorrow,
When the heart feels lone and sad;
Times when memory's spells of magic
Have in gloom the spirit clad.
Wouldst thou have a wand all potent
To illumine life's darkest night?
This the thought that e'er in nature
Darkest hours precede the light.

When the world, cold, dark and selfish,
Frowns upon the feeble flame,
Lighted from the torch of genius,
Worth has kindled round thy name;
When the fondest hopes are blighted,
And thy dearest prospects fade,
Think, oh, lone one, scorned and slighted—
Sunshine ever follows shade.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES, ON A VERY DELICATE SUBJECT.

To every one of you, ladies, I believe I can say with a safe conscience,

"I do, as is my duty,
Honor the shadow of your shoe-tye."

I claim, however, that shoe-tyes, to be honored, should be seen. At present they are enveloped in such a longitude of skirt as utterly extinguishes them. Every now and then we find you, ladies, laboring under some monstrous extravagance of attire, as wide sleeves, arachnoid waists, and so forth. Now the reigning solecism is over-long gowns. It is a case which may almost excite some doubts as to the soundness of the feminine understanding, so entirely does it seem to defy all the ordinary rules of common sense. Ah, gentle dames—but let us look into the matter a little in detail.

See yonder elegant lady moving along the pavement, like "Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground." Very well for the Trojan dames, perhaps, to indulge in such dress in sounding epic; but oh, look at their living imitatrix of modern England! It has been a damp morning, and the flagstones are bespread with a thin paste of mud. Our fine lady's skirts just skim this soft substance, and behold they are thickly dabbled for a few inches upward with mud, which they have also communicated in no small quantity to the shoes and stockings. She dare not now hold up her skirts to save them from further pollution, because that would expose a state of matters about her feet and ankles at which every body's eye would revolt. She therefore walks desperately on, knowing she is always getting worse and worse, yet unable to help herself until she shall reach home, by which time she will be in a state only fit for the consideration of her maid, to whom I leave her. Is this a reasonable treatment either for silk or mousseline de laine? Is it doing justice to a pair of the neatest feet in the world? Is it right to visit mortal shoes and stockings with such indignity?

Or see the same figure in the same place on another day. It is now dry weather, and what was formerly mud is now dust. The same garments sweep up as much of the volatile as they did of the humid nuisance. It does not clag and barken on skirts and feet, but it goes farther, and produces a worse abomination. The masculine imaginations coming up behind dwell for a

moment on the dust-bath in which our Trojan dame is indulging, and its unpleasant consequences. For of what is the dust-bath composed? Alas, we all know what matters mingle with the soil of a crowded carriage thoroughfare. It is as a volunteer scavenger that our lady acts, with this remarkable addition to the usual duties of the class, that she chooses to go home laden like a bee with the materials on which she operates. Nor is it inanimate dust alone. In warm weather, the powder of the street is full of insects visible and invisible. Think of a proud and stately gentlewoman gathering an entomological museum about her as she treads the pave. How much obliged must several of the better-known parasites be to her friendly skirts for transporting them into new settlements! Some of them will probably make themselves known to her ere long; others she will be spared knowing, but I can assure her they are there nevertheless.

Were there any irresistible elegance in long skirts, I should, dear ladies, have some little sympathy in your submitting, for its sake, to these inconveniences. But the fact is, that while a train is a fine thing in a state-room, a trailing gown is an unpleasant object to look upon in a street. It is so, because it is felt as utterly inappropriate. We cannot admire anything if it grossly shocks rationality. Long skirts, which can only be an inconvenience and a source of defilement in a street, shock rationality: therefore we cannot admire long skirts in walking-dresses. It is the plainest and most incontrovertible syllogism. Skirts which leave the feet free to move without being touched by them, fulfil the common-sense idea of the matter, and are felt to be handsomer accordingly. There is also what I may call a positive or absolute grace in the neatly-shod female feet seen moving smartly along a city way. A woman should not be a purely bell-shaped object, with the edge touching the ground. The feet are required for a basis in the figure; otherwise a painful sense of incompleteness or imperfection possesses us. I am not prepared to advocate the Sclavonian brevity of petticoat, with a supplement of frilled trousers: perhaps our habits of feeling forbid the hope of such a fashion ever being introduced. But I would certainly recommend that the skirts of walking-dresses should never come within three inches of the ground, whether with supplements or not.

I hope, fair ladies, that you will not think of calcitrating against this friendly remonstrance and advice, on any such weak ground as that it is a matter which we men have nothing to do with. The very reverse is the case: you do pay us the compliment of dressing very much to please us. Knowing this, and grateful for it, we feel that it is but the simplest justice to apprise you, when, from any misconception on your part, you fail in your amiable design. It is only right that we should endeavor to turn you to modes in which you are more likely to succeed. This is the sum of my wishes at the present moment. I have used strong terms, because gentle ones would be of no use; but I mean kindly.

You will perhaps tell me that fashion is imperative, and that, till it changes, you are helpless. I know well that this is an influence against which the individual is in a great measure powerless, though I do not well see why any of you should become an entomological cabinet, or a walking sample of the soil because another chooses. I aim, however, at affecting that general feeling or sense in which fashions take their rise. It must reside somewhere, and I have a good chance of reaching it. The only fear is, that the fashion-instituting power, like some other powers, resides with persons not the most shining in point of judgment, not to speak of taste. In that case, these reasonings will most probably be thrown away. I am, nevertheless, hopeful. The cause of retrenchment of skirts is one which may require agitation, and may not be crowned with speedy success; but it is one founded so clearly in rationality and a just sense of what is beautiful and what is decent, that sooner or later it must triumph. And so, with sentiments of the highest consideration and respect, I bid you, my fair country-women, a tender adieu.—[Chambers' Journal.]

Choice Miscellany.

THE GHOSTS.

The night was drear, the clouded moon
Shed forth a misty light;
And all around was wrapt in gloom,
Beneath that starless night.

Within a lone, sequester'd glen,
O'ershadow'd by a wood,
Far from the cheerful homes of men,
A pile of ruins stood.

The night-bird shriek'd, the wind blew cold,
And bodingly did moan
Round the dark-vaulted ruins old,
Where now I walked alone.

Quickly loud yells, with howlings mix'd,
Broke on my startled ear;
My blood ran cold—my limbs transfir'd—
I stood all mute with fear.

Then rush'd I from those ruins old,
Which noisy ghosts delight in;
But turned to look, when, lo! behold!
'Twas two Tom-cats a fightin'!

ON COUNTRY LIFE.

THE approaching season for retirement to the country, which has become an imperative pastime, if not a passion, should put our citizens upon the best track of preparation for its enjoyment. Leigh Hunt, the employment of whose literary life has been, for the most part, to cram as great an amount of pleasure into business and duty as possible, thus discourses of retirement, and some of its friendly means and influences:

"Some of the most stirring men in the world, persons in the thick of business of all kinds, and indeed with the business of the world itself on their hands—Lorenzo de Medici, for instance, who was at once the great merchant and the political arbiter of his time—have combined with their other energies the greatest love of books, and found no recreation at once so wholesome and so useful. Every man who has a right sense of business, whether his business be that of the world or of himself, has a respect for all right things apart from it; because business with him is not a mindless and merely instinctive industry, like that of a beetle rolling its ball of clay, but an exercise of faculties congenial with the other powers of the human being, and all working to social ends. Hence he approves of judicious and refreshing leisure, of domestic and social evenings, of suburban retreats, of gardens, of ultimate retirement "for good," and of a reading and reflective old age. Such retirements have been longed for, and in many instances, realized, by wise and great men of all classes, from the Diocletians of old to the Foxes and Burkes of our own day. Warren Hastings, who had ruled India, yearned for the scenes of his boyhood, and lived to be happy in them.

The wish to possess a country house, a retreat, a nest, a harbor of some kind from the storms, and even from the agitating pleasures of life, is as old as the sorrows and joys of civilization. The child feels it when he "plays at house;" the schoolboy when he is reading in his corner; the lover when he thinks of his mistress. Epicurus felt it in his garden; Horace and Virgil expressed their desire of it in passages which the sympathy of mankind has rendered immortal. It was the end of all the wisdom and experience of Shakspeare. He retired to his native town, and built himself a house in which he died. And who else does not occasionally "flit" somewhere meantime if he can? The country for many miles round London, and indeed in most other places, is adorned with houses and grounds of men of business, who are whirled to and fro on weekly or daily evenings, and who will all find something to approve in the closing chapters of our work. The greatest moneyed man of our time, Rothschild, who weighed kings in his balance, could not do without his house at Gunnersbury. Even the turbulent De Retz, according to Madame de Sevigne, became the sweetest of retired signors, and did nothing but read books, and feed his trout. It is customary to jest upon such men, and indeed

upon all retirement; to say that they would still meddle with affairs if they could, and that retirement is a failure and a "bore." Fox did not think so. It is possible that De Retz would have meddled fast enough; nor are energetic men superior, perhaps, to temptations of their spirit in this way, when such occur. But this does not hinder them from enjoying another and a seasonable pleasure meantime. On the contrary, this very energy is the thing which hinders it from palling; that is to say, supposing their intellects are large enough to include a sense of it. De Retz, like Burke and Fox, was a lover of books. Sir Robert Walpole, who retired only to be sick and to die, did not care for books. Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment; and he who cannot read, or botanize, or farm, or amuse himself with his neighbors, or exercise his brain with thinking, is in a bad way for the country at any time, much more for retiring into it. He has nothing to do but to get back as fast as he can, and be hustled into a sensation by a mob.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—In no department of life do men rise to eminence who have not undergone a long and diligent preparation; for whatever be the difference in the mental powers of individuals, it is the cultivation of the mind alone that leads to distinction. John Hunter was as remarkable for his industry as for his talents, of which his museum alone forms a most extraordinary proof. If we look around and contemplate the history of those men whose talents and acquirements we most esteem, we find their superiority of knowledge has been the result of great labor and diligence. It is an ill-founded notion to say that merit in the long run is neglected. It is sometimes joined to circumstances that may have a little influence in counteracting it, as an unfortunate manner and temper; but it generally meets with its due reward. The world are not fools—every person of merit has the best chance of success; and who would be ambitious of public approbation, if it had not the power of discriminating?—
[Physic and Physicians.]

EARLY SPRING MORNING.—The sun shone out warm and broadly, the crackling holly hedges glittered in the laughing shower of splendor, like a line of cuirassiers with their polished breastplates. The crocus just began to push forward its orange top into light from its close green shell; the snow-drop bent down modestly its elegant and lady-like head away from my rude amorous gaze; the polyanthus, glowing in its cold bed of earth, like a solitary picture of Giorgione on the dark oaken panels of an ancient dreary Gothic gallery; while the fragrant lilacs began softly to spread forth their limber shoots. The short, tender grass,

"Glowing,
Just as from a gentle mowing,
Asking a fair foot to press
On its springing mossiness,"

was covered with *marguerites*—"such that men called daisies in our town"—thick as the stars on a summer's night; and as I slowly advanced, a thousand dew-drops, almost imperceptible on close inspection, throw up their dazzling long rays against my eyes, changing their colors, and twinkling in and out, like fiery diamond-sparks set round in an eastern emerald.

SELFISHNESS.—Few people are aware who have not subtly pierced into the complicated motives of the human breast, that the hatred of selfishness may itself become a selfishness as base if not so monstrous as the selfishness on which it pours its burning curses. For what is selfishness but the grudgingly keeping to ourselves that which we ought graciously and gracefully to communicate to others with an open-handed hospitality? Now, what does it matter whether this unmanly avarice clutch and cling to and monopolise the money in our pockets, or the ideas in our brain? Indeed, I know not whether the avarice of the idealist is not the the most dastardly and detestable of the two. Your commonplace miser merely keeps from his fellows the golden image of an earthly monarch; the idealist withholds from them the most beautiful image of the Deity.

THE BAGPIPES.—Dr. Mainzer in a late work defends the Scottish Bagpipe: "The contempt generally thrown upon this ungraceful child of antiquity I do not participate in. This uncouth instrument, low as is its standard among the more perfect and more civilized means of communicating sound, has an interest of a manifold kind, and holds among popular instruments the first rank, as being one of the oldest and most universally known. The bagpipe, limited in its mechanism, poor in its expression, is not on these accounts deficient in the accents of joy and grief; and no instrument has been a closer witness of heroic deeds, none has ever found a warmer echo in warmer hearts! Many pipers have died as heroes; the history of pipe tunes is the history of battles; and these are the bloody records of the history of a country. The pipe deserves more than any other to have its biographer. The interest it lacks in polite society it amply compensates for in popular life. Though unfit for the drawing-room, it was not found unfit for the field of battle. The piano and violin, which reign in the former with a glorious and well deserved supremacy, would, under the thunder of cannon, but miserably supply its place. The principal merit of this instrument, however, remains to be told. Although one of the humblest and coarsest, it is the parent of the grandest, the most magnificent, the most complete—the organ; not without reason called the wonder of art. The bag has grown into the bellows, and two or three pipes into hundreds. The principle upon which the sounds are produced is in both exactly the same."

THE DEAF MOTHER.—The following curious anecdote is related of the Countess of Orkney, who died in 1700, aged 76. Her ladyship was deaf and dumb, and married in 1753 by signs; she lived with her husband, Murrough, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbor of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who, like all persons of the lowest order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," seized it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose the countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.—[Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.]

FORTUNES are generally made by taking things coolly. Your man of business that makes a great show and is always in a fluster, may get a fortune after a fashion; but it will not stick by the ribs. Those fortunes are the most solid and endurable which are acquired slowly, and with prudence and forethought. "Think twice and act once," has been the motto of your truly rich men.

The striking peculiarity of Shakspeare's mind was its generic quality, its power of communication with all other minds; so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and had no one particular bias or exclusive excellence more than another. He was the least of an egotist that it was possible to be. He was nothing in himself, but he was all that others were, or that they would become.

A LADY noted for her kind feeling, on hearing that the Pope was a fugitive from Rome, exclaimed, "Poor old man, has he got any family?" On the matter being explained to her, she added, "Well, I hope he will marry now."

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

DEDICATION AT WILMINGTON, DEL.

The Dedication of Odd-Fellows Hall, at Wilmington, Del. will take place May 28th. All members of the Order who can make it convenient, are fraternally and cordially invited to be present and participate in the procession. The Order will appear in full Regalia.

By order of the Grand Lodge of Delaware.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE AND THE UTILITARIANS.

THERE is a large class of persons in our midst, who are in the habit of condemning everything ornamental, gorgeous or grand, and who are ever talking of a "beautiful simplicity." Any thing like magnificence in life, ornament in dress, or grandeur in the architecture or ceremonial of the church, they profess to regard with a holy horror; and, to judge them by their words, we should suppose them ready to barter the most sacred of our altars for money, or something which will minister to their material comfort. How often do we hear Trinity, Grace, and other of our churches condemned as the creations of a worldly pride! How often do we hear repeated the question of that ancient Utilitarian, so severely censured by our Divine Master—"Why may not all these be sold for so much, and the money given to the poor?"

Now all this comes from the fact that the real spiritual significance and import of architecture are not appreciated by these persons. They are prosaic and skeptical men, who have no faith in the imminence of the spiritual, and who cannot rise to the comprehension of the Divine import of the "harmony of sights and sounds."

We have long conceived that the more imposing our churches are, and the more dramatic our forms of worship, the greater will be man's interest in religion, and the more deeply will they be affected by it. Our churches should be symbols or types of the everlasting, have the power to inspire solemn and devout feeling, and be themselves sermons. The most genuine church architecture is that which strives to re-produce, in wood and stone, the great and imposing temple of the world. As we wander among the woods of nature, in the autumn especially, the lively green of the hemlock and cedar, blending agreeably with the scarlet, golden and brown hues of the oak, chestnut and maple—give us impressions similar to those created by the imposing decorations of the venerable religious edifices of Gothic design. Nay, as we pass musingly along, our fancy forms of these varied features—a vast temple of praise and worship, consecrated to the Infinite Beauty.

The *Altar* is the hill, with its many-colored adornments, which stretches out along the horizon in its majesty; the *congregation* is the trees, which, agitated by the breeze, seem to bow with touching meekness and deep reverence before it; and the priest is the verdant laurel, which, ever beautiful, fresh, unfading, and unperishing—the symbol of the Eternal—bends down so lovingly from the overhanging rocks and cliffs, and looks out so benignantly upon all below. The mysterious murmur of the trees, and the wondrous cadence of the rippling streams, roll up through the valley, as the tones of a mighty organ, and ring among the hills, as a distant and imperfect echo of that everlasting song, which, "like the noise of many waters," goeth up continually before the Eternal Throne.

Our Gothic Churches are a perfect transcript of this great temple of nature; and, in all their arrangements, repose upon spiritual facts. They shadow forth the Infinite and Everlasting. No one

can enter them without feeling that they are truly the "house of God, and the gate of heaven."

A WORD ABOUT EUROPE.

THE latest intelligence, by the Hermann, shows Europe still in a disturbed and unsettled condition. The social elements are all in fearful agitation, and there is reason to believe that our prediction, made months ago, will be fulfilled; and that a fierce and terrible war will sweep over the entire of Europe, and western Asia, breaking up the ancient order of society, and preparing it for a better condition.

From England we have no news of special interest. In France attempts have been made again to suppress clubs and secret societies, but fortunately without much success. True, a law has been created which prohibits them, but it can have no practical effect. These clubs and secret societies are the safeguard of the Republic; and this movement against them looks very suspicious. The State trials are proceeding, but excite no particular interest.

Italy is again plunged into a sanguinary war. The efforts of England and France to renew the armistice between Sardinia and Austria have failed, and these two powers have once more unsheathed the sword. Thus far the Sardinians appear to have had the best of it.

A bulletin has been published in Turin, by the Minister of the Interior, announcing the passage of the Ticino, and the march of the Piedmontese army into Lombardy. The headquarters of the king were at Trecate, a small town on the Piedmontese bank of the Ticino, close to the road leading from Novara to Milan. It was by the bridge upon this road, leading to Buffalora, that the army crossed the river. The passage was unopposed, the Austrians having retired from that point. The road to Milan was reported to have been crowded with the Austrians and their baggage and munitions, in full retreat.

Advices had been received from Voghera, of an attack made by the Austrians upon the Piedmontese, who defended the bridge of Mezzana-Corte, near Pavia. The Austrians were repulsed, after which the Piedmontese partially destroyed the bridge. This news was received by telegraph from Alexandria, on the 21st ult.

Late on the 21st ult., the Minister of War received a report that the fourth division of the army, led by the Duke of Genoa, had advanced as far as Magenta, in Lombardy. When the division approached the bridge in Buffalora, the king himself advanced suddenly to its head, and was the first man to cross the bridge.

Although we have no great confidence in Charles Albert, we yet cannot but hope he will succeed in driving the Austrians from the country.

A French expedition of 12,000 men were ready to sail immediately, should the Austrians set their feet in the Pontifical States.

The latest accounts from Hungary abundantly prove that the Imperialists were not making much headway against the valiant Magyars, as success had lately crowned the arms of the latter, and the Austrians had several times been beaten with considerable loss.

The proposal to appoint the King of Prussia Emperor of Germany, was rejected by the Frankfort Parliament, on the 21st of March. This unexpected decision caused great excitement; and would, it was feared, lead to unpleasant consequences between Prussia and Austria.

The Republic of Palermo had rejected the constitution and proposals made by the King of Naples. The French and British fleets were about to withdraw, and the Sicilians were preparing for the hostilities which would immediately ensue. The King of Naples would, with great difficulty, keep his throne, as a formidable insurrection was about breaking out in Calabria, and the Neapolitans themselves were unquiet.

Russia has filled Poland with soldiers, and Warsaw is so crowded that many regiments have to encamp in the streets.

We shall look for the next news from Europe with deep interest; for we are confident, from present appearances, that the end of revolutions is not yet come. That great epoch seems to be near, which is described in the old myths of the north, and predicted by the Scandinavian maid, the famed prophetess of Volu. "It is the age of storms and swords—wars shall desolate earth, the Aes—i. e. the kings and lords—"shall be dethroned, and a devouring flame shall consume the fabric of the world. But a new earth will rise out of the desolation, clothed with fertility and beauty, where *peace, equality, fraternity and love*, will dwell for ever." Sleep—sleep in peace, sacred prophetess of Volu! A thousand years hast thou slumbered in thy tomb, where thy bones have been warmed by the everlasting fires of Hecla; but thy voice is heard to-day above the storm and thunder of revolution, musical as the song of Iduna; and thy words, fresh and beautiful, are now marching forth to their glorious fulfillment.

THE ORIGIN OF BELLS.

CHURCH bells were invented about the year 400, by Paulinus, the Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania. Hence the name assumed by a company of Bell Ringers, the *Campanalians*.

The practice of ringing bells in change, is said to be peculiar in England, but the antiquity of it is not easy to be ascertained. There are in London and other places several societies of ringers, particularly one called the College Youths; and in the life of Sir Mathew Hale, written by Bishop Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favor the report, that this learned and upright judge was a member in his youth. In England the practice of ringing is reduced to a science, and peals (tunes) now known were composed upwards of fifty years ago by one Patrick. This man was a maker of barometers; in his advertisements he styled himself Torricellion operator, from Torricelli, who invented instruments of this kind.

In the time of Clothair, King of France, and in the year 610, the army of the King was frightened from the siege of the city of Sens, by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's Church. In the times of popery bells were baptized and anointed, *cleo Chrismatis*; they were exorcised, and blessed by the Bishop, from a belief that when these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and even to recreate the dead. The ritual of these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical; and it was usual in their baptism to give each bell the name of some saint. In Chauncey's History of Hertfordshire, is the relation of the baptism of a set of bells in Italy with great ceremony, a short time before the writing of that book. The bells of the Priory of Little Dunmow, in Essex, were, anno 1501, new cast and baptized. The bells at Osney Abbey, near Oxford, were also very famous.

In the funeral monuments of Weever, the Antiquary, are the following particulars relating to bells: "In the little Sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clothier, and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel; about the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words:

'King Edward made me thirthe thousand weight and three; Take me down and wey me, and more you shall find me.'

But these bells being taken down in the reign of King Henry VIII., some one writes underneath with a coal:

'But Henry the Eighth Will bait me of my weight.'

This last distich alludes to a fact mentioned by Stowe, in his Survey of London: "Ward of Farringdon Within, to wit: near St. Paul's School stood a clothier, in which were four bells, called

Jesus bells, the greatest in all England, against which Sir Miles Partridge staked a hundred pounds, and won them of King Henry VIII. at a cast of dice."

It is said that the foundation of the fortunes of the Orsini family in Italy, was laid by an ancestor of it, who, at the dissolution of religious houses, purchased the bells of abbeys and other churches, and by the sale of them in other countries, acquired a very great estate. Nevertheless, it appears that abroad there are bells of a great magnitude. In the steeple of the great church at Roan, in Normandy, is a bell with an inscription, which has been thus translated:

"I am George of Ambois,
Thirty-five thousand in pois;
But he that shall weigh me,
Thirty-six thousand shall find me."

Moscow was formerly celebrated for the number and the size of its bells, many of which were of great weight.

It is a common tradition that the bells of the King's College Chapel, in the University of Cambridge, were taken by Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt. They were taken down some years ago, and sold to Pheeps, the bell-founder of Whitechapel.

In the year 1664, one Abraham Rudal, of the city of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His descendants, in succession, have continued the business of casting bells, and by a list published by them, it appeared that at Lady-day, 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had cast to the number of 8,594. The peals of St. Dunstan in the East, St. Brides, Fleet-street, and St. Martin in the fields, Westminster, are in the number.

The uses of bells were various. They were rung to call people to church—on all occasions of festivity and joy, and to announce the death of a mortal. The custom of tolling bells at the death of a person is very old. Its significance was beautiful and Christian. When a poor child of earth was called away, the bell was rung to notify Christians that a brother or sister had passed away, and to remind them of their duty to pray for the repose of the departed spirit. In all the rural districts of New England, the Passing Bell is always heard at a death, and in the solitude of the country its tones are peculiarly impressive. It is a praiseworthy custom, and implies that the dead are yet something to us, and we are something to them; that the friendly ties and sympathies which exist here will survive the grave, and flourish in immortal vigor, and bloom through eternity.

In another department of our journal we give our readers a beautiful poem, by Miller, called the Passing Bell.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

We insert the following correction with pleasure; and we particularly desire, if any brother discovers an error of this description, or of any kind in our list of Lodges or Encampments, that he will make it known.

Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y., April 9, 1849.

PUB. GOLDEN RULE—DEAR SIR: I see by the directory contained in the last No. of your paper, that Le Roy Lodge No. 119 is set down as *suspended*. As this is an error which may do us harm, I write to have you correct it.

This Lodge is in as good standing as any in the State, so far as *regularity* and conformity to the laws of the Order are concerned, and has never been suspended. Do us the justice to correct this error.

Wyoming Encampment No. 66 was instituted at this place on the 14th ult. by D. D. G. P. W. W. Willard, of Onondaga District—meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Officers for current term: C. F. Bissell, C. P.; Jno. P. Vincent, H. P.; Ira S. Vaughn, S. W.; J. Kimbark, J. W.; A. C. Finney, S.; M. A. Dix, F. S.; S. F. Comstock, T.

Yours, fraternally,

C. F. BISELL.

ADDRESS

Delivered before Covenant Lodge No. 30, and McKendree Lodge No. 32, I. O. O. F., of the State of Mississippi.

BY BRO. WM. WARD, JR.

THE care-worn pilgrim, as he passes through the earth-way of existence, is met on every side by the cold sterilities of selfish and unsympathising life; wherever he may turn, the hypocrisies of his fellow men deceive his warmest hopes, or their indifference chills him with neglect. He looks in vain toward some imaginary oasis, where the fresh green wreaths of *Friendship* entwine the soul, where the pure fountain of *Love* may slake their fevered thirst, and where, above them both, the sky of *Truth* unfolds the radiance of a higher heaven. Too often, like the *mirage* of the desert, the illusory phantoms that seemed so warm, and glowing, and life-like, rest there, the vain colorings of baseless fabrics, above a barren waste. There is another pang added to his anguish, that of blighted *hope*. He finds the world's heart callous; that its throbbings are never felt beyond the adamant walls of selfishness and interest. These inevitable barriers rear their grim gates above the entrance, where *Friendship* and *Love* should spread their green memorials, and through which sympathy should lead misfortune and her dejected train. All to him is repulsive, save perchance some isolated rivulet gushing from a hidden source, to tell him there is yet left the redeeming nucleus, around which the sympathies and feelings of fallen humanity may cluster and lead on to the ocean of universal benevolence.

But alas! it is here that man is truly fallen—in his sympathies there is no union, no universality; but where they exist it is but the casual outbreak from the time-hardened rock of selfishness and pride, when struck by the rod of affliction; else is but a sad wreck, where Philanthropy mourns amid the relics of human perfection. But even here all is not lost. There, perhaps, a broken column, once almost ideal in its symmetry, rises from the dust of ages. There, too, a riven arch, with its proud entablatures, and the blue sky melting through its openings, rises like a monitor of decay before us; while here, a temple, with its columned aisles and magic proportions, arrest the gaze from the rubbish which the hand of Time has thrown in lavish confusion around his sad domain. All is not yet lost. Though the streams of benevolence may be scattered, though the wrecks of humanity may cover the earth with shivered and distorted fragments, still the waters may be gathered, and the fragments united. Though the mind may be in chaos, its virtues scattered, its feeling made barren by coldness and neglect, those affections are indestructible; they live through all time, and permeate all mind, as they now awaken within us the thrill of pity, or the yearnings and promises of Hope; so generations on whom the dust of successive ages is piled, have felt their impulses and their truth.

The blue-eyed Scythian, the olive Persian, the agile-minded Greek, have felt, in the great chain of existence, the same emotions that the generations of earth now express. They may be quelled, disunited, but never destroyed; and were they directed into one great channel, the care-worn pilgrim might for ever wander in the gardens of happiness and peace. But the phases into which society is thrown, by the colder feelings of our nature, will ever hang like an incubus in dragging down the occasional efforts of those who seek to elevate the moral nature of man by single and discursive means. It is only in union, in association, that these great objects are to be accomplished. One of the emblems of our Order has taught us that union is strength; that one rod alone can be broken, but when banded together they become invincible. Here, then, is one of the great aims and objects of Odd-Fellowship—to incorporate the sympathies of our nature, and to fraternize the world with their

well-directed energies. Though we seek not our origin amid the Polytheistic relics of a moldering antiquity, its broad principles were laid in ages far distant, cemented by the hand of time, to endure for ever. We are hidden from the world, its factions, its interests and its prejudices, that we may hand down the charities and better feelings of our nature, in the great bond of human brotherhood.

The time has long past, when the mysteries of a secret fraternity awoke the fears and superstition of the world outside. The weapons of the cavalier are now harmless, and the denunciations of the uninitiated fall unregarded on the world's ear. Suspicion, "the coward's virtue," no longer prying with her secret eyes, shrinks back from the vain inquiry; and baffled curiosity, struck with wonder at the fair proportions of the outer court of our temple, dares not penetrate its inner recesses.

It is true, antiquity, from her mystic lore, has given us some sad examples of her veiled institutions of magic and deceit. They have come down to us, invested with all the terrors of secrecy and delusion; the meaningless mummary of their horrid rites were calculated as food for terror, and to clothe their Priests with all the attributes of the *prophet* and the *fiend*; their emblems became talismen and charms, and the world writhed like a giant in the iron meshes of superstition. Isis held Egypt in chains with his deified mysteries, and the terrible orgies of Eleusis fettered the Grecian alike in gloomy bondage. The beautiful curtain was lifted from their mysteries, like the veil from the Prophet of Khorassan, to reveal the distortions of hideousness and horror to the deluded worshiper, whose curiosity was dearly paid by unnatural and deceitful ceremonies.

We call to our aid no terrors, to assume a power over a *victim*—we invoke no horrors—we claim no magic in our beautiful and impressive rites—our emblems are clothed in no unnatural, no talismanic power; yet they have a lesson which is ever impressing itself on those who seek to learn. The moral symmetry of our Order is only to be traced by a gradual development of its beauty. You might perhaps obtain a fragment from its secret courts, but yet, as well might you judge by a single stone from an unseen edifice, of the beauty and proportion of the whole—as well might you take one link of a hidden chain, and solve the problem of its mysterious length, as to draw one secret from our rites, and learn the beauty and proportion of our beloved Order.

The world, ever prone to judge from its shallow knowledge, complains of our exclusive character, and names our charity, selfish liberality. If to exclude party, sect or caste, the elements of strife, discord and bitterness, the inharmonious strings that jar upon the melody of life—if this is the tenant conveyed in such epithets, we bow in silence to the world's decree; nay, we rejoice in such selfishness as this, and ask no happier lot than to remain exclusive for ever. When it becomes the privilege of all classes of society to mingle together in a work of love; we rejoice that it is a refuge from the bitterness and strife of earth.

Philosophy, with cynic sneer, cannot deride our mysteries, for they are the tenets of its moral purity. Poetry cannot aim its keen and glittering shafts at its winning beauty, for it is full of the eloquence of poetry and truth. Religion cannot warn from its genial paths, for it is its ally and its aid; but if the world's passions and prejudices see fit to brand us with its cuffed and studied epithets, be it so. If they tell us that our benefactions are confined within the pale of our own fold, we reply that here we do more than the world has done, and within the world at least as much. Because we are at times shut out from its motives and interests, it does not prevent us from becoming participants in its petty plans of Philanthropy—it does not sever us from being a constituent part of society in all its actions and its schemes; and were the power and

the means beneath the control of our beloved Order, the world would not be too broad for its plan of sympathy and love.

But again, your regal trappings, your decorations, your pompous titles and your glittering pageantry—are these the instruments of charity? are these the tinsel heraldries with which she announces her comings, and arrays her votaries? Do you send her ministering forth amid the squallid leprosy of earth in the habiliments of regal pomp? Oh, no! no! our charities are silent and unseen, our visitings are not heralded by the emblems we choose to wear to make our union more distinct. But why should we not have our decorations? Are not your Churches splendid with their desks, their chancels, their altars, and their pillars? And are not your ministers arrayed in the vestments of their sacred office? And can you find fault with a regalia whose every emblem, nay, whose very colors, teach a lesson of truth and beauty? The haughty stoic, in his robe, the cynic, in his rags, are alike encrusted with a more questionable pride; and the paradoxical Pharisee, while he glories in the thought that he is not like other men, is bloated with his wealth, his honors and his titles. Our titles, at which the world sometimes curls its sneering lip, are only known within our Lodge Rooms; they blaze not upon the world, nor are they used in the world's vain sense. It is enough that we use them in connection with the virtues that should adorn station, and cluster around authority.

The poetry of our Order is one of its peculiar characteristics. It is full of beauty, of regularity, of sublimity, of simplicity. Its persuasive eloquence pleads to our better feelings, and like the soothing tones of a well-strung lyre, lifts the soul in majestic harmony above the cares, the passions and vanities of earth. In the simple ceremonies of our dedication, our funeral services, there is poetry and truth. We have the teachings of man's vanity, his weakness and his bondage; and the glowing glories of his elevation are fresh with beauty, in the eloquent lectures of advancement.

Let us move on, then, in silence and in peace, while surrounded with the passions and conflicts of life. Remember your duties and the obligations by which they are directed. Remember, too, that those sympathies and charities you have sworn to perform toward your fellow-men are as binding and imperative as your commands of secrecy. You cannot, and you dare not, violate the one, and cherish the other as a sacred duty. And above all, let not that brother who has gone down to revel in the allurements and fascinations of vice, stamp with falsehood our lessons of man's high and noble destiny, but arrest him ere the syren winds her last fatal charm around him. It is then, and in such deeds that life has its moral, and is not without its meaning. We say, then, to every true Odd-Fellow—

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To those mysterious realms where each must take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and sooth'd
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

CHLOROFORM IN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE Boston Transcript says: "The question has been asked, whether a sheriff may administer ether or chloroform to a criminal who is about to be executed? The recent executions of criminals in our country have been in a private manner. Formerly it was the custom to make an execution as public as possible, for a terror to the living and to manifest the supremacy of the law. It is now satisfactorily proven that public executions tend rather to harden than to have any good effect on the hearts of men. The death penalty is not mainly dreaded from the pain necessary to its infliction. It is the thought of the untried realities of futurity

which makes 'the soul startle at destruction.' How many men do we see who will gladly brave any surgical operation, however severe, if they are confident that it will save their lives! And science teaches us to believe, that there are numerous operations vastly more painful than death itself by the cord.

"The law does not enjoin upon the sheriff to perform his office with all the harshness and cruelty which can be used; but contrariwise it presumes that he will do it with all the possible lenity and consideration for the feelings of the criminal. This mixture of mercy with justice is the only good influence which operates upon the minds of spectators, and others who read accounts of executions, and is the most efficient means of softening the heart of the victim.

"We really cannot see any weighty objection to a sheriff's discharging his duty in the most lenient manner possible; and, if the criminal requests the exhibition of ether or chloroform, it is great cruelty to withhold it from him."

We are glad the humane and talented editor of the Transcript has introduced this subject. There is no reason in the world why the execution of the culprit should not be made as painless as possible. Our laws do not require *pain*, or *torture*, but death. It was a custom with the ancient Romans, to give drinks to criminals, to mitigate the pains of death; and the Scriptures give us a precedent.

When our Saviour was crucified, he exclaimed, "I thirst," and they gave him *vinegar*, mingled with *myrrh*. Commentators are universally agreed that this mixture was intended to deaden sensibility, and make the agony of the cross less painful.

HINTS TO JURORS,

ON THE MODE OF ASCERTAINING THE TIME OF DEATH.

THE "rigor mortis," or stiffening of the body, commences from one to two hours after death, and, continuing from two to three days, begins to relax, when decomposition sets in. This stiffening of the body does not exist in the joints, as commonly supposed. It is in the muscular system that the rigor mortis, or stiffening, takes its seat; and the contractibility of muscular fibre continuing after relaxation is lost, the stiffened muscles, in passing over the joints, enclose them, as it were, in splints. In producing this effect, the contractibility of the muscular fibres is assisted by coagulation of the fluids contained within the muscular substance. In case of death after a lingering illness, the rigor comes on sooner and remains a shorter time.

Nysten, an eminent surgeon of Paris, made, at the time of the first French Revolution, a series of important investigations, tending to determine the time at which the power of contractility, on the application of stimuli, ceases in different muscles. It is well known that on passing a galvanic current through a palsied limb, or the limb of a corpse recently dead, violent muscular contractions will take place.

It had been a desideratum in physiology and medico-legal science, to determine the succession in which the different muscles lost their power of contractility, and also the average length of time which elapses between the final cessation of the power of breathing and the insensibility of the different muscles to the contracting power of stimuli. For a long time had this knowledge been desired, but veneration for the recently dead, and the attachment of friends to the remains of those whom they had esteemed in life, prevented the performance of experiments necessary to determine the question.

During the reign of terror, when the revolutionary frenzy was at its height, and the scaffolds of Paris groaned beneath the weight of political victims, then men's minds became accustomed to scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, and the finer feelings of the human breast gave way to indifference at human suffering. Votaries of religion were

scared away from the temples of their adoration, and commanded to worship the idols of political perfection. Rational hope of present benefit from the fruits of human sympathy was extinguished before the glaring and false light of the visionary ignis fatuus, then leading the misguided multitude through sloughs of disappointment and streams of blood.

The enthusiastic and ardent mind of Nysten perceived that these wholesale butcheries afforded the opportunity for making physiological investigations upon an extensive scale. It was arranged that each victim, after having been submitted to the guillotine, should be dropped through a hole in the flooring into an enclosed chamber underneath the scaffold. Within this chamber Nysten secreted himself, and there, unseen by the populace, conducted his investigations at will. The result of his experiments may be concisely summed up as follows: Irritability was first extinguished in the left ventricle of the heart; next, in the great intestine; 3, in the small intestine; 4, the stomach; 5, the bladder; 6, the right ventricle of the heart. The irritability of the right ventricle continued about an hour; after this the power of irritability was lost in the following order: 1, in the gullet; 2, in the iris, or colored muscle surrounding the pupil of the eye. Next to these the voluntary muscles lost their power of contractility, and first, those of the head and neck, then those in the lower extremities, and thirdly, those in the upper. Last of all the auricles of the heart; and of these, the right auricle retaining its power longer than the rest, has been named the ultimum moriens, or last dying part. The power of contractility was retained by the right auricle about two hours after decapitation of the body. M.

EDITORIAL JEU-DE-MOTS—VERY GOOD.—How can we feel otherwise than happy, after reading the following in yesterday's Post:

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."—One of the most agreeable papers in Boston has a *Poore* editor."

After all our name isn't such a bad one as it might be. The subtraction of the final *e* would leave us, (as Mr. Shakspeare once remarked) "*Poor* indeed," but the addition of an *a* would make us *poorer*. It isn't, we admit, as *Rich* a name as that of a collector whose office under ours is, but now that it has been complimented by the Prince of Yankee editors, who is not green, (though the addition of the above-mentioned final *a* would make him *Greener*,) we shall take the first opportunity of saying to some fair damsel—

"I give thee all—I can no more—

Though *Poore* the offering be—

It's been praised in the *Boston Post*,

High honor that for me!"

Country papers will please copy.—[Boston Daily Bee.

The Boston Daily Bee is one of our very best exchanges; indeed, we always prized it, but never so much as at this time, and we earnestly hope that its editor will always be *poor*, (*Poore*) for we are confident that if by being *Poore*, he should get into limbo, one of the proprietors of the Bee would be generous enough to *Ransom* him.

CIRCULATION OF CITY PAPERS.—The Sunday Morning News recently asserted that of the weekly papers published in this city, Ned Buntline's Own had the largest circulation. This is a great mistake. The Gazette of the Union has the largest circulation of any of the weeklies, and only one daily paper, *The Sun*, surpasses it. We not only circulate more papers than the others, but over a larger extent of country. Everybody at the South and West reads the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule.

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL.—This great temple of Odd-Fellowship is to be dedicated on the 4th of June, when there will be a larger gathering of Odd-Fellows in this city than on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the edifice. We have not yet been informed what is to be the order of exercises.

MERCHANT'S LODGE No. 150.—The brethren of this Lodge celebrated their fourth anniversary on the 10th, with more than their ordinary zest. At an early hour the members, and a numerous party of ladies, assembled at the Lodge Room to hear an address from P. G. Arthur McArthur, of Boston, late a member of the Lodge. His remarks were eloquent and impressive, and gave universal pleasure to his large audience. After the business of the evening was ended, the assembly adjourned to the tasteful saloon of the Clinton Hotel, where an elegant entertainment had been prepared by Bro. Leland. The evening closed with dancing, and the company separated after a season of pleasure that memory will often dwell upon.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND THE CALIFORNIA EMIGRATION.—The members of our Order now en route for California, via Panama, true to their obligations, have organized themselves into a relief committee at Panama, and hold weekly meetings. Those who are sick have had extended to them a brother's care, while those who needed pecuniary assistance have found it to an extent that will enable them to push on to the mines without delay.

GRAND LODGE DOCUMENTS.—We acknowledge the receipt of the proceedings of the Grand Lodges of Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Mississippi, and also of the Grand Encampment of Mississippi. A more particular digest will be given in our next.

ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY.—This great enterprise is going forward successfully. It is expected that the Library will be opened in June. In connection with this institution will be given courses of literary and scientific lectures.

Amusements.

PANORAMA OF THE HUDSON RIVER.—This is a splendid work of art. It shows a close observation of nature, and a refined and classic taste. It is exceedingly accurate in its delineations, and embodies the most majestic and beautiful river scenery in the world. We have no views in our memory so striking and varied as West Point, here seen from various positions. The lights and shadows, the wild and bold scenery, the picturesque shores adjacent, the associations connected with its history; all impart to it a great charm and interest. Many other towns on the river are most faithfully given, with the country adjacent; and the painter has happily selected those which a lavish nature has stamped with all the attributes of variety and beauty.

NEW ORLEANS SERENADERS.—With all the refinement of nature we have in this admirable troupe a humor unsurpassed. Their burlesque imitation of the Italian troupe has whiled away many an hour most pleasingly; and their new piece, the hit at the Gung's, is played in a style irresistibly comic, and full of fun. The overtures are also well selected, and admirably executed, and their melodies sung with the most charming effect.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The attractions at this place continue unabated. Mr. Barnum and Mr. Greenwood are indefatigable in their exertions to amuse and instruct the public. Great Western is still at this place, the Quaker Giant and Giants, and a host of novelties, too numerous to mention, and too extensive to describe.

CHINESE MUSEUM.—We do hope that all of our readers will call and see this collection of Chinese curiosities. Here one may see a perfect picture of Chinese life, in all its varieties, and learn nearly as much of Chinese peculiarities as by a visit to the celestial empire.

NIBLO'S REVIVED.—An elegant saloon is to be erected upon the corner of Prince-street and Broadway, to be completed by the 1st of July. The center of the square is to be adorned with a garden and fountains, and the whole establishment to be made as before, worthy the patronage of the city, and unexceptionable as a place of rational amusement.

Literary Notices.

✂ "CHURCH AND STATE." By Rev. Baptist Noel. New-York: Harper & Brothers. It will be remembered that the author of this work, not long since, held a distinguished position in the established Church, from which he has now seceded. This work contains the reasons which have led him to this result. He discusses with great ability the whole subject of a State religion, and the question of union between Church and State. This work must produce an immense sensation in England, and will be extensively read here. It exposes some curious facts regarding this subject, and we promise our readers a rich treat in its perusal. We have read it with much pleasure and profit.

✂ "NATURAL HISTORY OF ENTHUSIASM." Carter & Brothers. This is a republication of the celebrated work of Isaac Taylor. Although we cannot subscribe entirely to the philosophy of this book, we must admit that it is a product of great merit, force, ability and beauty. Mr. Taylor is a most vigorous writer and able logician, and whatever he writes is always read with deep interest. In this work he discourses of ENTHUSIASM, not in its entirety, but from the religious point of view, or as it is connected with religion. He describes that *fictitious* piety which, hitherto, has never failed to appear in times of unusual religious excitement or enthusiasm, and also strives so to fix the meaning of the term ENTHUSIASM, as to wrest it from those who use it to their own infinite damage. As a whole, we do not know of a more useful work than this.

✂ "ORIGINAL THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE." By Rev. Richard Cecil. New-York: R. Carter & Brothers. 1849. We find here, from an able pen, the substance of many sermons, which serve forcibly and interestingly to elucidate passages of Scripture regarded as obscure, or which admit of some latitude of interpretation. The book shows the result of deep study and reflection, a thorough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and a nature deeply imbued with a spirit of piety and benevolence. We warmly commend it to our readers.

✂ "THE GOLD REGION." New-York: Baker & Scribner. This is a well written little book, in which the author relates his supposititious adventures in a Fairy-Land, somewhere in California, which he calls Aurifodina. He is more fortunate than most of the California adventures; for he is introduced to a city of gold, whose king, Reechamud, (*Rich-as-mud*) was a very amiable fellow, and whose daughters, Kissame (*Kiss-me*) and Mi-buta, (*My-beauty*) our traveler found very entertaining. On the whole, this book is a cure for the California fever.

✂ "BORDER WARFARE." New-York: Baker & Scribner. We commend this book to our readers, as one that is indispensable to a thorough knowledge of some of the most interesting incidents in our country's history. Mr. Campbell has done his work well, and gives us a very valuable and instructive work.

✂ "HERE A LITTLE, AND THERE A LITTLE." New-York: Baker & Scribner. This is an admirable little work for the young. It consists of Scripture stories, thrown into a pleasing and delightful form, which will make it very valuable and interesting to children. Every Sunday School and every family should have a copy.

✂ "MORDAUNT HALL." New-York: Harper & Brothers. This is a standard romance, written in a pleasing and animated style, full of incident, and illustrating a lofty morality. It will well repay a second reading.

✂ "THE CAXTONS." New-York: Harper & Brothers. This is part I. of a new novel by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, which promises to be equal to the best of his earlier productions.

✂ "THE MEXICAN WAR." New-York: Barnes & Co. This is a graphic description of the late war, and a history of the adventures of our gallant army in Mexico. It is full of interesting incidents, and is invested with all the charm of romance. It is a valuable work, making an important addition to our national historical literature, and is worthy a place in every family library.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. JOHN POWER, D. D.—It is with feelings of the deepest regret, we have to announce the death of this distinguished member of the Catholic Church. As a clergyman, he was esteemed and beloved by his flock, whose spiritual and temporal interests he watched over with more than parental solicitude. He was formerly Administrator, and subsequently Vicar General of this diocese; and, after a long and protracted rheumatic disease, he died on Saturday, the 14th inst., at twenty minutes past four o'clock, P. M. Dr. Power was considered the ablest theologian in the State, as all those who have heard his logical and eloquent sermons, will testify; and in private society, his bland manners and interesting and instructive conversation gained for him the affection not only of those of his own persuasion, but also of the members of every creed in this country, in whose society he so often displayed the rich treasures of a highly gifted and brilliantly educated mind.

SYMPATHETIC REVOLUTIONARY MEETING.—We perceive that arrangements are being made for getting up a great mass meeting of Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Germans, Irishmen and others, to take into consideration the present condition of Europe, and adopt such measures as may tend to advance the cause of democracy in that part of the world.

We are glad of this. It is an excellent movement, and we are confident that it will be attended with beneficial results. It may be thought by some that the struggling spirit of democracy in Europe, could not be assisted by any movement of the kind proposed in this country, so far away from the scene of action; but it can, and most essentially too.

THE SIAMESE TWINS are to exhibit themselves a few days in this city, before their departure for Europe, where they are going. As an exchange paper informs us, to consult the most eminent surgeons on the practicability of an operation to divide the ligament which binds them together. The twins have a fine plantation in North Carolina, and are married to respectable young ladies, (sisters) who have presented their husbands with a goodly number of children. We believe that the most eminent surgeons in this country decided, years ago, that to sever the ligament would produce immediate death.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—At the recent charter elections, whig officers were chosen for the cities of New-York and Brooklyn, and a new City Charter adopted for New-York.

A work-house is to be established in this city, which will relieve the tax-payers of a large number of guests who now idle their time away at the Alms House. When it comes to work, people prefer to work for themselves.

A new congregation is now forming, to be placed under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, formerly of this city; and the large chapel in the New York University, Washington Park, has been secured as the place of worship.

DRAMATIC FUND.—It is said that Mr. Wm. B. Astor has made a donation of \$1000 to this benevolent institution for the relief of decayed actors. We doubt it, however—he may have given ten cents.

A NEW PAPER.—We have seen upon our table a new paper called the *ERA*. It looks well, full of vigor and variety, but a little *flashy*.

ANOTHER WEEKLY, called the *Examiner*, has also made its appearance.

STILL ANOTHER.—*Gray's Commercial Key*, is the title of a paper to be issued weekly, at 44 Ann-street, commencing about the 12th of May. It promises to be a useful journal.

RUBBER GOODS.—We would call attention to the advertisement of the Union India Rubber Company, in another column. This pliable material has been applied to such a variety of uses, that to enumerate all is as idle as to attempt a detailed description of a Chinese Museum. It has been adapted to the use of ships, in their heaviest sails, and is used with equal facility in the shape of bank notes. For the army and navy it has proved most valuable, and is now indispensable to the California emigrants, ten thousand of whom can be supplied at this establishment in a day. Bro. Penfield will be glad to show this museum to all, whether purchasers or not.

WE particularly recommend to our readers the excellent Italian Medicated Soap of Dr. Gouraud, whose advertisement may be found in another column. We know from trial that this soap possesses all the fine qualities ascribed to it. It softens the skin, makes the complexion clear and beautiful, and thus is an indispensable addition to every lady's toilet. The other cosmetics of Dr. Gouraud are equally valuable, and will be found so on trial.

HEALTH OFFICER.—Dr. Francis has been appointed Physician-in-Chief to the Marine Hospital.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

THE Money Market continues very stringent, and borrowers are obliged to pay high rates. The cause of this continued pressure it is not easy to assign, but it may be chiefly attributed to the diminished amount of coin in the banks; which produces, naturally, a reduction in the circulation. The *Crescent City*, for Chagres, took \$150,000 in coin; and a farther quantity goes out in the *Falcon*. The next steamer from Liverpool, as well as those to come for some weeks, will bring a large amount of specie, which cannot fail to aid the Money Market; assisted as it will be by the receipts of cash from merchants from the interior, who will soon be in the city to make large purchases. Stocks are cheaper than last week, and close at the following prices: U. S. Treasury Notes, 108 1-4; U. S. 6's, 1867, 110 1-4; and Erie Railroad bonds, 97 1-8, cash.

ANSWER TO MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

COL. FREMONT.—The latest intelligence from this enterprising gentleman, informs us that, after leaving his men from their perilous position in mountains, he returned to Santa Fe, where he shipped a new company and proceeded down the Grande, one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and thence to the Gila, and down that stream its confluence with the Colorado, thence on a westerly course to the Pacific.

DR. JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—The British Government, through its consuls in the United States, has offered a reward of \$100,000 for discovery and rescue of this long absent expedition. Lady Franklin has also offered a reward of \$10,000 for the same purpose.

CANADIAN POLITICS.—The people of Canada of British origin, propose to call a National Convention. The late act indemnifying sufferers by the rebellion, promises to be a source of much trouble, indeed it will not change the government of Canada.

The body of a man supposed to be named George Evans, was recently found murdered near Rockport, Ohio. A bullet had passed through his head. He was supposed to reside at Buffalo, N. Y.

TREASURES OF MOOLTAN.—The treasures discovered in the subterranean chambers of the citadel, appear to be altogether of oriental magnificence and Asiatic profusion. Descending into the cavities in which the treasures of the fortress have been accumulated, the inspecting officer is said to have found opium, and indigo, and salt, and sulphur, and drugs of every description heaped together in endless profusion; enormous hoards of wheat on one hand, on the other almost inexhaustible stores of rice; stacks of ghee vessels brimming with their unctuous contents; bales upon bales of costly shawls and gorgeous silks; chest after chest crammed with scabbards, blazing with gold and jewels; tiers of copper cannisters filled to the brim with gold mohurs. "My poor pen," says a correspondent of the *Delhi Gazette*, "cannot describe the variety of wealth displayed to the inquisitive eye. Tumbrels, under strong guards, have been moving to and fro with gold coin all day. And, in addition to this, three or four crores of specie were still known to be concealed beyond the amount already discovered—one crore of rupees being one million of pounds sterling."

MICHIGAN TAXES.—Household furniture to the amount of \$100, spinning wheels, looms, pews in churches, cemeteries, fire-arms, wearing apparel, school books, library to the value of \$160, ten sheep and cows, six swine and provisions, and fuel for six months, are now exempt from taxation.

CALIFORNIA.—Panama dates to the 29th of March have been received by the arrival of the *Falcon*. The Oregon left Panama for San Francisco on the 18th, with 226 passengers, leaving 1,500 on the Isthmus. Steerage passages in the Oregon sold at \$500, and \$200 over the general price on board sailing vessels. The California had not arrived at Panama, but was hourly expected. The town continued very healthy.

Ten thousand people are at Independence, Mo., and vicinity, en route for the gold region. From ten to twenty-five wagons pass St. Josephs, Mo., daily, upon the same errand.

The President of the United States will probably attend the Annual Fair of the American Institute.

Scientific and Useful.

Mr. W. H. Smith, C. E., has published a description of an invention by means of which he hopes to insure the establishment and continuance of available harbors of refuge, piers, breakwaters, &c., on all coasts and in all circumstances. The structure is of timber, supported from the top and the sheeting separately, by yielding braces, so arranged and moored to mooring-blocks, and balanced by counter-balance weights, that pressure in either direction gradually strikes the strain on either the blocks or the weights downward into or upon the ground, while it also, in reaction, produces a similar strain downwards on the whole structure, which, moreover, is so connected and separated, so jointed and pivoted, as to admit of a horizontal and spiral freedom of motion throughout. All shocks are thus to be either eluded directly or thrown downward on the solid floor of the sea. Yet the power of resistance is said to be sufficient to overcome a momentum on the counter-balance weights and moorings equal to 2000 tons. Mr. Smith calculates that a harbor which, on existing principles, would cost £50,000, will thus be made for half as many hundreds.

CURE OF CHOLERA.—Mr. Howell, of London, states that he has made an important discovery in the treatment of this formidable disease. In arresting the collapse, which is the last and fatal stage of the disease, Mr. Howell sponges the whole body, and particularly the spine, with turpentine of boiling heat. This powerful stimulant at once produces reaction over the whole body, removing the coldness of the skin, dispenses the cramps, averts the sickness, and enables the stomach to receive medicine and food. In five recent cases of cholera, where collapse had set in, this remedy has been employed by Mr. Howell and his son with triumphant success.

M. Boland, a baker of Paris, has invented an ingenious instrument, called by him the *aleurometer*, the purpose of which is to indicate the panifiable properties of wheat flour. The indication depends upon the expansion of the gluten contained in a given quantity of flour, when freed from its starch. A ball of gluten being placed in a cylinder to which a piston is fitted, the apparatus is exposed to a temperature of 150 degrees; as the gluten dilates its degree of dilatation is marked by the piston rod. If 25 degrees of dilatation is not obtained, the flour is rejected. The best flour usually gives from 88 to 90 degrees.

A LARGE PRIZE.—The foreign papers brought out by the Canada, announce the death of Mr. Moreton, a wealthy American printer, at Paris. He is said to have left a legacy of two hundred thousand dollars, as a prize for the man who will invent a machine capable of striking off ten thousand copies of a newspaper in an hour. There is a printing press in this city, invented by Mr. Jephtha Wilkenson, which will throw off twenty thousand copies of a newspaper an hour, and fold them into the bargain. It is in the hands of Mr. Moses Y. Beach, in an incomplete state—the inventor, Mr. Wilkenson, having quarreled with that gentleman. It is the most extraordinary invention of the age, and has been fully tested. Mr. Wilkenson, the inventor, is the author of several of the most extraordinary productions the mechanical world has at any time produced. He resided many years in the city of Manchester, England; and was, at one time a Major in the American army.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add additional force to the character of man.

The suspension bridge over the Danube at Pesth was commenced in 1840, according to the designs and under the direction of W. T. Clark, and has just been completed, at a cost of £650,000 sterling. This bridge has a clear water way of 1,250 feet, the center opening being 670 feet. The height of the suspension towers from the foundation is 200 feet, being founded in 50 feet of water. The sectional area of the suspending chains is 520 square inches of wrought iron, and the total weight of the same 1,300 tons. This is the first permanent bridge since the time of the Romans which has been erected over the Danube below Vienna, it having been considered impossible to fix the foundations in so rapid a river, subject to such extensive floods, and exposed to the enormous force of the ice in the winter season. It now, however, stands as another monument of the skill and perseverance of our countrymen. The bridge was opened for the first time, not to an ordinary public, but to a retreating army, on the 6th of January, by which the stability of the structure was put to the most severe test.

At one period the silver mines of Guadalcanal, Seville, in Spain, produced to the Spanish government £100,000 in duties alone; and from the proceeds of these the palace of the Escorial was built. They were the property of a family named Fuchars; who, not satisfied with the enormous wealth derived from them, secretly took away the ores from a new lode they discovered, without giving notice to the government; and, to prevent imprisonment and confiscation, they let the water into the mines; and for one hundred and fifty years they have remained in the state in which they were thus left by them. About six months ago, however, the mines were purchased by an English company; and a capital of £10,000 was raised to work them. An engine of great power has been obtained, which bids fair soon to drain the hundred and twenty fathoms, and discover the hidden wealth once more. Mr. Nicholas Harvey, who drained the lake of Harlem, in Holland, is among the adventurers.

HOW TO SPLIT PAPER.—Procure two rollers or cylinders of glass, or amber resin or metallic amalgam; strongly excite them by the well-known means, so as to produce the attraction of cohesion, and then, with pressure, pass the paper between the rollers. One half will adhere to the upper roller, and the other to the under roller, and the split will be perfect. Cease the excitation, and remove each part.

The communication by rail is now either complete, or soon will be, via Calais, right through the heart of Europe, including Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Antwerp, the Rhine, Berlin, Warsaw, Leipzig, Vienna, Switzerland, and Venice. Arrangements are already in progress for a grand continuous tour through most of the places just named. Paris is now approximated to London by a time distance of only eleven hours, or a run actually shorter than that to either of its own provincial capitals, Edinburgh or Dublin.

POTATOES.—Professor Wilder, who has been thoroughly investigating the potatoe, solemnly denounces it as an article of food, and says it is the "cause of the moral and physical degradation of the nations that use them." We believe that the Professor is right. We expressed this opinion, in nearly the same words, long ago, although we did not know that any other person had arrived at the same conclusion.—[N. Y. Star.

DEPTH OF THE SEA.—The greatest depth ever reached by sounding was in the Atlantic, 900 miles west of St. Helena, where Sir James Ross found no bottom, with a fathom line of six miles and a quarter in length.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS FAMILY.

We find in a late Herald, the following description of the position of the President of the French Republic, with regard to his family:

The President is not fortunate in the members of his family or connections, by whom he is surrounded. He had hoped at first, that the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, his aunt, could be prevailed on to come to Paris, to do the honors of his court. This lady, however, declined, and at present no lady of his family is put forward to receive his guests—he alone receives them.

It may not be uninteresting to give here a sketch of the principal surviving members of the Bonaparte family, especially of those who are in Paris: The Emperor left four surviving brothers—Joseph, formerly King of Spain; Lucien, Prince of Canino; Louis, formerly King of Holland; and Jerome, formerly King of Westphalia. Of these, the last alone survives. Joseph left a daughter, who afterwards married the eldest son of Lucien. This eldest son is now the Prince of Canino, and holds a prominent position in the newly proclaimed Roman Republic, or the Constituent Assembly, of which he is Vice President.

Lucien left several other children, all of whom still survive. His eldest daughter is the Princess Gabrielle. His second daughter, Letitia, married Mr. Thomas Wyse, the member for Waterford, from whom, after she had had one child, she separated. She has since, however, had a family of illegitimate children. The third child of Lucien bears his name, and is now in Paris. He was elected lately a representative to the Assembly for Corsica, but his election was null and void. The fourth child was Pierre, also elected representative for Corsica, and now in Paris. The fifth is Antoine, who resides in Italy. The sixth, Marie, married to a cousin, and the seventh, Constance, a nun. Such was the family of Lucien, Prince of Canino. The present Prince of Canino, his eldest son, married, as I have stated, to the daughter of Joseph, has eight children, the oldest of whom is now twenty-five years. Most of the younger members of this family have lately arrived in Paris, for the purpose of completing their education.

Louis Napoleon, ex-King of Holland, has left only one surviving son, who is now the President of the Republic. It will be seen, that by seniority, he is not properly the representative of the Emperor, the children of Lucien being before him. By right of primogeniture, the Prince of Canino would therefore be at present the heir of the Emperor. But it will be remembered that when Napoleon assumed the purple, his brother Lucien, a staunch Republican, did not countenance what he considered an usurpation of the liberties of the people: an estrangement took place, and the Imperial decree which declared the members of the Bonaparte family princes did not include Lucien. At a late period, however, Lucien was created, like the others, a French prince; but by the laws of the Empire, priority was given to the younger children, and it is thus that Prince Louis, as son of the ex-King of Holland, is now regarded as the head of the Bonaparte family.

Jerome, the only surviving brother of the Emperor, was declared King of Westphalia in 1807. In 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, he became Prince of Montfort. Having been divorced from his first wife, Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, in the United States, in 1806, he soon afterwards married Sophia, Princess of Wurtemberg, who died in 1838. By her, Prince Jerome had two children, the Princess Mathilde, who married, in 1841, Prince Anatole Demidoff, and the Prince Napoleon, who is a representative for Corsica in the Assembly. After the election in December last, Prince Jerome was appointed Governor of the Invalides, where he now resides. He has, for many years, cohabited with an Italian lady, who passes as his wife, but with whom there has never been any public or acknowledged marriage. The Princess Mathilde Demidoff separated from her husband some time since, under curious circumstances, which are variously reported. It appears that, either by her own solicitations, or by the dictates of his proper will, the Emperor of Russia ordered a separation, and exercising the power which he possesses, as sovereign of that country, interdicted Prince Demidoff from living in the same city with his wife. The Prince is now, or was lately, at Brussels; the Princess lives at Paris, and frequents, as other ladies do, the palace of the President, her cousin. Soon after the proclamation of the President, there was much discussion as to the female members of the Bonaparte family, who should do the honors of the palace. The Princess Mathilde was pointed out, as well by her own rank in right of her husband, as by her near relationship to the President, as the fittest person for this purpose. She was

also resident in Paris, and must necessarily be present at the court. It seems, however, that the *haute societe* demurred to any such arrangements, and it was plainly intimated, that if that lady did the honors, the said *haute societe* would not present itself at the palace. The difficulty was attempted to be surmounted, as I have stated, by inviting the Grand Duchess of Baden to come to Paris, to do the honors. This lady, however, having declined, the difficulty remained without solution, and it is said that the Prince President left to the choice of the Princess Demidoff, either to be present as other ladies, without exercising any functions or assuming any paramount position, or to leave Paris. The Princess chose the former, and she accordingly now appears at the balls, re-unions, and other receptions of the palace, but with no marked circumstance which distinguishes her from other ladies.

This, however, is not the only embarrassment by which the President is beset. Madame Wyse, with her family, is resident in Paris. She is not received at the palace of the President at all. One of her daughters recently married a certain Count de Saline, whose rank and title she now bears. This lady is also in Paris, and is conspicuous at public balls and other ceremonies, but neither is she received at the palace of the President.

A difference is lately reported to have arisen between the President and his uncle Jerome, in consequence of which the latter does not now appear at the palace.

Pierre and Lucien Napoleon, the sons of the late Lucien, Prince of Canino, belong to the party of the red republic, and they are thus, both politically and socially, estranged from the President.

Lucien Murat, the son of the celebrated Murat, and of Caroline, the eldest sister of the Emperor Napoleon, is now in Paris, and is seen constantly at the palace of the President. He is a member of the Assembly, and a Colonel in the National Guard. His politics are those of the moderate party, and he is therefore in perfect harmony with the President. He lived for many years in the United States, where he married an American lady, who, with her children, are now in Paris.

A FRIGHTENED BOARDER.—We find the following in the Baltimore Clipper:

"A gentleman recently returned from attending, as a witness, at the trial of Tom Hyer, the pugilist, at Chestertown, Kent County, related to us the following most amusing circumstance, which occurred at one of the principal hotels in that place. Among the unusually large number of boarders, there was one whose appetite at table seemed to know no bounds; every dish in his vicinity was cleared by him before any one else could get a taste. The landlord very patiently bore it for several days in silence, indulging in the hope that his boarder's appetite must certainly have an end. But this hope proved delusive; at every meal his appetite seemed, if possible, to sharpen up; till at length the landlord, unable to stand it any longer, ventured to remonstrate with his boarder, and remarked to him, 'My friend, you eat so much that I shall certainly have to charge you an extra half dollar.' 'An extra half dollar?' replied his boarder, with a countenance the very picture of despair—'for goodness' sake don't do that; I'm most dead now, eating three dollars' worth, and if you put an extra half dollar's worth on, I shall certainly sue you for manslaughter.'"

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.—Ten years ago, in the midst of a storm, which had raised drifts of snow, thirteen feet deep, across different spots of road, a traveler set out in a heavy loaded cart from Kinguse, in Badenoch, to cross Drumwacher. A friend and a Newfoundland dog were with him in his cart. Near to Dalwhinnie Inn, the storm turned horse and cart upside down, threw the traveler and his friend into the road, and carried the dog some way over the drift. The traveler's hat, which contained an important letter, was blown away out of sight; and when the dog got back he was sent in pursuit of it. He disappeared in chase, and only returned just as the horse and cart was set upright, nearly an hour after the overturn. The journey was completed by the aid of a band of twenty Highlanders. On examining the hat, the traveler found that the letter had fallen out of it, and escaped the notice of his brave and sagacious dog; and he was put to serious loss by the misfortune. A singular incident remains to be told. The lost letter arrived to its address, a short time since, by post; but the gentlemen to whom it was written was no more—he died about eight years ago, and it was given to the writer. It was found on the banks of Loch Erich, a desolate region about eight miles from Dalwhinnie, by a shepherd, who simply says on the envelope: "Found at Loch Erich side, by a shepherd." It is an surprising preservation, considering the number of years it has lain among the mountains.

INTERMIXTURE OF BLOOD.—In Ulster the people are a mixture of Lowland Scotch from the West, with a smaller proportion of English. The speech is of the Scotch, dialect of English, and the countenance is more of the Scotch type. The people are hard-working and thrifty; so that Ulster, though with the poorest soil and coldest climate, is that province of Ireland where the people are best provided, and in no respect inferior to the northern parts of England. Along the east coast, and in the seaports, the race is a mixture of English and Irish, the English settlers having been mostly from Essex. The higher and middle classes of Ireland are also of a mixed race. The mixed races are remarkable for beauty of form, for native wit, for great readiness and brilliant talent, but not for steadiness or soundness. The mixed English and Irish are among the cleverest and handsomest people in the world.—[Wyld's Popular Atlas.

CURRAN'S DEFINITION OF AN EPIGRAM.

An epigram—what is it, honey?
A little poem, short and funny;
About four lines in length—not more;
Then this is one, for here are four.

LOST REGALIA.—Some months since, a Brother, whose name is not now remembered, borrowed from the then Publisher of the Golden Rule, Mr. E. Winchester, a Past Grand's Regalia. Said Regalia has never been returned. It was of the usual scarlet silk velvet, trimmed with gold bullion, with a gold star on the sash. The person in whose possession it now is, will oblige the owner by returning it to this office immediately.

Special Notices.

TO CLUBS.—Any person obtaining the names of five new Subscribers, and sending us Ten Dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis for one year. Upon all subscriptions over five, the person sending the names and money may retain fifty cents as his commission. Payments invariably in advance.

Postmasters are authorized to remit money to Publishers, and all money mailed in presence of the Postmaster, and duly forwarded by him, is at our risk.

In all cases where postage on subscriptions is not paid, it will be deducted from the amount credited to those who send it.

WILMINGTON, DEL.—Subscribers will find their accounts in the hands of Bro. J. L. ROCHE, Agent at this place. New Subscribers can also make payment to him. Terms \$2 per year in advance.

TO LOCAL AGENTS.—We have heretofore received very efficient aid from our Local Agents, and many of them are still rendering us much service by increasing our circulation and collecting dues. There are others from whom we have heard nothing for many weeks. We again ask your assistance in extending the genuine principles of Odd-Fellowship. We often experience much inconvenience from the failure of agents to report to the office, probably because but little has been done, and delaying until more is accomplished. If but two names are obtained, please forward them. Punctual correspondence is essential to the proper transaction of the business of the office; and subscribers are often disappointed and deprived of their rights by its omission. Will you not now renew your efforts as formerly, and see that our interests and the interests of the Order are properly cared for within the sphere of your respective agencies?

PHILADELPHIA.

BRO. JAMES J. DENHAM is our Agent for Philadelphia, and duly authorized to procure subscriptions and advertisements, collect dues, and transact any business involved in such Agency. Office No. 101 Cherry-street, above Sixth, near Odd-Fellow's Hall.

N. B. Subscribers who are in arrears will pay their subscriptions to Mr. Denham, as no other person is authorized to receive them, all former Agencies being discontinued.

ST. LOUIS.

BRO. ALBERT G. LEARY is our Agent for St. Louis, Mo., and duly authorized to transact the business of such agency.

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We hope our Traveling Agents will be punctual in making returns to us every week, and not compel us to notice any one individually.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,
Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by CRAMPTON & CLARK, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to J. R. CRAMPTON, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

I. O. O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ODD FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK,
March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO VII.

Such great advantages will serve to show
That Julia Wright had lovers, quantum suff,
Or might have had, if every brainless beau
Had been allowed to breathe his rapid stuff;
But Julia's good sound sense led her to know
Two lovers for one woman were enough
From whom a partner for her life to choose—
And even one of these she must refuse!

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP has been instrumental in procuring many a fair girl a good husband, who otherwise might have pined hopelessly under the blighting influence of a Pimpled, Tanned, Freckled, Sallow or Rough Skin! GOURAUD'S POUDES SUBTILES will eradicate every vestige of superfluous hair from the face, neck, arms and brow. GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE imparts a delightful color to pale cheeks and lips. Dr. Felix Gouraud's renowned preparations can only be obtained at his Cosmetic Depot, 67 Walker street, first door from Broadway, not in Broadway. Remember this.

LUXURIANT HAIR.

BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID.—One bottle of this truly valuable liquid is worth more than its weight in gold. There is no quackery in its composition; but healthy and efficacious ingredients, calculated to effect all that it professes. Baldness will at once depart, and a luxuriant growth of hair take its place. Gray hair will return to its pristine brilliancy—weak hair become strong and vigorous, and the skin take a proper and healthy action, by the use of the inestimable Hyperion. As an article for giving softness to the hair, and a brilliant gloss, it cannot by any compound be equaled.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN.

VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venitian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 3354

BARD & BROTHERS.

MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m339

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Roade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m348

HAVANA AND PRINCIPE CIGARS.

JAMES SADLER, No. 234 BROADWAY, (3d door above American Hotel).—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Principe Cigars, of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 3m245*

ECLECTIC MEDICAL AND SURGICAL OFFICE,

No. 127 Chambers-st., New-York.



I. ALL CASES OF DISEASE in any part of the HUMAN SYSTEM, INTERNAL or EXTERNAL, whether in MEN, WOMEN or CHILDREN, will be EXAMINED, and COUNSEL or ADVICE given freely to all, by the Physicians in attendance, WITHOUT CHARGE.

II. Patients will find our EXAMINATIONS, and the mode by which we arrive at a knowledge of their diseases—as also our TREATMENT, unlike those of any others which they may have heretofore known or tried.

III. Our REMEDIES or TREATMENT will be found the most pleasant, safe, simple, and efficacious that can be used. No confinement to the sick room—no hindrance from business,—no danger from colds,—and no injury to the constitution;—but, on the contrary, IMPROVEMENT at once.

IV. All the Medicines we prescribe are made in our own CHEMICAL LABORATORY, as we cannot rely on the Drugs sold in the shops, in consequence of almost universal ADULTERATIONS. Our remedies being prepared in the most pure and concentrated form, but little is used or needed to cure the worst cases.

V. We claim, by our UNUSUAL SUCCESS, to be masters over all curable diseases—particularly in all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS—the DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN—the HEREDITARY DISEASES OF CHILDREN—and all those most HOPELESS and DESPERATE cases in male or female which have defeated the best efforts of the most distinguished medical practitioners, as the more than ten thousand cases, whom we have successfully treated, can testify.

VI. THOSE DISEASES which are almost invariably treated in the first stage with Balsam of Copiava, Capsules, Cubeba,—with injections of solutions of Nitrate of Silver, Borax, Alum, Sugar of Lead, Sulphate of Zinc,—with Blisters, Catheters, and Caustics;—and in the second stage with Yellow or Black Washes, Blue or Mercurial Ointment, Blue Stone or Lunar Caustic, externally,—and with Calomel, Blue Pill, Red Precipitate, Corrosive Sublimate, Hydriodate of Potassa, Sarsaparilla Syrup, and other like cheats and slops, internally,—we may before Heaven and Earth what we know and can demonstrate by hundreds of cases, that by such treatment and means these diseases have never, and can never, be healed—they deceive the patient, disguise the disease by driving it into the system to other and more important parts,—they produce Strictures; Abscesses in the Kidneys; Piles; Fistulas; Catarrhs; Gravel; Diseases of the Eyes; Loss of Hair and Hearing; Rheumatic Pains; Decay of the Flesh and Bones; Ulcers in the Limbs, Throat, Head, Neck, Nose and Palate; Disease of the Liver and Stomach; with CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS, or WHOLE SYSTEM; and thus render either the whole life of the patient miserable, or hurry him to a premature grave.

Without using any of the above named Quackish, Swindling and Murderous Remedies, we PROMISE to every case we treat a PERMANENT and RADICAL cure FOR LIFE, by a very simple medicine, which is without taste or smell, which neither purges nor vomits, nor hinders from business, nor exposes the patient in any way whatever. Testimonials to these Facts we can furnish from persons who were carried out of the Broadway Hospital to die as hopeless cases, and many others of like character, whom we have cured.

VII. FISTULAS cured invariably WITHOUT AN OPERATION. Of the hundreds of cases of this disease which we have known, we have never seen one which had been cured with cutting with the knife—though nearly all had been cut once, twice, or more times. Cutting never cured a case—it is false, delusive and cruel. References will be given to cases in this city which have been successfully treated of the most terrible forms of Fistula ever known.

VIII. Cases of SURGERY, MIDWIFERY and DENTISTRY attended to in all their departments—Tumors, Cancers, Dislocation, Fractures, Wounds, and Injuries of every kind treated with safety and success.

IX. ALL DISEASES OF THE EYES and EARS treated without PAIN or PERIL, and with UNEQUALLED SUCCESS.

We invite all the afflicted, however hopeless their cases may appear, or whatever their disease may be, or however many physicians or remedies they may have tried, to put our knowledge and skill to the test in an examination of their case,—it will cost them nothing,—and then they will be prepared to know whether we can treat them successfully or not—for if we do not find, to their satisfaction, the cause or origin of all the difficulties in the case, we will own that the cure is not in our power, and hence put them to no expense. Most physicians treat symptoms—we go to the root, and thus succeed where others fail.

NEVER DESPAIR! you have given our Remedies and Treatment an honest trial.

Patients visited at their residences when required. All DR. BEACH'S BOOKS and MEDICINES for sale at this office.

Office open from 8 o'clock, A. M., to 8 P. M. Sundays from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 7 to 8 P. M.

JAMES MCALISTER & CO., Proprietors,
3m246 No. 127 Chambers-street, New-York.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240



IN QUART BOTTLES,
For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STURBORN ULCERS, DYSPEPSY, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time in bringing this preparation of Sarsaparilla to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly,

JOHN V. COX, 92 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal. U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of His Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it. Your obedient servant,

THEO. S. FAY.

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 246



H. RICHARDSON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
No. 90 FULTON-STREET,
New-York.

Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery.

INDIA RUBBER GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

THE UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY
 have on hand, and are now offering to the Trade, a large and very complete assortment of
GOODYEAR'S PATENT METALLIC RUBBER GOODS,
 mostly of their own manufacture, and warranted of the best make, and to stand all climates, consisting in part of
 Cases of Coats, Cloaks, Capes and Pants,—assorted.
 " Carriage and all other Cloths, do.
 " Mexican Pouches, an excellent article.
 " Military and Navy Goods, all kinds.
 " Beds, Pillows, Life Preservers and Cushions.
 " Wading Pants, Leggings, and Baptismal Pants.
 " Souwesters, Capes and Storm Hats, assorted.
 " Tents, Tent Carpets, Tarpaulins, &c.
 " Haversacks, Canteens and Drinking Cups.
 " Hose of all kinds, assorted.
 " Water Tanks, Fire Buckets,
 " Camp Blankets and Piano for a Covers.
 " Breast Pumps, Syringes, and Injection Tubes.
 " Sheet Rubber, all kinds.
 " Saddle, Traveling and Packing Bags.

All of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants, California Emigrants, and persons engaged in foreign trade, will find as above a great variety of goods they need or can sell to advantage.

All orders for Goods to be manufactured, should be accompanied with drawings and full descriptions. 50tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.

JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1, Cortland-street,
 Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom and Fowler's celebrated premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 249tf

E. COMBS—268 GRAND-STREET.

LODGE AND ENCAMPMENT JEWELS, constantly on hand and for sale cheap, by
 2m246 E. COMBS, 268 Grand-street.

REGALIA AND JEWELS

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY E. COMBS,
 268 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.

Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 223:tf

BARNES & DENNEY,

MANUFACTURERS of Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.

N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts. 231:tf J. BARNES.

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Regalia,
 1. Costumes, Tents, Crooks, &c., in the very best styles and prices. Lodges and Encampments will be liberally dealt with. Brethren are solicited to give a call. Store No. 231 Grand-street, New-York. At the great Fair of the American Institute, 1847 and 1848, the highest premium was awarded for his work. aug.26:tf

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON,

CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of
 Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

F. W. CORINTH,

HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No.
 230 North 3d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m

ORDER OF PHILOZATHANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at —, in the County of —, and State of —, to be called — Association No. —.

Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth. Date, (Signed.)

Applications for charters, (enclosing charter fee of \$10) or letters for information, should be directed, (postpaid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S., 101 Forsyth-st.

17 New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243:tf

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATTSOON, No. 198 MAR-
 ket, 6th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y239

BENJAMIN'S BRASS SPRING TRUSSES,

Never grow weak, or rust from the
 moisture or heat of the body. "Once right, always right." Pressure graduated from one to 50 lbs. without a back pad, which does great injury to the spine. Six days' trial given, if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Thompson's Trusses at reduced prices. Also, the best kind of Shoulder Braces and Abdominal Supporters. 12 Beekman-st. N. Y. 249cwtf

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER,

NO. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers of every variety of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is selected with great care. ONLY ONE PRICE. Your patronage is very respectfully solicited. F. HITCHCOCK, (218 tf) E. H. LEADBEATER.

I. O. of O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below
 Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:tf

CLOCK AND LOOKING-GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.

TO the I. O. O. F. and the public in general.
 The subscriber, I. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City. I. J. CRISWELL'S, No. 298 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia. 1ymov.9.

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,
NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK,
 supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work. 237

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds and every other article
 required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 275 Main-st. 232:tf

REGALIA IN READING, PA.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and
 makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished. H. A. LANTZ, 49 West Washington-st., Reading, P. 232:tf

FINE MILLINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-
 YORK.—Pattern Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of
 fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles, Do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$25 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

OPPOSITION-TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers,
 for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Barges (green, plain & fancy.) Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdkfs., Fancy Silk Hdkfs., Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Crape Lisse, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tiaras, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable. 3m241 L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.

ORGAN MANUFACTORY.

NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADEL-
 PHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation. WM. A. CORRIE, N.B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

EMPIRE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwiche street,
 between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the undersigned do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.

An assortment of **READY-MADE CLOTHING** constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices.

Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

N. B. A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at from \$25 to \$30, and at 18 hours' notice, if wanted. THOMAS WILEY, Jr. WILLIAM R. BOWNE. (240-tf)

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S

COMPOUND EXTRACT OF

SARSAPARILLA.

The Most Extraordinary Medicine in the World!!

This Extract is put up in Quart Bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and more potent, superior to any sold. It cures without vomiting, purging, or debilitating the Patient.

THE great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, that while it eradicates the disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best.

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES

ever known: it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates rich, new and pure blood, a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed, within the last two years, more than 100,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 15,000 were considered incurable. It has saved the lives of more than 10,000 children the past two seasons in the city of New-York alone.

10,000 Cases of General Debility and want of Nervous Energy.

Dr. S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on by physical prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening toward that fatal disease Consumption, can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy. This Sarsaparilla is far superior to any.

Invigorating Cordial,

as it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the limbs, and strength to the muscular system, in a most extraordinary degree.

Consumption Cured.

Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrhs, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Electric Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c., have been and can be Cured.

Spitting Blood.

New-York, April 28, 1847.—Dr. S. P. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad Cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla a short time, and there has been a wonderful change wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city. I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant, WM. RUSSELL, 65 Catharine st.

Dyspepsia.

No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food, and strengthening the organs of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla.

BANK DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, May 10, 1845.—Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with the Dyspepsia in its worst forms, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been. Yours, &c. W. W. VAN ZANDT.

Great Blessing to Mothers and Children.

It is the safest and most effectual medicine for purifying the system, and relieving the sufferings attendant upon childbirth, ever discovered. It strengthens both the mother and child, prevents pain and disease, increases and enriches the food; those who have used it think it is indispensable. It is highly useful both before and after confinement, as it prevents diseases attendant upon childbirth. In Costiveness, Piles, Cramps, Swelling of the Feet, Dependancy, Heartburn, Vomiting, Pain in the Back and Loins, False Pains, Hemorrhage, and in regulating the Secretions, and equalizing the Circulation, it has no equal. The great beauty of this medicine is, it is always safe, and the most delicate use it most successfully.

Scrofula Cured.

This Certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the Blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

Three Children.

Dr. S. P. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores; have taken four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under great obligation. Yours, respectfully, ISAAC W. ORAIN, 105 Wooster st.

Opinions of Physicians.

Dr. S. P. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from Physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify, that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the city of Albany, have, in numerous cases, prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations in the market.

H. P. FILLING, M.D., J. WILSON, M.D., R. B. BRIGGS, M.D., P. E. ELMENDORF, M.D. Albany, April, 1847.

Principal Office, 126 PULTON STREET, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston; Dwytt & Sons, 132 North Second street, Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co., 151 Chartres street, N. O.; 105 South Pearl street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India, and the Canadas. 243csw

B. WINGMASTER, PRINTER, 44 ANN-STREET.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY CRAMPTON AND CLARK, AT NO. 44 ANN-ST. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 18.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 252.

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA. *

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER X.

THE FATHER.

"My daughter! Oh, my deuce!"

"Oh! my daughter!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"WHERE is Captain Rivers?" had been the exclamation of Moultrie, as, standing once more upon the ramparts of the fort, he surveyed the brave men around him. "Jasper, where is the gallant young captain?"

"He is not here," was the low response. "He returned not with us."

"What say you, major—Rivers missing? My brave young volunteer! It surely is not so!"

"It is too true, I fear," answered Marion. "He must have been left on board that fatal ship, and perished in the explosion; or, perchance, sunk in attempting to reach the boats."

"He may not be lost," cried Jasper, hastily; "let me man a boat, and descend the river once more!"

"It would be useless, my brave Jasper. The seaward tide runs strong, and the fog is setting over the waters. But we will have one more shot at those retreating scoundrels, to avenge the gallant Rivers."

And as he spake, Marion seized the breech of a gun, and depressed it, so as to range the muzzle in the line of the retreating flag-ship, Bristol. He waved the smoking match around his head, and then applied it to the priming. The heavy charge rushed through the embrasure, and sped on its fatal way.

History itself has recorded the effect of that destructive cannon shot, the last defying thunder of the patriot defenders, on that terrible day, and wielded by the hand of Francis Marion.

It rushed like a messenger of death in the track of the proud two-decker. It entered her cabin windows and struck dead two British officers—then, speeding on, ranged the entire length of the ship, sweeping the seamen in its path, till finally it burst through the fore-castle, and buried itself in the sea.

Marion smiled grimly as he saw that the well-aimed shot had told; and then, folding his arms, turned silently away. But Jasper, who had

been narrowly scrutinizing, amid the gloom around them, the forms of the assembled men, now suddenly discovered that the dark-faced volunteer was also missing. He hurriedly spoke to Marion.

"What say you?" exclaimed the major. "He must be here. I myself saw him as we returned."

But the man Orrall was not to be found. He had unaccountably disappeared; and his absence, by all but Jasper, was looked upon as most mysterious. The lynx-eyed sergeant, however, had cast no favorable eye at first upon the suspicious looking volunteer; and now his absence, in connection with the fate of Captain Rivers, filled the gallant Jasper's mind with vague suspicions. He knew that the man could have left the island in one of the many boats that were fastened in a small creek at the rear; and doubted not that this could explain his disappearance.

"There is some foul play here," he muttered to himself. "I will be on the look out for that dark-faced volunteer."

Sergeant Jasper was correct in his suspicions of the mode of Orrall's escape from the island, and from the scrutiny which, no doubt he feared to meet, in regard to his officer's uncertain fate. The bravo had, immediately on the return of the detachment, possessed himself of a small skiff, and under cover of the deepening fog, effected his escape unobserved. Rowing rapidly up the river, he arrived at length at the bend in the stream, which curved around his own dwelling; and drawing the little boat into a narrow creek, covered with the brushwood that grew thickly over the rock, the bravo entered the passage which, as we have said, communicated with the cave, and thus penetrated into his own dwelling.

On arriving beneath the floor of the cabin, he had lifted the loose fragment of plank with the utmost caution, in order to avoid disturbing his daughter, who he anticipated would at this hour be retired to rest. He had enjoined upon her, as was customary with him, when leaving the child for so long a period as a whole day, not to unbar the door of the hut, nor even to approach its only window, so fearful was that strange father of the least accident happening to his worshiped blind girl. The sound of a singular oblong instrument of music, a sort of rude lute, which he had taught her to play, usually greeted Mat Orrall when he returned at night to his dwelling, and the fact of all being silent as he emerged quietly from the floor, satisfied him now that the child was sleeping soundly in her singular bed. He hastily struck a light and lit the pendent lamp in the middle of the room; then, with a soft step, approached the caboose.

The velvet curtains hung closely together, and

the father, with a cautious hand, lifted them to look at his slumbering child.

She was not there!

Matthew Orrall gazed at the couch as if petrified. The small pillow was unruffled and the bunting drawn smoothly over the bed. It had not been pressed that day.

The bravo turned, and with one bound reached the door. It was unfastened, and as he noticed this with a stifled groan, he observed also that a small scrap of paper was fixed within the hoop of the lock. He clutched it nervously, and with misty eyes read the few lines that were inscribed, evidently in a disguised hand.

"Your child is safe, but must be separated from you. At some future day she may be restored to you. Till then, she will remain in good hands."

The bravo read and re-read these words, then with a terrible cry he crumpled the paper in his hand. That cry was indeed fearful to hear. It was not like the voice of a human being, but rather like the howl of a tigress, robbed of her young. Then up and down, with fierce strides, the bravo traversed his deserted apartment, beating his forehead with his clenched hand, and muttering at times, then yelling aloud, the most fearful imprecations.

At last he grew more calm. He wiped away the foam which had gathered upon his dark lip, and going to the couch of his child, threw back the curtains, and bowed himself upon her pillow. He hugged that simple memento to his breast, and kissed it passionately, muttering all the while, in broken tones, "Alice, Alice—my child, my child!"

It was a most powerful love indeed, that this bad man cherished for his helpless daughter—a love wound about with every fiber of his heart. But it was the same fearfully-strong affection that the wild beast entertains for its offspring—changing not the natural fury of its nature, but only developing its passionate instincts.

Mat Orrall at length arose from the couch, with a sullen scowl upon his brow, and an evil gleam in his eyes, that boded some settled purpose. He went to a small box, that was fastened beneath the table, and unlocking its lid took from it a brace of heavy pistols, which he sat himself down to load. This done, he placed them in the pocket of the rough coat which he wore, and with them deposited a broad-bladed, leather-sheathed knife. Then, with a moody smile, he turned, cast one more look at the deserted couch of the blind girl, and left the house—first, however, securing the rude door by locking it upon the outside.

He pursued his way through the lonely streets, for the entire population were at this hour crowding the wharves and beach, to behold the retreat of the British, and directed his steps toward the house of Robert Atree. The peculiar knock, a

* Continued from page 263.

concerted signal between the young tory and his secret visitors, gained him immediate entrance into the room which we have before penetrated, and in which he now found Atree awaiting his evidently anticipated arrival.

"What news, Matthew Orrall?" cried the young man, drawing the bravo in, and quickly bolting the concealed door behind him. "I know those infernal rebels have beaten off the ships, but in the devil's name what good news have you to offset that?"

"Rivers is gone," muttered the bravo.

"Hah!" cried Atree, drawing a long breath; "you have done it then? Speak further, man; what mean you? How is he gone?"

"Sunk in seventeen fathoms of waters, with a dirk-stab in his side," answered the ruffian, eyeing Atree with an ominous look.

"Hah! well done, Mat! you are always sure in your work," cried the tory, while a gleam of fiendish exultation flashed from his blue eyes. "This makes all right, though the rebels have gained a temporary advantage. You are a trusty friend, Matthew Orrall. Drink now, man: drink a brimming glass to our lasting good opinion of each other."

Saying this, Robert Atree filled a goblet of spirits, and handed it to the bravo.

But Matthew Orrall clutched the glass and dashed it to the floor. Then, before Atree could retreat a step or recover from his surprise, the bravo sprang upon him, and wound his iron fingers about his throat. The young man reeled backward, and sank heavily upon the floor; and over him, with his knee upon his breast, fell the pirate.

"I want no rum, Robert Atree! I want your blood; or—or—"

"Help!" gasped the tory. "Mat, Mat, what would you do? What is it you want?"

"My child—Alice! my child!" muttered Orrall, in a terrible voice. "Robber that you are, give me back my Alice!"

He drew the broad-bladed knife from his pocket, and lifted it threateningly above the head of Atree.

"Your child—what mean you, Mat Orrall?" murmured the young man, almost strangled by the ruffian's clutch. "Villain, would you murder me?"

"Ay! I will murder you, if you give me not back my child," hissed Orrall between his set teeth, releasing slightly his pressure on Atree's throat, and allowing the blood to circulate more freely through the distended veins. "Where is she? Robber, where have you concealed her?"

"I know not, Mat—you are mad! You know not what you do. I have not seen your child!"

"You lie—you lie!" shrieked the bravo. "No one but you knew of the child. It is some damning scheme you have contrived to get me in your power. Ay, it was your hand-writing—villain that you are, to steal away my child! But, you shall die! You shall die this moment if you reveal not where she is!"

Matthew Orrall's eyes burned like coals of fire, as they glared above the writhing features of the tory. He held the knife aloft, and nerved his powerful arm for the fatal blow.

Atree beheld it. He knew that in the present excited state of the bravo he was more a tiger than a man. He caught the demoniac light of those flaming eyes, and the gleam of the broad blade that threatened him. But the young tory was no coward, nor did his presence of mind desert him, though he felt himself like an infant in the strong man's grasp. His resolve was quickly formed.

Suddenly he appeared to sink back, and struggled no longer. His head fell to the floor, and in a calm voice he murmured:

"Kill me, Mat Orrall, murder your friend, if it please you."

With these words his limbs and strained muscles slacked at once, as if incapable of further resistance. He appeared to have resigned himself to the impending blow.

The bravo paused. He had not looked for this, and it disconcerted him. Supposing that he should slay Atree, would that restore to him his lost child? He hesitated a moment, then withdrew his hand from the young man's throat.

"Get up, Robert Atree," muttered he, "and answer me like a man."

The tory, who had calculated the effect of his *ruse de guerre*, which was indeed likewise a forlorn hope, rose to his feet, with his face black with blood, and his brain reeling to its center. He threw himself into the chair, and seized his own yet untasted glass of spirits, and drank a few mouthfuls to moisten his parched throat. Orrall remained opposite to him, grasping the flashing knife.

"Well, Matthew," said the young man, carelessly adjusting his neckcloth, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, as he regarded the still threatening attitude of the bravo. "Well, Matthew, now that you are somewhat less frantic, I suppose we can arrive at some understanding of this matter. What is it you want? What has happened to your child?"

"Do you ask, Robert Atree?" cried the pirate father, in a fierce tone. "What is this?" he continued, stretching out his left hand, which still compressed the scrap of writing that he had found in the door of his hut. "Deny it not—it is your hand-writing!"

Atree took the paper between his fingers, and scanned the manuscript, as careless as if the man who presented it had not just held a dagger to his breast.

"Well, Matthew," said he, quietly, "it seems your child, Alice, has been stolen—abducted."

The bravo fairly quivered before the cool composure of the young tory. He spoke not a word.

"And you thought I wrote this miserable scrawl?" resumed Robert Atree. "Really, Matthew Orrall, you do my chirography great injustice. Just do me the favor of glancing over those papers, and compare the writing," he continued, tossing a pile of manuscripts toward the end of the table. "You will perceive, instantly, that my letters are vastly better formed."

"Oh, you bloody villain!" muttered Orrall between his teeth. Then he continued aloud: "Robert Atree, answer me—as a true man, do you know aught of my child?"

"Not until you tell me, shall I be able to know what you are talking about," replied Atree. "If indeed your daughter be abducted, I sympathise with you deeply, and will aid you all I can in recovering her—that is, if you will keep your fingers off my throat."

"Where, then, Robert Atree, or satan—I know not which to call you—where, then, is my Alice?"

"That I cannot answer, my friend. I know so little of your past history, that I cannot tell what object some of your past acquaintances may have in stealing your child. But, in the name of common sense, Orrall, what should I do with so useless an appendage to my bachelor establishment as a little blind girl?"

The young man's face beamed, as it were, with an irrepressible smile, at the ludicrousness of the fancy. Mat Orrall smiled also, but it was with his bitter sneer.

"Well, well," he muttered, "perhaps I was too violent, and wronged you—if so, I'm sorry; but," he cried with a fearful oath, "if you deceive me, I'll have your heart's blood, Robert Atree!"

The tory's handsome face *did* blanch for a moment, as he caught the infernal expression of the bravo's eye, in uttering that terrible threat. But he quickly mastered his fear, and returned the other's look with a nonchalant air.

"I'm sorry for your loss, and for your suspicions of me," he remarked; "but nevertheless I am not angry, though you have scratched my neck and tore my frill most shockingly. And if my money and assistance can serve you, you shall have them both. And now, Matthew Orrall, are we friends once more?"

"Till we are foes, to the death," answered the bravo, taking the white hand which his employer extended.

"And you'll join me now in a glass of spirits?" Orrall drank with one gulp the liquor which Atree poured out; but the scowl left not his brow a moment.

"Mat, you are a desperate man, and I trust we shall not quarrel again. Now tell me, is Rivers out of the way?"

"I've earned a thousand pounds," muttered the bravo.

"That's an odd way to answer my question; but I suppose it tells the story. You shall have the money, Mat."

Robert Atree pointed, as he spoke, to a bag which lay upon the table, and resumed:

"You see you would have secured your reward even had you murdered me. I trusted you, Matthew, and the gold was ready for your hand."

"I have earned it," replied Orrall.

"And, as I have said before, you shall have it; but not to-night; you have chosen to wrong me by your suspicions. I choose now to wait till the morrow, and learn if Rivers be really dead."

"Hah!" growled Orrall.

"It is my whim—just as choking me was yours, a short time since. Indulge me in it, my friend."

"You are the devil's own," muttered the bravo. "When shall I have the gold?"

"To-morrow night, Mat, if you will come for it."

"What if I take it now?"

"Then you and I part for ever."

"Enough. Good night," said Orrall, turning to depart.

"Another glass, Mat."

"I'll drink with you to-morrow night," answered the bravo, as he shot back the bolt, and opened the secret door. "Till then, I'll seek for Alice."

With these words, and with the same black scowl that he had worn through the interview, Matthew Orrall left the apartment.

Robert Atree smiled quietly to himself for a moment, until he had refastened the door. Then his whole frame shook with a tremor of passion.

"The dog!" he cried—"to dare; but I will ruin him—I'll—"

He dashed out another glass of liquor and drank it off.

"But the girl I have safe," continued the young tory. "I have her where all the cunning and boldness of Mat Orrall will not penetrate. If my schemes work I'll sweep the poor wretch from my path, as I would a toad, ere he voids his venom on me. Now, I must use him. And first for the fair Louise Arnould, or the *Widow Rivers*!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VERSES

Composed by Chedloak Tichbourne, of himself, in the Tower of London the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, for treason, in 1684.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,

My past of joy is but a dish of pain,

My crop of corn is but a field of tares;

And all my goodies is but vain hope of gain.

The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;

And now I live, and now my life is done.

My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;

The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;

My youth is past, and yet I am but young;

I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;

My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;

And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought for death, and found it in the womb,

I look'd for life, and yet it was but a shade;

I trod the ground, and knew it was my tombe;

And now I die, and now I am but made:

The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;

And now I live, and now my life is done.

CLIMATE OF NEW ZEALAND.—The following extraordinary facts relating to the effects of the climate of New Zealand upon exotic vegetation are recorded in the minutes of the lords' committee on colonization. Plants which in Europe are annuals become perennials. This has been observed to be the case even of barley, beans, &c. The wheat is remarkably good, and grows exceedingly high, the stalk being so strong that it has the power of resisting any ordinary wind, and is never laid. It is alleged also to have produced fifty bushels to the acre. The natives never grow wheat in large quantities. The myrtle and the fuschia are large timber trees. Cabbages grow close to the sea-shore, with a heart eleven inches in diameter, and radishes become larger than mangel-wurtzels, as big, in fact, as a man's leg.

Incidents of Travel.

VISIT TO THE COLISEUM.

ONE night or morning I was suddenly wakened by a furious rain, and as it died away, I saw by the light in my window, that there was a small moon. It was a joyful discovery. I had been repining at my not having made the famous trip to the Coliseum by moonlight some time previously, and I could not remain another month. I sprang eagerly out of bed, and thrust my head out of the window. It was a singular, wild-looking night, presenting the aspect of black clouds fringed with narrow strips of moonshine, and the glimmer of a few stars through the crannies contrasting with the gloom like the light in a picture of Rembrandt; the sort of nocturnal weather in fact that one thinks of child-stories of conjurers and evil spirits—such as one would fancy should have succeeded the storm in which the hero of Burns escaped from the witches. My watch was paralytic; the Roman clocks, with dial plates of twenty-four hours, commencing and changing with Ave Maria or twilight, are a complete puzzle to a stranger; and in blissful ignorance of the hour, I hastily equipped, and succeeded, in waking the porter. He rubbed his eyes, then stared at me as if to detect insanity, muttered some very significant words about robbers, as if to give fair warning, and seeing me resolute at length unbarred the street-door. Assassinations, though much diminished, are not even so rare as they might be in Italy. By our joint calculations it was somewhere between midnight and daylight, and though I knew that since the poet's famous description this moon excursion had become quite fashionable, yet the adventure all alone, at so very late an hour, when I came to reflect upon it, in the cool street, seemed to have about it something of danger as well as romance, and I comforted myself with the companionship of a respectable stick, my tried friend in the Alps. I turned for a moment for one earnest gaze at the Column of Trajan, then by a winding way escaped from the houses of the modern city into a kind of common, surrounded with ruins—the site of the ancient Roman Forum, and passing beneath the Arch of Titus along the edge of the Palatine Hill and the Palace of the Cesars, I presently reached the Arch of Constantine, when just before me, like some immense towering fortress, more impressive in the stillness and gloom of night, was the Coliseum.

By this time the moon shone out, and there remained but a few flitting clouds, that seemed determined to rain, and floating in mid air, like spirits, filled the earth beneath with changing lights and shadows. It seemed more impressive, and less like day than the glare of a full moon in a cloudless sky. I appeal to all poets, and tender people too, if moonlight is not improved by being a little damp? The face of nature, like the human face, is, doubtless, more interesting after weeping.

The world is already familiar with the ordinary daylight description of this wonderful structure, and most are likely aware that it is a slightly oval amphitheater, more than a hundred an fifty feet high, and estimated to have originally covered about six acres of ground, and to have been furnished with seats to accommodate more than eighty thousand spectators—that it was commenced by Vespasian and finished by Titus, in the latter part of the first century, by the labor of Jewish captives; and that for four succeeding centuries it was the scene of gladiatorial combats, and other bloody spectacles of the taste of a warlike and cruel people. To the modern visitor one of its most touching associations arises from the circumstance that it was the spot where Ignatius of Antioch and multitudes of the early Christian martyrs were thrown to wild beasts. Majestic as its ruins now are, it is said but about two thirds of the original pile remain. It endured the devastating changes of a fortress in the middle ages, and served as a quarry for several palaces, till about a century since, with a view to its preservation, it was solemnly consecrated by Benedict XIV.

to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished there.. The arena is now ornamented with rude representations of the Saviour's passion, a pulpit in which a monk occasionally preaches, and a cross in the center, for each knee of which an indulgence is promised for two hundred days.

I never felt more vividly the fitness of the midnight hour for lone contemplation. Above were but the moonlit sky and the silent stars; and around, frowning more grimly in the gloom of midnight, like deserted piles in the city of the dead, were some of earth's proudest monuments. How eloquent was that stillness! The watch-dog had forgotten to bay "beyond the Tiber." Not an echo died upon the breeze that whispered plaintively amid the leaves of the ivy and the ilex, and the crumbling arches on the Palatine Hill. The owl had ceased her wail in the buried mansions of Augustus, and the damp vaults of the "golden house" in which Nero had once reveled. Where cohorts in shining armor had gathered, with their eagles proudly waving, and music, and the shouts of assembled nations had rent the air at the elevation of the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, was now not a human voice nor a habitable dwelling.

If with the waving of a hand the spirits of the mighty dead could have been summoned from their graves to gaze upon the little that remained of what had been once their pride, what a lesson would it have been upon the vanity of human ambition! Yet who can estimate the sum of mortal agony which these few relics had cost!

The busy fancy conjured up strange phantoms. It needed little effort to fill again the empty seats of the deserted Coliseum with a multitude, rising like a forest on a mountain-side—to picture the tyrant emperor, the Roman guards, the vestal virgins, and the senators in the sumptuous seats, nearest the arena, and the various ranks in their costumes, receding away to the slaves far above—the hush of suspense—the advance of a bearded, tottering old man, just torn from the parting embrace of a venerable matron, and a trembling maiden, and toward whom every eye is directed—the glaring eyes and roar of the hungry beast—the moving of the lips, and the upward look of that meek face, as if in faith he saw the martyr's crown—the terrific bound—the victim quivering beneath the jaws of the furious beast on the sand—the spouting gore, staining the white locks—the demon gaze of the multitude mingled here and there with a compassionate face, in tears, and the cruel, drowning shouts of thousands of heathen voices. It was but an idle dream. The dimness of night and the silence of desolation were again around me. I heard but my breath and the beating of my own excited heart.

Both my imagination and my feet had traveled a good distance for so late or early an hour, and I naturally began to think of returning.—Walking round to the side of the Coliseum, toward the Arch of Constantine, and casually looking homeward, I perceived a real human being, that was no optical illusion, making directly toward me, in the shape of a tall figure that, with a little feeding would have done for the English horse-guards. He wore a cloak and slouched hat, fit for representation of Guy Fawkes, or the picture of the assassin, and was dressed inferiorly in white (a discovery for painters), which with advancing steps, by moonlight, was particularly effective. I then recollected the porter's warning, and determined to sound his intentions by taking a little circuit. He closely followed. Just as I began to think seriously of showing my defenses, and demanding explanations, unexpectedly I stumbled upon one of the pope's sentries, whom I succeeded in puzzling with bad Italian till my interesting and possibly harmless follower had passed.—Presently day began to break and I returned to my hotel.—[Dr. Corson's *Loiterings in Europe*.]

THERE is no destruction worse than to overpraise a man; for if his worth prove short of what report doth speak of him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honor.

THE honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbor's errors than expose them.

Gems of Thought.

THERE is something repugnant to me, at any time, in written hand. The text never seems determinate. Print settles it. I had thought of the *Lycidas* as of a full-blown beauty, as springing up in all its parts absolute, till in the evil hour I was shown the original copy of it, together with the other minor poems of Milton, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. I wish they had thrown them in the Cam, or sent them after the latter cantos of *Spencer*, into the Irish Channel. How it staggered me to see the fine things in their one!—interlined and corrected, as if their words were mortal, alterable, displaceable at pleasure—as if they might have been otherwise, and just as good—as if inspiration were made up of parts, and those fluctuations successive, indifferent. I will never go into the workshop of any great artist again, nor desire a sight of his picture till it is fairly off the easel. No, not if Raphael were to be alive again, and painting another *Galatea*.—[C. Lamb.]

It is well to let the imagination contemplate splendors hanging over past times; the soul must stretch itself somehow out of its cramps; but this may be done without committing crying positive injustice toward the present. It may be allowable in poetry to treat ancient thieves with respect due to true men; but the poet has no business, more than the police-officer, to treat true men, his neighbors, as thieves.

LEARNING is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but still, as you go, it gapeth into a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still, the further you follow it, the deeper and broader it is; till, at last, it inwaves itself into the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid fluid vastness.—[Feltham.]

THE man of genius and the virtuous man always suggest to our fancy a larger portion of talent and a still more perfect line of conduct than they display to our observation; indeed, it may be pronounced, that if there are any who cannot imagine something beyond the excellence which they see exemplified in practice, such persons are wholly unable to appreciate its real worth.

SOME minds are proportioned to that which may be dispatched at once, or within a short return of time; others to that which begins afar off, and is to be won by length and pursuit.

To be descended of wealth and titles fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from higher causes. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor; and though the one be great by means of a forefathers, the other is so too, but by his own. Then pray which is the bravest man of the two?—[William Penn.]

In the labyrinth of the world they will have found that appearances are not guides—that a face cast up toward the moon does not more certainly infer an amiable or susceptible disposition, than a contracted brow cast down over a ledger of bad debts.

WISE men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and the beast by nature.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.

RELIGIOUS controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and braces the will by their infinite importance.

Popular Tales.

THE MURDERED POST-BOY.

A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF THE FALLACY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF WELLINGTON," "STORIES OF WATERLOO," &c.

It is a general and wholesome belief that sooner or later retributive justice is attendant upon crime—and whether its character be grave or mitigated, a sort of *ad-valorem* penalty will be invariably exacted. In offenses against property, delinquents under rare and fortunate circumstances have escaped the penal consequences; while in those against the person—we principally allude to murder—by wondrous agencies, accident, or, as we believe it, Providence, when all detective powers have been tried and found wanting, the mystery that shrouded the damning deed has been dispelled—some wanting link to the chain of evidence miraculously supplied—and the malefactor, as the laws of God and man require, consigned to that fate which his offending had justly merited.

A thousand cases to evidence this fact might be adduced. There is not a corner of the land that would bear its isolated evidence to instance the verity of our statement, and during a life not unusually prolonged, striking instances within our knowledge have occurred. One, that I shall allude to, is the reminiscence of a "satcheled schoolboy"—in the other twain, by accident, I may write, *pars fui*.

Some thirty years ago—were I under a rigid cross-examination I fear that an admission of two or three extra ones might be elicited—an appalling murder was committed near the school in which I was indoctrinated, and that, too, in a part of Ireland where familiarity with crime did not abate aught of its atrocity. When the great commander was furnished with a bill, by a Jew, for a hat, alleged to have been supplied by the Israelite to his heir apparent, he repudiated the claim by the simple but conclusive remark, that "the Duke of Wellington was not the Marquis of Dourou;" and in the forthcoming narrative the English reader must be reminded, and also keep in mind the fact, that Armagh is not Tipperary. In the former department of the Green Isle, murders are infrequent. In the latter, "wild justice," as a sneaking scoundrel designated wholesale assassination, at a radical meeting, is a matter of such every-day occurrence, that with some particulars of the shooting, a coroner's inquest, a most respectable wake, a statistical description of the premises, with the post-mortem appearance of the body, and an account of the funeral, at which the murderer most probably had personally attended, the drama closes. In ten days some fresh murder obliterates the memory of the past one—another and another follows fast—and Thuggism in the south of Ireland, to use a cockney phrase, is so "perfectionated," that by a shooting tariff on the sliding scale, professional gentlemen, who—

"Do murder for a meed,"

will furnish an estimate for the removal of an officious herd, or his more obnoxious master, who, strong in his oppression, would still maintain that exploded doctrine—namely, that a man has a right to do what he pleases with his own, and in accordance with that tyrannical belief, demands and enforces payment of his rents biennially.

In early life a deed was done that frightened the "black north," as Connaught-men call it, from its propriety. A murder of the foulest character was perpetrated in open day, in a populous district, and on the public high road. The story of the accursed deed is briefly told, and carries with it a moral to jurymen not to be forgotten.

Stage-coaching was confined in days gone by to the great roads, and the mails ran over the connecting lines of country only, transmitting thereby bags to places on the flanks of the grand route, either by the agencies of pedestrian let-

ter-carriers, or, were the lateral distance considerable, relays of mounted post-boys. At that period, the several towns inland of Newry were thus communicated with, and the Armagh mails, with those of all the minor dependencies, were dispatched early each morning, encased in huge leathern bags, and entrusted to the custody of any urchin old enough to keep both the king's highway and the saddle, during his short transit to the assize town.

It was a sweet summer morning, when, before the great mass of the community were on foot, the little post-boy was seen riding with his epistolary and political charge through the suburban street by which he invariably quitted the town. A man walked beside him with his hand resting on the pommel of the lad's saddle—and had Ireland been searched, one of more evil reputation could not have been produced within a twelvemonth.

In his appearance the post-boy's companion looked every inch the blackguard; and if low larcenies, habitual drunkenness, and a pugnacious temper, would form the *beau ideal* of a ruffian, Nature's imprint was an honest one. Doolan, as he was called, led a vagabond life, but in the hurry of shipping business, he was now and then employed, from sheer necessity, as a quay-porter, and as gladly got rid of when the temporary pressure was ended. These, his honest earnings, were, as his companions knew well, altogether unequal to the expenditure of a prudent man for half the week, and to one so reckless as Ned Doolan, they would scarce suffice for half a day's consumption. How the remainder of his supplies were obtained, men might guess pretty accurately, for he consorted with the most depraved characters of both sexes, and never had a fixed abode.

Such was the outcast's unhappy reputation, and with it his personal appearance was in thorough keeping. He was over six feet high, with remarkably broad shoulders, while his face was singularly repulsive. His features were coarse,—his complexion dark and sunburnt—he never looked you in the face, and a bissection of an eyebrow, received, probably, in some drunken affray, had given to the ensemble of the whole countenance a villainous expression, that, without any shade of evidence to establish guilt, would, in Irish opinion, warrant a jury upon oath to transmit the proprietor to the gallows. Such, on the morning we have alluded to, was the companion of the Armagh post-boy, as he, poor youth, unsuspecting of impending danger, rode whistling from the town.

Everybody knew Ned Doolan, for the wretched man had attained a ruffian notoriety, and on this memorable morning, twenty persons, whose avocations had made them early risers, remarked him in company with the lad. To see him astir at any hour was not remarkable. A worn-out night-bird, he was most likely, as was his custom, repairing to some meadow with the shelter of a hedge, to sleep off the effects of his late debauch.

Seven miles from the town stands the church of Loughgilly, and close beside it are two or three public-houses and a smithy. Before you reach them there is a bending in the road, and from the inner angle of the sweep a beautiful well of limpid water trickles into a natural basin that receives it from the bank above. For long forgotten years that bubbling fountain has slaked the thirst of the wayfarer and his beast. God has graciously destined it for man's relief—but man foully desecrated its holy purpose, and rendered it the scene of murder.

Living, the boy rode on until he was hidden from the view of a woman employed in bleaching flax, by the curving of the road we have described, while, concealed by a thick hedge, she had seen the poor youth pass slowly by, accompanied by a tall and ill-visaged stranger. In half an hour there was a direful outcry. The crystal waters of the lonely well were now an ensanguined puddle—and the boy, with a fractured skull, was discovered in a basin, where the murderer had endeavored to conceal the corpse of his innocent and unoffending victim. The mail bags were abstracted—but they were soon afterwards discovered half plundered of their contents, and hidden in a neighboring

thicket, whither the doer of the felon deed had no doubt removed them, for safe examination, while he rifled his booty.

With lightning speed the fearful news was bruited over the adjacent country, accompanied by an accurate description, as given by the flax-spreader, of the man who passed her within half a dozen paces, in company with the murdered boy. Half-way between Newry and the fatal well, some early carriers had encountered the twain—the lad singing like a mavis, while his companion, with slouched hat, averted his face from the drivers, looking, or affecting to look at some object in an adjacent field. His personal appearance, however, was sufficient to establish the murderer's identity—and clothes, height, carriage, all and everything confirmed suspicion. Twenty witnesses deposed to their having seen the outcast porter accompany the murdered boy. A rigid search was instituted. Every known den of infamous celebrity was visited. Doolan was absent from his usual haunts—and who, with damatory impressions already raised, for one moment could entertain a doubt that Doolan was the criminal? And yet, the while, the doomed vagabond was innocent; and at the very moment when every tongue proclaimed his guilt the wretched man was not a gun-shot distance from the town, crouched underneath a haycock, and buried in drunken sleep.

Accident discovered the spot where the poor fellow had laid himself down to steep his misery in forgetfulness, and snatch a brief interval of feverish repose. A boy who had been gathering berries from the brambles, on detecting the sleeper, rushed with speed to the town, and announced the discovery of the murderer. Half a dozen active men proceeded to the place described—and there indeed lay the felon. His capture was easily effected, for they had pinioned his arms before he was awake, and while all unconscious that he was a prisoner. Like an owl startled into garish daylight from the thick brake where he had been reposing until evening and his hunting hour should arrive, the attested outcast stared wildly around, and to numerous and discursive interrogatories, his replies, as might be expected, were wild and incoherent, and hence his drunken ramblings were naturally mistaken for vague evasions of the crime imputed. None held a doubt touching his guilt—and while all advocated a trial by Lynch-law, the only difference in opinion lay between hanging and drowning. As for either of these pleasant alternatives, by which Mr. Doolan might have shuffled off this mortal coil—a canal on one hand, and the sturdy arm of an ash-tree at the other, afforded excellent conveniences. Fortunately a choice between these ordeals was dispensed with, and the timely arrival of a couple of peace-officers, whose pursy proportions were too well defined to admit their keeping pace with the lighter-heeled rabble, saved the supposed delinquent in the nick of time, who, but for official intervention, would have very speedily, to use Irish parlance, have made a hole in the water, or cut a caper from an ashen-bough.

Accompanied by the curses of the multitude, Doolan was transmitted to the county jail, and at the next commission formally arraigned for murder. Of his guilt none entertained a doubt, while the tenacity with which, as it was supposed, he held to the possession of the stolen property, denied the robbery, and utterly repudiated the charge of murder, were merely considered as additional evidence of the wolfish disposition of a being in nothing human but in form.

In Ireland, doubtful events are generally decided by a wager; ten to one was freely offered in backing a conviction—and jaunting-cars were largely engaged by people who occasionally took a little pleasure in the hanging line, to enable them to witness the execution without the trouble of a long walk.

The day of trial came—the suspected murderer entered the court—and as he mounted the bar to be arraigned, from every side scowling looks were turned on him; women recoiled; none breathed a "God pardon him!" and yet his manner—strange as it may appear—was firm and assured; while, all undismayed, he gazed around him with a smile. Men murmured,

"What a hardened ruffian," and a conscientious jurymen whispered to his fellow: "You won't leave the box, I hope? Anybody who looks that scoundrel in the face needn't listen to evidence or charge. I left Mrs. ——— rather poorly, and shall be anxious to hurry over the mummery of a defense—if the scoundrel would really venture to inflict one upon us."

I need not dwell upon evidence that too all who heard it seemed conclusive; and everything united to lead to a fixed conviction that the wretched man's days were numbered. The counsel assigned the prisoner—for the poor man could not have feed a barrister had life been dependent on his advocacy—executed his duty with evident reluctance. All the witnesses, including townsmen, carriers, and the flax-dresser, all swore positively to Doolan's identity, and, in legal requisites, the chain of evidence was complete. The judge charged breast-high against the prisoner, and the jury, *pro forma*, retired to their room, intimating, however, in five minutes, through a halbert man, that their verdict was agreed upon. As they re-entered the box, the judge—one of the old-school hanging ones—fumbled under the cushion for his black cap; while the clerk of the crown cleared his voice for the two important queries that were to follow—namely, "whether the jury were agreed in their verdict," to be followed by the matter-of-form question of what the doomed man had to say to arrest the sentence of death and execution.

In criminal proceedings this to the panel and the auditory must be, in sooth, a trying moment, and his must be a callous heart that can hear the brief sentence which terminates a life—guilty even as that life may have been—without feeling and evincing some emotion; and it demands more stoic indifference than innocence can call up, or more ruffian *hardiesse* than generally a desperate malefactor can assume, to listen to the brief address which distinctly announces all earthly hopes and cares are limited, and that in a few brief hours the criminal shall be with those that have been. The jury entered their box slowly, one by one, and while some looked anxiously toward the judge, others fixed their eyes upon the culprit. "Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict?" exclaimed the clerk of the arraigns. "How say you, is—"

Before the question could be completed, a scene very unusual in a court of criminal justice was unexpectedly enacted. A jurymen, of superior intelligence, had keenly regarded the expression of the convict's face and the rude dignity of his bearing, as, leaning with his arms rested between the bar's spikes, he calmly waited until that simple word was spoken which should consign him to an ignominious death. A passage in the trial came forcibly to his, (the juror's) memory at the same time. When the flax-dresser swore positively to the prisoner's identity, Doolan begged her to look at him with attention. His request was complied with.

"Am I the man?" he coolly demanded.

"You are," returned the woman, in a decided voice.

The culprit gave a melancholy smile—"May God forgive you!" he responded. "You are swearing an innocent life away—but you believe what you say, and I forgive you."

A sudden conviction of the prisoner's innocence flashed strongly across the juror's mind; while, to the surprise of the whole court, and the great indignation of the gentleman who was so anxious to return to his sick lady, after consigning the prisoner to the place from whence he came, the panel were sent back to their room, and desired to re-consider the evidence. Evening was closing fast, and this conscientious scruple of a jurymen, much as it might have annoyed a tender-hearted husband, was ten-fold more afflicting to the learned judge. While his lordship still held his fingers on the black cap, and had mentally arranged the opening of a feeling address which should be termed by the provincial papers exceedingly affecting, the sheriff passed a little slip of paper on the point of his rod of office over a score of heads, and as the representative of majesty hurriedly perused the billet, a change came over his countenance. The note was very Irish, and as Shakespeare has

it, "brief as woman's love,"—but lively interest lay in every line. Thus ran the mystic scroll:

"My Lord—There's a beautiful salmon come direct from Drogheda this moment by 'The Lark.' Won't it be regular murder should the fish be over-boiled, while a pig-headed jurymen, forsooth, must consult his conscience on a question that you have already and so ably settled for him, cut and dry? Would your lordship blow up the fellow, or lock up the whole batch?"

At such a moment, when life and death were trembling in the scale, and human existence hung doubtfully on the yielding temper or the firmness of the most solitary man, the most trifling occurrence did not pass without keen observation. When the billet met the judge's eye, his rotund cheeks mantled with a smile—but as he read, quick and capricious as an April day, sunshine gave place to storm, and dark was the scowl that evidenced judicial displeasure.

"Mr. Sheriff, are the jury likely to soon agree?" inquired the man in scarlet and ermine. "All are unanimous but one, my lord, and nothing will induce him to accede to the united opinion of his fellows."

"Lock the jury up!" After their unremitting efforts through to-day the bar must feel fatigued—as for me, I could sit here till cock-crow—but God forbid that I should inflict the penalty of individual obstinacy upon gentlemen who seem evidently worn out by their exertions."

Now, the said bar were a jovial and united fraternity, who dealt weighty blows in public upon each other—and while simple country gentlemen imagined, in the innocence of their hearts, that these uncompromising advocates were arranging their wills, and preparing for mortal arbitrament in the morning, had they, some hours afterward, peeped into the bar-room, "the keen remark and tart reply" were all forgotten—for there Sergeant Snobson and Mr. O'Flummery were seated cheek by jowl. The sergeant had cautioned the jury from giving any credence to the statements of his learned friend, who, hurried on by professional zeal, looked unfortunately upon facts as very secondary matters; while, *contra*, Mr. O'Flummery admitted that counsel should do their best for clients; but while a *suppressio veri* might, under some circumstances, be tolerated, he did think that an advocate was not called upon to bolster up premeditated perjury by an assurance that he (Snobson) believed all the witness swore—although it was intimated to him, (the sergeant) as he (O'Flummery) was advised, that the witness must be handled very tenderly, he (witness) having returned fresh from Australia, after a second visit to the colony, and being actually *in transitu*, homewards, and within a degree or two of the line, on the very evening that he described himself in Phil Braddigan's hostelry at Ballybay, engaged in drinking scalteene with the traverser.

The sweet hour i'-th'-night had come—and, Asmodeus-like, we'll have a peep at all the *dramatis personæ*. The thickest enclosure to penetrate was poor Doolan's—for though not actually condemned, into the cell of that name, for better custody, the jailer had unceremoniously bestowed him. He sat on a wooden bench—ate ravenously of some coarse food—while a little man, in dusky clothes, addressed some scriptural admonitions, to which the culprit listened with marked indifference.

"My brother," said the little man, "how shall I rouse thee, in this, the eleventh hour, to a sense of your situation?"

"Ah!" replied the malefactor, "there is some sense in that. It's not near so late as you think. Slip out, like a brick as you are, and fetch in a pint of the best. Ask for malt, unmixed—if we want water, there's plenty in the pitcher there."

Closely were the jury under lock and key, and as strictly all creature comforts were by law inhibited. Rooms have windows as well as doors—and through the back one, a hot supper and a basket of divers invigorating fluids were being carefully introduced by a rope. Mac-heath fancies "a man will die bolder of brandy;" and jurymen may, by double vision, see their way out of a legal labyrinth that otherwise would be impenetrable. Such was the present case. The refractory juror had his doubts rap-

idly dispelled while discussing a couple of tumblers, but the third removed altogether the film from his eyes. He saw matters now as his eleven brothers did, and a notice of his adhesion was about to be transmitted to judge, when the arrival of a courier, "fiery hot with speed," was announced by the door-keeper of the grand jury room—and a dragoon, who had evidently ridden hard, was forthwith introduced to the presence, and delivered a sealed packet to Lord N——.

What were the contents of that packet we shall in due time disclose—all that we shall hint is, "that between the cup and the lip"—the adage says—that slips are not infrequent; and, if Jock Hangman had counted on a job, Mr. Doolan, as fate decreed, was not the personage upon whom that functionary should operate at present.

But why leave the gentle reader to undergo agonizing suspense when a few brief paragraphs shall dispel the mystery?

Never had the learned judge listened with worse grace to a recommendation to mercy, than that with which Baron ——— received the packet; and greater was his mortification still as his eyes glanced rapidly over its contents. A deserter, who for many months had evaded detection, had been discovered by an escort of his own regiment, tired and asleep in a lonely public house, where, in their return to head-quarters, the soldiers had halted for refreshment. The fugitive when recognized, was handcuffed, and searched, and a number of bank-notes, with a pocketful of letters, which as yet he had not found time to open, were found upon his person; while, either under an impulse of conscience, or the surprise of finding himself a captive, he made at once a full confession of his crime—exchanged places with Doolan in the jail—and was hanged at the next commission.

This unexpected occurrence damped the hilarity of the bar-table, and general was the mortification of all. Lord N—— had thrown away a long and eloquent speech—and the high sheriff, who had backed the gallows against the prisoner at heavy odds, was observed to sigh deeply as he transferred a ten pound note to the Crown solicitor. A general gloom pervaded the late "right merrie meeting"—and of all concerned, judge, jury, crown prosecutors, and counsel, *pro* and *con*, none of these functionaries stood the disappointment with Christian resignation like the hangman, and he bore up like a trump, in his hour of tribulation, putting his faith entirely in "rum and true religion."

Often have I seen Doolan afterwards—and, in a personal and moral effect, his marvelous escape was singularly marked. In one week from the evening of his trial, his coal-black hair was changed to silver-gray—and although he lived twenty years afterward, he never crossed the threshold of a public-house, nor did whisky pass his lips.

SONNET—RASH OPINIONS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

We judge too rashly, both of men and things,
Giving to-day's opinions on the morrow
Utter denial, while we strive to borrow
Hollow apologies that—like the wings
Of butterflies—shows many colors. Sorrow
Hideth its tears, and we disclaim its presence
Where it hath deepest root; Hate softly brings
A smile, which we account Love's sweetest es-
sence;
Simplicity seems Art; and Art we deem
White-hearted Innocence—misjudging ever
Of all we see! Let us, then, grant esteem,
Or grudge it with precaution only; never
Forgetting that rash haste right judgment mars:
What men count but clouds may prove bright
stars!

* Earl Rosse's telescope proves that what were deemed nebulae, are in reality clusters of stars.

In the sovereignty of our minds we make mankind our quarry; and in the scope of our ambitious thoughts hunt for prey through the four quarters of the world. In a word, literature and civilization have abstracted man from himself so far that his existence is no longer *dramatic*—and the press has been the ruin of the stage, unless we are greatly deceived.

The Family Circle.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angel's led;
Safe from temptation—safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anger long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, meaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay,
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE AMERICAN MAIDEN.

THE whole course of her education is one habitual lesson of self-reliance,—the world is not kept a sealed book to her until she is tolerably advanced in years, then to be suddenly thrown open to her in all its diversity of aspects. From the earliest age she begins to understand her position, and to test her own strength—she soon knows how to appreciate the world, both as to its proprieties and its dangers—she knows how far she can go in any direction with safety, and how far she can let others proceed—she soon acquires a strength of character to which the young woman of Europe is a stranger, and acts for herself while the latter is yet in leading-strings. All this would tend, were her entrance in society a little longer delayed, or were the sway which she acquires over it somewhat postponed, to impart a much more sedate and serious character to American social intercourse than it possesses. The latitude of action here referred to necessarily involves a free and habitual intercourse between the sexes. This is permitted from the very earliest ages, and never ceases until the young girl has left her father's house for that of her husband. The freedom thus extended is one which is seldom abused in America, and is more an essential feature than an accidental circumstance in a young woman's education. The young man invites her to walk

or ride with him, and her compliance with the invitation is a matter solely dependent upon her own humor; he escorts her to the concert, or home from the party, the rest of the family finding their way thither or returning home as they may: indeed, I have known the young ladies of the same family escorted by their male acquaintances in different vehicles to the same party, where they would make their appearances perhaps at different times. Nor is this confined to cases in which the young men are recognised admirers of the young ladies, a friendly intimacy being all that is required to justify invitation on the one side, and compliance on the other. A young woman here, would regard such conduct as a disregard of the proprieties of her sex; if it were looked upon as such in America, it would not be followed. The difference arises from the different views taken in the two hemispheres by young women of their actual position. In America, it neither impairs the virtue nor compromises the dignity of the sex. It may be somewhat inimical to that warmth of imagination and delicacy of character, which, in Europe, is so much admired in the young woman, but it is productive of impurity neither in thought nor conduct. —[Mackay's Travels in the United States.

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.—When parental discipline destroys filial love, it is bad. Veneration is a mixture of fear and love, and is created in every well-organized child by strict discipline and kindness on the part of the parent. But a parent who is always beating, always frowning, scolding, and commanding, and never coaxing and caressing a child, can only be feared, and, ultimately disliked. Children can never be beaten into goodness, any more than nations can be persecuted into orthodoxy. They generally love their mothers best, because they are the most indulgent; but at last they find that indulgence is weakness, and then they learn to disobey the old lady, as they call her. They fear the father because he is stern and severe; and at last they dislike him, and avoid his society for his want of sympathy. Were the weaknesses of both parents combined in one, they would make a virtue. The joint and cordial co-operation of the two sexes makes the best discipline for children; but we are sorry to say that there is very little of that co-operation to be found. The mother is generally a shield from the father, and her opposition always increases his severity, while his severity increases her indulgence. Children cannot be well reared, unless parents are well married.

WOMAN.—A truly superior woman is she who knows enough never to ask a ridiculous or mistimed question, and who never obstinately opposes sensible men; such a woman knows how to keep silence, especially with the fools whom she might rally, and with the ignorant whom she might humiliate. She is indulgent to absurdities, because she does not care to show her learning, and is attentive to what is good, because she seeks instruction. Her great desire is, to understand, and not to teach; her great art (since it is acknowledged that there is art in the interchange of words) is, not to bring two proud antagonists together, eager to display their skill and to amuse the company, each maintaining a proposition whose solution no one cares to arrive at, but to throw light on all useful discussion, by encouraging those to take part in it who have something to say worth hearing.

LITTLE THINGS.—Great virtues are rare: the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment, they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offense; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit. [Fenelon.

A Beautiful Poem.

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

It is ended!—all is over!

Lo, the weeping mourners come—
Mother, father, friend and lover,
To the death-encumbered room;
Lips are pressed to the blessed
Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted, speech-departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold for ever—
No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home the heart!

Hope not answer to your praying!
Cold, responseless lies she there.
Death, that ever will be slaying
Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
She is with Him elsewhere!

Mother! yes, you scarce would chide her
Had you seen the form he bore,
Heard the words he spoke beside her,
Tender as the look he wore,
While he proved her how he loved her
More than mother—ten times more!

Earthly father! weep not o'er her!
To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love he bore her—
To the kingdom of the blest;
Where no weeping eyelids keeping,
Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend! he was a friend that found her
Amid blessings poor and scant;
With a wicked world around her,
And within a heavenly want;
And supplied her, home to guide her,
Wings for which the weary pant.

Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly!—
When she left thee loved thee best!
Love she knew alone burns clearly
In the bosoms of the blest;
Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
Is the angel in thy breast!

Mourners all! have done with weeping!
I will tell you what He said,
When he came and found her sleeping,
On her heart His hand He laid:
"Sleep is, Maiden, sorrow-laden;
Peace dwells only with the dead.

"Wend with me across the river—
Seems so bitter, is so sweet!—
On whose other shore for ever
Happy, holy spirits greet:
Grief all over, friend and lover
In a sweet communion meet!

"Is it bitter, father, mother,
Lover, friend to leave behind?
All their blessed loves, and other,
Come with me and thou shalt find—
Where thy spirit shall inherit
Perfect love and perfect mind.

"Love that is to mortals given
Struggles with imperfect will;
Love alone that homes in heaven
Can its perfect self fulfill—
Where, possessing every blessing,
Still it grows and greatness still!

"See, I bring thee wings to bear thee
To the blessed angel home;
Dear ones dead for ever near thee,
From thy side no more to roam;
Love increased, wait thou blessed,
Till the living loved ones come!

"O'er the river!"—Lo! she faltered
While He took her by the hand;
And her blessed face grew altered
As she heard the sweet command.
Father! lover! all was over!—
So she passed to Spirit Land!

LET me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings; I had rather men should complain of my small hopes than of my short performances.—[Bishop Hall.

Choice Miscellany.

STANZAS.

Where shall I follow thee, wild floating Symphony?
I cannot wander in ether away!
While the soft volumes of vibrating harmony
Melt into atmosphere, here I must stay.

Where thy tuned circles end man cannot know,
Fading in distance the numbers live on;
Now joyful, now sighing, their sweet currents flow,
And space must be passed ere the music be done.

In the far empyrean sound voices of earth,
To God the Creator low echoes are borne;
Each varying cadence appears a new birth,
The cry of a child is a pathway forlorn.

Farwell! ye lost notes, I can hear ye no more;
In vain would I follow your airy retreat;
So my heart chants a dirge for the strain that is o'er,
Or a psalm to welcome another as sweet.

SWISS CRETINS.

High up the most elevated valleys of the Alps, amid scenes where all else is grand and beautiful, man often degenerates to a pitiful, deformed creature, or a chattering idiot. In the words of Shakspeare, a "hideous wallet of flesh," grows upon the front of the neck, enlarging what is technically termed the thyroid gland, and forming what in Switzerland is called goitre; or the head becomes misshapen, the countenance vacant, the limbs stunted, the speech indistinct, and the intellect shattered; and the victim is termed a cretin. In some of the worst localities, such as the Vale of Aosta on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, Sion Orsieres in the Canton of Valais, almost every family is more or less affected.

I have a vivid recollection of a morning walk in one of the most infected villages of the Canton of Valais. I inquired the way from the first tottering deformed creature I met in the street, and he replied with a vacant stare, and uncouth sounds. Idiot children, in rags, were lying on the ground, basking in the sun, with just instinct enough to stretch out their hands to beg; and the filth of the stricken place was most offensive. These affections have been variously attributed: to the drinking of snow water, the carrying weights on the head, filthy habits, the impregnation of the water, and the like; but the observations of Sir Astley Cooper and others lead to the belief that they are caused by the impure air generated in very confined valleys. It has been lately discovered, that by sending infected children very young, to a healthy locality, and subjecting them to suitable treatment, they can often be cured. With this benevolent design, Dr. Guggenbuhl, a Swiss philanthropist, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, has recently founded a hospital for the cure of these affections, in the Canton of Berne. This institution is near the pretty village of Interlachen, and the beautiful lakes Thun and Brienz, in view of the Jungfrau and the most magnificent peaks of Oberland. It is an interesting fact, that the treatment of these affections by Dr. Coindet, of Geneva, a few years since, led to the discovery of the medicinal use of iodine, one of the greatest boons to the afflicted of the present century. —[Dr. Corson's Loiterings in Europe.

THE HEART.—There are some errors which are of an anatomical nature. There is a common misunderstanding as to the position of the heart, though it is common enough to talk of the heart being in the right place. People say the heart is on the left side; but in reality it inclines only a little to the left, being almost immediately behind the breast-bone or sternum, and is situated higher than I think is generally conceived by non-professional people. The breast-bone is the bone with which the ribs are articulated at the front of the chest, and immediately behind the breast-bone lies the heart, surrounded of course by its proper coverings. I have known people imagine the stomach to be immediately at the termination of the windpipe, because the feelings of indigestion are often referred to this point. In respect to the heart, the term ossification,

applied to disease of the heart, is generally but imperfectly understood. There are people who think the heart is literally and completely changed into bone. A person would, however, die long before such a change could be brought about. There are however, some very extraordinary cases related by Corvisart, Burns, Haller, and others, in which large portions of the heart were replaced by ossific deposits. In general, however, when ossification of the heart is spoken of, it is merely meant that the valves of the heart are impeded in their action by ossific deposits, and instead of falling in a manner to close the orifices over which they are situated, remain to a certain extent patulous.

Among this class of anatomical errors is that which we sometimes find people run into, of supposing that they have what they call a narrow swallow. Such people cannot take pills. The same people will swallow much larger bodies with ease. I have several times been called to children who have swallowed marbles and other large bodies, while the mothers have asserted that their throats were too narrow to admit the passage of pills. In these cases there seems a want of consent in the muscles of deglutition with those of the mouth and palate, and this must proceed from a mental feeling, sometimes difficult to overcome.

A ROBBER LOVER.—Mr. Walsh furnishes, among other matters, for the National Intelligencer, the following story of a somewhat romantic love-match, and its awkward termination:

"Madame Brelot, a thriving blanchisseuse (washerwoman,) of the Rue de Bievre, had a fair daughter, who, like all her sex of the same age, which was tempting eighteen, was very fond of balls and other gallantries. The good mother was indulgent but prudent, and while she permitted her lovely damsel to attend these scenes of amusement, always took care to accompany her. At a Sunday's dance, about a month ago, at the Quatre Saisons, Mlle Eugene met with a partner so genteel and gallant, that he won the hearts of both mother and daughter; and the favored youth was received into their domestic circle as a suitor. The preliminaries were at length so far arranged for a marriage between the lovers, that Madame Brelot drew one thousand francs from the savings' bank to purchase a suitable outfit for the young couple. Alas! for the uncertainty of human prospects! Two evenings ago, when the expecting bride and her mother returned home, after a day spent on their knees, not at church, but in their washing barge, near the point de l'Archeveche, they found that their dwelling had been broken open, their locks forced, and not only the one thousand francs, but every other article of value carried off. This was indeed a dire disaster; but the severest out of all was a sheet of paper, conspicuously fixed to the chimney glass, on which was written, in too legible characters, 'I might have taken both your daughter and her dower, but I content myself with one, and leave you the other.'"

THE AVERAGE INCOME OF MEN.—We once took a notion to find out the average annual income of the inhabitants of the most favored countries of Christendom. We opened McCulloch's great work on Great Britain, and found his estimate for each person in England to be £16 a year or about 22 cts. a day; and for each person in Ireland £6 a year, or 8 cts. a day. We looked into Chevalier's admirable lectures on French Political Economy, and his estimate for each person in France is about \$45 a year, or 12 1-2 cts. a day. Our own census estimates the average product of the richest State in the Union at \$110 for each person, or 30 cts. per day, while our whole country taken together, slave States and all, yields an annual product of but \$62 for each person, or about 17 cts. per day.

When we consider the the great inequalities of fortunes, and that the above sums are all that each person would receive were the incomes of all estates equally divided among all the people, we surely cannot think that the mass of men in this favored century are in any great danger of being surfeited. How miserable must be the pittance of great numbers, when even if the

wealth of the Astors and Bedfords, &c., were to be thrown into the common fund, the average would be much less than \$100 a year for each person.

Without presuming to vouch for the entire accuracy of statistical tables, we venture two remarks upon the above statements:

1. Let persons amply provided with the essential comforts of life, forbear their too frequent repining, and sympathize more with the great mass of the less favored, and thus take at once a lesson in charity and contentment.

2. Last of all, let the policy be maintained in the church, and State, and home, that shall quicken the intelligence, industry and sobriety that are the sources of genuine wealth. Then, although there may be less rum, and tobacco, there will be a far greater average income in Christendom.—[Christian Enquirer.

GALVANIC RINGS.—A little while back it was very much the custom to wear what were called galvanic rings for the relief of rheumatic and other pains. Even granting that these rings have a galvanic action, I do not myself see how they are to cure such complaints. Perhaps they are intended to act like charms. Formerly, rings were very much used to charm away diseases. Pettigrew tells us that Paracelsus had a ring made of a variety of metallic substances, which he called *electrum*. 'These rings were to remove cramp, palsy, apoplexy, epilepsy, or any pain. If put on during an epileptic fit, the complaint would be immediately cured.' Sometimes rings were formed from the hinges of a coffin. 'Andrew Boorde,' he continues, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., says, 'the kynges of Englande doth halowe evry yere orampe rynges, which rynges worn on one's finger doth help them which hath the crampe.'

In the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1794, we are told that a silver ring, which is made of five sixpences, collected from five different bachelors, to be conveyed by the hand of a bachelor to a smith that is a bachelor, will cure fits.

None of the persons who gave the sixpences are to know for what purpose, or to whom they gave them. Bachelors were not, however, the only contributors of these charms.

The London Medical and Physical Journal for 1815 notices a charm successfully employed in the cure of epilepsy, after the failure of various medical means. It consisted in a silver ring, contributed by twelve young women, and was constantly worn on one of the patient's fingers. It seems, then, that the practice of curing diseases by metallic rings is by no means new. A short time ago I attended a gentleman for a rheumatic complaint, who all the time wore one of these galvanic rings. I do not know whether he attributed his recovery to the ring or his medicine, or whether he divided the credit.

UTILITY OF FLIES.—But if you are too irresolute to bathe all over frequently, and too careless in changing your soiled for clean clothes, and thus become covered with the excrementitious matters of dried on perspiration; then even the kind brutes will take pity on you, and the flies, lice, and fleas will become useful to you, by generously rooting up and tearing off this unwholesome coating that smothers the life of your skin. Although this coating of condensed perspiration may be as transparent as varnish, and may even allow your skin to shine through it elegantly; still it is dirt, and as such conducts away your vital warmth, like the earth when one lies down in the fields; so that you are enveloped in the ground and taking cold all the time that you are unwashed, and while these most industrious creatures are urging you to cleanliness.—[Dr. Stevens' Lectures on the prevention of Idiocy.

A GENTLEMAN was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance. "She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries. "Good God! I never heard of it—what was her disease?" "Vanity," returned the other; "she buried herself alive in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

HOPE ON.

HOPE on, for while the earth is moving,

There's time for change, and time for fortune too;
There's time for loved ones still to be more loving,
For warm friends growing warmer and more true;
There's time for distant friends to grow more dear,
There's time for enemies to pass away,
There's time for new friends on thy path to appear,
There's time for cloudy night to usher brighter day.

Hope on, for there's no hour that passes by
Into the darkened vale of stormy time,
Laden with sorrow's tear, or stifled sigh,
But herald's joy to some within our clime;
And though thy troubles press thee sorely now,
As they have done for years, still bear thee on,
And peace's amaranth wreath upon thy brow
Shall be for fortitude a glad guerdon.

Hope on, there is a calm delight in thinking
That life contains a something worth our care,
That we have courage—arming us 'gainst drinking
The cordial strongly urged upon us by despair;
Live in exalted hope—hope, persevere,
Shun inactivity—anticipate thy rest,
And then be sure the wish'd-for hour is near,
And evermore thy future will be blest.

GOLD.

I ONCE knew a lady who married a rich man. I was in her company one evening, when the conversation turned on marrying for money, and I remarked, that however desirous ladies might be like Bell and Congreve, of making "good matches," I considered vanity in a woman a stronger passion than avarice, and I believed that few ladies would marry a man named Snooks, however wealthy he might be. But it seemed I was rash in expressing this opinion, for the lady alluded to personally denied it, and said that (her good man, of course, out of the question) she would have married a man named Snooks for fifty thousand pounds. Anxious to ascertain, if possible, the exact negative value of the name of Snooks, I gradually decreased the bribe, and by the result it appeared that she was not sure she would have done it for less, but she was certain she would have been called Mrs. Snooks for ten thousand pounds.

I have since heard this ingenious confession repeated. Doubtless the lady thinks that statements so candid ought to be preserved, but if she takes my advice she will take care that they are not preserved in "family jars."

Of the state of her husband's mind during these observations, I would rather not give my opinion, lest she should see this anecdote, and it might cause her a little uneasiness. I do not mean to say that many ladies are like this most candid of her sex, (for I should tell you that she was perfectly serious) but I give it as one of the many instances I can furnish of the general love of gold.

I know a rich old man who disinherited his daughter because she married. Her future husband had been introduced to her by her father, whose particular friend he was till the old man discovered that the youth had gained his daughter's affections, when suddenly he changed his manner toward him. They married, and her father disowned her.

The lady's lover was in every respect her equal—no objection could be made against his character or position. She was not an only child, and her father had no "better match" for her. What, then, you will ask, was his objection? Why, he would have been required to make her a present on her wedding-day, and he could not part with his gold; thus he has caused much misery to his daughter and her husband, and the consciousness of his own bad conduct has weighed upon his mind, and made him a morose and miserable man.

In a town not many miles from Birmingham, lives a wealthy old lady, now ninety-six years of age. For the last twenty years a family have been living with her, who, though quite unrelated, have supplied the place of relatives, remaining constantly with her, till at last, by the force of habit, they became necessary to her. Doubtless they never calculated on her attaining such longevity, or they might have hesitated at so long a period of service, even for the certainty of her money at the end of it. The family who stoop to such a course as this have not even pov-

erty to offer for an excuse. They consider themselves among the *élite* of the place; the head of the family was a fashionable surgeon, whose position and income rendered him independent, and nothing but a greediness of gold beyond ordinary could have induced him and his wife for twenty years to sacrifice every comfort to the whims of a fretful and capricious old woman; yet this they and their children have done with a patience and perseverance betraying a depth of meanness one is sorry to see in human nature. I am happy to say that at present writing, the old lady has excellent health, is in possession of all her faculties, and I trust will still enjoy many years of life.

These circumstances are well known in the town alluded to, yet the family of the surgeon are not sneered at behind their backs, or publicly neglected; on the contrary, they are courted—respected; and it is natural it should be so, for the world entertains a fellow-feeling toward them.

A poor widow became house-keeper to a rich man. Now this man, rich as he was in thousands, did not despise the pence, and he learned that his house-keeper had a small sum of money—her little all. A man who greatly loves gold, likes to have yet more and more within his power, though it be not his own; so this rich man told his house-keeper that she had better place her money with him, and let the interest accumulate, when she should get it all at his death. Now the poor widow thought within herself that by thus showing her confidence in her master he might be induced to leave her a little more than the actual amount due; at all events, she thought it worth the trial, so she gave him the money. But the rich man died suddenly, leaving no will, and his riches went to his next heir, who was cognisant of the whole transaction between the widow and the old man. Counting upon this, the widow went to the heir, and demanded from him her money, but she had nothing to show for it, and the heir said he was sorry he couldn't assist her, as he thought it very likely that his uncle had repaid her; but commiserating her apparent poverty, he gave her five pounds!

O gold! omnipotent art thou! Equally powerful over old men, poor widows, and spendthrift heirs—we bow down and worship thee, O gold, most powerful! Many more anecdotes could I give you, good reader, but it is surely needless to multiply instances of what you see daily passing around you. Do not men, not driven by poverty, but avarice, go 17,000 miles to scrape gold from the waters of the Sacramento? Do we not hear that there are men who gain their accursed bread by farming children at 4s. 6d. per week, and poor law guardians who do not hesitate to deliver these friendless creatures to the tender mercies of such men? Have you not seen at stated periods, in the journals, an advertisement of which the following is a copy.

"At Mr. — academy, — near —" (the place is omitted to avoid the advertisement duty,) youth are boarded, clothed, provided with books, and educated for the professions or mercantile pursuits, at £20 a year. *No vacations unless desired, and no extras.*"

And this advertisement does not stand alone, there are others similar to it. A man undertakes to board, clothe, provide with books, and educate a boy, without reference to age, for a less sum than is paid to a London footman. And there are no vacations unless desired. Well, that is honest, at all events; it at once discloses the object of the school, and inscribes over its portals, in unmistakable characters, "Whoso enters here, leaves hope behind."

To come nearer home—do we not see people, careless of humanity's claims, patronise those omnibusses in which they can be conveyed for a little less money? The daily amount of duty paid by such vehicles is high, and to support himself, the proprietor of those cheap conveyances must employ miserable, broken-down cattle, whose protruding bones give evidence of age at which they are unfit for such hard work; but the respectable man goes home to his family, pays his threepence, and never troubles himself about the tortures of the poor animals that drag him there. No; "that's the owner's affair, not

his." And perhaps the same man would feel very indignant next day if he saw a boy kicking a donkey. How small is the difference between the two will be known one day.

I could preach to you many a long sermon from the text of gold; but I fear, like other long sermons, they would have little effect. You would but go home to criticise the preacher with a better appetite for your dinner. This is essentially a utilitarian age, and men strive after what they call the real and tangible, as if there was not as solid a reality in immaterial things as material. Sentiment has given place to matter-of-fact—the beautiful to the useful, and people call it a change for the better.

Let any one take up a bundle of old letters written fifty years ago, and note the redundancy of affectionate expressions and flattering inquiries which they contain. Would he have the courage now to use such terms to a friend, however dear? Not he; he would expect to have his expression of love called, in the cant of the day, "humbug." Nature has now-a-days fallen into disrepute, so we wear over our hearts a case called fashion, which answers the double purpose of impeding their action and concealing the distressing objects from our sight.

I do not mean to defend the ultra sentiment which prevailed at the close of the last century; but, in escaping from that we have fallen into the other extreme—a change however, is at hand. In the constantly extending culture of music and others of the fine arts—in the increasing popularity of poetry of a high class, ay, and in the advancement of human knowledge, we see evidence of a change. In the tone of private society, the best criterion, we see the slow, but steady progress of a change. So the world goes round, probably but to reach the other extreme, and feel once more the consequent reaction.

And the popular writers of the day, who at once follow and encourage the tastes of the hour, will die away and be forgotten. It has been well said, that those who write for the hour must not be surprised if with the hour they perish. The now popular cant and wit on which such books depend for their brief existence will then be no longer understood, and you will see nothing but dry ashes. And writers of another stamp will read them, or go back to the tales of other days so similar to our own, with the difference that we can travel a little quicker, and know a little more the state of affairs in the moon.

I shall probably hear that by these papers I have given unintentional annoyance to certain respectable gentlemen. Seeing the title of "gold," they will expect an article on the currency, or something new from California; but finding it was only a humble attempt to *lower the value of money*, they will lay it down in disgust. Yet the subject here treated of is worthy of being laid before them by the highest intellects the world can boast, and worthy of their best consideration.

After all that can be said to you, good readers, against the pursuit of gold, by able pens, in a more extended sphere than mine, you will still go on refusing to be convinced, or if convinced, refusing to relinquish your fascinating enemy. You will shut your ears to the still small voice, and labor on your little journey, scraping the dirt by the roadside, till you are benighted on the way. And your sons and daughters will, in their turn, toil a little through the same mire and clay till they also disappear in the darkness. Sometimes a friend tries to stop them by a sermon or a song, but they take no heed; they pass away, leaving no trace, and their life is a tale that is told.

In conclusion, to express my own thoughts, let me borrow the verse of a sweet singer, Barry Cornwall:

What is gold unless it bring
More than gold has ever brought?
What is gold if to it cling
Narrower vision, meaner thought?

Some there be who feel no pain,
So the baser mark they shun,—
Shouting, when their end they gain,
"Joy is joy, however won!"
To us diviner dreams are given—
To us a sweet-voiced angel sings,
"What were earth without its heaven,
The soul without its wings?"

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

HISTORY—MACAULAY'S ENGLAND.

We refer to this admirable history of Mr. Macaulay, for the purpose of saying a few words regarding the peculiar charm which has given it its immense popularity. The work is evidently faulty and inaccurate in many particulars—it often gives a false coloring to events, distorts some historical facts, and does injustice to individuals; yet it is the most popular history of modern times; and is read by all parties, with pleasure and profit. And more, with all its faults, it is, after Bancroft's History of the United States, the most perfect history of modern times.

History, in general, is defective in this, that it takes note of marked and startling events—those great dramas in which nations, princes, cities, armies and classes, have played conspicuous parts; but the slow and progressive causes of those events remain unnoticed and unrevealed. The historian often imagines that he sees in a battle, gained or lost, the cause of a revolution; whereas the revolution had already taken place, in fact, and the battle is only its manifestations. Another defect in history, is that it deals more with actions than with men, and when it does cast its eyes upon individuals, it sees them in an exaggerated form—it shows man as he is before the world—it does not follow him to his house, to his family, to the social circle, to his place of study or of toil. It describes him only as he appears upon the great stage of action—in theatrical costume, so to speak. This is a serious defect in history; for those great events on which the eyes of nations are fixed, and which command the attention of all succeeding ages, can only be properly appreciated and comprehended by seeking their moral causes in the lives of individuals. Here alone can be found the key that will unlock the secret of history, or reveal the significance of the facts it records. Herodotus is, in our opinion, the true model of historians. Flowing, artless, full of those details, that are the least calculated to interest, he always charms his readers, and carries them along with him. So Plutarch, although he wrote simple biographies, is one of the best of historians. He does not disdain small things, and trifling details; and he is so happy in the choice of his facts, that very often a word, a smile, or a gesture suffices to characterize his hero, or illustrate an entire epoch. Hannibal, with one word, raised the departing courage of his frightened army, and his soldiers marched laughing to the battle, which made him master of Italy. Agésilas, riding a stick with his children, is seen more truly than in the character of conqueror. Alexander swallows a medicine without hesitation and without remark, although he has been privately told that his physician, bribed to destroy him, had mixed with it a deadly poison. This was the greatest act of Alexander's life. Philopæmen, concealed by his mantle, cut wood in the kitchen of his host. Here is the true art of historical painting. We learn more of the real life of society, of the moral condition of an epoch, and the real causes of the great revolutions, and events that convulse nations, from these apparently trifling details, than from any other sources.

Now here is the real excellence of Macaulay. His history is crowded full of the most interesting incidents, and the most charming details. With him we visit the humble dwelling of the laborer, the castles of nobles, and the private chambers of princes and kings. Not only does he describe battles and mighty events, which made the world shake

at the time, but nearly every page of his work is enlivened by some incident, which reveals the hidden life of the people—the invisible moral causes, of which these revolutions and battles are the effects.

The work of a historian is a divine one; for it is in history, more than any where else, that the Almighty reveals his mysterious purposes with regard to the destiny of humanity. Ever does God hover over the human race, controlling all events, and guiding them to issues of general good. He, therefore, who attempts to record and explain those events, should approach his work with reverence; and ever have a sacred regard for the truth. In this respect Mr. Macaulay stands far above any other English historian. If he fails to represent all the truth, there is nothing intentional in it. He always writes with earnestness, sincerity and in good faith.

Mr. Macaulay comprehends thoroughly the true idea of history. He every where presents pictures of society in detail, and by these outward facts he judges of the interior life of the people, and reveals the great law of progress. By this method he finds that the English heart is much more philanthropic, more christian to-day than it was three centuries ago. The following extract is in this spirit:

“It is pleasant to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become not only a wiser but also a kinder people. Formerly if an offender was put in a pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed around him, imploring the hangman to give it to him well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell, on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there, whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse, or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. No where could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life of even the murderer.”

A WORD FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF ODD-FELLOWS.

THERE is nothing more destructive to the success of Odd-Fellowship than the spirit of opposition to recognized authority, which is often originated and fostered in Subordinate Lodges. Hours are spent frequently in useless argumentation upon questions in which, however they may be decided, not one cent of pecuniary interest is involved, and neither friendship nor charity promoted.

The delightful associations in which all the finer feelings find a hearty response from every brother present in the Lodge Room, when the work goes smoothly on, and nothing occurs to mar the genuine spirit inculcated by fraternity—the pleasing recollections induced by being engaged in efforts to relieve the sufferings of humanity, or educate the bereaved orphans of some brother whose remains we have recently followed to their resting place, the grave—how speedily are these and kindred emotions dissipated, if but a single word, a breath of discord pervade the brotherhood. The reason for this is obvious. The practice does not correspond with the profession. With these professions Odd-Fellows are acquainted, and if each performs his duty faithfully, the Order will continue to flourish, and still more rapidly to advance, dispensing blessings as it goes.

Strong opposition to Odd-Fellowship has been almost everywhere manifested; still, as fostered by an unseen, but powerful influence, its course has been onward. In Connecticut, and other portions of the Eastern States, perhaps the most strenuous efforts have been made to arrest its progress—by those, too, whose best efforts would have been exerted for the same end, had the method for its accomplishment presented itself in some other form. They sincerely supposed such organizations productive of evil, and conscientiously opposed them; they would be foremost in their efforts to make men better citizens, by inculcating principles of sobriety and benevolence, and thus raising the standard of morality. In a word, they would accomplish *individually*, what Odd-Fellows seek to do, aided by *organization* and the strong bond of fraternity.

The principal reason assigned for such opposition is, and ever has been, that Lodges hold their meetings in secret. This is of vital importance to the permanency and identity of the Order; and such identity is indispensable to the accomplishment of its benevolent designs. Odd-Fellowship seeks not, with trumpet-tongue, to advertise its deeds of charity, its offices of kindness, its sympathy in a brother's weal or woe; yet despite its unassuming character, its fruits are still apparent, and no proof is necessary that the germ whence these fruits spring is pure. The page of inspiration makes no exception of Odd-Fellowship, but asserts, “by their fruits ye shall know them.”

From Panama and San Francisco, the intelligence received indicates the comprehensive spread of genuine Odd-Fellowship; and its whole past history is conclusive proof that the Order has nothing to fear from outward opposition. Its attacks do not retard its progress, and although its spirit is unresisting, its component parts made up of the finer and more delicate qualities, still it remains unharmed. But let discord come within its ranks, and intrude within the walls of the Lodge Room—let its breath pollute its hallowed atmosphere, and occupy the time which ought to be spent in devising plans for the furtherance of benevolence, and from that period, as fast as such influence is permitted to spread, so rapidly Odd-Fellowship declines—fraternal feeling cannot brook such intrusion, and alas! for the sick brother whose sympathy is expecting a response from a Lodge in which division and disunion exist! Alas! for that orphan whose education, even limited, depends upon such support.

Every brother should, with untiring care, watch the beginning of these evils, and guard his Lodge diligently against them. The divisions now existing in the Order, tend to confirm the truth of these statements; for in those Districts where these difficulties are most general, much indifference, and even total apathy upon the subject is manifest. We pretend not to know or devise the best means for correcting these evils; but we do know, that if every individual was faithful to his promises and duty as an Odd-Fellow, such evils could not exist.

GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The annual election of officers took place April 24th, in the G. Lodge of Pennsylvania. Below are the names of the officers elect: Henry S. Patterson, M. W. G. M.; George S. Morris, R. W. D. G. M.; Wm. H. Witter, R. W. G. W.; Wm. Curtis, R. W. G. S.; F. Knox Morton, R. W. G. T.; Wm. A. Wells, R. W. G. R. to G. L. U. S.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.—The editor of the New-York Path Finder, a most useful journal, and which often contains some gems, although it makes no pretensions this way, copies a portion of an article of ours bearing the above title, and approves of its spirit. We are pleased to see this evidence of a growing taste in our community, in regard to architecture, and hope the editor of the Path Finder will aid us in accomplishing something for such a result.

DANCING.

BEING asked the other day, our opinion on the exercise of dancing, with regard to its harmfulness or innocency, we replied that it was both. Frequent balls, we are decidedly opposed to. They always tend to excesses which are ruinous to health and morals. But dancing for an hour, as a part of the amusement of an evening, is not only unobjectionable, but really an agreeable and healthful exercise.

Many persons have considered dancing as entirely evil, and destitute of any positive good. We do not agree with those. Others have labored to prove its effect of an opposite tendency; and, indeed, it has been attempted to establish that dancing is wise by the following deduction:

First.—Dancing is exercise.

Second.—Exercise is serviceable to life.

Ergo.—Dancing is serviceable to life.

First.—Dancing is serviceable to life.

Second.—Whatever is serviceable to life is wise.

Hesiod is a great admirer of dancing, and says, "that the gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing."

Our readers, of course, will understand that we are now speaking of dancing as a temperate exercise, and not of those excesses called *balls*.

Of all amusements at present known in this country, dancing is the most ancient, and of itself both innocent and refined—practiced as it has been by the Egyptians, the Grecians, and the Romans. Men, too, celebrated in every respect for their virtues, so far from being averse to the art, have always been ready to cultivate this pleasing accomplishment. Socrates, Homer, Plato, and Professor Porson, were all its advocates; indeed, Socrates admired dancing so highly that he learnt it when an old man. The man also to whose words we look with reverence and respect, and which are allowed to hold a lofty station in the sacred volume, has distinctly told us, that "there is a time to mourn and a time to dance."

In the first place, *how* is dancing injurious to morals or health? The only argument urged in support of this position is, that some few persons who have indulged in this art have been not only immoral, but unhealthy individuals. While we are willing to admit that some few persons have gone beyond the boundary of prudence, we cannot ascribe such to the evils of dancing. Were we disposed to use such a weapon, we might apply it to the most sacred and valuable institutions. The existence of a Johanna Southcote, or a Judge Jeffries, does not bring religion or law into disrepute, but only shows the *natural disposition* of the individuals. Abuse is certainly evident in this art, and is equally so in other arts and institutions. But, to be brief, every *virtue* has its *evil*, and gold has its dross; and before we disclaim against such a polite art, it would not prove unprofitable were we to minutely examine our own inclinations. We have already admitted that abuse will force itself into the Dancing Academy, ("the world's a school of wrong.") but in no other degree than this: that dissipated and evil-disposed persons, who occasionally intrude themselves, manifest a disposition which is, in themselves, *already created*.

Wherever vice exists it is impossible to be hidden, for any period, from the contempt of discerning men by any false means; and when discovered, no longer engrosses their patronage.

"Vice is a monster of such odious mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

But is dancing of this nature? or does it not receive nourishment from a very great number of individuals, whose lives are regulated by the rules of religion and sound morality?

O. U. A.—ORDER OF UNITED AMERICANS.—We have received several numbers of a journal devoted to the interests of this Order. It is well conducted, and promises to be a favorite with those for whom it is intended.

MAY-DAY IN NEW-YORK.

MAY-DAY was celebrated in this goodly city, as usual, by a grand "turn out" of—furniture. The day was, as some young ladies say, "splendid." It was harvest-time for cartmen and furniture carriers. No doubt, many of them did a *smashing* business. Housewives were on the move betimes, and we venture nothing in saying, were glad when the day was over. The poor horses, too, did eat that Saturday night's portion with such *gusto*! and the straw upon which they lay did feel so soft. Oh, May-day is a great time—stirring scenes are enacted then. Franklin said that three moves were equal to a fire. True, every word of it. By the time the third is accomplished, there is as much lost and broken as there would have been by one fire. And then the temper is so tried in moving. Servants and cartmen *will not* handle things carefully, and housewives cannot help scolding. And such is May, or Moving-day. Who doesn't rejoice that it "comes but once a year?"

If there was ever a city or town afflicted by an incurable evil habit, then New-York is the one. The practice of being turned inside out and upside down every returning May-day, is one of the most ridiculous habits any people can acquire. Many ludicrous and lugubrious anecdotes might be told illustrating the miseries of this universal moving.

The following is the most graphic description of it we have ever seen. We know not the author of the lines:

First of May—clear the way!
Baskets—barrows—bundles;
Take good care—mind the ware!
Betty, where's the bundles?

Pots and kettles,
Broken victuals,
Feather beds,
Plaster heads,
Looking glasses,
Tow mattresses,
Spoons and ladles,
Babies, cradles,
Cups and saucers,
Salts and castors.

Hurry, scurry—grave and gay—
All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start!—mind the cart!
Shovels, bed-clothes, bedding,
On we go, soft and slow,
Like a beggar's wedding.

Jointed stools,
Domestic tools,
Chairs unback'd,
Tables crack'd,
Gridiron black,
Spit and jack,
Trammels—hooks,
Musty books,
Old potatoes,
Ventilators.

Hurry, scurry—grave and gay—
On we trudge the first of May.

Now we've got to the spot—
Bellows—bureau—settee;
Rope untie—mind your eye—
Pray be careful, Betty.

Look, what's there?
Broken ware;
Decanters dashed,
China smashed,
Pickles spoiled,
Carpets soiled,
Sideboards scratch'd,
Cups unmatch'd,
Empty casks,
Broken flasks.

Hurry, scurry—grave and gay—
Get you gone! the first of May.

SPRING.—Spring has at length visited our city. The green grass nods gaily in the Park and on the Battery, and the verdant leaves begin to appear on the trees. The surrounding country puts on its robe of flowers, and on every hill and in every valley is heard the sweet music of birds. Surely we may sing with the Hebrew poet:

"The winter is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
And the time of the singing of
Birds has come."

WOMAN.

READING over a little French work, by a distinguished author, we were so struck with his relation of women seen in the *Saint Pelagie*, the prison in France where the criminals are confined, that we cannot forbear giving a free translation of sentiments founded upon observation, and radiated in the principles of nature.

"Wherever misfortune casts her persecutions, woman comes upon the scene to neutralize her power. Between her and suffering there exists a mysterious bond, which she appears to have neither the will nor the power to break. Without wishing to take away the merit of that delicate, touching sentiment, which makes a part of her being, and which is the fountain from which springs all her goodness, a person in a light, jesting moment would almost say that the compassion of woman is nearly allied to the feeling of coquetry; for pity and tears suit her so well, the sight of misfortune gives an expression so tender and gracious to her features, that one is almost tempted to believe that she shows herself good, but to appear the more beautiful.

"One knows not the whole influence of woman—knows not the grand principles of goodness which occupy her soul, and what ingenious resources her mind will furnish to embalm and soothe the wounded spirit, unless they have known her in the frightful retreats of the prison, where misery and suffering appear to be the whole portion of existence, but from which hope is never excluded as long as she is permitted to enter.

"Deprived of liberty in many parts of the globe, she feels no resentment against the tyrants who have fettered her freedom, but on the contrary, with all the warm principles of inherent affection, clings still closer to their hard and unfeeling bosoms. Her mission is to sweeten our cares, to indulge our caprices, to calm us and render us better. She may sometimes prove unfaithful at the period of prosperity, but is always true in the hour of adversity.

"To illustrate the opinions that I have advanced, I will appeal to history. There I will find the touching events that encompasses the name of Eponina, who followed her husband, Sabinus, from cavern to cavern, and who, at last, perishes so cruelly by the order of Vespasian. I can cite also, as interesting and forcible examples, the names of Arria and Agripina, the wife of Germanicus.

"More near us, no less a sublime and beautiful illustration, I can find the noble daughter of the Chancellor Thomas Moore, who wished to share the prison of her illustrious father, and accompanied him upon the scaffold; that after having purchased, at the price of her whole fortune, the bloody head of her unfortunate parent, was accused of treason, for preserving this sacred relic in her cabinet—of reading incessantly his works, thereby fostering and encouraging sentiments hostile to the existing government. Intrepid in the presence of her judges, it was not her life, but the character of her father that she defended with so much eloquence, when a reproach was uttered against it. Such carelessness of self in the hour of danger, such noble and heroic devotion to paternal memory, so softened and tempered the minds of her judges, that she escaped judgment.

"It is scarcely necessary that I should speak of *Mademoiselle de Scuderi*, who, that she might convey to the unfortunate Pleasson, confined in prison, letters and ink necessary to write his justification, made use of a crowd of means more spiritual, more like *fairy* creations, than those found in the most imaginative romances.

"I need not refer you to the pages of the revolution, where lives recorded for time and posterity, the generous devotedness, the sublime actions, the touching cares, the dangers cleared, the sorrows sweetened, which have elevated to the first rank the character of the French women who lived in those discordant times.

"I need not recall the angelic devotedness of *Madame de Lafayette*, in the prisons of Olmutz, of *Madame de Lavallette*, in the same situation, and of another lady of that name, who met her death in America. History has already consecrated these glorious names; she has touched them with her magic wand, giving them an eternal youth.

"I will bring you now to see spectacles that are apparent to your senses; that are among us, and will, perhaps, more fully illustrate the touching character of woman, than the antiquated array of bygone examples. I wish to take you to the prison of *Sainte Pelagie*, on a Thursday or Sunday, which are the days that the unfortunate captives are permitted to receive the visits of their parents and friends.

"I will here make a remark founded upon observation, that women, when their mission is to the unfortunate, appear to have no other thoughts agitating their mental world, but those of sympathy and love. All, it matters not of what class or degree, appear to come but for one object—to soothe and comfort. All appear to possess, in an equal degree, the charming art to alleviate misfortune, to sustain courage, to inspire hope, and, in a word, to pour upon the wounds of the heart the balm which alone their ingenious delicacy can prepare.

"Among the large mass of women collected in the *Sainte Pelagie*, I was shown a young girl, who had come, twice a week, on foot, from *Nanterra*, to visit her *amant*, in prison, and to bring him little delicacies of which he was fond. It was hailing the day that I saw her, and I made the inquiry why she had turned out in such inclement weather? I listened with delicate compassion to the little falsehoods her heart suggested, to lessen the merit of her devotedness: 'that it did not rain at the time she departed from home; that when the shower commenced, she had the happiness of meeting mother Francois, and that good milk-woman had taken her in her little covered cart, and conducted her almost to the *Sainte Plagie*.' All the while she was relating this, her garments were dripping in the rain, and she made a significant sign to an old man who accompanied her, not to contradict her.

"Upon another bench, in the saloon of the prison, I saw a woman yet almost beautiful, though in the decline of life, pressing to her heart, with grief and tenderness, two conflicting passions, which only woman knows how beautifully to blend, a young man, whose crimes had consigned him to captivity; the husband, who accompanied her, turned with anger and contempt from a son whose conduct had called the blush of shame to his cheek, and dishonor to his name; and taking advantage of the moment his back was turned, the pitying and loving mother slipped a purse into the hand of her son, which she had concealed in her bosom.

"I recognized, in every woman that I saw in that frightful place, the same mission, the same holy expression of love and pity lighting their features, and reflecting the tempered rays of hope and consolation upon the hearts that were darkened and bowed with misery. Mother, daughter, spouse, friend or mistress were occupied with a common care and common solicitude.

"Maternal tenderness, filial pity, love and friendship, are not the only virtues which occupy the female heart. There have been many instances in which the sex have performed feats of courage and patriotism—been guided by a chivalric sense of honor that would have elevated the most exalted heroism. I will cite only one illustration, which occurred during my sojourn at *Sainte Pelagie*. It is the letter of Madam —, to her husband, which I will give at length, for the benefit of the reader.

"You know to what a degree you are dear to me—you are now in a place of security, but there is an accusation resting against you in the court, connecting you with infamy. I wish you, then, to return, to render yourself a prisoner to answer the

charge, since there are no other means for your justification. Your judges are men possessing the weaknesses of humanity—your innocence may not be apparent to them—you may lose your life; but I know you too well to suppose that you would put it in the balance against the loss of your honor, of mine, and that of your children.' Suffice it to say that the husband returned, was tried and acquitted.

"Our entrance to *Sainte Pelagie* was marked by two frightful events—the execution of *M. Magallen a Poisy*, and the suicide of a young and beautiful girl, who, with a pistol, shot herself twice in the breast, influenced by a feeling of jealousy toward her husband.

"My observations at *Sainte Pelagie* have warranted me in making the following remark: That the Great Arbitrator of human destiny has placed in the heart of woman, in her generous cares, in her tender solicitudes, a compensation for all our griefs, for all our dangers, and every evil of life."

EUROPE.

SINCE our last we have received intelligence from this distracted continent, which goes, too, toward confirming our prediction that European society is approaching a crisis, and that a general and sanguinary war will soon overturn the whole social order.

Italy is still in arms, and although despotism has apparently triumphed, liberty has really made some progress, and the people have gained some advantages. Russia and Turkey seem to be on the point of an open rupture, and war may be expected to take place between these two powers at any moment. In this aggressive movement towards Turkey, Russia will be aided by Austria. When this takes place, France and England must move; and the whole European Continent will again resound with the cry of war. So far, tyranny has been triumphant, every where but in Hungary, where the patriots have, as yet, withstood the power of Russia and Austria.

In Ireland, the cholera and famine again threaten to decimate the people. On the whole, the prospects of Europe are exceedingly gloomy. A dark cloud rests upon that convulsed land: the elements of a terrible storm are gathering with fearful rapidity, and every moment we may expect to hear the echoes of its thunders, and see the gleamings of its lightnings.

While on this subject of Europe, we cannot refrain from copying the following judicious remarks from the *London Examiner*:

"We will not despair of Italy. Its sole monarchic army has been beaten. The republican leaders, undisciplined and disorganized, have merely indulged in vociferation and despair. But between these two extremes, of the old armies and the new mob, there exists a large, intelligent, and well-provided class, whose opinions even restored monarchs cannot treat in the old fashion. If the King of Prussia must put up with Democratic chambers, and the Emperor of Austria grant a representative government, the princes of Tuscany and Naples cannot go back to pure absolutism. Neither can the Pope, nor even the Viceroy of Lombardy. There must be a change, there must be a concession, there must be room and air for a certain degree of municipal and political freedom to develop themselves. And Italy wants half a century of such preparation for either independence or representative government.

To such ends as these, English and French influence will now be strenuously exerted. Such influence has been powerless hitherto, owing to the arrogant belief of the Italians that they could provide for their own security and government, independently either of their native princes or of foreign intervention. The defeat of Charles Albert, however, dissipates that vision; and even democrats must listen to counsel, or must abide by the inevitable result of summary expulsion.

Now, therefore, most truly, is the time for beneficent interference on behalf of Italy; an interference, not menacing or armed, or in aid of idle resistance, but pressing those several compromises, without which military force and violence will be let loose to massacre and plunder Italy, as at Messina."

AFFAIRS IN CANADA.

THE storm of revolution which has swept over Europe has, it appears, reached our shores. Canada, as our readers have already learned, is in a state of high fermentation. The Parliament Houses have been destroyed, the Ministers mobbed, the Governor General and his officers pelted with rotten eggs, and the government and the authority of Queen Victoria seem to be nearly at an end.

All these movements, no doubt, indicate pretty clearly what is the real destiny of Canada. *Annexation* is openly spoken of, and many years will not pass before the whole North American Continent will own the sway of the stars and stripes. Even the Royalists in Canada meditate this, as the following extract from a letter to the *Tribune*, shows:

"God only knows where the thing is to end. The Government have plenty of force, if they have the nerve and discretion to use it; and I hope it will go no farther, for this burning of houses is not only bad in itself, but may be retaliated; and I have no idea that any one has formed any plan of action beside kicking up enough row to cause the present government to resign, or to withdraw the *Rebel Losses Bill*. At the same time should the troops 'fraternise,' or should the mob be attacked and gain any advantage, I should not be surprised to hear something about annexation. Nobody, that I know of, desire it for its own sake; but all think it must come one day or other; and if they saw the opportunity to effect it without bloodshed, would do so now, rather than risk a harder struggle at another time. Loyalty indeed has become a farce, since the men who sustained the crown in 1837 are made to pay the rebels for the losses they brought on themselves.

"I had almost forgotten to mention, as a farther proof of the way things are managed, that the Government wanted to stop the transmission of political news by the *Telegraph* to Upper Canada, but as the Directors would not consent to discontinue their messages, the Government submitted. I expect half the Members of the Executive have run away from town."

THE MONEY MARKET, for the week past, has continued to show an improving appearance, and the rate of interest is now lower than has been known for a long time. The continued accessions of specie, by the city banks, from the interior, as well as from Europe, aided by a cessation of the demand for duties for the Custom House, has given them a renewed disposition to extend their discounts, and no good paper is now rejected. The specie now in the city is full seven millions of dollars, an amount that forbids the return of the late extortionate rates of interest. The rate of sterling bills has advanced rapidly, and the best names now command 108 per cent., a price that checks any farther import of specie, other than that now arranged for. Stocks have been improved by the high prices current in England, and are held firmly at the advance. Treasury Notes close at 110, cash; United States 6s, of 1868, 112 3-4; Ohio 6s, 106 1-2; and Pennsylvania 5s, 83 1-2, and in demand for England.

A large amount of money was disbursed on account of interest, on the 1st of May, which as usual tends to keep the price of money cheap. From present appearances, a comparative abundance of money may be anticipated, which will continue until the importations for the autumn trade drain the banks of their coin, and force a reduction of the currency.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW-YORK.—It will be noticed that an adjourned session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State will be held on Tuesday evening next, at which a punctual attendance is requested. We would remark to brethren throughout the State, that the official report of the Grand Lodge Proceedings will be found in the columns of this paper at the earliest moment.

GRAND SECRETARY'S OFFICE AND POST OFFICE.—These offices have been removed to the second story of the Odd-Fellows' Hall, a fact which all having business to transact will do well to remember.

BANNER PRESENTATION AT MALDEN, MASS.

Our worthy co-laborer, the Boston Odd-Fellow, contains an interesting account of these ceremonies, that took place on the evening of the 12th ult. The banner was presented by a lady, Miss Wood, who pronounced a neat and appropriate address on the occasion. The reply on behalf of the Lodge, was made by Bro. F. J. Fay. We give below the concluding paragraphs:

"I would say, then, to every young man, who aspires to become useful to his fellows, or eminent in the Republic, that this institution offers to him inducements to be found in no other as yet conceived by human wisdom. Its prospects for the future, are as glorious as its influence must be enduring. It is constantly strengthening its position, by a most devoted and patient exertion. When it ceases to visit the widow in her afflictions, protect, support and educate the orphan child of a deceased brother, or send its agents to administer to the wants and necessities of the sick and dying, it will itself die; its vitality will have departed. It seeks not to enrich itself by the labor of others, but is itself a faithful and efficient laborer. Woman's quick perception could no more fail to discover and appreciate its merits, than could her generous nature withhold its approval, after she had weighed it in a balance, and found it worthy. Such, in brief, is the character of an institution, in the name of which we have the honor to receive from the hands of its fair donors, this rich and elegant banner, and as we gaze upon so exquisite a production of taste and art, we hardly know which most to admire, the beauty and appropriateness of the design, or the manner of its execution—both may well challenge our admiration. Among the significant emblems with which it is embellished, we recognize occupying the most prominent position, as its *truths* should in every heart, a representation of the Book of Books. As Odd-Fellows, we would bow reverently before the shadow of its inspired pages; we greet it as the bulwark of our institution. It is the companion of every Lodge room, and has witnessed the vows we have made, and the pledges we have made, to be obedient and faithful in the discharge of duties, made imperative upon all by its commands. No device, it seems to us, could form a more appropriate accompaniment to that sacred volume, or more beautifully illustrate its great moral teachings, than the one you have selected. It is indeed a scene of the truest friendship; and one more touching or truly sublime, was never sketched by the pencil of art, or scanned by mortal eye. 'A friend in adversity'—who, I ask, has not felt the need of such a friend as that? and who, that enjoys the sweet satisfaction of having proved such, cannot exclaim with the poet,

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Shall find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in another's pathway thrown,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"In return for such unbounded generosity on your part, we can only pledge a more zealous devotion to the service of a cause which you are pleased to consider entitled to your confidence and respect, and the leading principles and duties of which these emblems and mottoes so vividly portray. We promise ever to cherish this sparkling gem with devoted hearts, and preserve it untarnished as an offering rendered by the purest love, to the noblest charity. No rude hand shall be permitted to seize upon or mar its beauty; but as a band of brothers, now marshaled under its silken folds, and united by the golden links of Friendship, Love and Truth, feeling duly sensible of its intrinsic worth, and the exalted source from which it originated, we shall ever esteem it a pleasure as well as a duty, to guard it with an unfaltering and sleepless watchfulness."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN VIRGINIA.—A little more than three years ago, Loudoun Lodge was established in Leesburg. Previous to that time the society was almost unknown, and its character entirely so. Since then, three other Lodges have been established in the county, viz: Liberty Lodge, at Lovettsville; Evergreen Lodge, at Waterford; and Snickersville Lodge, at Snickersville; and these have acted as drains upon Loudoun Lodge. The latter, however, still numbers some seventy members. Among these, we believe, there have not been at any time, nor are now, more than three or four whose circumstances would exempt them from the necessity of daily labor, as mechanics, farmers, &c. Yet they have just purchased for cash, and are having fitted up, a Hall, the cost of which will be \$900; and they have several hundred dollars still on hand. Nor have they failed to perform their duty toward sick brethren and brethren in distress.—[Loudoun Whig.]

PEARL OF DAYS:

OR A HYMN TO THE SABBATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

PEARL of days! pearl of days! all days excelling:

Joy to the sad thy returning morn brings;
From high vaulted temple the anthem is swelling,
Adoration and praise to the great King of kings.
From castle and cottage, from ship on the ocean,
In far distant climes, amid solitudes drear,
In unison rises, with heart-felt devotion,
The voice of thanksgiving, the anthem and prayer.

Pearl of days! pearl of days! at thy first early dawning,

Blessed by God, and hallowed by him evermore,
With extatic joy sang the sons of the morning,
"Let all things on earth the Creator adore!"
From mountain and valley, from deep-shaded forest,
The song of the angels rose joyous and clear.
Thus heaven and earth, raised in one grand chorus,
The song of thanksgiving—"Pearl of days, thou art here!"

Pearl of days! pearl of days! we hail thee with gladness—

The foretaste of heaven, to children of hope—
Bringing rest to our labors and joy to our sadness,
The morn when our Saviour his prison-bars broke.

From the tomb he arose, over death all victorious,
Again with his presence his people to cheer;
To Him, now on high, and to God the most glorious,
We raise our thanksgiving—"Pearl of days, thou art here!"

s. n. w.

Literary Notices.

—"MARDI." New-York: Harper & Brothers. This is a new work by Melville, the author of *Typee*. It is written in his peculiar style, and although it does not possess the highest literary merit, it is a very readable book. Melville's thought is not deep, but graceful; and one is not tempted to criticise severely what amuses, if it does not instruct. The following extract is a specimen of the best portion of the work:

THE STORY OF YILLAH.

"In the verdant glen of Ardair, far in the silent interior of Amma, shut in by hoar old cliffs, Yillah the maiden abode.

"So small and so deep was this glen, so surrounded on all sides by steep acclivities, and so vividly green its verdure, and deceptive the shadows that played there, that, from above it seemed more like a lake of cool, balmy air, than a glen: its woodlands and grasses gleaming shadowy all, like sea groves and mosses beneath the calm sea.

"Here, none came but Aleema the priest, who at times was absent for days together. But at certain seasons, an unseen multitude with loud chants stood upon the verge of the neighboring precipices, and traversing those shaded wilds, slowly retreated; their voices lessening and lessening, as they wended their way through the more distant groves.

"At other times, Yillah being immured in the temple of Apo, a band of men entering the vale, surrounded her retreat, dancing there till evening came. Meanwhile heaps of fruit, garlands of flowers, and baskets of fish, were laid upon the altar without, where stood Aleema, arrayed in white Tappa, and muttering to himself, as the offerings were laid at his feet. When Aleema was gone, Yillah went forth into the glen, and wandered among the trees, and reposed by the banks of the stream. And ever as she strolled, looked down upon her the grim old cliffs, bearded with trailing moss.

"Toward the lower end of the vale, its lofty walls advancing and overhanging their base, almost met in mid air. And a great rock, hurled from an adjacent height, and falling into the space intercepted, there remained fixed. Aerial trees shot up from its surface; birds nestled in its clefts; and strange vines roved abroad, overrunning the tops of the trees, lying thereon in coils and undulations, like anacondas basking in the light. Beneath this rock, was a lofty wall of ponderous stones. Between its crevices, peeps were had of a long and leafy arcade, quivering far away to where the sea rolled in the sun. Lower down, these crevices

gave an outlet to the waters of the brook, which, in a long cascade, poured over sloping green ledges near the foot of the wall, into a deep shady pool, whose rocky sides, by the perpetual eddying of the water, had been worn into a grotesque resemblance to a group of giants, with heads submerged, indolently reclining about the basin.

"In this pool, Yillah would bathe. And once, emerging, she heard the echoes of a voice, and called aloud. But the only reply was the rustling of branches, as some one, invisible, fled down the valley beyond. Soon after, a stone rolled inward, and Aleema the priest stood before her, saying that the voice she had heard was his. But it was not.

"At last the weary days grew longer and longer, and the maiden pined for companionship. When the breeze blew not, but slept in the caves of the mountains, and all the leaves of the trees stood motionless as tears in the eye, Yillah would sadden, and call upon the spirits in her soul to awaken. She sang low airs, she thought she had heard in Oroolia; but started affrighted, as from dingles and dells, came back to her strains more wild than hers. And ever, when sad, Aleema would seek to cheer her soul, by calling to mind the bright scenes of Oroolia the Blest, to which place, he averred, she was shortly to return, never more to depart.

"Now, at the head of the vale of Ardair, rose a tall, dark peak, presenting at the top the grim profile of a human face, whose shadow, every afternoon, crept down the verdant side of the mountain: a silent phantom, stealing all over the bosom of the glen.

"At times, when the phantom drew near, Aleema would take Yillah forth, and waiting its approach, laying her down by the shadow, disposing her arms in a caress, saying, 'Oh, Apo, dost accept thy bride?' And at last, when it crept beyond the place where he stood, and buried the whole valley in gloom, Aleema would say, 'Arise, Yillah; Apo has stretched himself in Ardair. Go, slumber where thou wilt; for thou wilt slumber in his arms.'

"And so, every night, slept the maiden in the arms of grim Apo.

"One day when Yillah had come to love the wild shadow, as something that every day moved before her eyes, where all was so deathfully still; she went forth alone to watch it, as softly it slid down from the peak. Of a sudden, when its face was just edging a chasm, that made it to look as if just parting its lips, she heard a loud voice, and thought it was Apo calling 'Yillah! Yillah!' But now it seemed like the voice she had heard while bathing in the pool. Glancing upward, she beheld a beautiful open-armed youth, gazing down upon her from an inaccessible crag. But presently, there was a rustling in the groves behind, and swift as thought, something darted through the air. The youth bounded forward. Yillah opened her arms to receive him; but he fell upon the cliff, and was seen no more. As alarmed, and in tears, she fled from the scene, some one out of sight ran before her through the wood.

"Upon recounting this adventure to Aleema, he said, that the being she had seen, must have been a bad spirit come to molest her; and that Apo had slain him.

"The sight of this youth filled Yillah with wild yearnings to escape from her lonely retreat; for a glimpse of some one beside the priest and the phantom, suggested vague thoughts of worlds of fair beings, in regions beyond Ardair. But Aleema sought to put away these conceits; saying, that ere long she would be journeying to Oroolia, there to join the spirits she dimly remembered.

"Soon after, he came to her with a shell—one of those ever moaning of ocean—and placing it to her ear, bade her list to the being within, which in that shell had voyaged from Oroolia to bear her company in Amma.

"Now, the maiden oft held it to her ear, and closing her eyes, listened and listened to its soft inner breathings, till visions were born of the sound, and her soul lay for hours in a trance of delight.

"And again the priest came, and brought her a milk-white bird, with a bill jet black, and eyes like stars. 'In this, lurks the soul of a maiden; it hath flown from Oroolia to greet you.' The soft stranger willingly nestled in her bosom; turning its bright eyes upon hers, and softly warbling.

"Many days passed; and Yillah, the bird, and the shell were inseparable. The bird grew familiar; pecked seeds from her mouth; perched upon her shoulder, and sang in her ear; and at night, folded its wings in her bosom, and like a sea-fowl, went softly to sleep; rising and falling upon the maiden's heart. And every morning it flew from its nest, and fluttered and chirped; and sailed to and fro; and blithely sang; and brushed Yillah's cheek till she woke. Then came to her hand: and Yillah, looking earnestly in its eyes, saw strange

faces there; and said to herself as she gazed—
“These are two souls, not one.”

“But at last, going forth into the groves with the bird, it suddenly flew from her side, and perched in a bough; and throwing back its white downy throat, there gushed from its bill a clear warbling jet, like a little fountain in air. Now the song ceased; when up and away toward the head of the vale, flew the bird. ‘Lil! Lil! come back, leave me not, blest souls of the maidens.’ But on flew the bird, far up a defile, winging its way till a speck. It was shortly after this, and upon the evening of a day which had been tumultuous with sounds of warfare beyond the lower wall of the glen, that Aleema came to Yillah in alarm, saying, ‘Yillah the time has come to follow thy bird; come, return to thy home in Oroolia.’ And he told her the way she would voyage there; by the vortex on the coast of Tedaidee. That night, being veiled and placed in the tent, the maiden was borne to the sea-side, where the canoe was in waiting. And setting sail quickly, by the next morning the island of Amma was no longer in sight.

“And this was the voyage whose sequel has already been recounted.”

☞ “MIDNIGHT SUN.” New-York: Harper & Brothers. This is a new domestic tale, by Miss Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, in her usual felicitous style. We hope all our friends will procure this little book, and read it well; it will do them good. It presents a beautiful picture of Swedish life, so full of poetry and stirring romance. Miss Bremer seems to drink in the spirit of the old Sagas and Skalds of her country, and speaks and writes like a new prophetess of Volu.

☞ “PRISONER'S FRIEND.” This work, ably conducted by Rev. Chas. Spear, the American Howard, is one of our most interesting publications. The present No., April, is unusually excellent.

☞ “THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.” This is a large, well conducted, and well printed religious paper, published by the New-York U. A., and edited by the Rev. H. W. Bellows. The journal has improved much latterly, and we hope that it will accomplish much good in the sphere for which it is designed.

☞ “AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.” The April No. of this valuable journal contains several very interesting and valuable papers; among which we notice the following: Character, Organisation, and Biography of Emanuel Swedenborg; Rules for finding the Organs; Animal Magnetism a Science; Phrenological Discussion between Rev. Dr. McNair and O. S. Fowler.

☞ “THE WORLD AS IT MOVES.” This is a weekly periodical, published by Lockwood & Co., corner of Broadway and Grand-sts., and edited by William Wallace. We are delighted with the arrangements and character of this work. It is universal in its range of topics, occupying itself with literature, science, art, industry, and every form of human thought and enterprise. It publishes entire Chambers' Journal, which, with its original articles, makes it an invaluable publication. We wish the editor and publishers abundant success.

Varieties.

THE HOLLAND CUSTOM of placing looking glasses outside the windows, so as to see who is passing the street, without the observer being seen, has been introduced in our city at the New York Hotel, and also at the Irving House. It is a much more modest way of gratifying curiosity than standing on a hotel stoop, and with an eye glass impertinently scanning passers by.

THE IMPORTATION OF SLAVES.—The people in Shelby county, Tennessee, held a meeting some days since, and passed strong resolutions against the further introduction of slaves into that State from Kentucky. One of the resolutions brings the subject to the notice of the ensuing Legislature, and urges upon that body the passage of a law, making it a penal offense to introduce a slave into that State for the purpose of selling him.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—We have been permitted, says the Baltimore American of April 14th, to publish the following letter of General Washington to the late General S. Smith, of this city, but at the time a Lieutenant Colonel in the Maryland Line. The original is in the possession of his son, General J. Spear Smith, and we believe it has never before been made public. The small body of men of his command were transported down the Delaware on a raft, towed by a canoe, and reached the fort unperceived by the enemy. The brave defense of fort Mifflin is well known as one of the brightest passages in the long struggle for independence. Col. Smith kept possession of it for seven weeks, from 28th September to 11th November, despite the combined British assault by land and water, although there was little or no cover to protect his men. The confidence of General Washington was never better placed, nor did Col. Smith give up the command until disabled by wounds and bruises, which made it necessary to remove him to the main land. He was succeeded by a very gallant officer, Major Thayer, who, however, was able to hold the fort only three days, it being a perfect ruin and wholly defenseless. The baron d'Arandt continued at the fort only three or four days, being obliged to retire, from ill health:

HEAD QUARTERS,
Camp near Pottsgrove, Sept. 23, 1777.

SIR: You will proceed with the detachment under your command at Dunks' ferry on the Delaware, if you find in your progress the way clear and safe. When arrived there you will take the safest and most expeditious method of conducting the detachment to fort Mifflin; by water would be the easiest and least fatiguing to your men; and if practicable and safe, will certainly be most eligible; otherwise you will cross the Delaware and march down on the Jersey side to fort Mifflin. In the whole march you will make all possible dispatch—keep your men in the most exact order—suffer no one to straggle—make each officer take a list of his platoon or division, and at the beginning of each march see that every man be present; you will also take every necessary precaution to prevent the enemy's surprising you in your march, by keeping out small van, flank and rear guards, and sentries when you halt.

The keeping of the fort is of very great importance, and I rely strongly on your prudence, spirit and bravery for a vigorous and persevering defense. The baron Arandt will be appointed to the chief command; and when he arrives, you will give him every aid in your power.

A Commissary must be appointed (if there be not one already) to supply the garrison with provisions. And it may be highly expedient to lay in a stock of salted meat, if to be had, and a quantity of bread, flour and wood for at least one month.

Immediately on your arrival make inquiry of the stock of ammunition for musketry as well as artillery, and if either be wanting, lose not a minute's time in getting a supply.

Wishing you all desirable success,

I remain your friend and servant,
G. WASHINGTON.

To Lieut. Col. SAMUEL SMITH.

The Carnival scenes in Rome, during the last celebration, are described as extraordinary. Cars passed along filled with handsome women, dressed in dresses displaying their figures, lighted up by torches, and replying with perfect nonchalance to passers by, in grotesque habiliments. For the first time in the eternal city, the priests have been caricatured at the Carnival. The celebration was not so gorgeous as on former occasions, arising from the absence of the nobility, whom the revolution has scared away, but it is said to have been more amusing.

A RELIC OF A MAMMOTH.—Some workmen engaged in repairing a mill dam on Sugar Creek, in Illinois, found a tusk not long ago, imbedded in the gravel, some six feet below the surface. It is twelve feet long, and nineteen inches and a half in circumference. The base of the tooth was much decayed, and, from all appearances, it must have once been considerable longer, and much larger than at present. It is perfectly white, and resembles ivory in appearance; but it is very brittle, and on being touched with the tongue, sticks like a bone that had been burnt white in the fire.

DIVORCE IN KENTUCKY.—The Kentucky Court of Appeals has decided that divorces granted by act of the Legislature are unconstitutional and void, so far as the rights of property are concerned; and that a wife so divorced without her consent, is, upon the death of her husband, entitled to a dower in his lands and slaves, and to a distributable portion of his personal estate.

LOCUSTS IN TEXAS.—It will be recollected that for several weeks, during the months of October and November last, myriads of full grown insects, called—but perhaps with not entire propriety—grasshoppers, appeared in this region. It was known that they were seen at a distance of at least one hundred miles east and west, and north and south of this place. The air was filled with countless numbers on the wing, apparently migrating southward, and they were to be seen every where upon the ground. The cold weather either destroyed them or caused them to disappear in flight. But doubtless during their presence they deposited their larvae in the earth. With the return of warm weather and since the opening of spring, about a month since, the young of this insect have emerged from the ground in still greater numbers. They were first seen upon the sandy or more porous soils. As yet, but few are provided with wings, not having attained a sufficient growth. We have heard of their presence as far distant as San Antonio, and the neighborhood of La Grange. Scarcely a spot of ground in this section of the State is free from them. Their numbers threaten destruction to the growing crops. Indeed, we have already heard of the loss of whole fields of corn, wheat, rye, oats, and of gardens being laid waste in the course of a few hours.—[Texas Dem.]

EFFECT OF RAILROADS ON PROPERTY.—The increased value of real estate, arising in a section of country by the passing of a railroad through it, is a subject on which data are not yet collected, to establish a general rule. The following is a statement of this increase, in some of the towns in Massachusetts—since railroads were extended to them—during the five years between 1839 and 1845:

Roxbury,	87 per cent.	Lowell,	88 per cent.
Brookline,	50 “	Worcester,	68 “
Cambridge,	38 “	Springfield,	38 “
Chelsea,	128 “	Fall River,	59 “

In Tennessee, the opening of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, 150 miles, at a cost of less than \$3,000,000, has, on an average, added \$5 per acre to all the land within ten miles on each side of the road. Mountain lands, which two years ago would not command one cent per acre, now sell readily at \$1.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISONING.—The London Literary Gazette, alluding to the numerous cases of death from accidental poisoning, and particularly the melancholy fate of the late Royal Academician, Mr. Owen, says: “I venture to affirm, there is scarce even a cottage in this country that does not contain an invaluable, certain, immediate remedy for such events; nothing more than a dessert spoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and drank immediately. It acts as an instantaneous emetic, is always ready, and may be used with safety in any case where one is required. By making this simple antidote known, you may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end.”

ROMANTIC.—It is stated that a marriage of a romantic character took place at Lockwood, a village about twelve miles from Cincinnati, on the Miami canal. The daughter of a prominent citizen was betrothed to an industrious young mechanic; but she not being past “sweet sixteen,” the parents opposed the wedding. The objections were removed by a compromise. The nuptials were celebrated, and in an hour the bridegroom took his leave for California, thence to return in two years and claim his wife.

During the exhibition of a menagerie in a country village in Maine, a real live Yankee was on the ground, with a terrible itching to “see the elephant,” but he hadn't the desiderated “quarter.” Having made up his mind to go in “any how,” he stationed himself near the entrance, and waited until the rush was over. Then, assuming a patient, almost exhausted, and with the fore-finger of his right hand placed on the right corner of his mouth, he exclaimed, “For God's sake, Mister, ain't ye goin' to give me my change?” “Your change!” said the door-keeper. “Ya-ees! my change! I gin ye a dollar as much as half an hour ago, and haint got my change yet.” The door-keeper handed over three-quarters in change, and in walked the Yankee, “in funds.”

Now this true anecdote is sent to us as a cute Yankee trick, and so it is; but we should like to know wherein it differs from the meanest theft. Whip us such secondarily wits.—[Knickerbocker.]

The substitution of the English word “station” for the French word “depot,” in such common use for the stopping places of railways, is recommended in the newspapers, as more expressive and better English. Some of them express the hope that in two years there will not be a “depot” in the United States.

Humorous and Amusing.

CALIFORNIAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO CAPITALISTS.—The advertiser wishes to sell, at a very moderate price, twenty ingots of pure Californian gold. Tenders, stating the highest price, to be addressed to "I. O. U." Walker's-court, Soho. Upon payment of the money, the advertiser intends to go out to California for the gold.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!—It is expected, by the very best judges, that such will be the depreciation of gold, in consequence of the discovery of the Californian mines, that sovereigns will shortly be sold for sixpence each, the advertiser hereby offers to purchase any number of sovereigns at the rate of a shilling a piece. Apply to "Liberal," Silver-st., Golden Square.

TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS.—Should this meet the eye of any gentleman possessing an elegant and commodious town mansion, and a neat and convenient country house, within ten miles of London, and who may intend to emigrate to California, the advertiser hereby gives notice that he would be happy to take charge of the gentleman's residence until his return, using the carriage, horses, cellar, servants, &c., as compensation for his trouble. The proprietors of houses on the wrong side of Oxford-street cannot be treated with.—[Punch.]

A CASE, says the Cambridge Chronicle, was lately decided in one of the courts, by which it is now ruled, that husbands, who lose their wives by railroad accidents, can only claim, in compensation, the amount of any income which may have been cut short by their death. Thus, "virtuous women, who were only crowns to their husbands," will be valued, according to the tombstone cutter's rule, at five shillings. It has been suggested that at railway stations, besides the "ladies' refreshment room," there should be a "ladies' valuation room," with a proper officer in attendance. As the ladies pass, scenes of the following tenor, it is supposed, would also pass:

"What sort of a wife are you, ma'am?"
"Sir?"
"Of what value are you to your husband?"
"Your question is very impertinent, sir. I believe, although I did not bring my husband a shilling, he would be filled with deep sorrow were he to lose me."

"Oh, we have nothing to do with that, ma'am—sorrow does not enter into railway calculations. You may pass."

Another enters.
"Pray, ma'am, how does your husband estimate you?"

"You are as great a brute as my husband, I believe, and that is saying a great deal. I bring him ten thousand a year, which goes back to my relations if I die, as we have no children; and yet the wretch uses me worse than—"

"Station master, quick, quick! Get a special train instantly for this lady, and let a pilot engine go before, and a guardian angel behind!"—[Punch.]

SAVING LIVES FOR A LIVING.—George W. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following good story:

"A new method of raising the wind was resorted to a few days since, by a couple of precious scamps, which should have succeeded if ingenuity of this kind were entitled to any reward. The sharpest Yankee would not be ashamed of the trick hit upon by these Parisian gamins. About 10 o'clock in the morning—and a tolerably chilly morn'g it was—the passers along the Quai du Marche aux Fleurs noticed a young man, with a very melancholy and suicidal look, standing near one of the bridges alone. Suddenly he cast his eyes upward, as if to take a last view of the skies, muttered apparently as if in prayer for a moment, and then plunged headlong into the river. While all stood paralyzed at the attempt, a young man came up and inquired with great simplicity what was the matter. The individual who was floundering in the turbid current of the Seine, and who had just risen to the surface, was pointed out to him, when at once slipping of his blouse, and ejaculating that he would save the unfortunate or perish in the attempt, he plunged in after him. The bystanders watched, with breathless anxiety, as the heroic youth dove, came up to the surface, and again went under in his endeavors to save the wretch who had attempted his own destruction; and finally, when nearly all hope was lost, the crowd were rejoiced on seeing the suicide brought to shore, with life still in him. Close by was a station where half-drowned persons are restored, and where those who rescue them receive the municipal reward of twenty-five francs. Thither the rescued and the rescu-

er were borne by the crowd, the latter overwhelmed with the admiration and praise which his gallantry called forth on all sides; but fortunately, just as the demand was about to be given him, and while a subscription for an additional sum was being raised, a policeman stepped up who knew them both. They were brothers, were two of the best swimmers in Paris, and made it a business to go about saving each other's lives for a living!"

I. O. OF O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ONE FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK,
March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,
BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SEC. OF THE GRAND LODGE
of the State of New-York, May 1, 1849.

To Subordinate Lodges and members of the I. O. of O. F.:

You are hereby notified that the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New-York will hold an adjourned session at the Grand Lodge Room, on Wednesday evening, May 9, at 7 o'clock. You are also notified that the office of the Grand Secretary, and the Post Office have been removed to the 3d story of Odd-Fellows' Hall.

Fraternally yours,

BENJ. J. PENTZ, Grand Sec.

NOTICE.

The members of Hinman Lodge No. 107, I. O. O. F., are notified that this Lodge will meet hereafter (on Monday evenings of each week, at 8 o'clock,) in the Elizabethan Room at Odd-Fellows' Hall, 3d story. The brothers are respectfully invited to attend at our next meeting, as interesting exercises may be expected on that occasion.

F. W. WILLIAMS, N. G.

D. D. T. MARSAALL, S. New-York, May 1, 1849.

I. O. O. F.—BEACON LODGE NO. 228.

The members of this Lodge are notified that their rooms in the new Odd-Fellows' Hall are ready for occupation, and their next and future meetings will be in the Elizabethan Room, on Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

By order of the Board of Trustees,
FRANCIS GILBERTSON,
L. K. SMITH,
BENJAMIN S. HILL.

New-York, May 5, 1849.

DIED.

On Sunday, April 29d, of malignant scarlet fever, HARRIET D., aged 5 years. Also on Monday the 30d, of the same disease, NATHANIEL B., aged 7 years, children of BRO. JONAS and MARTHA M. GRISWOLD.

This is a case more than usually afflicting. Bro. Griswold left his family a few weeks since for California, little anticipating the sad event, that has broken the charmed circle of his family, and plunged his cherished companion into the deepest abyss of sorrow. How little does he dream of the terrible cloud of grief that now hangs over his head, which a few weeks since was so bright and happy. Our sympathies are with him, and especially with the bereaved mother, and our prayer is that she may find in religion that effectual consolation which can bind up the broken heart, and heal the wounded spirit.

In Flint, Michigan, April 14th, 1849, WILLIAM E., aged two years and three months, only child of ELIZABETH and JULIA A. FRARY.

"How should we live but in doubt and fear,
How should we anchor our fond hopes here,
How should e'en joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust! when we gaze on thee?"

We bend above thy bier, fair child,
And gaze upon thy face,
Where death has forced its bloom away,
But not its angel grace.

Thy brow is crowned with flowers, fair child,
Thy hands are meekly pressed
Above thy heart, whose bounding pulse
Is stilled in holy rest.

Upon thy forehead pure, fair child,
Christ's blessed cross has been,
That cross which marks thee for his own,
And signs the death of sin.

Thou wert beloved while here, fair child.
And now that thou art gone,
Earth's brightest day dark night will seem
To her—the childless one.

For thou wert beautiful and pure,
Her soft-winged only dove,
A birdling yet unfledged, to leave
The warm nest of her love.

In vain the music of the rill,
Of birds upon the tree—
In vain the burning stars of heaven—
Why shine they, without thee?

Yet do we know, that by the stream
Of Life thou wand'rest now,
Thy white hand holds a golden harp,
And glory crowns thy brow.

Then, mother, trust thy child to meet
When life's wild dream is fled;
He lives in glory! weep no more!
Thy bright one is not dead.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION
AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,
Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Stew.

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by CRAMPTON & CLARK, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to CRAMPTON & CLARK, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

Special Notices.

DIGESTS.—We have received a small supply of this valuable work, and are now ready to fill orders, which must invariably be accompanied by a remittance. Price 37½ cts. each.

REMITTANCES.—We hope our friends will bear in mind that the approaching celebration will afford great facilities for the settlement of accounts, and that none will fail to remember us, in the form of a remittance, by any brother who may visit New-York.

BOSTON.—A change has been made in our agency. Messrs. Mudge & Corlies having declined in favor of Messrs. W. H. Sweet & Co., No. 23 Bromfield-st., to whom all payments should be made in future. The long experience of this firm gives us reason to believe that this change will be advantageous to all interested.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Publishers of the "Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule" beg leave to call the attention of subscribers to the fact, that a very large number of accounts are now past due. The terms are \$2 per annum in advance—a price which yields a very moderate profit to the Publishers, and this only when promptly paid by all who receive the paper.

Every subscriber who is in arrears a single week upon the receipt of this number, will, we hope, respond, and remit us at once. No pains are spared to make the paper equal to the wants of the I. O. of O. F., and we look for such substantial support from our readers as will not only enable us to maintain the present high position of the paper, but to make it still more valuable.

Postmasters will make all remittances free of charge, and we would earnestly request of subscribers not to depend upon any agent, but to communicate directly to this office.

CRAMPTON & CLARK.

TO CLUBS.—Any person obtaining the names of five new Subscribers, and sending us Ten Dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis for one year. Upon all subscriptions over five, the person sending the names and money may retain fifty cents as his commission. Payments invariably in advance.

Postmasters are authorized to remit money to Publishers, and all money mailed in presence of the Postmaster, and duly forwarded by him, is at our risk.

In all cases where postage on subscriptions is not paid, it will be deducted from the amount credited to those who send it.

TO LOCAL AGENTS.—We have heretofore received very efficient aid from our Local Agents, and many of them are still rendering us much service by increasing our circulation and collecting dues. There are others from whom we have heard nothing for many weeks. We again ask your assistance in extending the genuine principles of Odd-Fellowship. We often experience much inconvenience from the failure of agents to report to the office, probably because but little has been done, and delaying until more is accomplished. If but two names are obtained, please forward them. Personal correspondence is essential to the proper transaction of the business of the office; and subscribers are often disappointed and deprived of their rights by its omission. Will you not now renew your efforts as formerly, and see that our interests and the interests of the Order are properly cared for within the sphere of your respective agencies?

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

BRO. ALONZO WELTON,	BRO. ISAAC H. RUSSELL,
WM. H. FARMCHILD,	FRANK E. TOLSON,
HENRY L. BROUGHTON,	L. W. ALDRIDGE,
CHAS. H. HARRISON,	HORACE LAMB,
SAMUEL H. BARRETT.	

We hope our Traveling Agents will be punctual in making returns to us every week, and not compel us to notice any one individually.

VERY FINE.—"I say, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalsep dat befel Phillis?"

"Ob course I didn't; what was it?"

"You see, de doctor ordered a blister on her chist—well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she put 'um on the band-box, and it drawed her new pink bonnet all out ob shape, and spile 'um intirely."

A clergyman, on a hot, drowsy, summer day, found, on concluding a long discourse, that half his congregation were just waking up from sleep, quietly said: "My friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labor; you don't seem to have paid much attention to it; I think I will go over it again." And go over it he did, from text to exhortation.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANOE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO VIII.

The first was Sabretasche, a dashing Cornet, Whose hussar-coat was red as Julia's hair! A moustached, booted, spurred, fire-eating hornet, A sort of General Cummings, one might swear! Whoe'er his prowess doubted, he would scorn it. Rash, foolish man! for pity's sake take care; Or Sabretasche will grind you, blood and bones, Beneath his iron heel—upon the stones!

"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP will infallibly remove Erysipelas, Scrofula, Ringworm, Eruptions, Tans, Freckles, Sallowness, &c., from the human skin! GOURAUD'S POUDES SUBTILES are all that heart can wish for the extirpation of superfluous hair. GOURAUD'S GRECIAN HAIR DYE will color red, light, or gray hair a glossy black!

BEAR in mind that the genuine preparations of DR. F. FELIX GOURAUD are to be had only at his cosmetic depot, 67 Walker-st., first door FROM, not in Broadway; Bates & Jordan, 120 Washington-st., Boston.

SILKY AND GLOSSY HAIR.

From the New York Mirror.

Of all preparations, oily or spirituous, for the Hair, give us Bogle's HYPERION FLUID. It is properly named Hyperion, for as that shining old Titan, who, ladies and gentlemen, was nobody but the Sun, threw, at his rising, his radiant looks over the summits of the earth, so Bogle's magical fluid produces a crop of silky and glossy hair upon the most obdurate human head. For dandruff, and all similar affections of the head, it is a sovereign remedy. With all this, it is an agreeable perfume, and otherwise a most useful article for the purposes of the toilet. Buy it and try it.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Ranshon, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm. Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

NEW CLOTH STORE.

THE subscribers have recently taken the store No. 104 William-st., near John, where they offer to Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and the trade generally, a carefully selected stock of

Fine and Superfine French Cloths,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,
Plain Black, and Fancy Cassimeres,
Tweeds, Jeans, Satinets and Vestings,
Silk and Alpaca Serges,
Silesias, Wigans, Canvas,
Italian Sewings, Buttons, &c.

Also, a general assortment of goods adapted to men's wear, for the city and country trade. Wm. P. COOK & CO.
252tf No. 104 William-st.

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Regalia Manufacturer, 331 Grand-st., has on hand the most splendid assortment of Regalia for the Celebration, consisting P. C. P. Rich for \$11.00. Splendid Embroidered do., from \$15 to \$35. Royal Purple Members, Silk Velvet, Heavy Gold Fringes, \$10.00. Rich Embroidered do., from \$15 to \$35. P. G. Silk velvet, gold or silver fringes, from \$10 to \$30. Scarlet Members Satin dress regalia, from \$2.00. Splendid Embroidered do., Heavy Silver Fringe, from \$10 to \$15. Masonic, Druids, &c. of T. Regalia.

Official Lodge and Camp Regalia, robes, Costumes, Tents, Crooks, Jewels, and Embroidering in Gold or Silver Silks neatly and promptly executed at the lowest prices. 32nd

HAVANA AND PRINCEPS CIGARS.

JAMES SADLER, No. 234 Broadway, (3d door above American Hotel).—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Principe Cigars of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 32nd

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN,

VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venetian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235tf

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 100 Race street; New-York, 366 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 100 Tremont-street; and by 30,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

PROF. BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, OR MEDICATED COMPOUND,

FOR RESTORING, PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING HAIR, ERADICATING SCURF AND DANDRUFF, AND CURING DISEASES OF THE SKIN, GLANDS, AND MUSCLES, CUTS, STINGS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, &c. &c.

IN order to convince the public of the efficacy of any curative preparation, in this thinking and reflective age, it is necessary to explain the philosophy of its operation. The process by which Professor Barry's Tricopherous produces such extraordinary results, cannot be understood without a brief notice of the structure and uses of the delicate substances to which it is applied, and in the condition of which it accomplishes the most salutary changes. The connection between the hair and the skin is so close, that the one may be almost deemed a continuation of the other, and hence whatever renovates, restores, and nourishes the hair, must of necessity have a healthful influence upon the sensitive membrane in which its roots are fixed.

The skin, that wonderful envelop in which the sense of touch resides, consists of three layers; the EPIDERMIS or cuticle, a semi-opaque, or almost insensible film; the ARTERIO-CUTANEA, which is a spongy membrane reticulated with nerves and blood-vessels, and forms a sort of shield to the exquisitely delicate TANGA SKIN; and the true skin itself, which constitutes the third layer of the triple envelop. In this tough, flexible and elastic integument, are located the nerves, blood-vessels, &c., which supply sustenance to the hair, and in the derangement of which diseases of the skin originate. The vessels of the true skin supply the sacs containing the roots of the hair with the moisture which sustains the fibres, and the same causes which affect the health of the hair, also affect the health of the skin. This is self-evident to the casual observer, as well as susceptible of demonstration by the anatomist and physiologist; for in all cutaneous diseases, the hair becomes dry and harsh, and falls out in such quantities as sometimes to render the patient partially or entirely bald. Wounds, burns, &c., on the skin of the head, also produce baldness on the portions of the scalp where the injury has been inflicted, thus proving the close affinity and sympathy between the organism of the skin and the hair.

The wonderful restorative and remedial properties of Professor Barry's Tricopherous, are based upon this hypothesis, or rather this fact. It acts through the skin upon the hair, stimulating the inert vessels, opening the pores, imparting activity to the circulation, awakening from their lethargy all the vegetative functions which give life, vigor, and beauty to the fibres, extirpating every particle of scurf and dandruff, and soon clothing even the bald or half denuded head with a thick, glossy, silky, and elastic covering.

But this is only one of the uses of Professor Barry's Tricopherous. The same properties which restore vital and vegetative power the skin of the head are equally beneficial in all cutaneous diseases, or superficial injuries. For cuts, burns, bites of insects, sprains, erysipelas, blotches, pimples, scabies, ring-worm, rashes, scrofula, prickly heat, chilblains, chapped hands, rheumatism, bruisings, scalds, bruises, redness of the skin, and in short all the troublesome and painful external diseases and injuries which are so common in families, and which NOTHING BUT EXTERNAL REMEDIES CAN REMOVE, the Tricopherous will be found a speedy, safe, and unfailing cure. By virtue of its double claim as a renovator and beautifier of nature's choicest ornament, and a potent and invaluable remedial agent, it is entitled to a place on every toilet, and in every medicine chest.

The following testimonials, selected from hundreds of similar import, will serve to show the value of the preparation, and the estimation in which it is held by those who have given it a trial.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM WILLIAM DAVIES,

Corner of Hicks and Atlantic streets, Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, April 19th, 1849.

PROFESSOR BARRY—Sir: I should be deficient in gratitude to you, and in feeling for others who may be similarly afflicted, if I neglected to inform you that your Tricopherous has entirely removed from my face a painful and disgusting eruption, consisting of large red pimples, with which I had been annoyed for many years. A regular application of the fluid according to the directions, for a little better than three weeks, completely relieved me of the nuisance, and the skin of my face is now as free from discoloration as in my boyhood. Yours truly, WILLIAM DAVIES.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM JAMES FITZGERALD,

New York, April 12th, 1849.

PROFESSOR BARRY—Verily, my dear sir, your Tricopherous is the Admiral Crichton of its class. It not only relieves the head from scurf and dandruff, and imparts beauty and vigor to the hair, but it is, as I can testify from personal experience, a most valuable application for cuts, abrasions, bruises, and those vile eruptions which are so annoying to children in the warm seasons, I have found nothing equal to it in cutaneous disorders; and if what I say is worth any thing to you, publish it and welcome. Your ob't servant, JAMES FITZGERALD.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM DR. LEE,

New York, Feb. 6, 1849.

MR. BARRY—I have no hesitation in recommending an article which I can, of my own personal knowledge, endorse as good; and I therefore state with confidence, that your Tricopherous is what you claim it to be—an article for cleansing, preserving, beautifying, and promoting the growth of the hair.

I find it to be the best remedy I have ever had in my practice for scald head, ringworm, and diseases which the skin is subject to. T. A. LEE, M. D.

The following testimonial is from Mr. Mann, editor of the Scientific American. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary: New York, Feb. 21, 1849.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS is an article that we take pleasure in awarding the highest commendations. We do not do it upon the recommendations of others, but from our own personal knowledge of its effects upon the hair; while it tends to keep it healthy, soft and glossy, it also removes dandruff, prevents grey hair, and invigorates its growth in a manner unequalled by any other composition known to us. A person only needs to use one bottle to be convinced of its truth. Sold in large bottles, price 75 cents, at the principal office, 129 Broadway.

AGENTS—Anderson, 607 Broadway; Dr. Smith, 254 Tenth avenue; Dr. Lyon, 440 Grand-st.; Dr. Mercer, 294 Broad-st., Newark; Mrs. Hays, 183 Fulton-st., Brooklyn; R. G. Wright, 23 South-st., Philadelphia; C. P. Pointer, Baltimore; W. Brown, Washington-st., Boston; Haviland, Harrell & Co., Charleston, S. C.; J. Wright, New Orleans; David Chambers, St. Louis, Mo.; F. Bromberg, Mobile, Ala.; Sterger, Racine, Wisconsin. For sale by druggists and perfumers generally throughout the United States and Canada. 222



IN QUART BOTTLES,
For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STURDORN ULCERS, DYSENTERY, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYTHELMA, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time

in bringing this preparation of SARSAPARILLA to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the same it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly, JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal. U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of His Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it: Your obedient servant, "THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint. Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 5 Bottles for \$5. 246

H. RICHARDSON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
No. 90 FULTON-STREET,
New-York,

Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery.

INDIA RUBBER GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.
THE UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY
 have on hand, and are now offering to the Trade, a large and very complete assortment of
GOODYEAR'S PATENT METALLIC RUBBER GOODS,
 mostly of their own manufacture, and warranted of the best make, and to stand all climates, consisting in part of
 Cases of Coats, Cloaks, Capes and Pants—assorted.
 " Carriage and all other Cloths, do.
 " Mexican Ponchos, an excellent article.
 " Military and Navy Goods, all kinds.
 " Beds, Pillows, Life Preservers and Cushions.
 " Wading Pants, Leggings, and Baptismal Pants.
 " Souewesters, Caps and Storm Hats, assorted.
 " Tents, Tent Carpets, Tarpaulins, &c.
 " Haversacks, Canteens and Drinking Cups.
 " Hose of all kinds, assorted.
 " Water Tanks, Fire Buckets,
 " Camp Blankets and Pianofo's Covers.
 " Breast Pumps, Syringes, and Injection Tubes.
 " Sheet Rubber, all kinds.
 " Saddle, Traveling and Packing Bags.

All of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants, California Emigrants, and persons engaged in foreign trade, will find as above a great variety of goods they need or can sell to advantage.
 All orders for Goods to be manufactured, should be accompanied with drawings and full descriptions. 240tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.
JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1, Cortland-street,
 Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom and Fowler's celebrated premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 240tf

B. COMBS—268 GRAND-STREET.
LODGE AND ENCAMPMENT JEWELS, constantly on hand and for sale cheap, by
E. COMBS, 268 Grand-street. 3m246

REGALIA AND JEWELS
MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS,
 268 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.
 Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 228:tf

BARNES & DENNEY,
MANUFACTURERS of Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.
 N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts.
W. DENNEY. (321:tf) **J. BARNES.**

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON,
CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of
 Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

F. W. CORINTH,
HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No.
 230 North 3d street, below Callowhill, east side, Philadelphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His friends are invited to give him a call. 228:6m

ORDER OF PHILOZOTHEANS.
THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted as for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. _____.
 Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth.
 Date, _____ (Signed).

Applications for charters, (enclosing charter fee of \$10) or letters for information, should be directed, (postpaid) to Miss EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S., 101 Forsyth-st.
 (U. S. New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243:tf)

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATSON, No. 198 MARKET, 6th door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y239

BARD & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-
ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, Boston.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; also, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m239

SOAP AND CANDLES.
JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and
 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m249

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER,
NO. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers of every variety of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is selected with great care. ONLY ONE PRICE. Your patronage is very respectfully solicited.
F. HITCHCOCK,
 (218 tf) **E. H. LEADBEATER.**

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below
 Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Seashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235:tf

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.
To the I. O. O. F. and the public in general.
 The subscriber, **J. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st.,** below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City.
J. J. CRISWELL,
 No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth.
 North side, Philadelphia. 1y-mov.9.

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,
NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK,
 supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work. 237

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.
REGALIA of all kinds and every other article
 required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. **T. PARSON, 275 Main-st.** 232:tf

REGALIA IN READING, PA.
THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and
 makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.
H. A. LANTZ,
 232:tf. 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P.

FINE MILLINERY.
MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-
 YORK.—Patent Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m241

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.
THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of
 fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.
 Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches,
 Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains,
 Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals,
 Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens,
 Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles,
 Do, and Gentlemen's Breast Pins,
 Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings,
 Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c.
 Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$25 each.
 Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.
 All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.
G. C. ALLEN,
 Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

OPPOSITION—TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.
A LITTLE one side from the bulk of Jobbers,
 for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will cut this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established houses. I buy the principal portion of my goods for cash at auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Silks, Barges, (green, plain & fancy.) Draperies, Gloves, Fans, Ladies' and Gentlemen's L. C. Hdkfs., Fancy Silk Hdkfs., Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crapes, Crappe Lisse, Silk, Lisle, and Kid Gloves, Tiarlets, Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable.
 3m241 **L. H. MOORE, 45 Beaver-street, New-York.**

ORGAN MANUFACTORY,
NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADEL-
 PHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation.
WM. A. CORRIE,
 N. B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

EMPIRE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwich street,
 between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the undersigned do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.
 An assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices.
 Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
 N. B.—A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at from \$25 to \$30, and at 19 hours' notice, if wanted.
THOMAS WILEY, Jr.
WILLIAM R. BOWNE. (242-tf)

BENJAMIN'S BRASS SPRING TRUSSES,
 Never grow weak, or rust from the moisture or heat of the body. "Once right, always right." Pressure graduated from one to 50 lbs. without a back pad, which does great injury to the spine. Six days' trial given, if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Thompson's Trusses at reduced prices. Also, the best kind of Shoulder Braces and Abdominal Supporters. 13 Beckman-st. N. Y. 240eowif

OLD DOCTOR
Jacob Townsend,
 THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER
 OF THE GENUINE
TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the AUTHOR and DISCOVERER of the GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA." Having spent his life in the pursuit of his profession, he has been compelled to limit his manufacture to those only who had proved its worth and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful HEALING POWER. This

Grand and Unequaled Preparation
 is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better, because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the Art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medicinal properties of the root, which give to it all its value. The

GENUINE
Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla
 is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, every thing capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.
 Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of CONSUMPTION, DYSPPEPSIA, and LIVER COMPLAINT, and in RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, and PILES, COSTIVENESS, all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all diseases arising from

Impurity of the Blood.
 It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from indigestion, from acidity of the Stomach; from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and cold hands, cold chills and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in coughs and colds; and promotes easy expectorations, and gentle perspiration, relaxing the strictures of the lungs, throat, and every other part. But its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.
 It works wonders in cases of *fluor albus* or whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstruation, Irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the Kidney Disease.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,
 and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as Spinal Irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Whooping, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.
 It is not possible for this medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it which can ever harm; it can never sour or spoil, and therefore, can never lose its curative properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of action, cures the skin, purifies the blood, equalizes the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the innumerable preparation; relieves all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. In no other disease, The Medicine you Presumptively Need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,
 because of ONE GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETE-RIORATION and

Never Spoils,
 while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system? What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid? What cause Druggists and acid? Do we not all know, that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischief it produces?—nausea, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? What is Scrofula but an acid disposition in the blood? What is the humor which brings on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Fever-Sores, and all ulcerations internal and external? It is nothing under heaven but an acid substance, and, as we all know, the acids, sour acid fluids, which accumulate in the joints and elsewhere, irritate and inflame the tender and delicate tissues upon which it acts! So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, of deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now, is it not horrible to make and sell, and infinitely worse to use this

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound"
 OF S. P. TOWNSEND?

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's GENUINE ORIGINAL SARSAPARILLA, is an IMITATION of the inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article! and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and criminalities from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMENTING COMPOUND.

We wish it understood, because it is the absolute truth, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are heaven-wide apart, and infinitely dissimilar; that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmacist, knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of changes which might render them the AGENTS OF DISEASE instead of health?

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to launch infirmity—that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has SOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy,
 within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, his

Transcendent Power to Heal!
 and thus to have the unparelleled satisfaction of having raised thousands and millions from the bed of sickness and despondency to hope, health, and a long life of vigor and usefulness to themselves, their families and friends.

Principal office 101 Nassau-street, N. Y.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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VOL. X...NO. 19.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 253.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.
BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

ONE by one the ties are reft us,
That in early life were known;
One by one the stars have left us,
That upon our boyhood shone;
And our hopes relume a pathway,
Brighter by its distance grown.
Tears for tears are sadly streaming,
O'er the hours of pleasures fled;
Tears for tears are darkly gleaming,
O'er the heart's unburied dead;
And our tenderest joy is ever
By the light of memory shed.
Soon, too soon the sea has parted,
Those whose thoughts are on the land;
Soon, too soon the tear-drop started,
From affection's household band—
Meeting never till our spirits
Walk in heaven, hand in hand.

At SEA, Feb. 28th, 1849.

HYMN TO THE MOON.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD.

BLEST star of night! in mildness drest,
And meek sublimity and calm;
Thou wakest within my heaving breast,
A wondrous joy—so sweet and warm!
In solemn night's lone hour and still,
Thou com'st to watch our deep repose,
And cast thy sweet and soothing spell,
O'er hearts oppressed by griefs and woes.
I fain would learn, fair watch, of thee,
If thou'rt a port, for spirits blest—
If thou'rt a land, where all are free,
And weary mortals find a rest!—
If spirits, freed from earthly clay,
In union meet with those afar,
And with them soar through space away,
From moon to sun—to distant star!
—Till far above, to worlds unknown,
Where thought itself can never fly,
They stand before the Eternal Throne,
The central sun of all the sky?
Art thou the place where first repose,
Earth's happy spirits, on their way
To that bright world, where ever flows
The wondrous light of PERFECT DAY!

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA.*

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER X.

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

"Oh had it been but told ye then,
To mark whose lamp was dim—
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men
Would ye have singled him?" N. P. WILLIS.

THE British had been effectually prevented from carrying out, at this time, their contemplated invasion of the Carolinas. Crippled and dispirited, Sir Peter Parker himself discovered that the "wooden walls of England" were inferior to the American palmetto ramparts; and, with Sir Henry Clinton, who had not even a chance to display his military skill, hastily made all sail for the north.

The inhabitants of Charleston, saved by the valor of Moultrie and his brave associates from their fears of the power of England, and from all the horrors of an evil war, gave themselves up to the wildest manifestations of joy. Deeply sensible of the blessings of peace and freedom, which they had fancied irretrievably periled, they showered their gratitude upon the noble defenders of Sullivan's Island. The gallant Moultrie, loved and esteemed before for the chivalrous qualities which were nurtured to his soul, now become the object of all the honors that his grateful fellow citizens could bestow upon him.

And Marion, the valiant ranger, whose achievements in former years, when the savage foe threatened the infant settlements upon the borders, were remembered gratefully by many a family rescued from Cherokee invasion, shared with his commander the distinctions due to his signal services. And Jasper, was he forgotten?

No! the brave sergeant was not forgotten—for in those days men recked not the rank of the patriot in their estimate of his achievements. The man who fought for freedom, whether he wore a wagoner's frock or a general's uniform, was held in the hearts of his countrymen for what he had done. Would that we measured our patriots by *deeds*, rather than by *words*!

Jasper was honored and rewarded by the citizens of Charleston; but the humble soldier had in his own generous bosom a deeper and

* Continued from page 376.

stronger pleasure than all the favors in the power of man to bestow, could afford him. He possessed the heart of the *freeman*, glowing with the consciousness of the purest motives, and ready at any time to pour out its richest blood for the cause of liberty. To such men as Jasper honors are nothing, save as tokens that their merits are appreciated.

But the hands of beauty were lifted over that brave man's head to reward him. Mrs. Elliot, that glorious representative of the spirit of our country's fairer sex, presented to the gallant sergeant the colors of his regiment, woven by her own free fingers, and invoked the proud recipients to defend them as long as they could "wave in the air of liberty." And never was trust more fervently repeated, as the bloody battles in which those colors were afterwards borne, have testified to admiring millions.

Governor Rutledge, too, on behalf of the State, gave a sword to Jasper, and as the noble fellow grasped its hilt, those around him could see that his soul was recording a silent vow to merit the warrior's gift, by bolder deeds than ever that which gained it. It was a glorious day for the defenders of Charleston, when their rescued fellow citizens acknowledged their valorous deeds.

But what a black, awful cloud, surcharged with the lightning that withers the heart's hopes for ever, hung over the devoted bride of the hapless Ernest Rivers!

And the bolt fell!

The joy bells were pealing. The patriot soldiers marched in triumph through the streets of Charleston, the banner of Moultrie waving proudly in the morning sunshine. The delirious multitude followed the defenders with cheers and shouts of joy. The trumpets blared, and the rattle of drums startled a thousand echoes.

On came the division of Lee, with their chivalrous chieftain at their head—the long line of brave heroes—with banners and inspiring music; but far more glorious with the gallant spirit that imbued it. On came Moultrie, with the men of Sullivan's Island—Marion with his rangers—every heart throbbled with proud recollections.

But Ernest Rivers came not with his band of volunteers. The flag was shrouded with crape.

Gaily waved the kerchiefs of Charleston's fairest dames, as the patriot army marched beneath their windows and balconies. Their bosoms swelled, and bright eyes wept with joy, as husbands, fathers, and lovers passed before them. It was a carnival day of liberty.

Did the glances of the young bride Louise pierce anxiously through the distant street for a glimpse of her husband's gallant form? Did her

heart throb with the proud delight of the anticipated meeting?

Alas! he came not! The shrouded banner rose solemnly where Ernest Rivers should have been; and his little troupe marched silently to the mournful tap of the drum, their exultation dampened by the loss of their cherished leader.

God alone knew the pang that shot through the bride's soul, when her eyes rested on that sorrowful banner. Those around her heard but her agonizing cry, saw but the ashy paleness which overspread her features, as she sank, like one dead, upon the balcony.

The bolt had fallen!

CHAPTER XI.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

"And prisoners, clanking their iron chains,
With tearful eyes, and with throbbing brains."

THE DELVOX.

"WE will now, gentle reader, lift the veil from a series of events, which relate to the fate of the long-lost Ernest Rivers; and for this purpose we must go back to a period of about ten months from that of our story's commencement.

It was high noon, and the vertical sunbeams fell in a shower of fire upon the sandy shores of St. Augustine, Florida, then garrisoned by British troops. The air was close and oppressive, even though the sea breeze at times blew across the narrow mouth of the channel, and somewhat tempered the scorching heat.

Over the towers of the castle hung the red banner of England, flapping heavily around its flag-staff. Scarcely a bayonet glittered upon the ramparts, save when the relief marched slowly from point to point. At other times, the sentinels sheltered themselves in the boxes, or beneath the shadow of the batteries.

Yet, in the heat of that blazing noon, four individuals, each dragging a heavy chain and log, as he moved painfully along, toiled on the castle fortifications. Beneath the full force of the hot sunbeams these wretches, fainting and fatigued, labored to lift huge stones, or wheel hand-barrows of sand from the dry beach to the outworks, which they were repairing.

One of these chained laborers was a fine, soldierly-looking man, with vigorous limbs and broad chest, who appeared capable of undergoing almost any amount of hardship, albeit at this time his features were worn, and his general figure gaunt and thin, like one who had been overworked and half-famished. He was fastened by a cross-fetter to another and younger man.

This other was scarcely turned of his majority, and appeared very youthful indeed beside his fellow-captive, inasmuch as his chin was covered with but the slight down of early manhood, while that of the other, as well as half his face, was hidden by the thick growth of a bushy beard. He was, besides, of a much slighter make, and had evidently been but little accustomed to exposure or hardship. The two were confined, each by a log and chain attached to his ankle, and were besides manacled together by the cross-fetter, which united their separate chains.

The two other prisoners, who were employed upon the fortifications, a short distance in the rear of the point described, were fettered in like manner. One was an elderly man, the other a frail-looking boy—a father and son, by a species of refined cruelty, chained together to witness each other's sufferings. They both seemed rapidly sinking under the excessive heat and the heavy labors which they were performing.

Who were these wretched captives, and what had been the fearful crime for which they now sweltered and toiled beneath a Florida sun?

They were American prisoners!

Their crime had been patriotism, and the courageous defense of human liberty. And not these alone, but hundreds were at that moment sinking beneath the burdens which British tyranny imposed upon every hapless victim whom the fortunes of war had thrown beneath its power.

The hot sunbeams blistered their skin, and caused the blood to boil in their veins. At every yard they moved, they were forced to stoop, and

draw behind them the heavy chain and log which confined their steps. They had but one sad consolation in their misery, the mutual rehearsal of their past sufferings.

Thus wore on the tedious hours of toil for the unhappy captives of St. Augustine. And even the severe labors which these men performed, were preferable to bear, rather than the solitary miseries borne by those who were in close captivity in the castle dungeons, without light or air. The log-and-chain workmen, on the fortifications, would at least feel at times the sea breeze fanning their fevered temples—could behold the blue sky, and catch at times a glimpse of some distant sail upon the ocean, bound perchance for their own native shores, where friends and kindreds mourned their unknown fate.

The two first-mentioned captives were engaged, with picks and sledges, breaking the rough edges from huge stones, which were piled around, and fitting them afterwards in the battered and ruined portions of the outward wall. The other couple—the old man and boy—were trundling, slowly back and forth, a wheel-barrow, which they filled with sand, and emptied into a bed of rough mortar, used as cement for the new wall. The father and son seldom spoke a word, but only strove in silence each to lighten the other's labors.

But the two who toiled on the rampart whiled the hours of work in conversation.

"How long, captain, have we been yoked together?" said the elder of these, the one with the bushy beard. "I begin to lose my reckoning of dates, entirely, and shall soon be as rusty as this indispensable ornament," continued he, glancing at his chain, with a grim smile.

"It is one hundred and twenty-six days, precisely," replied the younger prisoner, "since we were first marched out together. Here is the stone which I have notched every morning. 'Tis a rough calendar, but correct."

The bushy-whiskered man struck his pick heavily in the ground.

"By the Continental Congress!" cried he, using a favorite ejaculation of the Whigs, "I'm not going to stand it much longer. I'm wearing body and soul out in this infernal castle. Faith, Captain Rivers, if it had not been for you, I would have escaped or been shot long ago!"

"More likely the latter," said the young man, quietly. "You would have knocked your brains out against the wall, I verily believe, or run against a soldier's bayonet, long ago."

"I wish I had the butt end of one of those bayonets in my clutch for a moment, and this cursed log out of the way: I'd be good for three Britishers at least, or my name's not Tom Evans!"

"Ay, and be stretched the next moment on yonder sods, with a dozen bullet-holes in your corpse. No, Tom, let us hope on a little longer, and perhaps escape may be easy. We have friends in the castle that you know not of, friend Tom."

"What do you mean, captain?"

"Why, there's more than one British soldier who is as weary of mounting guard on these old castle walls, as we are of splitting stone in the ditches. Say nothing, comrade, and perhaps our deliverance may not be so far off as you think."

"By the Continental Congress, captain, you give me some hope! But, how do you know about these Britishers? I wouldn't trust one as far as I could hurl one of these rocks, let me tell you!"

"No matter, Tom," answered the other, with an accent of command which him of the bushy beard seemed to hear with some deference. "Let us at all events hope for the best, and do nothing rashly. And now, comrade, if you please, I would like to hear you relate how you were captured, once more. It will take our thoughts back to home, Tom, for a little while." The young man, as he said this, heaved a deep sigh, and dashed his hand across his eyes, as if to brush away an unbidden tear.

"Well, well, if you wish it," answered Tom Evans. "Perhaps it may cheer us up a little, though hang me if I can think of home and my old mother without feeling my blood all a-fire against these bloody Britishers. However, it's

a short story, captain Rivers, and so, here goes."

And while the two Americans, in one of whom at least, the reader has doubtless recognized an acquaintance, pursued their heavy tasks, chopping off with incessant blows, the rough portions of rock, the bushy-whiskered man commenced his narrative.

"You see, captain Rivers," said he, "I had long suspected that smooth-tongued Robert Atree of being a tory in disguise. So I sets myself to watch his maneuvers closely; for, as you know, I was an old ranger under Marion, and understood how to lay low and keep dark."

"Well, about this time there was a fellow joined our camp, that I knew for as big a scamp as a chap of his size could well be. His name was Pappett, and he used to keep a grog-shop on the river-bank. He was a precious coward, too, and so, of course, I knew that he never listed to fight, and as for pay, there was confounded little of that among the soldiers of Congress. Of consequence, captain, he joined for some other purpose, and that, I was sure, couldn't be a good one. So, you see, I watches him; and very soon found Robert Atree and him in close quarters."

"Would you believe it, the infernal tory scamps were in league to steal Gen. Lee's papers, and carry all our plans to the Britishers. I found that out pretty quick, but I kept dark."

"I kept dark till one night when I knew Pappett was to meet Atree near an old oak tree on the river-bank. I dogged him there, and overheard the plotting scoundrels. Pretty soon they went off together, and I, corporal Tom Evans, followed, which was a most unlucky chance for me."

"I came up to Robert Atree, intending, by hook or crook, to make him my prisoner, and carry him back to the camp. But, as luck would have it, the tory escaped, and Tom Evans was caught instead. Pappett had run, as I expected, as soon as he got a glimpse of me, and I quickly mastered Atree; but the devil interposed and saved him, in the shape of something or other, with a pair of black eyes. The first thing I knew was finding myself floundering in the waters of Smith's creek, with a bullet in my shoulder-blade that I shall carry as long as I live."

The soldier rubbed his arm, and made a few grimaces as if to illustrate his point, before he proceeded.

"And then, if I recollect rightly, Tom, you were as near drowning as dying by the bullet-wound."

"Precisely, captain. The water was four or five feet deep, and the banks high and slippery. I found my left arm unserviceable, so I struck out with my right, to gain some point where I could land, and before I well knew what I was about, got into the current, and found myself out in the river. This was a predicament, captain—"

"From which you were saved almost as miraculously as I was," remarked Rivers, who began to get rather tired of honest Tom's prolixity.

"Can't say, captain," replied the soldier, dryly, "seeing as how you never told me how you came here, or anything else about yourself, though we've been yoked together like the lion and the lamb, for four eternal months. However, every one knows his own business best."

"Well, Tom, go on," said Rivers. "And believe me, comrade, if I have refrained from speaking to you of my own hardships, it was not that I distrusted your sympathy, my brave Evans. Go on, and when you have finished, I will give you my own story."

"Well, captain, God bless you, I meant no harm. You see, I found myself drifting out into the river, and my strength dwindling down to nothing, when, all at once, I heard oars. 'Boat,' cried I, 'boat—b-o-a-t.'"

"And it turned out to be a British boat—eh, Tom?"

"Sure enough—I see you recollect all I told you, captain. Well, they hauled me in, just as I was sinking, and there I saw a couple of Johnny Bull sailors, and a tall old gentleman, wrapped in a cloak."

"Which was Lord Marmount, Tom, I think you told me."

Popular Tales.

L'ENLUMINEUSE;

OR

THE THREE FLOWER-MARKETS OF PARIS.

SCENE I.

THERE are, or there were, three principal *Marchés aux Fleurs* in Paris—one on the Quay, one on the Boulevard St. Martin, and one on the Place de la Madeleine. These three flower-markets, like every thing else in this world, have their own caste, their own fashion and rank. Getting into railway phraseology as we are, we may designate them as first, second, and third classes. That on the Place de la Madeleine is the first class, at least in point of price, and, therefore, it appertains more especially to first-class people; that on the Boulevard is the second class flower-market, and that on the Quay a third class, where you may find a flower to answer all the purposes a flower was designed for, and pay a third class price for it.

One bright Wednesday, the market on the Quay presented quite a charming spectacle. Flowers are the sole luxury of the poor and hard-working; for young women who pass long summer days at ceaseless needlework, how sweet it is to repose their eyes a moment on a little verdure; to cast a glance now and then on an opening bud, or inhale the fragrance breathed forth from open petals, even on the noisome air of a city lodging! The pale mechanic places a pot of mignonette in his window, and sickly geraniums screen out the little air that can enter a London attic. A superfluity which gives a moment's happiness should be allowed to pass for a necessity. But in France flowers are a necessity to the working people; the humblest house-keeper, when she carefully appropriates her pence to sundry necessities, reserves a sou for the modest bouquet which is to be laid over her other purchases.

The flower-market on the Quay was that of the poor, or working people; and there, on this bright Wednesday morning, might be seen a very poor-looking and very little old man, whose air of decency and careful exterior seemed to say that his poverty arose from the goodness of his heart, and the unworldly character of his mind. His old black clothes, although rain had incorporated some dust in their texture, were scrupulously clean; and what was rather remarkable, especially as the little old man was French, they contrasted in color with the white cravat so carefully disposed around his neck. He was small, thin, and shriveled, with knees and shoulders rather bent, but his dark bright eyes shone with vivacity and benevolence, his lips closed with a smile, and he looked about him on the flowers, the flower-sellers, and flower-buyers, as if he were pleased with them and pleased with himself, and saw some beauty and some goodness in all that he looked upon.

He walked along the Quay, examining the plants near at hand or further off, admiring them at a distance, or plunging his face among them to breathe their odors. At last selecting the most modest of the glowing ranks, he drew up to one of the *marchandes des fleurs*, who seemed disposed to notice his advances, and pointing to a little pot of violets, said:

"How much for that?"

"That violet? Six sous!"

"Ah! yes, truly! Six sous? You don't say so to me? I am a man of experience!"

"I don't know if you often buy from others, but I know this is the first time I ever sold to you," returned Madame la Marchande, re-arranging her bouquets.

"Ah bah! No Wednesday or Saturday ever passes without my coming here. I adore flowers!" said the little old man, clasping his hands on his breast; "and if I had a garden—oh, if I had a garden!—it should be charming! one flower-basket: but I have only a window, and that not large." All this time the eyes of the little old man were roving from flower to flower, from plant to plant; he smelled some, touched others, but still returned to his first-love, the pot

of violets. "Let us see, I offer you two sous for this violet."

"Four; not less."

"But I tell you I am a man of experience. Every second month I change my flower-pot, and it is always the violet; it is not the dearest, certainly, but it is my favorite—it is the sweetest. Hold! there is your money."

"No, no! four sous, not less."

The little old man had it in his hand, the other held forth two sous. On hearing these words he laid down the violet with a look of indignation.

"If the gentleman will not buy it, I will," said a pretty little voice beside him. The old man turned a reproving look on the speaker who had thus come to excite opposition and raise the price of the violet. It was curious to see how that slightly wrathful expression changed as he regarded his opponent. Two sweet and lively black eyes, well opened and full of intelligence, and of a pretty degree of sauciness, looked, with a perfect unconsciousness of all wrong, into his; he saw a small, expressive, though rather *retroousse* nose, and one of the prettiest mouths in the world, the full, rosy lips, drawn into a smile so widely as to display the pearly teeth that seemed to laugh within it;—he saw, in short, a face at once fresh, pretty, and amiable, three agreeable qualities which could please even our little old man; and this united to the smallest, neatest, most attractive little figure imaginable. The girl was apparently about nineteen years of age, simply, but rather smartly dressed; a pretty colored robe, a coquettish black apron, a shawl tastefully arranged on her very nicely-formed shoulders, and a dainty, but tiny cap, scarcely concealing the rich glossy hair it affected to cover. She was evidently of the working classes—*une fille du peuple*—but her exact position it would be impossible to assign. Instead of uttering a reprimand, the old man, with one hand placing the disputed pot of violets in hers, with the other pulled of his well-worn hat, and swinging it almost to the ground, said with an air of gallantry which must have antedated revolutionary times:

"I cannot regret that I am not to be the possessor of this flower, since it will belong to one as sweet."

The young girl smiled, with a slight blush: such a compliment, from such a personage, deserved a smile of pleasure.

"Ah, monsieur, pardon!" she cried; "I spoke without thinking I might contradict your wishes. Pray, keep the flower, monsieur, I will not buy it."

"No, truly, mademoiselle, I am too happy to yield it to you, since that gives you a pleasure; besides, she will not take my two sous for it. But, mademoiselle, allow me to return the pleasure of carrying it home for you: the pot is not quite clean; it may soil your robe, or spoil your pretty mittens. I have nothing to spoil, as you see." And the old man glanced over his threadbare habiliments, and down to the tips of his well-cleaned shoes.

The girl regarded him rather curiously, as he held the pot of violets pressed against his side, much after the manner in which a soldier holds his musket; and answered, with some archness:

"Well, sir, I accept your offer, on condition that you will place the violet yourself on my window, and I forewarn you that that window is in the sixth story."

"Mademoiselle, if it was on the tower of Notre Dame I would carry it there with joy!" and then, with a smothered sigh not accordant with his old-fashioned gallantry, the little old man added, from a habit possibly of speaking to himself, "I have nothing else to do just now."

They set off together; the young girl stopped before an old house, and entered a passage as dark as its outward aspect appeared to promise.

"This is the house, sir. Take care, the passage is dark, and the stairs slippery; but when you get once hold of the balustrade you are safe."

The little old man, pressing the pot of violets within one arm, groped with the other to find the auspicious balustrade.

"It is rather high, sir," continued the lively girl, mounting quickly upwards: "rather high,

"Precisely, captain. He was a good old chap, too, for a Britisher, and it were a pity he had such a hard fate, poor gentleman. Well, they took me aboard the—the—"

"Experiment—eh, Tom?"

"Precisely! and it was an experiment, too, for me; for they stowed me away 'tween decks, and poor Tom Evans might have starved and bled to death, for all the hard-hearted rascals cared. If it hadn't been for that old gentleman, Lord what-dye-call-'em, I'd never lived through that night and next day. Poor old chap! he sent a doctor to me, and a piece of chicken."

"That was some comfort, Tom—the chicken."

"It was so! It made a new man of me. The old gentleman came down himself next day, dressed up mighty grand in a scarlet uniform, and looking as proud and tall as General Washington himself. But, Lord save us, captain, death comes to all—both great and small, as we used to read in the primer."

"He was killed during the attack on the fort."

"Precisely, captain Rivers—shot with an eighteen-pound cannon ball. He never spoke after it hit him. O, Lord! how Tom Evans suffered all that day, listening to the roar of cannon, and thinking all the while that the Britishers were going to batter our city down, and, like as not, kill my poor old mother—bless her soul! I hope I shall live to see her once more."

The soldier paused, and tried to appear indifferent. But it was plain that the sudden thought of his mother had made his heart rise till he was almost choking.

"And they brought you here immediately, Tom—did they not?"

"Yes, after trying every way they knew how to get me to 'list under King George. But I told them I'd see them all teetotally—excuse me, captain, I was going to swear. The scoundrels couldn't make a Britisher out of me, so they pitched me into a tender, and the first I knew was being shut up in this infernal old castle of St. Augustine. And now, captain, I'm done my yarn, and, if you've a mind, I'd like to hear yours."

"You shall, Tom," said Ernest Rivers, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and at the same time perhaps endeavoring to conceal the moisture which gathered in his eyes, as his thoughts reverted to his home and the wife he loved so well. The narrative of his perils and hardships drew many a sympathizing anathema from honest Tom, hurled against the "Britishers," with all the earnestness of his rough nature; but as it was often broken by pauses, we will give it in our own words, as briefly as the recital will admit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Loudon thus addresses a class of her fair countrywomen: "As you are fond of having flowers in the room, you will, perhaps, be glad to know how to preserve cut flowers as long as possible. The simple rules are, not to put too many flowers into one glass, to change the water every morning, and to remove every decayed leaf as soon as they show any symptoms of decay. A more efficacious way, however, is to put nitrate of soda into the water. About as much as can be easily taken up between the fore-finger and thumb, put into the glass every time the water is changed, will preserve cut flowers in all beauty for above a fortnight. Nitrate of potash (that is, saltpeter,) in powder has nearly the same effect but it is not quite so efficacious.

ANTIQUITY! thou wondrous charm! what art thou! that, being nothing, art every thing! when thou wert, then thou wert not. Antiquity, then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, modern! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever retreat! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing; and the past is every thing, being nothing!—[C. Lamb

FROM speculative pursuits we must be satisfied with speculative benefits.

you see; one hundred and forty steps to ascend."

"I go on without counting," said the old monsieur, managing his breath as well as he could; "but I think we must have nearly finished that number."

"Yes, here is the last," and the young girl, drawing a key from her pocket, threw open the door of a neat chamber, arranged not only with much care, but with somewhat of coquettish pretension. And now the reason of her having made the poor old man to mount to the sixth story became apparent. On a small round table stood all the preparatives for her breakfast; all that had been wanting was a bunch of flowers, and Mademoiselle 'Lena had gone to get some, and had brought home the pot of violets and the little old man; and as she slyly regarded the latter, it was obvious she knew more of him than he knew of her.

"Now, monsieur," said the pretty 'Lena, "I hope as you have carried my violets up that long, dark staircase, you will not object to partake of my modest breakfast. I have given you the pleasure of serving me, now, *en revanche*, you must let me have that of serving you."

The little old man colored, bowed, stepped backwards, and bowed again. He looked at the breakfast-table, and felt all the hesitation to accept the offer which the consciousness that it was a desirable one sometimes imparts. But a compromise with such delicacy appeared.

"Hah! mademoiselle, mademoiselle!" he cried, starting forward with outstretched hands as 'Lena went to lift the pot of violets, "the bargain is not complete. If I am to share your breakfast, you must permit me to fulfil my task, and place your emblem flower myself in your window. Suffer me to complete my work before I taste your tempting repast."

Leaning together out of the window they arranged the pot of violets.

"Get some water," said 'Lena, as she withdrew; "the earth is quite dry. There, in that *caraffe*—that will do. Now pour it on—now, get a saucer from the shelf, and put it under the pot to catch the water. Not that one, that is my best saucer—yes, that other is right. Now move the pot a little more in the center, it is not quite straight—it spoils the effect. There! all is right at present; and now breakfast is ready." For, while issuing her orders, the cunning little housekeeper had been engaging the old man's attention, in order that she might make sundry little additions to her simple repast, which she would not have thought of for herself. There was more fruit put on the table, and some small portion of *vin ordinaire*, and preparations made for a cup of *café au lait*.

"And now Monsieur Célestine," she said, turning with a smile full of life and sweetness to her guest, "is it possible you have so entirely forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, mademoiselle!—one never forgets what is so charming. Forgotten you! Since when?"

"Since I was your little pupil—*petite drole*, you know, who drew figures instead of writing in her copy-book—who was so fond of making puppet shows—eh, monsieur?"

The old man gazed with extended eyes, and arms pressed straight down by his sides, then ejaculated a long and wondering,

"*Par exemple!* the little 'Lena, who used to fill her copy-book with scenes from the stage, and turn all my pupils into actors and actresses! *Par exemple!* but, mademoiselle, you are grown a young woman."

A hearty laugh was 'Lena's response.

"Yes, truly, Monsieur Célestine; and will, I fear, grow to be an old one. So now that monsieur has found out at last that it was his little pupil came to bid against him, and raise the price of the pot of violets, he will allow her, *en revanche*, to give him some breakfast."

The old man advanced a few steps, took 'Lena's hand by the tips of the fingers, bowed low, and pressed his lips upon it.

"Quite a scene, quite a scene!" she cried, with another laugh; and clapping her pretty hands with pleasure, "*Allons!* let us breakfast."

"And, mademoiselle," said old Célestine, as he commenced with good appetite the offered

meal, "your good father, and pious mother, where are they? It is so long since I gave lessons in writing."

"Ah, monsieur, let us not speak of what gives pain!" 'Lena said, hastily, and with a change of countenance which showed that warm feeling lay beneath a volatile manner. "My dear parents! they are no more in this world; it is more than four years since my father left me alone—I was just fifteen then—my good mother went to heaven first."

"An orphan? poor child! And what did you do then?"

"Monsieur Dupré the father, took me to live in his house. I lived there until about six months ago, when Monsieur Dupré the father died, and I could not live with Monsieur Dupré the son—at least, that is to say, not then."

"Poor orphan! poor orphan!" repeated the old man. "So you are alone?"

"*Toute seule, toute seule,*" said 'Lena, smiling through the tears she wanted to dispel. "But then, you see I have so much to do—always at work; and when one works always, why, you know one amuses one's self very well."

"And what do you work at, mademoiselle?"

"*Je suis enlumineuse,*" replied 'Lena, glancing at a side-table, where lay a mass of drawings, rough sketches, and colored figures decked in all rainbow tints. "I illustrate works of fancy," she added, putting back her head, and casting down her eyes with an air of mock pedantry.

"Mademoiselle!" the old man ejaculated, "you illustrate works! that is, you, by your pencil, embody in tangible forms the glorious imaginations which the author shadows forth in words; you transfer ideas into things; you materialize mind—in fact, you illustrate authors!"

Another laugh from 'Lena.

"Oh yes! I represent all the ideas of Blübe Beard while he holds his wife's hair in one hand and his cimeter in the other; and show all the glorious imaginations of Tom Thumb when he was riding on the butterfly's back, and transfer his ideas into form when he is swallowed by the cow with the thistle to which he was tied."

The little old man had rested his joined hands on the table; he was gazing across it full into the sparkling eyes of the pretty *enlumineuse*, as if lost in amaze, and unable to think whether her account of the bent of her genius were sober matter-of-fact or not.

"*Mais enfin,*" he said at length, "you are connected with literature, mademoiselle?"

"*Sans doute,*" replied 'Lena, assuming a countenance as grave, "since I have just illustrated the story of *Mother Goose*."

"Well, mademoiselle, and I also, I have never renounced my *penchant* for literature; I am no longer by profession a writing-master, I am an author only. I have been so for many years, even while I retained the former profession; but now, mademoiselle, now I follow only the glorious career of an author."

"Indeed!" was 'Lena's response—"Monsieur Célestine auteur!" and she made him a low bow of salutation across the table. "Ah! it is a charming title. Your name is then renowned, and I, here so retired from the world, I have never heard of it, not even when I carried home to the publishers my illuminations."

"Mademoiselle, such is the fate of genius," replied Célestine, rather mournfully. "Not that I mean to pretend, no—but after death, ah!" exclaimed the old man, clapping his hands, and throwing up his eyes in an ecstasy of real devotion—"ah! we may say, in more senses than one, that after death comes glory!"

"Then, in fact, you have published?" said 'Lena.

"Mademoiselle, I have wished to publish."

"Oh!"

"It is true: Yes, I have wished to publish; but something—I know not what—we should not be rash: the ancients recommended deliberation; and, besides, the taste of our age is trivial. Yes, it must be confessed it is trivial; it has opened a career for you, mademoiselle—that is natural; but to me, you see—to me, it is not suited: one must wait. I wish to have all my manuscripts ready for the press; but I do not, in fact, expect to see them published during my life; but after my death—"

"Ah! that is noble!" said little 'Lena, in a state of exaltation. "You would wish the book-sellers, or, in short, any one in the world, to benefit by your labors, if you yourself never can do so; but, meantime, if you do not print, my dear Monsieur Célestine, what do you do?"

"I write."

"True; but if you do not teach writing, and if you do not sell your writings?"

"Ah! *c'est vrai, c'est vrai!*" said the poor little man, shrugging his shoulders with a rather woful look.

"Yes, *demoiselle*, there is another trial to which genius is subjected in this life; even the noblest, purest, most exalted minds, must stoop to think about meat, and drink, and fire and lodging, and all those poor paltry things, which are quite beneath their attention, but which it is really hard to do without."

"Very hard, indeed," said 'Lena, preparing a little cup of *café au lait*, and throwing Monsieur Célestine a knowing glance of her laughing eye.

"But then, what is to be done?" he continued; "What is life, for if talent is not employed, if the powers of the mind are to be devoted to gaining food and clothing for the body; or if the fingers only are to be employed in writing, when the thoughts of the soul are not to be transmitted to paper? Ah! dear young lady, it is one thing to trace on paper certain characters which other hands are to copy and then may destroy, and to trace those which you know will live after you, which exalt your own soul, and will exalt those of your fellow-creatures when yours is in eternity. Oh! it is truly different; and when we think of this we do not care to sell our writings, we only wish to know they will be in print."

"Well," said 'Lena, "I rejoice to have met you, for I, too, am ambitious of fame; I wish to commence a brilliant career. You will sympathise with me, you can advise me. My *penchant* is for the stage—I wish to be an actress."

The old man started; he opened his eyes, but their expression changed to one like that of fear.

"An actress! You pretty child! poor little orphan! you an actress! Heaven forbid!"

"What?" cried 'Lena, "would you discourage me? You say we must follow the bent of our genius, the force of our inspirations."

"True. Genius is a noble thing; and genius will sometimes take the direction of the stage," said the old man, thoughtfully; but then—

"Yes yes," 'Lena interrupted, "my genius has quite run on the stage long since. Why, see now, Monsieur Célestine, ever since I began to illuminate I longed to act; in fact, you know it was acting on paper instead of acting on the boards; and I am sure I should have performed *Beauty and the Beast* a hundred times over if I had any one to take the part of the Beast—that good Dupré, certainly, might have made a very good Beast. I drew Monsieur Beast walking away from the supper-table the other day, saying,—"Will you be my wife, Beauty?" and Beauty sitting at the table, says,—"No, Beast." And 'Lena's little nose actually looked some degrees more *retroussée*.

"Do you allude to Monsieur Dupré *père*; mademoiselle," demanded the old man.

"No; to Monsieur Dupré *fils*."

"And would Monsieur Dupré *fils* perform his part to the satisfaction of Beauty if he said,—Will you be my wife?" asked Célestine,

'Lena burst out a laughing.

"Oh? I assure, you so far as that part goes, he has rehearsed it many a time; but it wont do—poor Dupré is nothing in the world but a grocer. Bah? to sell plums and sugar—to be a grocer's wife? No, Beast, no?"

"But Beauty took the Beast after all mademoiselle."

"But the Beast changed into a prince."

"Not until she loved him. Ah, it was her love turned the Beast into the beautiful prince."

'Lena looked down and smiled.

"*C'est égal, monsieur,*" she said, after a pause, "my beast must remain a beast for ever. You see my inclination is for the theater: I long for *éclat*. Only think, to appear in public, to be applauded by crowds, to wear such charming cos-

tunes, to perform such various parts, to hear a young nobleman declare his adoration, to feel one's self a princess! Oh, yes! I must follow my inspiration. I have dreamed of this while illuminating *Le petit Poucet*! Look you here," and jumping from the table, she ran to fetch a little colored daub of a great butterfly with the wonderful Tom Thumb on its back.

"There! to soar about like *le petit Poucet*, that is my fancy, and not to be the wife of a grocer."

"But, mademoiselle, *petit Poucet* got a sad fall; you know the spider's breath put an end to his career. Ah, *chère demoiselle*; the world is often like the spider's breath to the ardent spirit, the aspiring mind, the feeling heart of youth!"

"So you would discourage me?" "Lena, with evident disappointment, answered. "I thought that you, who felt the fire of genius yourself, would rather promote it in another."

"Ah!" cried Célestine, "it is a noble thing to be called to the aid of Genius, to fan that sacred flame which is not destined to expire with the mortal breath; but then, in fact, the good grocer, mademoiselle, what would he say to your following what you consider to be your vocation?"

"Lena laughed, but she colored also, and looked a little saddened.

"*Ma foi!*" she cried, "he would say I was not fit to be a grocer's wife, that is all; but I can do without him if I can only be on the stage."

"Mademoiselle," said the old man, "it is an honor to be asked for advice, but it is sometimes difficult to give it, and it is sometimes more difficult to get it taken when given. I will, however, tell you my sentiments. After mature consideration, it appears to me that the married state is not friendly to the exercise of genius, seeing that varieties of cares, occupations, and relationships, tend to prevent that absorption of the mental faculties which is necessary to the production of great works, and the sacred fire of genius grows dim in the distractions of domestic life. Ideas may take root in the scenes of the world, but they must be matured in retirement and abstraction; therefore, mademoiselle, after many years' consideration, I formed an opinion that I am not now disposed to change, namely, that the single state of existence is that most propitious to the human genius. I cannot, therefore, advise you not to incline to the same, although it appears that Monsieur Dupré fils is of a different opinion, and although it may be possible that, during the lifetime of Monsieur Dupré père, you while residing under his roof, may by the influence of propinquity, have been the cause of strengthening that prejudice. I do not, then, combat your disinclination to the marriage state, nor to the particular one of a grocer's wife. You wish to devote your genius to higher pursuits. Good! but *chère demoiselle*, it is certain that your genius, which first shewed itself in illustrating fairy tales, took the direction of the stage from that simple accident. Now you have another accident, the accident merely of a meeting in the flower-market on the Quay and buying a pot of violets, been brought into contact with a kindred spirit, into communion with a mind that appreciates the sacred fire which glows within your own. Now, may not the path of literature invite you, and draw you from the more glittering, but less noble one, to which your fancy has inclined?"

"Lena kept looking steadfastly at the speaker, but was evidently mystified as to his meaning.

"If I were to read you daily a portion of my works, my child," continued the old man—"I have more than thirty manuscripts quite prepared for the press, but which I am sure will never be put to press during my life-time—if I were to read them to you, your genius would, I think, be led to those pursuits in which I have spent the greater part of my existence."

"Ah! good Monsieur Célestine, your genius is not at all like mine—the sacred fire in your breast burns quite in another manner," said Lena.

"Mine is only like a lucifer match, it will strike fire and be out in a moment; besides, I have no patience, I fear not even your thirty manuscripts would make me content to wait till after my death in order to please the world and to be admired."

Célestine heaved a sigh, and shook his head; he thought there was something wrong, something that required correction in this young mind, but he knew not exactly how to set about the correction; and, alas! it was a fearful risk to leave it to correct itself.

"At least, mademoiselle, you have studied the drama; you have imbibed the spirit of our dramatic poets; you are familiar with Racine, Voltaire—"

"That may be supposed," Lena interrupted; "but, monsieur, my taste is quite a natural one: and besides, it is solely for comedy, and for the comic opera. *Vive l'opéra comique!*—ah! *viola ce que j'aime!*"

"Here is what you love, Mademoiselle 'Lena!—but have you really said so?" cried a rather comic voice at the door; and there, peeping through it, appeared a curly black head, and a very sufficiently good-looking face.

"Lena uttered a pretty, affected little cry, and jumped up, and turning her back on the door, hid her laughing countenance in her open hands, and stood exactly as if she were performing a part on the boards.

"Monsieur Dupré fils," she said in a whisper intended for the old man; and, in what is called a play-house whisper, added for the amusement of the other, "Ah, he is here, he has heard me—I have betrayed myself!"

The young grocer entered quite into the spirit of the scene, pretending, and perhaps not finding it difficult to pretend, to take the declaration of her love as if addressed to himself; and 'Lena, though at last she protested that he overacted his part, and though she played her own with a vast deal of coquetry, gave the wondering little old man good reason to imagine that her "No, Beast!" might be by no means so emphatic as she had just pronounced it. He stared at the young actors, and began to doubt whether the pretty *enlumineuse* was altogether unsuited to a grocer's wife.

The old man and the young lover went away together: the former felt a beam of social love shine into his solitary heart; he thought he had found a kindred mind in that of Mademoiselle 'Lena. Many a time he had sought a literary acquaintance; but always met a rebuff, or on acquaintance, a disappointment: authors and their works are not always alike, more than parents and children. Now he had found this girl of genius and talent who would appreciate him, look up to him; it was the commencement of his social existence. He had something external to think of; he had found something to interest him beyond the reveries of his own drowsy yet still working brain.

"And this Mademoiselle 'Lena," he said, as he walked along with the young grocer, "she is a very promising genius."

"A promising genius! Pooh! we don't want genius! She is a very charming girl; a sweet, dear, good little creature."

"She may make a good actress."

"Actress! *parbleu!* are you mad, monsieur?—you mean a good wife! Yes, that she will. I love her, I have loved all my life; and despite her coquetry, I believe she loves me in her heart: but she never told me so. *Ciel!* what would I give to hear her say it! And I could make her happy too, keep her comfortable; she should have done with her fairy-tale pictures for ever. Yes, I feel it, I know it, I could make 'Lena happy!"

"And she?" said the old man, peering up his inquiring eyes into those of young Dupré, "and see, think you she could make you happy?"

"She? oh!" and the young grocer, stretching forth both his arms to their full extent, let them fall across his breast, pressing it with a fervid clasp for his sole response.

"Happiness!" muttered the old man to himself, "happiness! ought it to be sacrificed to fame, or to what we call the good of others? is not the last sometimes a name for the first? 'Lena can do no good on the stage—'Lena can make others happy without fame."

The acquaintance of the little old man and the young *enlumineuse* progressed rapidly. He was proud to reclaim his pupil, and believed her not to be his literary *protegee*; she, solitary and unprotected, was pleased with his harmless

character and amused with his originality. He heard her recite, he wished to give her lessons in declamation after the manner of the ancients; but 'Lena was disappointed, he did not encourage her taste for the stage, and he mortified her vanity by doubting her talents for it. She had too much lightness of heart, perhaps too much levity of mind, to listen to his reasonings. She began to weary of them, and sometimes she was out when he had climbed up the one hundred and forty steps. On such occasions there was fastened outside her door a little piece of paper bearing the words, *Elle est sortie*.

But one day the tired visitor perceived that the writing was not 'Lena's, he was too good a critic of that art not to see that it was in a bolder and better hand—a masculine hand; and stopping to examine it he heard voices in her room—they were acting a play, he heard it quite plain.

The old man retired, not a little displeased with the pretty *enlumineuse* for excluding him. He was too much offended to go to the sixth story very soon again; but he could not retain his resentment; 'Lena had become almost necessary to him. He left the thirtieth revision of his thirty manuscripts, and went forth to see his interesting literary pupil. But the pretty *enlumineuse* was gone—actually gone; there was no *Elle est sortie* on the door, the words in great letters were, *a Lower*. Mademoiselle 'Lena had left her lodgings; no one could tell where she had gone. She was gone—*roita tout*. Célestine naturally sought her at the house of Dupré fils; but the young grocer looked as sad as himself, and echoed his words:

"What has become of Mademoiselle 'Lena?"

Weeks passed away, and that question remained unanswered. Célestine began to think of the lively little girl as of a sunbeam that broke on his wintry day and caused its absence to be more felt by its brief presence. As for Dupré fils he kept his thoughts to himself.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

OLD GORDON AND HIS LADDIES.—John Gordon who died near Turriff, Banffshire, some time ago, had attained the age of one hundred and thirty-two. All the travelers who chanced to call at the neighboring inn of Turriff were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs. Wallace, to the cottage of the patriarch, "where they wad see," she used to say, "the eldest man i' Banffshire—ay or in a' the world." Among the visitors one day, about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable looking man employed in knitting hose, with: "So my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age." "Deil's i' the man! it'll be my grandfather ye're seeking—I'm only seventy-three—ye'll find him round the corner o' the hous." On turning the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for so old a man! I doubt not you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life." "What's your wull, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "O, ye'll be wanting my father, I reckon—he's i' the yard there!" The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming the battle of Harlaw. "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one of your advanced age." "It is," replied John; "but I'm thankful that I'm able for't, as the laddies, pur things, are no very stout now!"—[Glasgow Railway Journal.

THERE are crimes which become innocent, and even glorious, through their number and address: hence it is that public theft is called address; and to seize unjustly on provinces, to make conquests.

The Family Circle.

THE MOTHER.

When storms arise on life's uncertain sea,
And fortune's smiles and youthful joys are past;
When hope is shipwrecked and when lovers flee;
What friend remains still faithful to the last?
Alone a mother!

For fame a warrior sought the gory field—
His wish was met—the laurel bound his brow;
The crowd said, "Hail!" but soon his arms and
shield
Bedecked the hero's grave: who weeps him now?
Alone his mother!

A maiden left her humble cottage-door,
To follow Thalia's giddy laughing train;
But age came on, and when she pleased no more,
One friend alone said, "Welcome back again!"
It was her mother!

When first our fathers trod fair Eden's earth,
They ne'er had known the joy of parent's kiss;
How wise that law, for had they dreamt its worth,
E'en Paradise had not been perfect bliss
Without a mother!

Our life begins upon a mother's breast;
Her anxious care its every sweet distills;
By her we're nurtured, fondled, cherished, blest;
And man forgets of life the countless ills
Beside his mother!

RISE FROM A HUMBLE CONDITION.

IN a speech delivered by the Hon. and the Rev. the Dean of Ripon at a late soiree of the Mechanic's Institution, Leeds, a few passages occur worthy of being widely circulated:

"I like to think with pleasure, and satisfaction, and wonder, of the extraordinary advancements, which, in the providence of God, particular individuals have made, who have just been able to apply the operation of the minds according as they were able to exercise them, and thereby to place themselves in extraordinary position both in relation to their own prosperity and to the advantage of the country. It may be a very familiar subject, but it is one which I do like to think of, and I will just allude to it. There was a young man who was the youngest of thirteen children, and his father was a very poor man; and the best that his father could do for him was to apprentice him to a barber. In that humble and praiseworthy class of public life, that respectable individual demeaned himself honorably, as long as he chose to continue in it. He then bestowed his care, and attention, and enterprise upon preparing the beautiful hair of our heads—improving it to that degree that it should be fit to make a wig of. In that he excelled also. Then, gentlemen, he betook himself to the improvement of a weed which I have seen—and which is little more than like a weed—I mean the cotton plant of Carolina. He betook himself to improve the manufacture of cloth made out of that weed. He gained great success, adding merely to the acquirements that he possessed—which you may suppose were very slender—the knowledge which he could pick up by associating with his fellow-men: he gained that success which enabled him to decide the wars of the linen and the cotton, so that a vestment should be made all of cotton. That barber's apprentice, gentlemen, that honorable improver of our hair for the purpose of a wig, was Sir Richard Arkwright, afterwards high sheriff of his county, and who left his family half a million of money. Well, gentlemen, I only put that as one instance of a simple, plain man, honestly following the call of Providence, using the mind according as God's providence gave him the opportunity of drawing forth its resources—throwing himself into the opening which was prepared for him, and thus gaining a prosperity exceeded by no man in this country; and I am sure that language is not equal to say the advantage which our nation has received from his invention, enabling him thus to show the benefit of the exercise of the mind, and talent, and energy, and reflection, and desire for

improvement in the humblest station of life. I will mention another case, because I do dwell upon it, I confess, with exceeding interest, from my personal acquaintance with the individual Gentlemen, it is now more than forty years since, in my travels in America, I came to New York, and I called upon the famous General Moreau, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted. He said to me, "Well, here's a strange thing! here's a ship to go by hot water! and to-morrow the trial is to be made, and I am invited to be of the party, and my friends. Will you go with me?" I accompanied General Moreau in the first steam-vessel that ever sailed upon the Hudson, in America, under the auspices of Mr. Fulton, the inventor—a man of a similar cast to Arkwright, perhaps with some greater advantages from his early education, but of a similar tone and cast of mind; unsatisfied with what he had done, and what he could do, and always thinking that he could do something better, and thankful for every information he received, and every opportunity he could gain in making progress in some improvement; so that from a painter in portraits, from a designer in a variety of ways, at last he arrived at the extraordinary eminence and success of making the first practical efficient steam-vessel which could navigate so severe a river as the river Hudson. Now, gentlemen, I remember with pleasure standing upon the deck, with Robert Fulton, and dwelling with him on the subject. I remember asking him, "Do you think it will ever be of any good?" I recollect his countenance lighting up almost with anger at the idea that any invention of his could fail of being useful. I remember very well, just as we approached the mouth of the Hudson, just as it abuts on the Atlantic Sea, saying—"What will become of us if we drift out to sea? How is it possible that a vessel of this sort can stand the waves of the ocean?" Well, now, gentlemen, when I compare and bring together that day, with the fact of the steamers now crossing the Atlantic in eleven or twelve days, with a regularity and precision which is almost marvelous—why, how is it possible not to see and to be persuaded that there is not a man that lives, and comes within the arena of popular and scientific institutions like this, who has not opportunity given him of being distinguished by giving his talents, industry, and energy to whatever subject, in the course of his investigations and inquiries the finger of Providence may point out to him? It is impossible to say, unless we believe that we have arrived at the acme and fulfilment of everything for the good of man—it is impossible not to think that we may be conferring some great blessing upon our own country—that we may, through the means of some individual in the very humblest class, whose mind we may touch, by just giving him a perception and an intuition of some combination connected with science and art—we may render him an instrument of great good to his country and the world, and a source of great happiness and pride to himself."

THE SABBATH.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the working-man, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigor, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is too full the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose, as in the economy of income, is answered by a savings' bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day, and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting past his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in length of days and a hale old age gives it back with interest. The savings' bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—[North British Review.]

Antiquarian Researches.

ANCIENT IMPLEMENTS OF POPULAR SPORT.

AMONG the suburban outskirts of London city, long since swallowed up in the ceaseless progress that converts green fields into *brick fields*, and brick fields with the old rural footpaths they have displaced, into paved streets and squares, some memento of former associations still survives, as a memorial of the country that skirted in olden times the city's northern walls.

Clerkenwell Green still sounds as a strange memento of the days gone by, when its gentle pastures and green slopes lay along the River of Wells—as the Fleet Ditch was then termed—while beyond, extended in grassy fields, or still greener morasses, Spitalfields, Moorfields, and Finsbury. Ben Jonson tells us of "the archers of Finsbury, and the citizens that came a-ducking to Islington Ponds;" and many a sly hit by the wits of James' Court at the Cockney rivalry of Robin Hood's feats, shows that these civic heroes were often sorely galled by lighter sharpshooters than the archers of Finsbury Fields.

Even so early as 1590, Stowe complains of the ancient daily exercises in the long-bow by citizens of the city, now almost clearly left off and forsaken; and subsequent enactments of James First proved altogether unavailing in preventing the total abandonment of the yard-long shaft, which had proved the safety and honor of England on many a hard fought field. Just beyond the old site of Moorgate, the Artillery Grounds still preserve a small area rescued from these old archery grounds, for civic feats of mimic war; but a recent chance discovery in the neighborhood carries us back to still older sports and pastimes of the "London prentices" in these extra-mural fields.

In the collection of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House, as well as in various private London museums, specimens of ancient bone-skates may be seen, such as in early times, and even, it is believed, to a comparatively recent period, was used by the citizens of London in their favorite winter pastime on the ice. The Serpentine River of former days was an undrained marsh, lying outside London wall, at the long slope by which the endless tide of Paddington and Highgate omnibuses now wend their way to the Angel at Islington. The winter rains accumulated here into a broad and shallow pond, which required no long continuance of frost to convert it into a broad and ample sheet of ice. Toward this the pleasure-seeking crowd of citizens might then be seen jostling one another as they pushed their way through the old Moorgate archway, each carrying in his hands a pair of homely skates, fashioned in most cases of the leg-bone of a horse, with a hole drilled from side to side at the one end, and into the end at the other—the latter probably to receive a peg, by which more effectually to secure the cords that fastened it to the foot. The simple skates, dropped from time to time, and buried in the mud and soil, at first occasioned some little perplexity to the antiquaries of London, when they revisited the light. It is not unlikely, indeed, that they have often enough been found and tossed aside before, as mere musty bones, during the constant excavations in the city and its neighborhood. But now that archaeology has become a science with numerous students and devotees, the barest bone is often found worth picking; and since attention was first directed to the subject, about eight years ago, many such bone skates have been dug up in various districts around London, and particularly in the immediate neighborhood of the city.

The examples which we have seen of these rude specimens, illustrative of the antiquity and progressive improvement of one of the most popular and healthful recreations of our northern writers, were dug up in the year 1839, in Moorfields, near Finsbury Circus, London. Though Moorfields—to use a familiar Cockney pun—are no more fields, the whole area having long since been built over, and laid out in streets and squares, beyond which miles of brick tenements

and stone paving extend between it and the open fields—the ground still exhibits, in the course of any excavations by which it is opened up, distinct evidences of its former character as a bog or marsh; and it will presently appear to what uses it was put so long as it retained this character.

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," while confessing his inability to trace the introduction of skating, into this country, refers to evidence of its existence in the thirteenth century; and adds an opinion, which few will be inclined to dispute, that probably the invention proceeded rather from necessity than the desire of amusement. The rudeness of these bone skates is such as seems to justify the antiquary in assigning to them a very early date; and a curious page which occurs in Fitz-Stephen's description of London, enables us to establish their identity with those used in that writer's own time—that is in the reign of Henry Second—from 1151 to 1189. Fitz-Stephen, in describing the sports of the citizens of London, says: "When that great moor, which washeth Moorfields at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice," &c. After enumerating the various modes of sliding, he adds: "Some are better practiced to the ice, and bind to their shoes bones—as the leg-bones of beasts—and hold stakes in their hands, headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and those men go on with speed, as doth a bird in the air, or darts from some warlike engine."

It is rare, indeed, that the antiquary discovers so distinct and unmistakeable a reference, not only to the character and uses of a chance-found relic, but to the exact locality in which it has lain unheeded for nearly seven centuries.

In Bishop Percy's "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," translated from the Icelandic language, more than one reference occurs to skating, as one among the most essential qualifications of a northern warrior. In "Harold's Complaint" the hero thus enumerates his slighted worth: "I know how to perform six exercises. I fight with courage, I keep a firm seat on horseback, I am skilled in swimming, I glide along the ice on skates, I excel in darting the lance, I am dexterous at the oar, and yet a Russian maid disdains me!"

In M. Mallet's "Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemarck," a quotation is made from the 24th table of the "Edda," in which the following allusion to skating occurs: "Then the king asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor. Thialfe answered, that in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the countries. The king owned that the talent spoke of was a very fine one," &c.

But a still more definite description of the ancient skate than that referred to, occurs in Olaus Magnus's "History of the Nations of the West." He speaks of it as being made of iron, or of the shank bone of a deer or sheep, about a foot long, filed down on one side, and greased with hog's lard to repel the wet.

Mr. C. Roach Smith, on showing examples of these bone skates to the eminent northern antiquary, Herr Warsaac, of Copenhagen, was informed by him that similar examples had been found in Holland, in Scandinavia, and particularly in the southern part of Sweden. He referred him also to a very curious passage in one of the old Scandinavian mythological songs, in which it is said that *Oller* or *Uller*, god of the winter, runs on bones of animals over the ice.

It cannot surprise us to find such early and varied evidences of the practice of skating on the ice among the northern races of Europe, nor of their use of a skate so readily supplied as one of the least-valued spoils of the chase. It seems indeed surprising that a skate so very simple and easily accessible should not still remain in use among our juvenile population, with whom the more refined and complicated modern instruments of steel is sometimes a matter not readily obtained.

No allusion occurs, that we are aware of, among early Scottish writers, to a similar practice among the natives of our northern region, though it cannot be doubted that there also skating was one of the winter pastimes of our ances-

try, from a very early period. Gavin Douglas, in the prologue to the seventh book of the "Æneid," gives a most vigorous and picturesque description of the northern winter, in which he depicts both the aspect of nature and the influence of the season on man and beast; but no allusion occurs to such popular pastimes as those to which the earlier Scandinavian and Icelandic poets refer.

Most Scottish readers are familiar with Sir David Lindsay's lively satire on the obsequious courtiers of James Five, which occurs in the "Complaynt":

"Iik man efter thair qualitie,
Thay did solist his majestie,
Sum gart him ravell at the rakket,
Sum harlit him to the hurly-hakket," &c.

The hurly-hakket, more correctly *hyrly-hawkie*, was a boy's game, practiced in James' time, and later, on the Heading Hill, or ancient place of execution near Stirling Castle. Seated on the inverted bone of a cow's head, the youth descended this slope with thundering speed, to the wonder of the quiet people, and his own no small delectation. On the Calton Hill, near Edinburgh, the game was practiced at the end of the last century with a horse's head; but the skull of the ruminant seems to have been the more normal vehicle, as the name of *hawkie* is simply the familiar appellation for a cow in Scotland.

It may readily be believed that as the bones of animals were among the early spoils of the chase, they would be adapted in a rude age to many uses for which the devices of modern ingenuity and civilization have found other substitutes. Among the rude savages of the South Sea Islands, as well as among the Kamschatkians and Esquimaux, the bones and horns of many animals are turned to account in the construction of their weapons and implements; and we frequently find among the contents of early British tumuli, evidence that our own barbarian ancestry applied them to the same useful purposes.

It was not, however, for objects essentially useful only, but also for the instruments used in games of chance and skill, that the bones of animals were found applicable by our rude forefathers. In Herr Warsaac's comparison of the "Antiquities of Ireland and Denmark," in the third volume of the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, he refers to ancient draftsman of bone, of a hemispherical shape, and with a hole in the flat bottom, which frequently occurs in considerable quantities in Norwegian tumuli, and are also occasionally found in Ireland. They are believed to have formed the implements of gaming among the roving Norsemen, their form being designed to admit of their use on ship-board, so that they might not be liable to misplacement by the rolling of the vessel.

Many allusions of our early dramatists also suffice to show that such games as nine-pins, loggats, skittles, and the like, were originally played with bones. The name of skittles is evidently derived, like the older term *kayles*, or *kayle-pins*, from the French *quille*, a pin. And to the latter game—of which Strutt gives an illustration, somewhat oddly derived from a misapprehension of the fourteenth century—the more modern nine-pins are obviously traceable. Several of these games are enumerated in early English statutes against gaming, particularly in more than one of Henry the Eighth. And a game called *closh*, which appears to have been nearly identical with nine-pins, is specified in a similar statute so early as the reign of Edward the Fourth.

"Loggats," says Sir Thomas Hanmer, one of the early editors of Shakspeare, "is the ancient name of a play or game, which is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the 33d statute of Henry the Eighth; it is the same which is now called kittle-pins, in which the boys often make use of bones instead of wooden pins, throwing at them another bone, instead of bowling."

In a rare old play of Queen Elizabeth's reign, entitled "The longer thou livest the more fool thou art," a dunce is introduced, who boasts of his skill

"At skates, and the playing with a sheep's joyns."

So, too, in the well-known scene with the gravedigger, in Hamlet:

"That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see it. Did these bones cost no more the breeding than to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't!"

These allusions place beyond doubt the use of bones in these popular games of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and so, too, we find a later dramatic writer of Charles Second's reign, in a play called "The Merry Milkmaid of Islington," making one of his characters address another thus:

"I'll cleave you from the skull to the twist, and make nine-skittles of your bones!"

These latter illustrations may perhaps be considered as having a very slight connection with the subject of ancient bone-skates. They suffice, however, to show to how many uses, which have since been lost sight of, the waste articles of the chase, and of the kitchen, were applied in early, and even in comparatively recent times.—[Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.]

Incidents of Cruelty.

PAPAL PALACE AT AVIGNON.—I started one fine morning, in company with a friend, to visit the palace of the popes. The site is upon a commanding platform of rock overlooking the rest of the town. In the spirit of the age of its erection the heavy pile that frowns upon you as you approach seem to combine in one group the purposes of a palace, a fortress, a church, and a prison. Running out as from a wing of its fortifications are still the crumbling arches of a private bridge across the river, and a secret passage is said formerly to have led to the castle on the opposite shore. The gloomy old palace, with its immense thick walls, is now occupied as a barrack, and the soldiers were burnishing their arms, and amusing themselves in its halls, as if they cared little who had been its former occupants. Priests, and a solitary worshiper or two, were chanting their services in the dimly-lighted cathedral. The exterior rudeness of the architecture of the whole seemed indicative of the decline of the arts at that period, and beyond its rich associations there was little of interest.

Presently we were shown a lofty square tower, with black stains plainly visible upon its inner surface. In the frenzy of the Revolution, some sixty persons, men, women, and priests, dying and dead, were hurled from the top of this tower, and buried in quicklime, and the splash of their blood against the walls had produced the ineffaceable stains upon which we had gazed. Yet this was the work of political fanatics, goaded on by the oppression of centuries—of men who openly professed themselves enemies to Christianity. But we were soon among the memorials of a cruelty diabolical in its deliberateness, and perpetrated in the name of religion herself. We were in the prisons of the Inquisition. There were the narrow, dark, stone cells, where the prisoners were first left for forty-eight hours, to shake their fortitude; there was the place of the sittings of the terrible tribunal; and there were the contrivances to hear the agonized sufferer's whispers as evidence against him. Could the cold stones which we touched have related all they had witnessed of the deeds of men more obdurate than they—could they have given a sum total of the tears, the prayers, the groans, and the blood that had there been expended, it would, doubtless, have been an appalling revelation. But without this they were sad indications enough. Strange feelings came over me as I stood in the room of torture. It was constructed so as to stifle the sound of the victim's cries. There was still the place of the lacerating stake over which he was suspended, and the furnace in the wall to heat the torturing-irons. Man had dared to prescribe the relation which should exist between his brother and his God, and consummated the wrong by shedding his blood; and all this had been done in the name of Him who taught his disciples to love even their enemies, and who sojourned on earth but to heal and to bless! Surely the followers even of the faith thus abused must rejoice that these are but things of the past, and that we live in a happier day.—[Dr. Corson's Loiterings in Europe.]

Choice Miscellany.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

WHERE hath the Spirit of Peace his home?
Loves he o'er earth or ocean to roam?

He dwells in the deep sequestered glade,
Where the lover's step hath a footpath made;
He lurks in the bowers where birds have sung.
To their fluttering mates when the day was young;
By the river's pool 'neath the waterfall,
Where the rock-sprung trees have formed a pall,
Solemn and dark, o'er the depth below,
As best befits its majestic flow;
Where the hidden wild flowers scent the air—
Be sure the Spirit of Peace is there.

By the summer's sea he loves to dwell,
And to note its crisped billows swell;
Or to list to the music ocean makes
When his wave the cavern's echoes wakes;
Or to mark each ship go proudly by,
Like a sea king in his panoply;
Or to reckon the snowy skiffs that swim,
Like ocean birds far off and dim,
Where the calm sea blends with the calmer air—
The Spirit of Peace be sure is there.

In the Highland vale, where the lake lies low,
Encircled by hills of lasting snow;
Where the streams that gladden the valley creep,
Murmuring through channels dark and deep;
Where the red deer stares from the forest forth,
Ere he bounds away to the trackless north;
Where primeval life, with eager gaze,
Looks out on the stranger who treads its ways;
Where the fond enthusiast loves to roam—
There, there hath the Spirit of Peace his home.

In the woods at eve, when the birds are still,
And naught is heard but the tiny rill,
Which noon and night makes music sweet,
As it leaps its brother rill to meet;
Where naught is seen by the straining eye,
But the trees like specters standing by—
I have met with the woodman's lowly cot
Where I thought that the home of man was not;
I have heard his evening praise and prayer,
And I felt that the Spirit of Peace was there.

When the country lies in Sabbath rest,
And the fields are in golden beauty drest;
When the church-bell's notes o'er the valley come,
Like the voice of a father inviting home;
When the aged man is thoughtful seen,
Where the graves of his early friends lie green,
Round the village church in many a heap,
Each with its tenant in slumber deep—
To that humble church in hope repair,
And the Spirit of Peace shall meet you there.

ANCIENT TYRE.

We parted from Kanta an hour before day-break, and ascended several barren and rocky hills, stretching into the sea. From the summit of the last and most elevated of these ascents, Tyre is beheld, appearing at the extremity of a vast and barren elevation. Between the sea and the heights of Lebanon, which here rapidly diminish, extends a naked barren plain of about twenty miles in length, and four or five in breadth, of a yellow tint, covered only with thorny shrubs, browsed by the camels of the caravan on their passage. Tyre is built on a peninsula stretching into the sea, and connected with the continent by a narrow neck of land covered with a golden sand, wafted by the wind from Egypt. This city, at present called Sour, by the Arabs, is situated at the farthest extremity of the above-mentioned peninsula, and seems to rise out of the waves. At a distance, you would still imagine it to be a new, beautiful, white and animated city; but it is nothing more than a fine shadow, which vanishes on approaching it. A few hundreds falling houses in which the Arabs fold large flocks of sheep, and black goats, with hanging ears, which defiled before us on the plain, are all that remain of Tyre! She has no longer a port on the sea, no longer roads upon land; the prophecies respecting her have been long since accomplished.

We traveled on in silence, occupied by the thoughts of this desolation, and of the dust of an empire which we trod under our feet. Passing along the paths between the ruins and the

gray and naked hills of Lebanon, which here descend to the plain, we arrived at the city, now flanked by a sandbank, which seems its only existing rampart, but which will doubtless ere long, bury the town under its mass. I thought of the prophecies, and endeavored to bring to my recollection some of those eloquent warnings with which the Divine Spirit inspired Ezekiel. I could not recall the words, but I discovered the meaning in the deplorable waste before my eyes.

I had now before me the "black" Lebanon; but I said to myself, my imagination has deceived me; I see neither the eagles nor the vultures which, according to the prophecies, were to descend unceasingly from the mountains to despoil even the remains of the city, accursed of God, and the enemy of his people. At the moment I made these reflections, something huge, grotesque, and motionless, appeared at our left on the summit of a pointed rock, which advanced into the plain not far distant, close to the route of the caravans; it looked to me like five statues of black stone, placed on the rock as on a pedestal; but from certain motions, almost imperceptible, of these colossal figures, we fancied, on approaching nearer, that they were five Bedouin Arabs clothed in their sacks of black goat's hair, who were looking at us as we passed.

When, however, we came at a distance of fifty paces from the rock, we saw one of the five figures display an immense pair of wings, which flapped with a noise resembling that of a sail shaking in the breeze, and it now became clear that the figures were those of five eagles, of the largest kind I have ever seen in the Alps or menageries of our cities. They did not take flight, but remained unmoved at our approach. Seated like kings of the desert, they seemed to regard Tyre as their proper prey. I could not cease from contemplating this prophecy in action—this wonderful fulfilment of the Divine menaces, of which chance had rendered us witnesses. Never had anything more supernatural struck my eyes or riveted my mind; and it required an effort of reason, not to see behind these five gigantic eagles, the great and terrible figure of the poet of vengeance—of Ezekiel—rising above them, and pointing out to them, with eye and hand, the city which God had given to them for a prey.

I now found that my poetical imagination had exhibited to me the eagles of Tyre less faithfully, less impressively, less supernaturally than the fact warranted.

We arrived at noon, after a march of seven hours, in the midst of the plain of Tyre, at a place called the wells of Solomon. All travelers have described these wells; they consist of three reservoirs of limpid, running water, which issue, as it were, by enchantment, from a low, dry, and barren soil, at the distance of two miles from Tyre. Each of these reservoirs, raised artificially about twenty feet above the level of the plain, is full to the brim, and is indeed continually running over. The excess of the fluid is employed to turn the wheels of mills, and the water is conveyed to Tyre by aqueducts, half ancient, half modern, which have a beautiful effect, seen on the horizon. It is said that Solomon ordered these wells to be made, to recompense Tyre and its King Hiram for the services he had received from that monarch's navy and its artists, during the building of the Temple.

These immense wells are each from seventy to eighty feet in circumference; their depth is unknown, and indeed is said to be bottomless. No one has ever been able to learn by what mysterious channels the waters from the mountains arrive, and there is at least every reason to believe that they are immense Artesian wells, constructed thousands of years before their discovery by the moderns.—[Lamartine's Pilgrimage.

A GENTLEMAN.—There have been various definitions of "a gentleman," but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a fair girl in New York the other day. "A gentleman," said she, "is a human being, combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage." But perhaps this is a still truer definition of a *poet*.

CAVERN AT TREBICH.

An interesting discovery has recently been made in the neighborhood of Trieste, which promises great benefits for that city, where a supply of pure running water has long been a desideratum. The district is composed geologically of sandstone and slate, and what is called *karst*, or white limestone. The latter is very porous, and full of holes of all dimensions, and is in some places a thousand feet thick. The running streams which traverse the sandstone are thus swallowed up as soon as they reach the limestone district near the coast. Various circumstances led to the conclusion that the holes widened below into large caverns which might contain water, and several of them were examined but without success. "At length," to quote from the Journal of the Geological Society, "an opening of no great width, but sinking perpendicularly into the ground, was discovered at Trebich, about a league northeast from Trieste, which was followed out with great perseverance. The fissure sometimes expanded into a wide cavern, sometimes contracted to a rent of scarce a finger's breadth, and requiring great labor in blowing up the rocks, to enable the workmen to proceed; but it never closed up entirely, and some opening, however small, always remained, keeping up the connection. Sometimes it separated into branches; but by always adhering to the one from which the current of air issued, a very considerable depth was soon attained without any great deviation from the direct course. Once, in a wide part of the opening, all trace of its continuation was lost, and many attempts to recover it, by blowing up the rock, had been made in vain, when the workman, Antony Arich, an intelligent miner from Carinthia, heard during the night a loud roaring and howling, and concluded that the water in the interior, rising suddenly in consequence of heavy rain, was forcing the air through some narrow opening, and thus discovered near the roof of the cave a small fissure, which again led in the right direction. At length, after eleven months' hard labor, Arich reached a very large and extensive grotto, 270 feet high, at the bottom of which, 1022 feet below the surface of the earth, and 62 feet above the sea-level, a considerable stream of running water was found. This lowest opening is still in the bituminous limestone of the karst, but contains, on a stair-like elevation, a considerable deposit of sand, produced by the destruction of the sandstone and slate, over which the river has run its course above ground. The water enters the grotto through a low vault; and flowing among the numerous large blocks which have fallen from the roof, expands into a long narrow lake, on which a small raft was formed to explore its further course, and is at length lost under a vault, which, descending below the surface of the water, put a stop to the investigation. During heavy rain, the water has been already seen to rise 240 feet; but to judge from an old float of a mill-wheel found in a higher part of the hole, it must sometimes attain a height of 300 feet above its usual level."

THE TOMB OF CHRIST.—Mr. James Fergusson, F. R. A. S., in an Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem, has shown that the tomb now pointed out as that of our Lord cannot be such, but was no doubt constructed in the Middle Ages, for the purpose of imposing on the credulity of the Pilgrims. The real tomb of our Lord, he states, was not, if we refer to the records of the Evangelists, or to the writings of Eusebius, artificially constructed, but was hewn out of the solid rock. That exhibited as the sepulcher is composed of masonry, regularly laid in mortar, and raised above the ground, while the disciples are described as *looking down* in it. Mr. Fergusson further maintains, that the building now called the Mosque of Omar, must be the original Byzantine Church of the Holy Sepulcher, with some Saracenic additions, that was erected by Constantine; and he shows that the cave, which occupies the spot immediately under the Dome, answers precisely to every description given of the true sepulcher.

Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1849.

CHARLES H. HARRISON, who has been acting as our Agent, having made no returns to us, and being, as we are informed, unworthy of such trust, we deem it necessary to caution all against paying him any subscriptions on account of the Gazette and Golden Rule. His former character having been good, we forbear further remarks at this time.

DIXTERS.—We have received a small supply of this valuable work, and are now ready to fill orders, which must invariably be accompanied by a remittance. Price 37½ cts. each.

REMITTANCES.—We hope our friends will bear in mind that the approaching celebration will afford great facilities for the settlement of accounts, and that none will fail to remember us, in the form of a remittance, by any brother who may visit New-York.

A WORD FOR OUR FAIR READERS.—WOMAN'S WRONGS.

It is certainly singular that the profession and practice of the stronger sex with regard to woman, should be so grossly inconsistent. Men, every where and always, have professed to love woman—to revere her as a kind of divinity, as indeed she is, and to recognize her claims to love, respect and support. All literature celebrates her perfections, her beauty and her superiority. The Beatrices, the Lauras, and others, have inspired the noblest and divinest poems ever produced by human genius. Not a romance is written, not a word of poetry is uttered, not a speech is delivered, but proclaims in some sort, the worship of woman.

This all proves that woman *does* shed a divine radiance over all of life. The tones of her voice echo through man's heart more sweetly than the softest organ strain. The sound of her footsteps is more musical than the Orphic lyre, and her words of love work more wondrous miracles. Without the light of her eyes, the world would be dark and wretched. Her redeeming and elevating influence has been felt by society since the beginning! and without that influence society would have been an infinite desolation! The refined and delicate, the sweet and agreeable socialities, the elegant proprieties that throw such a charm over all society, would have been entirely unknown.

Such is woman! Such is she recognized, in literature, history and art! Such, in a word, do all acknowledge her to be.

Is it not strange, then, that society, which owes her so much, which proclaims her its idol, should, by its customs, and by the operation of its laws, subject her to so many inconveniences, and inflict upon her so many wrongs? Look through this great city, and see the thousands and tens of thousands of heart-broken and hard-working females, crushed to the very earth—the victims of terrible wrong! But to say nothing of that class, so numerous in all great cities, who gain a scanty subsistence by "sewing," we see how unequally the law bears upon man and woman in another condition.

Here is an energetic and industrious woman, with several children to support, for whom and herself she can provide with great ease. But she is cursed with a miserable husband, who cares for nothing but his vicious companions, and their drunken revels. He provides nothing for his family—spends all that his wife can earn, and begs her and her children. And the law gives him the power to do this! He is her master—she is his slave! Accursed law! There are thousands of families in this city cast into the deepest abyss of misery, which, were it not for the oppressive exactions of drunken and spendthrift husbands, would

live respectably and happy. Hundreds and thousands of these oppressed women take boarders, and with the aid of friends, get along for a time prosperously, but soon the miserable husband, armed with the authority of the law, manages to rob them of all their hard earnings.

We are exceedingly happy to see that some States have enacted laws which do better justice to woman. In New Hampshire, for example, she is protected from the exactions of a dissolute husband, and has guaranteed to her all the rights of a human being. We sincerely hope the time will come, when woman will everywhere find, in the law, a sure protection—when all the wrongs and inconveniences to which she is subjected will disappear, and when there will be some consistency between our professions of respect and love, and our real practice toward her.

We might, were we disposed, enumerate and particularize many cases where the existing laws and customs of society weigh like a blighting curse upon the whole female sex. But it is not necessary. Every one recognizes the worth of woman, and is ready to do her homage; and it is not unreasonable to hope, that something of this respect will at length descend into our laws, and do justice to the sex. Every sentiment of honor, and justice, and love, ay, and of gratitude, demand it.

A NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.—PUTNAM LODGE.

On Tuesday evening of last week we visited West Farms, a quiet and rural little village, which lies one mile from the Harlem rail-road, and about twelve miles from this city. We made this visit by the invitation of Putnam Lodge, which is located at this place, and which, on this occasion, had in their elegant and beautiful Lodge Room, public exercises—lecture, music, etc. The audience was very respectable and intelligent, and listened to the address with much attention. The ladies—always excellent Odd-Fellows—appeared to be very much interested. Among them we noticed a large number of noble and intelligent countenances. We observed also, in the hall, Mrs. W—, of this city, a lady of rare beauty and intelligence, with a soul full of music, poetry and sentiment.

The Odd-Fellows of West Farms deserve much praise. There is not a better Lodge in the country—not one which is in a more healthy condition, or which is better instructed in the business of Odd-Fellowship. We wish it prosperity and health.

After the lecture, we rode over to Fordham, that we might take the early train down in the morning. And a charming ride we had. The clouds, which had partially obscured the sky in the early part of the evening, broke away—the clear stars came out, and greeted us with their brilliancy, and the moon, stepping forth from her temple of amber clouds, marched in queenly splendor up the sky, baptizing the surrounding hills and valleys in an ocean of silvery radiance. We know of nothing more charming than a ride in the country by moonlight.

At Fordham we were hospitably lodged at the comfortable hotel of Mr. Berrien. The place of repose assigned us, was so situated that we could look out through the window, and enjoy at the same time a view of both sky and earth—the landscape above and below. The moon was our *compagnon de nuit*. But as our meditations were more interesting to ourself than it is possible for them to be to others, we shall suppress them; barely saying that we at length went to sleep, with these words of the gifted author of Festus on our lips:

"I have looked at thee, Moon, with a glance,
As in triumphing coldness is given,
And felt, as I saw thee all lonely advance,
There was something, was lonely in heaven!
I have looked at thee, Moon, as I lay
In thy cold and saddening brightness,
And rejoiced, as high heaven rolled shining away,
That the heart hath its desolate lightness!"

THE REAL DANGER OF OUR ORDER.

The intelligence we receive from all parts of the country, represents the Order as exceedingly prosperous. New Lodges are established every day, and what is better, the principles of the Association are every day more understood, and more truly appreciated. The Institution has become a vast power, and its influence reaches to hundreds of thousands of our citizens.

The opposition with which the Order has had to contend, is well nigh overcome; and in many places has ceased altogether. We have now nothing to fear but ourselves. If we allow elements of disunion to ferment in the bosom of our Fraternity, it will not be long ere we burst into a thousand fragments.

We fear there are too many restless spirits among us already. We should be exceedingly cautious how we admit men who have been known to be violent opposers, until they found that their business, their worldly interests would be advanced by a connection with the Order. Against all such we should close the doors of our Lodges. None but the honest, the benevolent, the virtuous, should come into the Order. We repeat, then, our chief danger lies within our Association.

A few years more, and the Order of Odd-Fellows will arrive at its period of trial. When all the enthusiasm of novelty shall have subsided, and the youthful spirit which now animates it, and fills it with zeal, has become sobered by age; and selfishness will no longer be able to take advantage of that zeal for its own purposes, and when all its honors and dignities shall have been exhausted, we shall know who are really for us, and who against us—who have followed the Order for the love of it, and who for the loaves and fishes.

We have large hope, but verily believe a time is near at hand which will sift us "as wheat"—when many that are now of us, and apparently lovers of the Order, and the loudest in proclaiming it, will become its bitterest opposers, and calumniators.

Let the true friends of the Order be faithful, and stand at their posts. Our cause is a holy one, and will advance, brightening more and more through the ages. Opposition from without may retard it, and iniquity within may obscure it, but cannot destroy it. Its mighty voice will still be heard above the storm and strife, "I command you to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed, to educate the orphan, and bury the dead."

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

We copy the following from Mad. George Sand's remarkable work, entitled *The Countess of Rudolstadt*. The extracts below are well worth being read, especially by Odd-Fellows, as they contain a most philosophic exposition of the principle of all secret societies. To understand clearly what follows, the reader should bear in mind that it is the instruction or counsel given to the Neophyte, previous to initiation:

"Now we are about to instruct you in your duties toward God and toward us. Learn therefore, beforehand, the three words which are the secret of our mysteries, and which are only revealed to most of our affiliated with so many delays and precautions. You have no need of a long apprenticeship; and yet you will require some reflection to understand their whole extent. *Liberty, Fraternity, Equality*; this is the mysterious and profound formula of the work of the Invisibles."

"Is that, in fact, all the mystery?"
"It does not seem to you to be one; but examine the state of societies and you will see that, to men accustomed to be governed by despotism, inequality, antagonism, it is an entire education, an entire conversion, a whole revelation, to come to understand clearly the human possibility, the social necessity, and the moral self-denial of this triple precept: *Liberty, Fraternity, Equality*. The small number of upright minds and pure hearts, who protest naturally against the injustice and the dis-

order of tyranny, seize the secret doctrine at the first step. Their progress in it is rapid, for with them it is only requisite to teach them the processes of application, which we have discovered. But for the greater number with the people of the world, the courtiers and the powerful, imagine what precaution and discretion are necessary before submitting to their examination the sacred formula of the external work; it is necessary to surround it with symbols and evasions; it is necessary to persuade them that it refers only to a fictitious liberty, confined to the exercise of individual thought, or a relative equality, extended only to the members of the association, and practicable only in its secret and benevolent assemblies; in fine, to a romantic brotherhood agreed upon between a certain number of persons, and limited to temporary services, to some good works, to mutual assistance. For these slaves of custom and prejudice, our mysteries are only the statutes of heroic orders, renewed from ancient chivalry, and offering no attack upon constituted powers, no remedy to the miseries of the people. For them we have only insignificant grades, degrees of frivolous science or of hackneyed antiquity, a series of institutions, exciting their curiosity without enlightening their minds. They believe they know every thing, and they know nothing."

"Of what use are they?" said Consuelo, who listened attentively.

"To protect the exercise and freedom of labor of those who do understand and know," replied the initiator; "this will be explained to you. Listen first to what we expect from you.

"Europe—Germany and France especially—is filled with secret societies, subterranean laboratories in which is being prepared a great revolution, of which Germany or France will be the crater. We have the key, and we endeavor to have the direction of all these associations, without the knowledge of the greater part of their members, and without any one of them having knowledge of our connection with others. Although our object has not yet been attained, we have succeeded in placing our foot every where, and the most eminent among the different associates are with us, and second our efforts. We will procure for you an admission into all those holy sanctuaries, into all those profane temples: for corruption and frivolity have likewise built their cities: and in some, vice and virtue labor in the same work of destruction, without the evil understanding its association with the good. Such is the law of conspiracies. You will know the secret of the Free-Masons, a great brotherhood, which, under the most varied forms, and with the most different ideas, labors to organize the practice, and to spread the notion of equality. You will receive all the degrees of all the rites, we shall give you all the insignia, all the titles, all the formulas necessary for the relations which we shall cause you to establish with the Lodges, and for the negotiations with them which we shall entrust to you; and your profession, your traveling life, your talents, your youth and your virtues, your courage, your uprightness and your discretion, fit you for that part, and give us the necessary guaranties. Your past life, the smallest details of which we know, is a sufficient pledge to us. You have voluntarily undergone more trials than the masonic mysteries could invent, and you have come out from them stronger, and more victorious than their adepts, from the vain forms intended to try their constancy. From this moment we must put you on your guard against the principal disgust attached to your mission. The lower grades of the secret societies, and especially of Masonry, are almost insignificant in our eyes, and serve us only to try the instincts and the dispositions of the candidates. The greater part never pass those first degrees, in which, as I have already said, vain ceremonies amuse their frivolous curiosity. In the following grades are admitted only persons who give us hopes, and yet these are still kept a distance from the end; they are examined, they are tried, their souls are probed, they are prepared for a more complete initiation, or they are given up to an interpretation which they could not pass without danger to the cause, and to themselves. That is still only a nursery, from which we choose the strong plant, destined to be transplanted into the sacred forest. To the highest grades alone belong the important revelations, and it is by them that you will enter upon the career. But the part of *master* imposes many duties, and there ceases the charm of curiosity, the intoxication of mystery, the illusion of hope. You have no longer to learn, in the midst of enthusiasm and emotion, that law which transforms the neophyte into an apostle, the novice into a priestess. You have to practice it in instructing others, and in seeking to recruit among the clean in heart and the poor in spirit, Levites for the sanctuary. It is there, poor Consuelo, that you will know the bitterness of hopes deceived, and

the hard labors of perseverance, when you shall see, among so many greedy, curious, and boasting seekers after truth, so few serious, firm and sincere minds, so few souls worthy of receiving and capable of understanding it. For hundreds of children full of vanity at employing the formulas of equality, and affecting its appearance, you will hardly find one man penetrated with their importance and courageous in their interpretation. You will be obliged to speak to them in enigmas, and to make to yourself a sad jest in deceiving them respecting the fundamentals of the doctrine. The greater part of the princes whom we enroll under our banner, are in this situation; and adorned with vain Masonic titles, which amuse their foolish pride, serve only to guarantee to us the liberty of our movements, and the tolerance of the police. Some, nevertheless, are sincere, or have been so. Frederick, surnamed the Great, and certainly capable of being great, was received as a Free-Mason before he was king, and at that time liberty spoke to his heart, equality to his reason. Still, we surrounded his initiation with skillful and prudent men, who did not reveal to him the secrets of the doctrine. How we should have repented had they done so! We do not allow ourselves to be deceived; we permit these wearied masters, these dangerous friends, to sit upon the thrones of our symbolic temples. They think themselves the pontiff; they imagine they hold the key of the sacred mysteries, as formerly the chief of the holy empire, fictitiously chosen grand master of the secret tribunal, was persuaded that he commanded the terrible army of the franc-judges, masters of his power, of his designs, and of his life. But while they believe themselves our generals, they serve us as lieutenants; and never before the fatal day marked for their fall in the book of destiny, will they know that they assisted us to labor against themselves."

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

THE late news by the steamer America is highly important and interesting, and our prediction of universal war is fast being verified. Germany is terribly agitated by contending interests—Austria and Prussia both contending for the imperial throne; while in Italy and Hungary the war rages with unabated vigor. The Hungarians are yet successful in their resistance to the Austrians.

France has concluded to interfere in behalf of the Pope. This is an important step, and will lead to important results; and although at first view, it seems strange that a republic, as France professes to be, having just escaped from monarchical rule, should march forth to suppress a sister republic, and re-establish a prince on his throne, there is room to believe that the sentiment of republicanism will not, in the end, be the loser thereby. No one believes, or can believe, that the French government will restore the Papal rule without modification. And if the Pope returns, it will be seen that liberty has still made immense advances. Before, therefore, we judge France harshly for engaging in this struggle in behalf of Pius IX against the Roman Republic, we should wait for results.

In Sicily the struggle has commenced with dreadful ferocity, and a desperate battle took place on Good Friday between the Neapolitan and the Swiss troops and the people of Catania, which continued all night, and ended in the defeat of the Catanians. A great number of them were killed, and the city was afterward sacked and plundered.

The terror caused by this defeat has brought the city of Syracuse to surrender without resort to arms.

But beside wars and rumors of wars, and the political and social dissensions that now disturb the tranquillity and repose of Europe, the cholera is appearing at various points. In Paris great numbers have become its victims. It knows no distinction of persons—it strikes equally the high and low, the rich and poor. Up to the 19th ult., one thousand and twenty-two had died at Paris, of this awful disease.

In Ireland there is nothing but misery, vice and starvation; and in England all is anxiety. Alas! for poor old Europe.

THE CROPS in all parts of the country look remarkably well, and promise abundantly.

LACONICS.

CONTENTMENT.—I know contentment is denied to many, for it comprehends a life of *passiveness*. To act, to struggle for an object, or to weep because such may not be obtained, is "inherent."

SOLITUDE.—One cannot be happy alone—the dream of retirement from social life is, at best, but a pleasing fancy, which serves to cover up the reality of gloom and desolation, that are the legitimate offspring of an isolated existence.

LIFE.—Thou hast entered life, and cannot be exempt from difficulties, many and painful, perhaps. Pleasure and pain go hand in hand through life. Since then, we may not avoid, it were better to nerve the mind to meet the ills of life, and with open arms embrace all pleasures as they pass. To quote a beautiful simile: "Trials in life are to the mind as rocks in the bosom of the waters." Brighter, and purer, does the stream fall which passes over a rocky bed, than when on clayey bottom it quietly glides along, without unevenness enough to cause a ripple.

THE IDEAL.—Is it *idle* to waste time and thoughts in reveries? Will converse with the *ideal world* unfit the mind to enter upon life's sterner duties? No! Such oftentimes, on the contrary, give moments of great happiness. The pleasure which waking dreams shed upon the heart, so far from rendering the *real* in life more *tame*, induces contentment, by making us readily pass over, and regard as petty annoyances, the discomfort we may experience; while imagination, ever seeking the solid basis of truth to rest upon, magnifies our every pleasure, and so invests with many an additional charm, the joys that fall to our lot.

MEMORY.—Memory would play a very traitor's part, if she should treasure up the ills we meet with upon one day of life, to cloud all others with a dark remembrance.

POETRY.—They speak of *poetry* as a *gift* from the divine hand. Oh! no! It is but the drapery with which an impassioned heart, alive to beauty and exalted sentiment, decks its thoughts.

The appreciation of the soul, of beauty, goodness, and the thousand harmonies of nature, is in truth the fountain-head of all poetic inspiration. When sorrow, care, distrust, or any evil passion has thrown a cloud upon the soul's own brightness, song is hushed; or if 'tis heard, it comes mingled with the wail of mourning—it speaks not the heavenly strains of joy, echoes of the universal anthem of nature, but tones of disappointment, of wretchedness and woe.

REALITY.—The very rainbow hues of fancy that have so oft delighted many hours of revery, will concentrate themselves upon a phantom, 'till so life-like it becomes, it can deceive even clear-eyed reason. But, as in nature, it needs no hurricane to dissipate the clouds, however densely gathered. So with the gathered mists of fancy—it needs no storm of passion, but time, time alone is necessary to dispel illusions, and show their foundation is nothingness. Then all those hopes so brightly beautiful, that rested on illusion for a basis, must wither. How many such joyless lessons the heart must be taught ere it will learn to value everything by the just measure of *reality*.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.—This excellent paper is the organ of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, and contains, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, accounts of Celebrations, &c. Its Literary department is filled with choice Original and Popular Tales, Miscellany, Poetry, Sketches of Travel, &c. It is worthy the support of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published by Crampton and Clark, 44 Ann-street, New York, and edited by Augustus C. L. Arnold. Terms, \$2 a year, in advance.

So says the Norwich Republican, an excellent paper, published at Norwich, N. Y. You do us no more than justice, brother. We shall ever aim to make our journal worthy of the cause it advocates.

LETTER FROM A GOLD-HUNTER.

RIO JANEIRO, Brazil, March 7, 1949.

"LAND, HO!" was the joyful exclamation from the look-out, as, early on the morning of the 3d, the distant mountains of Brazil, with Cape Frio on the starboard beam, loomed in the far-off haze, at the distance of sixty miles. The most pleasurable excitement spread itself among us at the welcome intelligence, which only the novice, first fifty days out sight of land, can fully appreciate. This was on Saturday, and we anticipated being able to anchor by the next morning at farthest; but the wind fell, and all that day and Sunday we beat and drifted within view of the coast, experiencing some degree of the bitterness of "hope deferred."

A light breeze on Sunday toward evening carried us within fifteen miles of the city; but as there is a land breeze every afternoon from the mouth of the harbor, and night coming on, we had to lay off all night. The line of coast for thirty or forty miles was in full view, consisting of innumerable mountain peaks, from one to ten thousand feet in height, in most fanciful and beautiful forms; among which the Peak of Cacavado, and the Sugar Loaf, stand pre-eminent as landmarks to inward bound ships. This last peak rises almost perpendicularly from the water, at the left entrance to the harbor, and is 1,800 feet in height. At the distance of ten or fifteen miles, the mountain range presents a remarkable aspect, being that of an enormous human figure, miles in length, lying upon his back, and known as "The Giant of the Bar." The head, face, and chin are almost perfect in outline, as also are the arms folded upon the breast. The Sugar Loaf Peak forms the toes or point of the feet, and completes the figure; so you may judge of the height and proportions of a body that justifies so big a foot. Many of these mountains are at a considerable distance inland, and stand far apart from each other, but which, seen at sea, form a *tout ensemble* that fails not to strike all strangers, as well as to be a conspicuous guide to mariners.

At about ten o'clock on Sunday evening, the 4th inst., we had the pleasure of a long "talk" with the ship South Carolina, which left New-York ten days later. She had been in sight all day; and till evening, in one of our tacks in opposite directions, the winds light, we had not been able to make each other out. The occasion was a pleasant one to both ships, and the eagerness for "news" exceeded any thing you can well conceive of. We gave her nine hearty cheers on parting for the night, which were returned with spirit.

On the morning of the fifth, we found ourselves drifted fifteen miles out to sea, in a calm, and lay tossing about till noon, when the sea breeze wafted us slowly into port. The entrance to the harbor is a mile in width, the Sugar Loaf on the left, and Fort Santa Cruz on the right. Vessels are hailed at the Fort before being allowed to enter, but no detention takes place. At last the anchor was dropped, the health and custom-house officers came on board—and then all was bustle for the shore. It was two miles from our anchorage to the dock or landing place; but swarms of boats and feluccas came off, and all were safely landed before dark.

We found the town already well-filled with Americans, bound to California, and the addition of three hundred more created no little bustle among the hotel keepers, and their capacity for accommodations was tested to the utmost. These failing, private houses, store lofts, and every other place where a mattress could be spread, were put in requisition, before all were safely stowed. It being Inauguration Day, we found arrangements had been made by the passengers in port for a grand dinner in honor of the occasion, in which we were just in season to participate. Separated, as we were, thousands of miles from "our own, our native land," you may imagine the spirit manifested by the company, in thus celebrating on a foreign shore the induction into office of a new President. The hilarity was kept up till the small hours of the

morning, and I venture to say nothing of the kind has ever before been witnessed in Rio. The "hurrahs" were soul-stirring, and the toasts and speeches patriotic and pithy. It was a joyful re-union to all the Americans in Rio, which will long be remembered.

I have been two days in the city, busily engaged in sight-seeing, and I will jot down in future letters my impressions of the city and the people. I am to visit the Botanical Gardens, seven miles out of the city, the most lovely and attractive place to strangers that is to be found in this vicinity, of which you shall have a description.

Adieu.

J. W.

P. S. The ship Architect, from New Orleans, is said to have had six deaths from cholera since sailing, but no new case for the last thirty days. The Christoval Colon was several hours on her beam ends during a violent gale, which she encountered a few days out. She will be detained six weeks for repairs. There are now a dozen vessels in port, one from Philadelphia, the brig Osceola.

SOMETHING FOR YOUNG LADIES.

We expect that by a study of this Floral Vocabulary, some one of fair readers will be able, in a few weeks, to send us a letter in the language of flowers:

Flowers are the alphabet of all angels—whereby
They write on hills and fields mysterious truths.

Amiability—White Jessamine.
Ardor—Common Broom.
Audacity—Larch.
Austerity—Thistle.
A Heart Ignorant of Love—A white rose bud.
A Young Girl—A rose bud. (A rose still in the bud.)
Beauty—A Rose.
Belief—Passion Flower.
Boldness—Pine.
Brilliancy—Cactus Speciosa.
Candor—White Violet.
Capricious Beauty—Musk Rose.
Chastity—Orange Flowers.
Childishness—China Pink.
Declaration of Love—Tulip.
Desire—Jonquil.
Despair—Marigold and Cypress, (Sorrow and Death.)
Delicacy—Blue Bottle.
Disdain—Yellow Carnation.
Elegance—Rose Acacia.
Esteem—Sage.
Forever Fair—Monthly Rose.
Foresight—Holly.
Fleeting Beauty—Withered Rose.
First Emotions of Love—Lilac.
Friendship—Ivy.
Gallantry—A nosegay is always proof of an amiable and delicate attention.
Grace—Damask Rose.
Grief—Mint.
Happiness—Mugwort or St. Johnswort.
Hate—Basil.
Hidden Merit—Coriander.
Hope—Hawthorn.
Humility—Field Lily.
I Love You—Heliotrope.
I Partake of Your Sentiments—Double Daisy.
Infidelity—Yellow Rose.
Innocence—Daisy.
Love—Myrtle.
Modesty—Violet and Sensitive Plant.
Mourning—Cypress.
Pain—Marigold.
Perfection—Strawberry.
Preference—Apple Blossom and Rose Geranium.
Pride—Amaryllis.
Return of Happiness—Lily.
Rupture—Broken Straw.
Silence—White Rose.
Simplicity—A Single Rose.
Sincerity—Fern.
Stoicism—Box.
Stupidity—Scarlet Geranium.
Ties of Love—Honeysuckle.
Voluptuous Love—A Moss Rose.
Violent Love—A White and Red Rose.
You are my Divinity—American Cowslip.
You are Perfect—Pine Apple.
Your Looks Freeze Me—Ice Plant.
Your Qualities Surpass Your Charms—Mignonne.
Youth—White Lilac.

A SKETCH-ESSAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY A CLAIRE VOYANTE.

By one of those seemingly fortuitous circumstances, which attract us into certain places, without any direct operation of the will, my mind was led to a densely peopled court of this city. An antique looking brick house, which had fallen into such neglect as to have become the desecrated dwelling of the poor, arrested my attention, and I felt a strong disposition to enter. I had long thought that these places of human life are not sufficiently studied; and here was an opportunity. There is something so revolting in the filth, the squalor, the abject wretchedness, the loathsomeness, vice and misery, of the semi-human beings, commonly found in such places, that good taste falls back in disgust, when good feeling prompts us to go on. But for the present I was more fortunate than to find the lowest grades of human condition, though none other than signs of poverty met the eye.

Two rooms on the first floor were leased by John Avery, journeyman carpenter. A door of one of these rooms stood ajar, and I caught a view of a remarkably neat and pleasant-looking young woman, dandling a cherub infant on her knee. This apartment was quite free from litter and dust, and the furniture, though scanty, and of the plainest and cheapest kind, was yet arranged with no inconsiderable degree of taste. A fine and thrifty geranium, in full bloom, stood on the window; and the plain deal table really shone with the polish of its many scourings. A small, but well filled and nicely arranged case of books hung on one side of the room, all bearing the marks of frequent and kindly use; but none those of signs of neglect, carelessness, or *disguise*. In these small things there is much of character; and one accustomed to read it could tell very nearly what might be expected of any family, by a view of its library, whether small or great. And here let me add, that a few books in the house of a poor man, is stronger proof of intellectual taste and culture, than a thousand gilded volumes in the dwellings of the rich. In the one case we are sure that the love must be strong and positive, and indulged at the expense of self-denial in other things; that the books are the one luxury purchased by the sacrifice of many physical indulgences; while in the other, the fine library may have been bought and kept merely for show. The books would be chosen for the splendor of their covers, making part and parcel with the other fixtures of the establishment; and, like them, to be sold at auction when the gilding wears off. They would be reckoned in the same category with gilded china, damask silk curtains, cut glass and plate; nay, would be sacrificed for any of these, if the whole could not be obtained.

The picture was so pleasant that I could not go on without another look, before making a turn in the old-fashioned stairway. The young mother, in the exuberant fullness of life and strength, was tossing up her child; and, as I looked, she was holding it at arms-length over her head, murmuring all the while the low, sweet, broken words of love and endearment, which the infant of even a few weeks old can appreciate very truly. The little one, meanwhile, was laughing and crowing so sweetly, so cunningly, that it was clasped to her bosom in an ecstasy; and I saw a tear fall on its bright face.

How beautiful are these ordinances of nature! How clearly is the benevolence of God seen in the fact that our earliest and most susceptible years are nurtured amid such ministrations!

The hall was completely lined with cards, plates, and "signs" of human labor, of every substance and fashion. There was on one door, written in yellow chalk, "washing and ironing done here, and going out to days work." On another door a little beyond was a small japanned plate, announcing what would be quite paradoxical to country eyes:

"Stamper Court Cottage. Cake and small beer; with cigars, and a taste of ale." But I must forbear, since particulars would require something of a volume.

The second floor was occupied by some five or six families; and the third by twice that amount, as appeared by a slant view at the windows, as I went down. These appeared literally blooming with children's heads, of every size, and every hue, from the deep black locks of the Spanish to the saffron head of the German; while the Irish were represented by all the numerous shades, between the color of a well-ripened carrot, and the dingy white of water-rotted flax. But the bright wild eyes of these unconscious heirs of Promise, were looking out from the thick masses of their tangled hair, confidently and earnestly, as if the little creatures expected something better than they might ever find. Yet, withal, there was in some instances an expression of courage, of patient endurance, caught even thus early from the rough teachers of their sad condition, that seemed to say that they could bide their toil, whatever it should be—that they would take what was given with thankful hearts, and bless God that it was no worse. It was infinitely touching—infinately mournful!

Yet beautiful is this human trust—going forth with the first life of the young heart, to grasp with a loving hand all the softer elements of toil—dreaming not of the good and fair, which are its natural rights; and bowing down, in its meek endurance, embracing its bosom as if they were Blessings. They have no fear of Wrong, no doubt of Good, until taught, by bitter experience, that an unnatural Falsity has occupied the place of dethroned Truth.

When shall the world redeem this deep pledge of confidence, so that the man may, with safety, be as fully, as nobly confiding as the child? It can only be when the monster Juggernaut, the deified selfishness, shall be brought down from his high place, and the God of Love—the only true God—is left to fill his natural and rightful place, in every human heart. And is not that day approaching? Watchmen on the high walls, see ye not a token on the dawn glinting even athwart the depths of midnight blackness? Then be of good cheer, though darkness may gather about her, in robes of tenfold thickness. Right is still omnipotent, and Wrong can no more intercept her destined progress, than clouds can hinder the coming up of the sun, when the hour of rising is at hand. The eye of Faith looks not at, but through and over the mountain mass of difficulties, which every where obstruct and hinder the coming Good; and it sees that they are only permitted to be, in order to console a more excellent, because a positive triumph—a more signal—a perfect victory.

ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY AND READING ROOM, BROOKLYN.—This noble work moves on right-bravely. The Trustees met on Friday evening, and resolved to call a meeting of all the *Odd-Fellows of Brooklyn and vicinity, next Friday evening, at the rooms of the Association, in the Brooklyn Institute*, to subscribe for stock, fill up the Board of Trustees, and place the institution on a permanent basis. We are glad that the Order is called together, and we doubt not that there will be a full and enthusiastic meeting. A better object could not be proposed, nor can anything result in higher good to the Order.

ODD-FELLOW'S LIBRARY, NEW YORK.—This important enterprise meets with great favor in every quarter. The subscriptions are going forward with enthusiasm. The library will probably get into operation about the 1st of July.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN NEW YORK.—We do not think the anniversaries have excited so much attention, this year, as on former occasions. Some of the meetings, however, have been very interesting and spirited. In Boston, anniversary week is the last in May.

GRAND LODGE OF MAINE.

PORTLAND, May 5, 1849.

I SEND you a brief account of the doings of the Grand Bodies of I. O. O. F., at their sessions just closed.

The annual sessions of the R. W. Grand Encampment of Maine, and of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Maine, commenced in this city on Thursday, the 8d inst. The number of members in attendance was not as large as at some previous communications; nevertheless, much important business was transacted, and in both Bodies an especial interest in the affairs of the institution of Odd-Fellowship was manifested, and a great desire to further all measures calculated to promote its prosperity.

The session of the R. W. Grand Encampment was commenced on the evening of the 8d inst., M. W. Grand Patriarch Edward P. Banks presiding. The following are the officers for the present year:

Oliver S. Beale, of Bangor, M. W. G. P.
John H. Williams, of Portland, M. E. G. H. P.
Charles F. Safford, of Portland, R. W. G. S. 'W.
Samuel R. Leavitt, of Portland, R. W. G. J. W.
Franklin C. Moody, of Portland, R. W. G. T.
Nathaniel F. Deering, of Portland, R. W. G. S.
W. E. Kimball, of Portland, W. G. S.

F. P. Theobald, of Gardiner, is the R. W. G. R. to the Grand Lodge of the U. S., having, at the last session of that Body, drawn the lot for two years.

The Patriarchal branch of the Order in this State is increasing in numbers gradually, and is in all respects in a healthy condition, although no new Encampments have been added the past year.

The session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Maine commenced on the morning of the 8d inst., M. W. Grand Master Allen Haines presiding. The following are the officers for the present year:

Elisha Clarke, of Bath, M. W. G. M.
John Trask, Jr., of New Sharon, R. W. D. G. M.
George W. Bachelder, of Gardiner, R. W. G. W.
Harris C. Barnes, of Portland, R. W. G. T.
Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr., of Portland, R. W. G. S.
James A. Milliken, of Columbia, R. W. G. C.
Allen Haines, of Portland, R. W. G. R.
William E. Kimball, of Portland, W. G. G.

The business of the session was of much importance, although principally of a local character. A zealous interest in the affairs of the Order seemed to prevail among all the Past Grands present in Grand Lodge, and the utmost good feeling, and a great desire to harmonize conflicting views was very apparent.

Odd-Fellowship in Maine is well established, and its friends are heartily engaged in promoting its great mission. And it is to be hoped, that here, as well as elsewhere, the institution will be suffered to remain what it now is, in all its essential features. The great danger I apprehend will be found in a desire which appears in some restless minds in the Order, in some portions of the jurisdiction, to raise upon its superstructure something which they seem to imagine is better than that which has been handed down to us; which something, I apprehend, will be found better calculated to destroy than to build up.

HINMAN LODGE.—This Lodge met for the first time, in their new room—the Elizabethan—at Odd-Fellows' Hall, on Monday evening last. An eloquent lecture was delivered on the occasion by P. Benjamin, Esq.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The lady of this enterprising, but we fear unfortunate Navigator, has written a beautiful and touching letter to President Taylor, soliciting the aid of our government in an effort to rescue Sir John from his perilous position, if indeed he be not already lost.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE AT THE OPERA HOUSE.—A shameful riot took place at the Opera House, on Monday night, which ended in the expulsion of Mr. Macready from the stage, amid a shower of rotten eggs, chairs, and other missiles.

ANNIVERSARY OF HOSPITALER LODGE No. 205, NEW YORK.—This Lodge celebrated its second anniversary on Friday evening, April 28th. The exercises took place in the elegant Lodge Room, 598 Broadway, which was filled to overflowing at an early hour, by one of the most brilliant audiences, ever assembled together on such an occasion. The exercises are as follows: Voluntary, Organ; Prayer, by Rev. Bro. Evans; Song, by a Glee Club; Oration, by A. C. L. Arnold; Song, Glee Club; Poem, by Bro. Rice; Song; Closing Ode of the I. O. O. F. The exercises were listened to with much attention, and the ladies seemed to be deeply interested. Hospitaler Lodge is one of the best in the city, and is prospering finely.

A DIRECTORY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND BUSINESS.—Brothers Herriek and Souder, manufacturers and dealers in gentlemen's furnishing goods, 95 William-st., have published a directory to the Lodges, located in this city, for gratuitous distribution among their friends and customers. We would advise our friends, whether from the city or country, to call at their establishment, in William-st., and procure a copy. There will also be found, at this place, every article of ready made linen, scarfs, cravats, etc., etc., necessary to a gentleman's wardrobe, which will be sold at reasonable prices, at wholesale and retail.

AERIAL NAVIGATION TRIUMPHANT.—Porter and Robjohn's experiments have proved eminently successful. A beautiful model ship is now being exhibited, in full operation, at the Coliseum, in this city. The California ship is advancing toward completion, and will be ready for departure about the 15th of June.

“HOMÆ PAULINA.” New York: Carter and Brothers. This is a republication of Paley's celebrated work, forming a part of his evidences of Christianity. Its merits are too well known to need any extensive notice from us.

THE EXCELSIOR.—Among our exchanges, there is not a better paper than this. It has always been a most welcome visitor to our sanctum, and often have we honored it with our scissors. It has now, we perceive, presented itself with a new, chaste, and very beautiful head. We wish its talented editor and worthy publishers all the prosperity they can desire.

BROADWAY THEATER.—Mr. Forrest's engagement has been successful at this place, as crowded houses testify. Mr. Forrest is still the favorite. Mr. Marshall is making constant efforts to furnish New York with theatrical entertainments of a high order.

BURTON'S THEATER.—Messrs. Burton and Brougham are, with their varied talent and exhaustless mirth, drawing crowds of the better class of our citizens to this theater, every night.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—This is the place for families, where instruction and amusement are most happily blended. Under the management of Messrs. Barnum and Greenwood, it never fails in its attractions.

THE MONEY MARKET has continued very easy for the week, and large loans have been made at seven per cent., and a good deal invested upon bond and mortgage at the same rate. The reception of one million of dollars, in specie, from England, added to the imports of gold from California, give renewed confidence to the banks, which have now as much coin as they can use to advantage. Stocks are held more firmly, with a good demand for United States Stocks for England. Treasury Notes close at 110 1-8, cash; Speculative Stocks are in little request, and sell at old prices.

There is a large number of country merchants in the city, and business is as active and satisfactory as usual at this time of the year. Merchants do not buy largely, but pay very well on their old accounts.

The Scrap-Book.

THE KNIGHT'S REQUIEM.

BY MOTHERWELL.

They have waked the knight so meikle of might,
They have cased his corpse in oak;
There was not an eye that then was dry,
There was not a tongue that spoke.
The stout and the true lay stretched in view,
Pale and cold as the marble stone;
And the voice was still that like trumpet shrill
Had to glory led them on;
And the deadly hand, whose battle brand
Mowed down the reeling foe,
Was laid at rest on the manly breast
That never more mought glow.
With book, and bell, and waxen light,
The mass for the dead is sung;
Throughout the night in the turret's light,
The great church-bells are rung.
Oh wo!—oh wo!—for those that go
From light of life away,
Whose limbs may rest with worms unblest
In the damp and silent clay!
With a heavy cheer they upraised his bier,
Naker and drum did roll;
The trumpets blew a last adieu
To the good knight's martial soul.
With measured tread through the aisle they sped,
Bearing the dead knight on,
And before the shrine of St. James the divine
They covered his corpse with stone:
'Twas fearful to see the strong agony
Of men who had seldom wept,
And to hear the deep groan of each mail-clad one
As the lid on the coffin swept.
With many a groan, they placed that stone
O'er the heart of the good and brave,
And many a look the tall knights took
Of their brother soldier's grave.
Where banners stream and corslets gleam
In fields besprent with gore,
That brother's hand the shearing brand
In the van shall wave no more;
The clarions call on one and all
To arm the fight amain,
Would never see, in chivalry,
Their brother's mate again!

THE GRIST-MILL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The grist-mill stands beside the stream,
With bending roof and leaning wall;
So old, that when the winds are wild,
The miller trembles lest it fall;
But moss and ivy, never sere,
Bedeck it o'er from year to year.
The dam is steep, and weeded green;
The gates are raised, the waters pour,
And tread the old wheel's slippery steps,
The lowest round for evermore;
Methinks they have a sound of ire,
Because they could not climb it higher.
From morn till night, in autumn time,
When yellow harvests load the plains,
Up drive the farmers to the mill,
And back anon, with loaded wains;
They bring a wealth of golden grain,
And take it home in meal again.
The mill inside is dim and dark;
But peeping in the open door
You see the miller flitting round,
And dusty bags along the floor;
And by the shaft, and down the spout,
The yellow meal comes pouring out.
And all day long the winnowed chaff
Floats round it on the sultry breeze,
And shineth like a settling swarm
Of golden-winged and belted bees;
Or sparks around a blacksmith's door,
When bellows blow and forges roar.
I love our pleasant, quaint old mill!
It minds me of my early prime;
'Tis changed since then, but not so much
As I am, by decay and time;
Its wrecks are mossed from year to year,
But mine all dark and bare appear.
I stand beside the stream of life;
The mighty current sweeps along;
Lifting the flood-gates of my heart,
It turns the magic wheel of song,
And grinds the ripened harvest brought
From out the golden field of Thought.

MAGNETISM AMONG THE SHAKERS.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

ONE of the brethren from a Shakersettlement in our neighborhood, called on us the other day. I was staying with a friend, in whose atmosphere there is a moral power, analogous to some chemical test, which elicits from every form of humanity whatever of sweet and genial is in it. Our visitor was an old acquaintance, and an old member of his order, having joined it more than forty years ago, with his wife and two children. I have known marked individuals among these people, and yet it surprises me when I see an original stamp of character, surviving the extinguishing monotony of life, or rather suspended animation among them. What God has impressed man cannot efface. To a child's eye each leaf of a tree is like the other, to a philosopher's each has its distinctive mark.

Our friend W.'s individuality might have struck a careless observer. He has nothing of the angular, crusty, silent aspect of his yea and nay brethren, who have a perfect conviction that they have dove to the bottom of the well, and found the pearl truth, while all the rest of the world look upon them as the bottom of the well indeed; but without the pearl, and with only so much light as may come in through the little aperture that communicates with the outward world. Neither are quite right—the Shaker has no monopoly of truth or holiness, but we believe he has enough of both to light a dusky path to heaven. Friend W. is a man of no pretension whatever; but content in conscious mediocrity. We were at dinner when he came in; but friend W. is too childlike or too simple, to be disturbed by any observance of conventional politeness. He declined an invitation to dine, saying that he had eaten and was not hungry, and seated himself in the corner, after depositing some apples on the table, of rare size and beauty.

"I have brought some notions, too," he said, "for you, B—," and he took from his ample pocket his handkerchief, in which he had tied up a parcel of sugar-plums and peppermints.

B— accepted them most affably, and without any apparent recoiling, shifting them from the old man's handkerchief to an empty plate beside her.

"Half of them," he said, "remember, B—, are for —. You both played and sung to me last summer—I don't forget it. She is a likely woman, and makes the music sound almost as good as when I was young."

This was enthusiasm in the old Shaker; but to us it sounded strangely, who knew that she who had so kindly condescended to call back brother W.'s youth, had held crowds entranced by her genius. Brother W. is a genial old man, and fifty years of abstinence from the world's pleasures has not made him forget to contempt them. He resembles the jolly friars in conventual life, who never resist, and are therefore allowed to go without bits or reins, and in a very easy harness. There is no galling in restraint where there is no desire for freedom. It is the "immortal longings" that make the friction in life.

After dinner, B—, at brother W.'s request, sat down to the piano, and played for him the various tunes that were the favorites, in rustic island life, forty years ago. First the Highland Reel, then "Money Musk."

"I remember who I danced that with," he said—"Sophy Drury. The ball was held in the school-room, at Fleeing fields. She is tight built, and has cheeks as red as a rose, (past and present were confounded in brother W.'s imaginations.) I went home with Sophy—it was as light as day, and near upon day—them was pleasant times!" concluded the old man, but without one sigh of regret, but with a gleam of light from his twinkling gray eye.

"There have been no such pleasant times since, brother W., has there?" asked B—, with assumed or real sympathy.

"I can't say that, B—; it has been all along pleasant, I have had what others call crosses, but I don't look at them that way—what's the use, B—?"

The old man's philosophy struck me. There was no record of a cross in his round, jolly face.

"Were you married," I asked, "when you joined the Shakers?"

"Oh, yes, I married at twenty—it's never too soon nor too late to do right, you know, and it was right for me to marry according to the light I had then. May be you think it was a cross to part with my wife—all men don't take it so—but I own I should; I liked Eunice. She is a peaceable woman, and we lived in unity; but it was rather hard times, and we felt a call to join the brethren, and so we walked out of the world together, and took out two children with us. In the society she was the first woman handy in all cases.

"And she is still with you?"

"No—our girl took a notion and went off, and got married and wife went after her—that's natural for mother's, you know.

"I went after Eunice, and tried to persuade her to come back, and she felt so; but it's hard rooting out mother's love; it's planted deep, and spreads wide; so I left her to nature, and troubled myself no more about it, for what was the use? My son, too, took a liking to a young English girl that was one of our sisters—maybe you have seen her?" We had all seen her and admired her fresh English beauty, and deplored her fate. "Well, she was a picture, and speaking after the manner of men, as good as she was handsome. They went off together. I could not blame them much, and I took no steps after them—for what was the use? But come, B—, strike up again; play 'Haste to the wedding.'" B— obeyed, and our old friend sang or chanted a low accompaniment; in which the dancing tune, and the Shaker nasal chant was ludicrously mingled. B— played all his favorite airs and said, "You do love dancing, brother W—."

"Yes, to be sure—praise him in the cymbals and dancing!"

"Oh, but I mean such dances as we have here. Would you not like, brother W—, to come over and see us dance?"

"Why, maybe I should."

"And would not you like to dance with one of our pretty young ladies, brother W—?"

"May be I should." The old man's face lit up joyously—but he smiled and shook his head, "they would not let me, B—, they would not let me." Perhaps the old Shaker's imagination wandered for a moment from the very straight path of the brotherhood, but it was but a moment. His face reverted to its placid passiveness, and he said, "I am perfectly content. I have enough to eat and drink—everything good after its kind, too—good clothes to wear, a warm bed to sleep in, and just as much work as I want, and no more." "All this and heaven too"—of which the old man felt perfectly sure, was quite enough to fill the measure of a Shaker's desires.

"Now, B—," said he, "you think so much of your dances, I wish you could see one of our young sisters dance, when we go up to Mount Holy. She has the whirlwind gift; she will spin round like a top on one foot for half an hour, all the while seeing visions, and receiving revelations."

This whirling is a recent gift of the Shakers. The few "world's folk" who have been permitted to see its exhibition, compare its subjects to the whirling Dervishes.

"Have you any other new inspiration?" I asked. "Gifts, you mean? Oh, yes; we have visionists. It's a wonderful mystery to me. I never was much for looking into mysteries—they scare me!" Naturally enough, poor child-like old man!

"What, brother W—," is asked, "do you mean by a visionist?"

"I can't exactly explain," he replied. "They see things that the natural eye can't see, and hear, and touch, and taste with inward senses. As for me, I never heard any kind of gifts, but a contented mind, and submission to those in authority, and I don't see at all into this mystery. It makes me of a tremble when I think of it. I'll tell you how it acts. Last summer I was among our brethren in York State, and when I was coming away, I went down into the garden to take leave of a young brother there. He asked me if I would carry something for him to Vesta. Vesta is a young sister, famous for her spiritual gifts, whirling, &c." I could have added—for I had seen Vesta—for other less questionable gifts in the world's estimation—a light graceful figure, graceful even in the Shaker straight jacket, and a face like a young Sybil's. "Well," continued brother W—, "he put his hand in his pocket as if to take out something, though I saw nothing, and a sort of a trickling heat run through me; and even now, when I think of it, I have the same feeling, fainter, but the same.

"When I got home I asked Vesta if she knew that young brother. 'Yes,' she said. I put my hand in my pocket and took it out again, to all earthly seeming as empty as it went in, and stretched it out to her. 'Oh, a white pear!' she said. As I hope for salvation, every word that I tell you is true," concluded the old man.

It was evident he believed every word of it to be true. The incredulous may imagine that there was some clandestine intercourse between the "young brother" and "young sister," and that simple old brother Wilcox was merely made the medium of a fact or sentiment, symbolized by the white pear. However that may be, it is certain that animal magnetism has penetrated into the cold and dark recesses of the Shakers.

Through the way of tears and sorrow, the soul rises to a substantial peace.

Incidents of Travel.

RAMBLE IN GENOA.

THERE is, doubtless, a great deal in making up one's mind to be pleased with a thing beforehand. Poetry had yielded to nausea and empty stomach (a valuable fact); the "blue Mediterranean" had become as ordinary salt water, and we had longed for the shore. It had seemed, too, as if nothing earthly could be more lovely, as we had approached it, than the prospect of Genoa, sweetly nestled in an amphitheater of hills and like a crescent encircling a charming bay, fanned only by the south; and as our eyes had surveyed its palaces, churches, convents, and garden, pleasantly mingled, and rising range after range far up the mountain, it had appeared as if it must be strangely delightful to roam there. And so it proved. To some it was the first invasion of the land of song and macaroni. There was romance in the porter's Italian, though diluted with French, and music in the placards and names of the streets. Recent rains had garnished the old painted walls, cleanly swept the streets, and purified the air. The sun was cheerily shining, and the sea breeze gently breathing, and earth, sea, and sky were again beautiful. It was one of those delicious southern mornings in autumn, like the spring time of our own clime, when one feels in love with all around. As if in good humor with the fine weather, all Genoa appeared in motion. The mules jingled their little bells, the market-women praised their wares, files of Sardinian soldiers in blue and red uniform primly passed, and even the fat monks with the cowl and dangling rope, and the grave-looking priests in long, black dresses, silk stockings, and turned-up hats, seemed livelier than usual.

The moment I had secured quarters, I started off in a fit of enthusiasm for a ramble. I was soon pleasantly bewildered among fine old palaces, with great marble steps, decorated above with lions and hybrid animals that never existed, representing the armorial devices of their former owners; massive churches; vast embankments filling up ravines; piles of brick and mortar, in the style of the Tower of Babel, and lofty terraces covered with the oleander, fig, and orange that reminded one of the hanging-gardens of olden time. There is a singular air of grandeur about every thing, and it is no wonder that the fervid, imaginative Italians, should have given this romantic city the epithet of *La Superba*. The closeness of the streets is compensated by their coolness, their cleanliness, and the magnificent views that break upon you from almost every point. I strolled on, seeming ever to go up hill, and never to reach the top; now gazing at a fine edifice, then admiring the trappings of an interesting donkey; again stopping to listen to the gambols of a troop of Genoese children with laughing black eyes, and then perhaps undertaking an exploring expedition up a mysterious winding passage, that branched off and grew narrower and narrower, to the serious inconvenience of larger people, till at last it terminated against a brick wall with a little gate affording a side-view of a court-yard with a dilapidated fountain, a noisy watch-dog, and a ferocious animal or two in stone that needed repairing. At last I came to a fine avenue of trees, with seats beneath them, and sat down to indulge in a day-dream. How imposing were still the ruins of that ancient sea-queen! The dust of centuries seemed to rest lightly there. A few touches to cracked and dingy walls, a little garnishing of marble steps and halls, and cleansing of old pictures, and all would be fresh again as in the days of the Dorians. The wealth that had so strongly cemented those imposing piles had been gathered from every clime. What a lesson on the power of freedom and commerce! From that sea-born city has issued a force that had crushed Pisa, and besieged Venice in the height of her glory in her own lagunes; her fleets had assisted to ferry over armies of Crusaders; and she had colonized rich possessions in the Mediterranean and Black seas, and encroached upon the suburbs of Con-

stantinople. Her enterprise had given birth to the daring genius which had led the way to an unknown continent; the fortune of a single citizen had fitted out a fleet that had turned the scale in a conflict between two of the first monarchs of Europe, and delivered his country; and the draining of her bank by a patriotic English merchant had delayed for a year the Spanish Armada, and deranged the monetary affairs of the world.

I was getting into the sublime humor that sometimes comes over one almost unawares, under strong temptation, when my attention was diverted by some odd-looking peasants, and a vehicle laden with a curious article of merchandise. Possibly it was only its near relative inflated with a solid or fluid, but it looked like a sheep with its coat turned, in Russian style, and the head and extremities absorbed, and reminded one of the descriptions of the Arab water-sack.

Presently a troop of girls, possibly from an Italian boarding-school, with happy faces, came tripping along with their long white scarfs gracefully thrown over the head, and the ends floating in the breeze. The females of nearly all classes still retain this somewhat singular part of their ancient national costume. Like most peculiarities of this kind, it is adapted to the local circumstances of a fine climate and narrow streets, shaded by lofty houses. It is the simplest form of headdress imaginable; such as one might almost fancy Eve herself to have invented some fine evening. A piece of thin muslin, of the texture and appearance of a white veil, some yards in length, is merely thrown sideways loosely over the head, so as to expose the forehead and face, while the two free ends, hanging down on each side in front, are retained by the folded arms; and it gives the wearers a sort of a bridal appearance that is quite poetical.—[Dr. Corson's *Loiterings in Europe*.]

FIRST VIEW OF VENICE.

PRESENTLY we came to the low margin of the Adriatic, and in the distance, bright and fairy, as if she had just floated up from the caves of ocean, and reposed in state upon its breast, with the waves kissing her feet, lay beautiful Venice.

Within the few last years a bridge for the railroad, intended to be completed to Milan, has been built, at enormous expense, all the way over the shallow sea from Venice to the mainland, for a distance of more than two miles. As we came to this the cars slackened their pace, and we commenced gently crossing the lagune. The passage seemed to have lost much of its romance.

How charming it would have been to have first floated to the sea-born city, as in days of yore, in one of her own gondolas, soothingly, as the spirits in Indian story were borne to their island Paradise! How pleasant to have tempted the gondoliers to sing from Tasso!

There was little time for idle speculation. In ten minutes we were safely deposited in Venice. It is built, as most are aware, upon some seventy or eighty low islands, upon which, according to Gibbon, the Christian fugitives from Aquelia and the mainland, in the sixth century, sought refuge from the sword of Attila and the Huns.

There is but very little tide in the Adriatic, and the lagune is sheltered from storms by long projecting banks toward the sea, and marble palaces and churches in airy, Oriental style seem to rise as out of the calm waters themselves.

Communication is kept up between different parts of the city by about a hundred and fifty canals, and innumerable land passages, like alleys, three or four feet wide, perforating the masses of houses, and crossing these water-streets by bridges. These again are arched, to admit of boats and gondolas beneath, and thus almost every house in Venice is accessible both by land and water. The wonderful stillness occasioned by the absence of paved streets, carriages, or horses—the gliding of beautiful fairy barks noiselessly here and there—the effect of the rich, stately mansions of the ancient merchant-princes towering amid state palaces and churches—and occasional glimpses of the sur-

rounding blue sea that laves their marble thresholds—all conspire to produce a strange impression at first, as if you were wandering in some enchanted place.—[Dr. Corson's *Loiterings in Europe*.]

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Agents without exception are requested to forward their reports immediately, in order that we may credit subscribers promptly and prevent confusion in our accounts. Send the report if only a dollar has been collected.

To subscribers we would again say, do not wait for an agent, but remit direct. Postmasters are allowed to frank your letters to publishers, and are always ready to do so. We prefer remittances direct from subscribers, and hope they will act accordingly.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION
AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,

Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by CRAMPTON & CLARK, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to CRAMPTON & CLARK, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

Special Notices.

TRAVELING AGENTS—We shall be under the necessity of relinquishing the services of all traveling agents who do not make weekly returns. The names of all who do not follow this plan (without which the books of the office cannot be correctly kept) will be stricken from our published list of agents.

Subscribers are hereby notified not to pay money to an agent whose name is not in the paper. To our readers we would again say, do not depend upon agents, but remit to the office of the Gazette and Rule direct.

REMITTANCES—We hope our friends will bear in mind that the approaching celebration will afford great facilities for the settlement of accounts, and that none will fail to remember us, in the form of a remittance, by any brother who may visit New-York.

TO CLUBS—Any person obtaining the names of five new Subscribers, and sending us Ten Dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis for one year. Upon all subscriptions over five, the person sending the names and money may retain fifty cents as his commission. Payments invariably in advance.

Postmasters are authorized to remit money to Publishers, and all money mailed in presence of the Postmaster, and duly forwarded by him, is at our risk.

In all cases where postage on subscriptions is not paid, it will be deducted from the amount credited to those who send it.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

Bro. ALONZO WELTON,	Bro. ISAAC H. RUSS,
WM. H. FAIRCHILD,	PERRY E. TOLMS,
SAMUEL H. BARRITT,	L. W. ALDRICH,
HOBACK LAMB,	

I. O. O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ODD FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK, }
March 13, 1849. }

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 538, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,
BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO IX.

The other was a student of the law,
Handsome and eloquent, named Blackstone Story,
A scholar, he (unlike the man of war)
Was emulous of Fame, but not of Glory!
Mild, meek, in character without a flaw,
Was our love smitten hero, but before he
A declaration made of his attachment;
The Cornet's egg of love was near its hatchment!

POOR JULIA SEEMS TO BE "on the horns of a dilemma;" we would not be surprised if the lawyer consulted the soldier. In the meanwhile it must not be forgotten that GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP is the richest thing on earth for purifying the skin from Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sallowiness, Redness, Roughness, &c. GOURAUD'S POUDES SUBTILES immediately extirpate all hair to which they may be applied. GOURAUD'S GRECIAN HAIR DYE will change the color of red, light, or gray hair to a magnificent brown or black, as may be desired. Bear in mind that the genuine preparations of DR. F. FELIX GOURAUD are to be had genuine only at his depot, 67 Walker-st. first door FROM Broadway.

HAIR RESTORED.

From Mr. John E. Abbott, 223 Washington street, Boston.

Boston, Jan. 27, 1847.

Mr. Wm. Bogle.—Dear Sir: It is with great pleasure that I subscribe myself among the many, as being indebted to your justly celebrated Hyperion Fluid, for a good head of hair. Numbers of my friends also have derived great benefit from its use, and use every exertion in recommending it to others.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN E. ABBOTT.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

NEW CLOTH STORE.

THE subscribers have recently taken the store No. 104 William-st. near John, where they offer to Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and the trade generally, a carefully selected stock of

Fine and Superfine French Cloths,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,
Plain Black, and Fancy Cassimeres,
Tweeds, Jeans, Satinets and Vestings,
Silk and Alpaca Serges,
Silesias, Wigans, Canvas,
Italian Sewings, Buttons, &c.

Also, a general assortment of goods adapted to men's wear, for the city and country trade. Wm. P. COOK & CO.
252 1/2

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Regalia Manufacturer, 331 Grand-st., has on hand the most splendid assortment of Regalia for the Celebration, consisting of P. C. P. Rich for \$11.00. Splendid Embroidered do., from \$15 to \$35. Royal Purple Members, Silk Velvet, Heavy Gold Fringes, \$10.50. Rich Embroidered do., from \$15 to \$31. P. G. Silk velvet, gold or silver fringes, from \$10 to \$30. Scarlet Members Satin dress regalia, from \$2.00. Splendid Embroidered do., Heavy Silver Fringe, from \$10 to \$15. Masonic, Druids, S. of T. Regalia.

Official Lodge and Camp Regalia, robes, Costumes, Tents, Crooks, Jewels, and Embroidering in Gold or Silver Silks neatly and promptly executed at the lowest prices. 312 1/2

HAVANA AND PRINCEPIO CIGARS.

JAMES SADLER, No. 234 BROADWAY, (3d door above American Hotel).—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Principe Cigars, of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 3m245*

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN,

VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers.

N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venetian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235 1/2

BARD & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF DIAMOND POINT-ED GOLD PENS, and Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, 101 WILLIAM-STREET, and 1 COURT AVENUE, BOSTON.—The highest premium ever awarded for Gold Pens was given to Bard & Brothers at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association at Boston; and, the highest premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. 3m239

BARNES & DENNEY,

MANUFACTURERS OF Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.

N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts.

W. DENNEY.

(231 1/2)

J. BARNES

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 140 Race-street; New-York, 268 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 246

PROF. BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, OR MEDICATED COMPOUND,

FOR RESTORING, PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING HAIR, ERADICATING SCURF AND DANDRUFF, AND CURING DISEASES OF THE SKIN, GLANDS, AND MUSCLES, CUTS, STINGS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, &c. &c.

IN order to convince the public of the efficacy of any curative preparation, in this thinking and reflective age, it is necessary to explain the philosophy of its operation. The process by which Professor Barry's Tricopherous produces such extraordinary results, cannot be understood without a brief notice of the structure and uses of the delicate substances to which it is applied, and in the condition of which it accomplishes the most salutary changes. The connection between the hair and the skin is so close, that the one may be almost deemed a continuation of the other, and hence whatever renovates, restores, and nourishes the hair, must of necessity have a healthful influence upon the sensitive membrane in which its roots are fixed.

The skin, that wonderful envelop in which the sense of touch resides, consists of three layers; the EPIDERMIS or cuticle, a semi-opaque, or almost insensible film; the RETICULOCOSM, which is a spongy membrane reticulated with nerves and blood vessels, and forms a sort of shield to the exquisitely delicate TRUE SKIN; and the true skin itself, which constitutes the third layer of the triple envelop. In this tough, flexible and elastic integument, are located the nerves, blood-vessels, &c., which supply sustenance to the hair, and in the derangement of which diseases of the skin originate. The vessels of the true skin supply the sacs containing the roots of the hair with the moisture which sustains the fibres, and the same causes which affect the health of the hair, also affect the health of the skin. This is self-evident to the casual observer, as well as susceptible of demonstration by the anatomist and physiologist; for in all cutaneous diseases, the hair becomes dry and harsh, and falls out in such quantities as sometimes to render the patient partially or entirely bald. Wounds, burns, &c., on the skin of the head, also produce baldness on the portions of the scalp where the injury has been inflicted, thus proving the close affinity and sympathy between the organism of the skin and the hair.

The wonderful restorative and remedial properties of Professor Barry's Tricopherous, are based upon this hypothesis, or rather this fact. It acts through the skin upon the hair, stimulating the inert vessels, opening the pores, imparting activity to the circulation, awakening from their lethargy all the vegetative functions which give life, vigor, and beauty to the fibres, extirpating every particle of scurf and dandruff, and soon clothing even the bald or half denuded head with a thick, glossy, silky, and elastic covering.

But this is only one of the uses of Professor Barry's Tricopherous. The same properties which restore vital and vegetative power the skin of the head are equally beneficial in all cutaneous diseases, or superficial injuries. For cuts, burns, bites of insects, sprains, erysipelas, blotches, pimples, scabies, ring-worm, rashes, scrofula, prickly heat, chilblains, chapped hands, rheumatism, burns, scalds, bruises, redness of the skin, and in short all the troublesome and painful external diseases and injuries which are so common in families, and which NOTHING BUT EXTERNAL REMEDIES CAN REMOVE, the Tricopherous will be found a speedy, safe, and unfailing cure. By virtue of its double claim as a restorative and beautifier of nature's choicest ornament, and a potent and invaluable remedial agent, it is entitled to a place on every toilet, and in every medicine chest.

The following testimonials, selected from hundreds of similar import, will serve to show the value of the preparation, and the estimation in which it is held by those who have given it a trial.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM WILLIAM DAVIES,

Corner of Hicks and Atlantic streets, Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, April 10th, 1849.

PROFESSOR BARRY.—Sir: I should be deficient in gratitude to you, and in feeling for others who may be similarly afflicted, if I neglected to inform you that your Tricopherous has entirely removed from my face a painful and disgusting eruption, consisting of large red pimples, with which I had been annoyed for many years. A regular application of the fluid according to the directions, for a little better than three weeks, completely relieved me of the nuisance, and the skin of my face is now as free from discoloration as in my boyhood.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM DAVIES.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM JAMES FITZGERALD.

New York, April 12th, 1849.

PROFESSOR BARRY.—Verily, my dear sir, your Tricopherous is the Admiral Crichton of its class. It not only relieves the head from scurf and dandruff, and imparts beauty and vigor to the hair, but it is, as I can testify from personal experience, a most valuable application for cuts abrasions, bruises, and those vile eruptions which are so annoying to children in the warm seasons, I have found nothing equal to it in cutaneous disorders; and if what I say is worth any thing to you, publish it and welcome.

Your obt. servant,

JAMES FITZGERALD.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM DR. LEE.

New York, Feb. 5, 1849.

MR. BARRY.—I have no hesitation in recommending an article which I can, of my own personal knowledge, endorse as good; and I therefore state with confidence, that your Tricopherous is what you claim it to be—an article for cleansing, preserving, beautifying, and promoting the growth of the hair.

I find it to be the best remedy I have ever had in my practice for scald head, ringworm, and diseases which the skin is subject to.

T. A. LEE, M. D.

The following testimonial is from Mr. Munn, editor of the Scientific American. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, Feb. 24, 1849.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS is an article that we take pleasure in awarding the highest commendations. We do not do it upon the recommendations of others, but from our own personal knowledge of its effects upon the hair; while it tends to keep it healthy, soft and glossy, it also removes dandruff, prevents grey hair, and invigorates its growth in a manner unequalled by any other composition known to us. A person only needs to use one bottle to be convinced of its truth.

Sold in large bottles, price 75 cents, at the principal office, 139 Broadway.

AGENTS—Anderson, 607 Broadway; Dr. Smith, 254 Tenth avenue; Dr. Lyon, 449 Grand-st.; Dr. Mercer, 324 Broad-st., Newark; Mrs. Hays, 183 Fulton-st., Brooklyn; R. G. Wright, 23 South-st., Philadelphia; C. P. Pointer, Baltimore; W. Brown, Washington-st., Boston; Haviland, Harrell & Co., Charleston, S. C.; J. Wright, New Orleans; David Chambers, St. Louis, Mo.; F. Bromberg, Mobile, Ala.; Sterger, Racine, Wisconsin. For sale by druggists and perfumers generally throughout the United States and Canada. 238



IN QUART BOTTLES.

For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of

SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STUBBORN ULCERS, DYSPEPSY, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time

in bringing this preparation of SARSAPARILLA to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS.—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly,

JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal.

“U. S. LEXINGTON, BURLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of his Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it: Your obedient servant,

“THEO. S. FAY.”

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS.—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 246

H. RICHARDSON, ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 90 FULTON-STREET, New-York, Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery. 247

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT.—CANTO X.
In accents which a heart of stone might move—
But seasoned with the slightest dash of flattery—
Mars Sabretache told Julia all his love,
And vowed "to win her he would storm a battery;
Or lend a 'forlorn hope,' his love to prove!
What if her skin was dark?—her hair red?—no matter; he
Was quite regardless of such TRIFLING things;
His Julia was an angel, MINUS wings!"

"LOVE RULES THE CAMP," &c., and our soldier seems to be
over head and ears! but he appears to be unaware of the
fact that GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP will
infallibly remove from the skin every vestige of Tan, Freckles,
Sallowness, Redness, Roughness, Pimples, or other cutaneous
eruptions! Equally ignorant he seems to have been of the
value of GOURAUD'S POUDES SUBTILES in extirpating
superfluous hair! 'Tis strange also, that it never
occurred to him that Julia's red hair might have been colored
a magnificent black, by GOURAUD'S GRECIAN HAIR-
DYE! The value of GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE for
giving a permanent rosinose to pale cheeks, he seems to have
been aware of, for he used it himself!

Dr. GOURAUD'S renowned preparations can only be
obtained genuine at his depot, 67 Walker street, first store
from Broadway, NOT in Broadway.

READ THIS!

From the Boston Post.

BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID.—We have repeatedly spoken
in favor of this celebrated article for the hair, and, from the
praise of those who have used it, we believe were fully justified
in doing so; we therefore cheerfully give place to the
following from the agent in Worcester:

"The sale of the Hyperion increases, and we are confident
will supersede all the other preparations in use. We herewith
enclose you a certificate, as one of the many proofs of
its entire success:

"This may certify that nearly eight months since I lost all
my hair, and for six months my head was entirely bald; at
the end of that time, I purchased a bottle of Bogle's Hyperion
Fluid of D. Scott, Jr. & Co., the agents in Worcester.
Since then I have used it regularly and strictly according to
directions, in consequence of which, the hair has started all
over my head. It is now about an inch long, and growing
rapidly."

West Boylston, Mass., June 12, 1846.
For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D.
Banda, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273
Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and
Manufacturer, Wm Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and
of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States
and Canada.

J. C. BOOTH & CO., 21 Cortlandt-st., Wholesale
& Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing and
Gentlemen's furnishing articles. Garments made in the best
style at shortest notice. Shirts, Stocks, Cravats, &c. &c., all
ways on hand. 254-ly

DIETZ, BROTHER & CO.,
LAMP MANUFACTURERS, Washington
Stores, (No. 139 William-st.) and 63 Fulton-st., Brook-
lyn. Having a large and well organized manufactory, are
now prepared to fulfill orders for their manufactures at short
notice, which will be warranted of the best quality, and sold
as low as any in the market. In their stock will be found GLT
and BRONZED CHANDELIERS, from two to eight lights,
with and without prisms for burning Oil or Camphene.

TABLE LAMPS, Gilt and Bronzed, for Oil or Camphene,
of more than one hundred different patterns.

FRENCH MECHANICA, OR CARCEL LAMPS. A fine
assortment, and Globes, Wicks and Chimnies to fit.

Also—A great variety of Suspending Lamps, Bracket
Lamps, Side Lamps, Study Lamps, Candelabra, Girandoles,
Hall Lanterns, China Vases, Mantel Ornaments, Porcelain
Shades and Globes.

Also—A full assortment of Paper Shades, Glass Shades,
Globes, Wicks, Chimnies, and other articles appertaining to
their business; pure Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Camphene and
Spirit Gas.

They are also now manufacturing Drummond's Patent Candle-
maker, an article of great utility for the Southern and
Western States, being a Candle-stick which forms the candle,
wick and ready for use.

N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled. Address
DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.,
No. 139 William-st. N. Y.,
and No. 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn.
254-ly

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.
JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1, Cortlandt-street,
Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom
and Fowler's celebrated premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap.
Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest
terms. 249-ly

REGALIA AND JEWELS
MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS,
269 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished
on reasonable terms, at short notice.
Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other
Trimmiage, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for
Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the
Country promptly attended to. 228-ly

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON,
CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of
Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and
Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas,
Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North
Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

F. W. OORINTH,
HAT, CAP AND UMBRELLA STORE, No.
230 North 2d street, below Calowhill, east side, Phila-
delphia, constantly on hand a full supply of fashionable Hats,
Caps and Umbrellas, which will be sold cheap for cash. His
friends are invited to give him a call. 228-6m.

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN.
VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No.
61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a gen-
eral assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be
surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers.
N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved
Venitian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 235-ly

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER,
NO. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and
White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers
of every variety of STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS,
on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is se-
lected with great care. ONLY ONE PRICE. Your patron-
age is very respectfully solicited. F. HITCHCOCK,
(218 ly) E. H. LEADBEATER.

I. O. OF O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below
Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes
and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry,
and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges
and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders
from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices
in the United States. 235-ly

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.
TO the I. O. O. F. and the public in general.
The subscriber, **J. I. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st.,**
below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the
attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and gen-
eral assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and
Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as
can be had in the City. **J. I. CRISWELL'S.**
No. 298 Market-st., below Eighth,
North side, Philadelphia.
lynov.9.

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,
NO. 99 MADISON STREET, NEW-YORK,
supplies promptly every description of Lodge and En-
campment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from
the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the
New York. 237

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.
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for the purposes of low expenses, yet I hope you will
out this advertisement out and give me a call, as I am trying
to build up a trade for cash and short time, which I hope to
succeed in, in opposition to long time and old established
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auction and in Europe. They will consist of all styles of
Dry Goods, such as are desirable, and under the usual market
prices. I shall be receiving daily—Ribbons, Laces, Embroi-
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Fancy Silk Hdks, Grass Cloths, Oil Silks, Italian and Fancy
Cravats, Sewing Silks, Crape, Crape Lince, Silk, Lisle, and
Kid Gloves, Tarlatone Flowers, &c. &c. In short, any article
in Dry Goods which I consider cheap and desirable.
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position Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c.,
with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper
than any builder of established reputation.
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on hand. 1y238

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AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwich street,
between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons
wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on
having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good
workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the under-
signed do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a
cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased else-
where.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and
Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in
the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.
An assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING constantly
on hand, at about one half the usual prices.
Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
N. B.—A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at
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OLD DOCTOR
Jacob Townsend,
THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER
OF THE GENUINE
TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known
as the AUTHOR and DISCOVERER of the GENUINE ORIGINAL
"TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA." Being poor, he was compelled to
limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and
the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth and known
its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons
who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its
excellence and wonderful HEALING POWER. This

Grand and Unequalled Preparation
is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length
and breadth of the land.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes,
but for the better; because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific
man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry and the latest discoveries
of the art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the
OLD DR. SARSAPARILLA. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known
to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties
which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for
use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some
of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate
and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific
process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover,
these volatile principles fly off in the form of an acrid vapor, which, if in-
haled, is very dangerous to the health, and produces a violent inflammation
of the lungs, throat, and every other part.
But in no other of these medicinal properties of the root, which give it its
all its value. The

GENUINE
Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first
removed, every thing capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is ex-
tracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a
pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any
of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the
most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.
Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side in its favor by
men, women, and children. We find it denoted in the cure of
CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, and LIVER COMPLAINT, and in
RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA and PILES, COSTIVENESS, all CU-
TANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all affections
arising from

Impurity of the Blood.
It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from indiges-
tion, from Acidity of the Stomach; from unequal circulation, from morbid
action of the blood, from irritation of the bowels, from cold feet and cold
hands, cold and wet sores on the body. It has not its equal in coughs and
colds; and promotes easy expectoration, and gentle perspiration, relaxing
stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.
But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged
than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.
It works wonders in cases of *fluor albus* or white, Falling of the Womb,
Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstrue, Irregularity of the monthly
periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the Kidney
Disease.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone
and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,
and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as Spinal
Irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Whooping, Epileptic Fits, Convul-
sions, &c.
It is not possible for this medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it
which can ever harm or do evil; and therefore, can never lose its curative
properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy
action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of
torpor and constipation, allays inflammation, purifies the skin, equalizes the
circulation of the blood, produces gentle perspiration, and equally all over the body,
and the insensible perspiration; relieves all strictures and tightness, removes
all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then,
The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article
This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,
because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETE-
RIORATION and

Never Spoils.
while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing
it like a gun, and the acid liquid exploding, and damaging other
goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system?
What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid! What causes
Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know, that when food soon as our
stomachs, it produces indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, and
all the insupportable diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and corruption of
the blood? What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What pro-
duces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head,
Itch, Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Bores, and all ulcerations,
internal and external, which it produces? Is it not a sure sign, that they
which sour, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What
causes Rheumatism, but a sour acid fluid, which insinuates itself between
the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the tender and delicate
ligaments upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood,
of deranged circulation, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human
nature.

Now, is it not horrible to make and sell, and infinitely worse to use this
Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound"
OF S. P. TOWNSEND!

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's
GENUINE ORIGINAL SARSAPARILLA, is an IMITATION of his
inferior preparation!!
Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would harm the most
distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article; and which should bring
down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and diseases
from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's
FERMENTING COMPOUND.

We wish it understood, because it is the absolute truth, that S. P. Town-
send's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are heaven-wide
apart, and infinitely dissimilar; that they are unlike in every particular,
having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no phar-
macutician—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common
man, what guarantee can the public have that he can be the author of a
genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the
articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of changes which
might render them the AGENTS of DISEASE instead of health?

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded im-
agery, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom
and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity—that OLD
DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has SOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity
and means to bring his

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy,
within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may
learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!
and then to have the unspeakable satisfaction of having lived thousands
and millions from the bed of sickness and dependency to hope, health, and a
long life of vigor and usefulness to themselves, their families and friends.
Principal office 108 Nassau-street, N. Y.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 255.

Original Poetry.

THE DYING GIRL'S ENTREATY.

BY MRS. H. S. DE GROVE.

ONCE more enfold me with Love's circling arms,
As sinks my spirit to its final rest;
'Twill soothe my anguish, hush my vague alarms,
That, gathering, shroud my pathway to the blest.
Gently, still gently murmur I am thine,
And pierce with earnest glance my sunken eye;
Closer, 'tis bitter joy to call thee mine,
And know the mandate pass'd that bids me die.

To feel life's torch wane slowly to decay,
While kindles still the flame that lit mine own;
To yield, as visions lost, each dreamy ray
Whose radiant gleam was on the Future thrown;
Better to part from life e'er cold and blight
Had palsied e'en my sweetest hope in thee,
Than, sickening, mark Love's fading, dying light,
As shadows mingle in thy destiny.

Nay, murmur not, for oft at eventide,
An angel-voice shall whisper thee of love,
And thou wilt worship still thine angel bride,
Who e'er thee watches from her home above.
Unseen the Spirit Land draws near—the Home
From whence divided we as wanderers come—
Returning soon we mingle, and, with tears,
Chant a sad requiem o'er life's wasted years.

THE DREAM OF SHAKSPERE.

(IMAGINARY.)—BY FLORASTELLA.

'Twas night—a summer night—and the moon's rays
Stole through the window of a lowly cot,
And fell upon a fair young face. A boy
Lay, seemingly, in troubled sleep, and on
His lofty brow reposed a wondrous light
Of thought, too bright, too deep for man to read.
Anon a smile lit up his face, as if
This vision to his wondering soul appeared:
In Heaven, where skies are clear, and bright, and
pure,

A cloud came floating through the azure vault;
He on it gazed intent, and as he looked,
It changed, and changed again, and then it seemed
The semblance of an angel, whose sweet face
Beamed mildly on him, and a lily hand
Did beckon him away. Then golden wings
Seem'd to him given, and thro' the sky he soared
With eagle strength and swiftness, until he knelt

Beside the radiant angel, whose pure eyes
Smiled on the boy with love ineffable,
As thus to him she spake: "Thy Future see!"
He looked above; the sky was filled with stars,
And one more brilliant than the rest came near.
He from it shrank, but lo, the holy one
Did pluck it as a flower, and place it on
The dreamer's brow, and said: "As this among
Its fellows is, so shall thy name be bright,
Surpassing all in glory and extent."

The dreamer woke—not to forget the dream,
But bore its precious memory evermore.
In after years, when its fulfillment came,
And round his brow the laurel wreath was bound,
The angel came again, and claimed that star,
And took it back to Heaven, but kindly left
A reflex of its brightness to illumine
The world for ever.

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA. *

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

The evening gun boomed once more over the
waters, and the steps of the corporal's guard ap-
proached the prisoners. Again their iron rivets
of their manacles were loosed, and the heavy
log-chain fell to the ground.

Ernest Rivers and the British corporal exchanged
rapid glances of intelligence.

"Now!" cried the Englishman.

"Now!" echoed Tom, the ranger.

And away across the sands, toward the water
wall dashed the fugitive prisoners, with the Brit-
ish soldiers apparently in close pursuit. No
noise had as yet been made, nor had their move-
ments been observed from the castle ramparts.
Ernest Rivers felt his heart swell in his bosom,
as he flew across the yielding sands.

The old man, grasping the small hand of his
boy, panted in the rear, and it seemed then as if
even that hopeless mourner was inspired anew
with the desire of life and liberty. On they
dashed. They reached the sea-wall—they be-
held the boat. In a moment more, Tom Evans
had sprang over the gunwale, and grasped an
oar in his stalwart hand.

Rivers followed, and after him sprang the boy,
dragging his father's feeble frame. The British
corporal at this moment reached the strand.

* Continued from page 211.

"Come on!" cried Rivers; "freedom or death,
now!"

"I'm with you," answered the Briton, leaping
into the boat.

Two of his comrades followed him. The two
others paused upon the beach.

"Come on!" exclaimed the corporal.

But the soldiers turned pale and hesitated.

"Then if you will not come give me your
guns," cried the leader, and in an instant he had
sprung back upon the beach, and seized the
muskets of his faint-hearted associates.

They yielded them without resistance, and as
the determined corporal regained the boat, both
turned and fled along the shore. At this instant
a musket shot sounded from the castle-wall above
them.

They were discovered!

"Away—push off, and row for your lives!"
cried the British corporal.

The fugitives needed no second order. They
bent upon their oars, and with a sudden force
the boat shot out into the channel.

Then was heard the quick roll of the alarm
drum, in the castle, and presently a shower of
bullets, from a score of muskets, pattered around
the boat.

"Pull for your lives, men!"

Away flew the boat, spinning and whirling
through the dangerous rapids, which formed the
harbor's mouth of St. Augustine. These des-
perate fellows gave the whole strength of excite-
ment to their efforts. The wide sweep of each
stroke carried them on with fearful rapidity,
while the swift current, setting seaward, accel-
erated their speed.

"Pull for your lives, men—we are chased!"
cried the corporal once more, as the musket
shots began to fall thicker; and at the same
moment a body of soldiers were seen embarking
in boats, to pursue them.

The fugitives were as yet inside of the bat-
tery's range, but would soon reach a point com-
manded by all the seaward armament of the
fort. The English leader glanced at the boats
just pushing from the shore, and a grim smile
crossed his lip.

"They will have to pull hard!" cried he.

The shots from the castle now ceased, for the
pursuers had emerged into the channel, and in-
tercepted the range of shot.

"Pull away! pull away!" cried the Briton.

On, through the foaming waters, towards the
ocean, careered the boat; and behind came
the pursuers, straining every nerve to overtake
their prey. And now another peril arose frown-
ing before the Americans.

A low, moaning noise swept over the surface
of the water, growing louder and louder as it
neared the harbor's mouth. Then a heavy
swell rocked the frail bark, and a strong breeze

rushed landward. The fugitives, tugging at their oars, glanced for a moment around, and beheld an awful cloud spreading upward from the sea horizon, and covering the rising waves with a pall-like blackness. Higher and higher it mounted, swallowing up the twilight; and foreboding one of those terrible storms, which, on the dangerous coast of the Floridas, are nearly always fatal to the hapless mariner who encounters their fury.

"In a moment more we shall be under the guns of the fort, and one battery will sink us," said one of the British soldiers, with a terrified look toward the corporal.

"Never you fear that," answered the determined man. "They'll not fire. Look—if they pour their grape and canister from the ramparts, they may hit friends as well as foes."

He pointed, as he spoke, to the pursuing boats, which had divided, and were somewhat scattered; but all, like their own little vessel, under cannon shot of the castle.

"Pull away," continued the corporal, "and never mind the big guns!"

The cloud grew blacker and blacker ahead of them, and the surging swell of the waters rocked them, as they swept on toward the harbor's mouth. The twilight was rapidly disappearing over the channel, though still, behind the towers of St. Augustine, the sky was crimson with the traces of sunset.

The boats behind were gaining rapidly, and the almost despairing fugitives could hear the shouts of the British, summoning them to surrender. But no thought had these men save of freedom or death.

"Pull away!" still cheerily cried the corporal, and still the escaped captives swept their heavy oars.

The foremost of the pursuers was now within gunshot, and the commanding officer's voice was heard calling upon the Americans to ship their oars.

"Bring to, or we sink you!" came distinctly to their ears.

No answer was returned; but the men bent anew upon their sweeps, in desperation. Again the command to bring to was shouted, followed immediately by a shower of bullets.

A cry of terrible anguish echoed the musketry—a cry as if all the terror of a human soul was concentrated in one convulsive shriek. Ernest Rivers, as he held the tiller of the boat, felt his blood shrink in his veins at that fearful cry.

It was a father's shriek. And, as Rivers looked again, he beheld the wretched old man straining to his bosom the bleeding body of his son. The oars had dropped from the hands of both, and were swept away by the waves.

There, clasping his child to his arms, the desolate old gray-headed father sank to the bottom of the boat. The boy's eyes were fixed in a look of dying love upon his face—his pale, young lips quivered, and he pressed his small hand upon his side, whence from the bullet wound, a stream of dark red blood was pouring.

"My father—we are—free!" murmured the boy, with a last effort.

Then he sank gently back, and was dead. But on his lip was a smile of peace and happiness, as if he indeed were free.

The corporal glanced in the wake of the boat, and beheld his exulting pursuers. He threw down his oar, and raised his musket to his shoulder.

"I will not kill my former comrades," he muttered. "They are but the slaves of tyranny. But," he continued, with a fierce oath, "I will shoot that officer, so help me heaven!"

He fired as he spoke, and the British officer fell back in the stern-sheets of his boat, a corpse.

It was the salvation of the fugitives. The pursuing bark, losing the guidance of her rudder, whirled round among the rapids, and became totally unmanageable. The corporal, who had again grasped his oar, gave once more the order:

"Pull, my men, pull!"

And now another mighty roll, mocking the feeble voice of mortal artillery, was heard above those waters. It was the thunder, crashing through that terrible cloud, which overhung them, crashing like ten thousand cannon, and

rocking sea and shore with its reverberations. The frail boat rose and trembled upon the lifted waves, then settled in a fearful gulf, then plunged on with the fury of a wild horse, toward the wide, black ocean.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OCEAN TORTURE.

Water, water every where;
Yet never a drop to drink! COLERIDGE.

A STORM upon the coast of Florida is a battle of all the elements. Fire, air, earth, and water, meet and dispute with each other the mastery of man. The terrible reefs and headlands hurl back the wind-ridden waves, and the sky bows down in blackness over all, vomiting forth flame and thunder.

And now, while the night and the tempest encompassed her, that frail boat, freighted with the living and the dead, rushed outward to the ocean. Pursuers were left far behind; for the mountain billows rose in fearful barriers behind the fugitives. They were now safe from the rage of man, but the fury of nature was lashing the path before them.

The corporal and the three other rowers drew in their useless oars; and clinging to the gunwales suffered the boat to drive before the wind. Ernest Rivers still grasped the tiller, and endeavored to keep the prow of the slight vessel before the force of the outward gale; for upon the sea, wild and stormy as it was, lay their only hope of safety. The heavy clouds of spray whirled around his form, drenching his garments at every gust; while darker and darker, as they plunged on, grew the face of the waters; and fiercer howled the voice of the storm. The blinding mists hid from each the face of his comrade; each clung for life to his position, uttering no word, and scarcely daring to think of the coming horrors of the awful night.

And in the bottom of that boat crouched the desolate father, hugging to his breast his murdered boy.

Stretched upon those frail planks, the gray-haired father wound his arms around his dead son, and pillowed upon his cheek the cold, pale forehead. The waves, dashing their spray above, disturbed him not; the roar of the winds and thunder was all unheeded. The wretched father thought only of one terrible event—he heard but one awful sound—the death-shot which had struck his gentle boy.

Oh, the long, horrible night, which those despairing fugitives spent upon the wild ocean, struggling for life against the madness of nature! They spoke no word to each other—they took no heed of the dead in their midst—they only clung, pantingly, each to his frail support; and prayed, yet dared not hope, for deliverance.

But the morning at length dawned, and the storm sank into the bosom of the deep. The land was no longer to be seen; and how far that frail bark had drifted and plunged during the long hours of darkness, none of her wretched crew could tell. All around them was one wide stretch of water, glistening now in the first faint glimmerings of the day. They strained their eyes to catch some speck of land, or the white canvas of some ship, in the distance; but in vain! All was a desert of water.

The sun arose, higher and higher above the rim of the ocean. Then these men began to look fearfully into each other's faces, as if they dreaded to behold the expression of madness. Then the gaze of Ernest Rivers, and the blood-shot eyes of his poor companions, fell upon the desolate wretch at the bottom of the boat, still clinging to his bloody burthen.

"Oh, my God, this is terrible!" cried the corporal.

"But we are free!" answered Rivers, with a despairing smile.

"Ay, and we must not give up," said the corporal, suddenly rousing himself. "What say you, comrades, we have neither chart nor compass, but we have yonder sun to guide us. Let us pull bravely, and we shall reach land before night, though God alone knows where we are now."

The man nearest to the speaker grasped his oar, and essayed to lift it; but his strength was unequal to the effort; it fell from his hand.

"I'm beat out," he muttered with quivering lips.

"I have here in my breast pocket," said the corporal, "three hard biscuits, and a flask of rum. We will take one of these biscuits and divide it into six pieces, for our breakfast. Each man shall then have a sip of the liquor. What say you, comrades?"

The calm voice in which the corporal spoke these words inspired those who listened to him with hope. Each man signified his assent to the proposition, and in a few moments the hard ship-bread was divided into six fragments.

The sea was exceedingly rough, and the boat tossed up and down upon the waves. The sun had now risen an hour above the horizon, and its beams were just beginning to be felt by the weary, shivering fugitives. But, as yet, the old man had not lifted his head from his son's body, nor glanced once at the faces of his companions. He crouched in the same position in which he had fallen, with his dying child, to the boat's bottom, straining the lifeless corpse to his bosom with an immovable embrace. Except from the shivering spasm, which at intervals shook his frame, the old man might have been thought dead himself.

Rivers bent over, and whispered to the corporal:

"Had we not better have the youth buried?"

"There's a bit of sacking yonder in the bows," returned the Briton. "We might wrap the poor lad in it, and say the burial service over it—if so be that you recollect it, sir—I'm afraid I don't."

"We can at least say a prayer," said Rivers, solemnly. "Speak, Nevers, to the old man."

Nevers, as the corporal was named, touched the father lightly, and as gently as possible signified his desire. But the old man looked up with a fierce glare, and drew the body closer to his breast.

"The sun is rising, and the heat will be horrible to bear by noon," said Rivers. "Your son cannot then remain in the boat."

"The captain speaks the truth," spake now, for the first time, the voice of Tom Evans, who had since day break been leaning in the bow of the boat, apparently incapable of motion.

It was singular to notice how severely the hardship they had endured, had affected those strong men—Evans, the corporal and the two other British deserters—while the weak frame of Ernest Rivers seemed to bear up with great fortitude, and exhibit little traces of suffering.

"The captain speaks the truth," said Evans. "We must let the poor boy sink in the deep. And it is better, comrades," continued the ranger, drawing near the old man, and grasping his hand—"better for the lad to be where he is than in a dungeon. He is now at least free!"

The last word of the ranger—"free"—seemed to strike upon the old father's heart. It was the word which had concluded the dying murmurs of his child. The desolate wretch looked up with a gaze of hopeless sorrow.

"He is free!" he cried; "my boy is free! Oh, God! oh, God!"

A sudden torrent of tears gushed from the eyes of the man, and fell upon the fair face of the dead boy. It was upturned, as the father raised his head, and the eyes of all those sympathizing companions were drawn toward it. The soft hair fell damp and heavy about the young brow, white as alabaster, and the eyes were closed, with the long lashes dropping as if in slumber. A sweet, placid expression lingered around the lips, such as is often noticed upon the faces of those who have died from bullet wounds. Had the youth's bloody form been covered from view, it might have seemed, from those calm features, as if he were but sleeping.

"His soul is free for ever, poor old man," said Rivers. "Would that we were all as happy and secure as your child."

Once more that father bent over the corpse, and threw his arms around it. He kissed the cold lips, while still the hot tears gushed from his eyes. Those tears were a relief. They soothed the delirium of his brain. Presently, while yet the others gazed, the old man raised himself slowly on his knees, and covering his face with his hands, seemed to pray with inward fervor, though his parted lips emitted no

sound. Then, when his brief prayer was ended, the father turned quietly toward Rivers, and in a low voice, said:

"Bury your dead."

The heart of the captain sank within him as he heard those words, and remembered that but for him the boy might now have been alive. The quick glance of Evans caught the expression of the young man's thought, and stretching out his hand, he whispered:

"Not your fault, sir—no, it was I that tempted the poor lad. And thank God do I that he is free!"

"We know not yet what may be our fate," cried the Corporal, Nevers, who had likewise interpreted the feelings of Rivers. "None of us know, as yet, what that lad has escaped."

The few arrangements for the burial of the youth were soon completed; and the body, wound in a piece of drenched sacking, was committed to the awful depths of the ocean. Not a tear did the heart-broken father shed during the ceremony; it seemed, indeed, as if that last gush of grief had dried up the channels of his soul for ever.

But, when the last prayer was said, and the form of his beloved sank with a sudden plunge into the unfathomable sea, drawn downward by a ballast-stone, which had been placed in his rude shroud, the old man sat down silently in the bows of the boat, folded his arms across his breast, and closed his eyes. The sunbeams fell upon his gray hairs, but he took no heed of it. All that had warmed his withered life was now no more upon the earth.

The fragments of biscuit were now divided, but when his share was proffered to him, he put silently away the hand that presented it. The flask of wine was placed to his mouth, but he drank not, the liquor scarce moistened his thin, parched lips.

Then that solitary share of the biscuit was placed apart by those pitying men for their stricken comrade; their own scanty portions were consumed, and the flask passed from lip to lip, each barely wet by the few drops that were drunk. They had—those wretched men—but two biscuits more, and God only knew how long they were to drift upon that ocean.

The sun was like a ball of fire, as it hung above the boat, at noon, pouring its vertical rays upon the crew's unsheltered heads. They had relinquished the design of attempting to gain the shore, not only from the exhausted state to which their labors and exposure had reduced them, but also because they had apparently been driven by the storm into the channel of the gulf stream, and were now borne by that gigantic current in a direction in which it was more than probable they should cross, before night-fall, the course of some vessel.

Long and agonizing were the hours, as they passed. The sufferers had contrived, with the oars and a piece of sacking, united with their coats, to rig up a sort of screen, which partially sheltered them from the direct fierceness of the sun; but this could not prevent the excessive heat from parching their throats and drying up their blood.

The noon passed, and the hours still dragged on. Few words were exchanged between the wretched voyagers; they only looked earnestly into one another's eyes, as if to borrow consolation. And each endeavored, too, to smile at times; and perhaps, even venture a light word. All except the childless old man.

He moved not from the bows of the boat—heeded not, it seemed, the heat. Oh, wretched, heart-broken sire! what indeed was suffering to him who had seen his beloved ones die?

The sun began to descend. Still no sail gleamed upon that wide ocean. The evening breeze arose, and blew upon the fevered foreheads of the men. It cooled the fire of their blood.

The sun disappeared—dipped beneath the water, and was gone. Then rode forth the silver moon, shedding a flood of white rays over the ocean.

But no sail reflected the moonbeams.

Another night passed on. And through the long hours the boat crew slept at intervals, from sorrow and fatigue. But their dreams were ter-

rible, and they ever and anon awoke from their disturbed slumbers, with gushing, stifled shrieks.

Another morning dawned in gray light, and once more arose the sun, and darted its beams across the waters.

But they revealed no sail.

The feeble hands of Corporal Nevers could scarce part the hard biscuits into fragments for his comrades. Tom Evans, the blithe-hearted, wore a sickly smile. Ernest Rivers looked fearfully haggard, and tottered as he arose to take his share of the bread.

But the old man refused again his fragment of the store. The flask went round, but he drank not. Rivers forced a few drops into the wretch's mouth, but he did not seem to taste it.

Oh, the horror of that morning! Noon came again, and the red ball of fire rained down its blaze upon the heads of the crew, burning into their very brains. Then they looked fiercely into one another's eyes, and read in each dry orb what no tongue could speak—the thirst, the fiery thirst for water!

Thirst! It is the torture of the doomed and lost of another world! It is the fire which is never quenched; the undying worm that gnaweth and will not be appeased. Oh! terrible, terrible, is it to thirst upon the ocean, beneath a blazing sky!

And yet no sail appeared.

When night came the last biscuit was divided, and the flask drained. They could not wait for another morn. They ate their last morsel, and gulped the last drop of rum.

But the thirst and the hunger fled not. Nearly three days had the biscuit and liquor been all those wretched men had tasted. The night wore away, and the morn came again.

But why relate the horrors of that day? No sail appeared!

And where was the childless old man? He had sank to the bottom of the boat; and the poor wretch raved of his child, called the boy by soft names, and murmured:

"We will be happy, my son. We will escape!"

He kissed the phantom of his delirium in imaginary transport, and patted the cheek and parted the clustering curls of his shadowy beloved one.

The fourth day dawned, and the sun rose up. And then the five younger men drew their heads together and glared into each other's eyes. Then, in a gasping whisper, the British corporal spoke a few words.

They drew near the maniac father, who was mumbling in the bows of the boat, and to him Nevers whispered again.

The words of the corporal seemed to recall the senses of the old man. His glance wandered over all their faces, and then he spoke. His voice, though he had eaten nought for four days, was clearer and stronger than that of the stalwart Briton. He comprehended their purpose, and said:

"You want to cast lots to die!"

The five men bowed their heads. They had resolved that one should be slain to feed the rest. The cannibal glittered in their fixed eyes; for hunger and thirst had destroyed humanity.

"Let us begin."

Six threads, of different lengths, were wound and knotted together in a ball, with as many ends protruding from it. Then each man clutched one of these fatal ends.

He who drew the shortest thread was to die! Slowly, slowly, the knotted ball was unwound; the wretched men glaring at the unraveled strings. One by one the threads separated. Then kneeling in the boat, beneath the fiery sun, the cannibals measured their threads.

Ernest Rivers held the shortest thread. He must die!

"I am ready!" cried the young captain.

And then those men marked that the eyes of the desolate father gleamed as if with triumph. Perhaps he thought that his son's death was thus avenged.

"I am ready!" said Ernest Rivers.

But Tom Evans, the ranger, feebly lifted his hand. He gasped for utterance, and at last spoke:

"Me!" he murmured. "Me! captain. I'll die for you!"

As the poor fellow said this he strove to rise, but fell back, exhausted. Ernest Rivers bared his breast.

"I have drawn the lot of death, comrades," he said; "I am ready for the knife!"

But none as yet stirred. All eyes looked out once more over the waste of water, as if even then they hoped a vessel might appear.

But no sail was on that ocean.

Presently the old man spoke:

"I have the knife!" he said, and as he spoke he raised in his hand the gleaming blade of the knife, which they had used to divide the biscuit.

Ernest Rivers knelt down and presented his bosom to the blow.

It fell! but it struck not the young man! That knife was sheathed in the bosom of him who wielded it. The old man fell a corpse to the bottom of the boat; and his last words were heard by those famishing men:

"I, too, am free!"

CHAPTER XV.

LAURELWOOD HOUSE.

Embowered in woods,
And hidden in a sylvan vale.—

THE TWO FRIENDS.

On the border of a small river in the interior of South Carolina, stood in 1777, a mansion which was then at least a century old. It bore less the appearance of a private residence than of a fortified post, as the thick walls, heavy buttresses, and small loop-hole-like windows, were evidently intended as defenses against attack or siege. In fact, the building had been a block-house, or garrison, for the small settlement around it, to which during the Indian wars, the inhabitants were wont to retire when threatened by a savage incursion.

A growth of oak and palmetto stretched around the place, forming a natural wall along the river banks, for the plantations appurtenant to the dwelling. Before the house was also an avenue of trees, leading from the front door to the main road, about a quarter of a mile distant.

Up this avenue, about a year after the abduction of the blind girl Alice from her father's protection, crept slowly, at the dusk of evening, the figure of a man. Beneath the shadowy trees the person skulked, pausing every moment to listen for some distant sound.

The front windows of the house, looking on a sort of mossy balcony above the porch, were open, and seated at one of them was a young girl. Her head was pressed against the vine which clambered around the casement, and the breeze wafted back and forth a few stray ringlets that hung from a forehead white as snow. She seemed seated there purposely to feel and enjoy the cool zephyrs that floated upward, burdened with all the perfume of the thousand flowers of the valley. Her eyes were closed, and at first view, she appeared to be wrapt in slumber, but on close inspection, it would become certain that she was blind.

In fact, this young girl was Alice, the child of Mat Orrall.

The person who skulked beneath the trees, gradually drew near the house, and presently stood immediately beneath the balcony where sat the blind girl, though concealed from the eyes of any one within the house by the deepening shadow, and likewise by the thick vines which he bent down over his figure. Thus hidden, he could have a complete view, not only of the window, and balcony, but also of the entire avenue which he had just traversed.

The man's gaze, however, seemed riveted upon the face of the blind girl, to the forgetfulness of every other object, and his glances seemed like living fire. The unconscious girl reposed against the vine-wreathed casement, her lips parted to inhale the evening breeze, and revealing teeth of whiteness almost dazzling. Her cheek was very pale, as if she had suffered from illness, or confinement, and there was a small spot of red upon either cheek that was not good to see. She was clad in a white dress, of fine muslin, which sat well upon her slight, graceful figure, and made it seem almost ethereal to the beholder.

Thus thought her father, Mat Orrall the outlaw, for it was he who now, from those dim shadows, looked upon his child.

It was the first time since his parting with her on the night before the battle of Fort Sullivan, that he had seen the object with which his life was wound up.

He had left the house of Robert Atree, on the night when he received the thousand pounds, with his fierce spirit worked to a pitch of desperation. Baffled but not convinced by the coolness of his employer, the bravo still resolved to watch like a blood-hound him whom he suspected of being privy to the mysterious disappearance of his child.

For this purpose, he had remained concealed for nearly a week in the vicinity of Atree's Charleston residence, scarcely allowing himself to partake of food, so earnest was his determination to track the robber. He suspected Robert Atree, and yet could not divine the motive which should impel him. Never did the outlaw imagine that there were other and higher motives of ambition to actuate the tory besides the mere pleasure of revenge.

Nearly a week did Orrall watch the house of his employer, and dog his footsteps when he walked abroad. But Atree had taken his precautions. On the very night of his last interview with the bravo, and even while he was writhing beneath the man's grasp, the blind girl, under the care of the negress Gottan, and her quadroon daughter, was conveyed secretly from Charleston, to the country residence of the Atree family, called Laurelwood. This was the mansion which we described at the opening of this chapter, and here had the gentle Alice been closely kept for the entire year which had elapsed.

Robert Atree himself left Charleston in little over a week after the repulse of the British from Sullivan's Island. At the same time that he became assured of the loss of Ernest Rivers, he learned also another piece of intelligence, that Lord Marmount had fallen, during the combat, by a shot from the fort. This information startled yet delighted him. He remembered the last conversation which he had had with the deceased nobleman, in which he had learned that Alice, the bravo's child, was the heiress to all his estates and titles. This news filled the young tory's mind with the most ambitious projects; for he immediately perceived that all which would be necessary, was to prove the fact of Orrall's being the father of the girl, to entitle her to the succession.

He now had the blind girl in his power, and what was to prevent his marrying her? Skillful physicians might cure her blindness, and once his wife, he could easily gain the bravo's testimony to the fact of her being Marmount's granddaughter. This proved, Robert Atree the tory, or at least his eldest-born, would be a peer of England!

Another event had occurred which prompted Atree to rest his project principally upon the blind girl. This was the sudden and dangerous illness of Louise Rivers, consequent upon her receiving the terrible news of her husband's death. The blow had stricken her to the earth, and when the plotting tory left Charleston, her life was almost despaired of.

Thus it followed, that when Mat Orrall had dogged the steps of his employer with unavailing assiduity for a week, he learned all at once that Atree had left the city, none knew whither. The bravo muttered a deep curse, and left also, determined to track his child the world over.

For a year his quest had been fruitless, till lately, he had learned in his wanderings of the existence of the country house of Atree, Laurelwood; from which, he likewise ascertained, its master had been absent for nearly a year, but was shortly looked for by the servants of the family. This information was sufficient to impel the vengeful bravo to seek the place, and thither had he now come, and, safely hidden from observation, was gazing on the features of his long-lost child.

Mat Orrall looked out from the shadow upon the white robed blind girl. His dark soul was struggling with all the fierce passions which were its nature. Now, he would mutter oaths of vengeance on Robert Atree—then he would murmur soft words, as if his child might hear them. All the time, he never withdrew his eyes

from that pale face, though it grew dim in the increasing dusk.

At last the night fell thicker around the mansion, and then the face of his child vanished from the bravo's vision. Yet still he remained wrapt as it were in gazing at the casement; but all the while fearful memories and resolves were battling in his breast. When lights began to appear in the windows of the house, Mat Orrall stole forth from the vines which had concealed him, and cautiously proceeded to reconnoiter the building.

His resolution was quickly taken, and acting upon the first suggestions of his fancy, he climbed noiselessly up the projecting cornices of the porch, until he reached and stood upon the balcony, whence, through the still open casement, he could look into the apartment. Then, crouching behind the trellis, he narrowly inspected the interior.

Alice was no longer in the room, which was evidently the supper-room of the mansion, for a table, covered with fruits, stood in the middle of the floor. A candelabra, from which a strong light fell upon every part of the chamber, occupied the mantel shelf, and at the moment when Orrall's gaze scanned the scene, the old negress Margarette was engaged in arranging the ornaments around it.

The bravo closely scrutinized the old woman's face, as she moved from point to point, talking to herself in a low tone. Her bright black eyes and singular stateliness of manner, struck the man from the first, and he quickly arrived at the just conclusion that she must be the upper servant or housekeeper of the tory. His examination of her features likewise satisfied him that it would be useless to attempt to tamper with her fidelity to her master; for in every line of Gottan's countenance might be traced the consciousness of confidence deservedly reposed in her. Convinced of this, Orrall knew that he must rely upon his own address or boldness to regain possession of his child.

Atree's absence from home favored his design; and yet the bravo would have given much to know that he should be placed front to front with the tory, and have the opportunity once more that he had failed to profit by at their last meeting. The reflection that he had been made so complete a tool by his designing employer, while the villanous design of abduction was in progress of execution, galled the spirit of the man to bitterness. He resolved first to rescue his daughter, and then to pursue Robert Atree to the death.

The negress having occupied herself for a few moments in arranging the supper table, left the apartment by a door immediately opposite the window at which Orrall was concealed. The bravo immediately emerged from the shadow of the balcony, and sprang noiselessly into the brilliantly lighted supper-room. He did not however follow the footsteps of the old woman, for his quick ingenuity had projected a mode of concealment, which he resolved immediately to test the security of.

The windows were curtained with heavy velvet, which, mingled with thin muslin, depended in folds to the floor. These curtains, at the first view, seemed to appear a hiding-place, but Orrall reflected that perhaps the increasing dampness of the evening air might render it desirable that they should be drawn over the casement, in which event, exposure of the concealed person would become inevitable. He decided upon another scheme.

The fire-place, like those of most old-fashioned dwellings, was very wide, occupying a large portion of the space between the entrance-door of the apartment from the hall, and another smaller door which led apparently to other rooms in the interior of the house. This fire-place was now filled with summer plants, in large wooden boxes, which covered the hearth entirely; and the branches of these house-flowers trained and spread themselves upward and outward, around the fire-place and mantle, forming in that spot a perfect parlor conservatory. It was the work of but a moment for Matthew Orrall to lift carefully one of these boxes, and creep behind it into the recess beneath the chimney, without disturbing the position or appearance of a single

leaf. There, hidden completely by the flowers and foliage in front of him, the bravo could observe everything that transpired in the apartment, learn doubtless the location of his daughter's sleeping-chamber, and thence, when all should be quiet in the house, bear away the blind girl, having first fired the mansion, not only to prevent pursuit, but as one instalment of the debt of vengeance due to Robert Atree.

These were the thoughts of Mat Orrall, as he crouched behind the flower-boxes. For some moments the room remained vacant, and the bravo had full leisure to digest his plans. The lights of the candelabra illumined every corner of the place, and the most death-like silence prevailed, so that the man could count the pulsations of his heart.

Suddenly the clatter of horse's hoofs, apparently approaching at full speed up the avenue, struck upon the bravo's ear. He listened breathlessly till the sound ceased at the front door, beneath the balcony, and immediately afterward was heard a murmur of human voices. Orrall listened intently, but he could distinguish no remembered tone.

Nevertheless at the thought which passed through his mind, that his enemy had probably returned, his whole frame shook with savage joy. "Hah!" he muttered between his set teeth—"Robert Atree is here! I shall have the robber in my grasp once more."

But the events of the next moment undeceived him. Gottan the negress entered the apartment, followed by an elderly gentleman, plainly attired, and a lady closely veiled. The costume of both the new-comers was that of travel, and it was apparent from the dust-stained condition of their garments, as well as the fatigue which evidently oppressed them, that they had ridden long and hard. Gottan spoke as she entered:

"Our household is but small during our master's absence. The war does not harm us, however, and that is a blessing."

"We shall not trespass long on your hospitality," remarked the gentleman. "But, it is very dangerous, I may say foolhardy, to travel after nightfall, now that the roads are so unsettled. Indeed, my daughter and myself were put to our speed to avoid a party of soldiers whom we encountered a couple of hours since. It was that adventure, truly, that forced us from our direct road, and obliged us to seek shelter at this mansion."

The traveler, as he made these remarks, was hastily engaged in leading his veiled companion to a couch, and in divesting himself of a short mantle and the riding cap which he wore, as well as a brace of portentous looking pistols, which were fastened at his side. He spoke, too, in a rambling style, as if not directing his conversation to any one in particular; though the old negress listened with every mark of attention, standing with her eyes bent to the floor before him. When he had concluded she pointed silently to the table, on which was displayed a quantity of tempting fruits, and then disappeared noiselessly from the room.

"Well, we rode hard, child, and have found strange quarters here, truly," continued the old man. "A lonely, castle-like old house, without a master, with a most mysterious old witch for a warden. Pray heaven there's no enchantment about us!"

He laughed as he said this, and playfully took the hand of his companion, who threw back her veil, and looked into his face, but without returning her smile.

Matthew Orrall peered from his concealment, and beneath the shadow which half concealed the lady's face, he thought he recalled something he had before seen. He held his breath to listen.

"I like not this place, father, and almost wish we had pursued our journey."

"Nonsense, my child. We are safer here than upon the highway, at all events. Why should we fear? We are strangers, and have sought a shelter, which has been granted to us. Cheer up, my child. Trust me, we are safer with the old negress, black as she is, than with one of King George's troopers on the highroad."

"Oh, my father, would that we were at home," murmured the lady, while an expression of deep sorrow flitted across her countenance.

"And yet, my poor girl, it was for your sake alone, that I insisted upon your accompanying me in this journey. I hoped that it would invigorate your health, perhaps restore you—"

"Can it banish memory, my father? But promise me that we shall remain at home, hereafter, father—that we shall never be separated, or—"

"I promise you, my daughter. And will you in return endeavor to comfort me—your foolish old father—by resuming the smile that used to gladden my heart?"

"I will try to be more cheerful, father—indeed I will," answered the girl. "Come now, let me tempt you with this bunch of grapes," she continued, playfully, holding up a cluster of the luscious fruit.

As she did so, the light from the condelabra fell upon her features.

Matthew Orrall shivered through every limb as he recognized the lady. He covered his face with his hands, and shrank back in his hiding place, as a fearful memory darkened his soul.

"I know her," he muttered; "I know her—I murdered her husband!"

It was indeed the bride of Ernest Rivers, who now sat with her father in the house of their foe.

The bravo cared not to listen to the further converse of these two whom he had so deeply injured. The memory of that last hour of Moultrie's defense came terribly upon him, and he seemed again to hear the half-uttered cry, and quick splash, that alone chronicled his victim's fate. His dark spirit felt relieved when Gottan re-entered the apartment, to conduct her guests to their repose, and he watched their retreating figures, as if he joyed to be freed from the presence of unreal phantoms which had tortured him.

Scarcely, however, had the apartment become silent again, than Orrall's quick ears caught once more the sound of a horse's hoofs. And this time, he was not destined to be disappointed in his hopes; for only a few minutes had elapsed when Robert Atree, followed obsequially by his aged slave, strode with a heavy foot into the supper-room.

The bravo clenched his fingers tightly together, and drew in his breath to catch the first accents of his enemy's voice.

A year had worked some change in the appearance of the young man. He seemed darker in complexion, and there was a haughtier expression in his countenance even than before. He was clad in a dark green riding frock, which set off to great advantage his slight but graceful form. His spurred riding-boots were besprinkled with mud, as if he had ridden long and far. A sword hung at his girdle, and from the breast-pocket of his coat peeped the handles of a pair of silver mounted pistols. Gotta held in her hand a short horseman's cloak, which had apparently been worn by her master, as, like his boots, it was stained with mud and dust.

Atree threw himself in an old-fashioned arm-chair near the fire-place, with his back turned toward the potted-flowers that hid the bravo. He was so close that Orrall could have stretched out his hand and reached him with his dagger's point.

"Well, Gotta, you received my letter," said the tory. "You expected my arrival?"

"Yes, Master Robert," answered the negress. "It made us very glad indeed. Oh, we have been afraid that master would never come back. And you have been away across the great ocean, Master Robert, to the king's house—is it not so?"

"Yes, Gotta, I have been three thousand miles away from home, and among strange people, too. But I missed my old nurse Gotta."

"Thanks—thanks!" said the negress, kneeling beside the young man's chair. "You make Margarette very, very happy."

"Well, well, Gotta, how goes on the little blind girl? Is she well and contented, as when you last sent me word?"

The listening bravo held his breath to hear the conversation which now concerned his child. Gotta replied—

"She is very sweet—very beautiful. I love her very much. So does Filippa. She sings, and plays upon your mother's harp, Master Robert, and works embroidery, like Filippa, who has taught her all she knew herself."

The bravo muttered to himself, "Hah! they teach her, then. Who is this Filippa that she speaks of?"

"But is the little girl contented and happy here?"

"Most always, Master Robert. It is true she wishes for her father, whom she prays for every night."

As Mat Orrall heard this, a thrill passed through his fierce soul. He could not notice the sneer that rested upon Atree's lip, or perchance he had at once rushed forth and stabbed the tory to the heart.

"Well, Gotta, I am glad you have taken great care of Alice," said the young man. "I feared, too, that she might have been troublesome at first, but it seems you love her. That is well."

"O, very much we love her, Master Robert. She is a blessed angel we all think."

The bravo could have hugged that old negro to his heart as he heard her thus speak of his child—so strange are the instincts of affection in the roughest natures.

"Well, Gotta, listen to me," pursued Atree, in a low tone, as if fearful of being overheard. "I take great interest in this young girl, and I have been three thousand miles for her sake alone."

Mat Orrall listened.

"Yes, Gotta, for her sake! Have you not thought how sad it was that Alice has no sight; that she has lived in darkness all her life?"

"It is very, very sad, Master Robert."

"Well, Gotta, I would restore to this child her sight—I would make her able to see like you and Filippa. That is the reason I have been so far away—to Europe—to France!"

"And will she have sight, master?"

"Yes, Gotta. I have seen a great physician in France, who will undertake to cure her blindness; and so I am going to take Alice away with me. You and Filippa shall go too, and we will start immediately."

The negress pressed her master's hand, but answered not.

"What are you thinking of, Gotta?"

"Would not little Alice be happier if her father went with her?"

"Her father is dead," answered Atree. "He was a bad man, and was punished with death by the laws. But never tell this to Alice."

"O, no, no," said Gotta. "She would not believe it, for in truth, Master Robert, she loves her father very much, and weeps often for him. She says they stole her away from her father while she slept."

"Gotta, hush such follies as this. I wish to make Alice happy, and give her sight. Tomorrow you must prepare to go with Filippa and the child away from Laurelwood. We have a long journey before us. Now I will eat supper, Gotta, for I am hungry. Bring me wine. After supper I will see the little girl."

With these words, Robert Atree drew the arm-chair which he occupied near to the supper table. Gotta withdrew for the wine.

Matthew Orrall's fierce eyes gleamed out from the fire-place upon his enemy; but the tory saw them not. All unconscious of the presence of the man he most feared, he went on with his supper, his appetite sharpened by a long and weary journey. Gotta brought the wine her master had ordered, and then stood with folded arms before her master.

"Why do you not go?"

"I had not yet informed you that there were strangers in Laurelwood."

"How! Strangers? What mean you, Gotta?"

"A gentleman and a young lady arrived here about one hour ago. They had ridden out of the way to avoid the soldiers, and asked to remain here for the night."

"Gotta, I wish no strangers in my house. Have they seen Alice? Who, and what are these people?"

The manner of Atree convinced the listening bravo that his enemy attached much importance to the concealment of the blind girl. He smiled triumphantly, as he thought of soon frustrating the young tory's designs, whatever they might be.

"I do not know," returned Gotta, to her master's hurried inquiries, "who they are, except that the gentleman is apparently the father of the lady. They have retired to the north gallery."

"Very well! Go now, Gotta. I will call when I want you."

Gotta was about to withdraw, when a confused noise was heard outside the house, immediately beneath the balcony.

"What is that?" cried Atree, starting.

"I will see," was Gotta's quiet answer, as she glided from the apartment, while the tory, half-rising from his seat, listened attentively.

Mat Orrall listened too, watching the young man with a look which was fearful indeed, blent as it was of all the bad passions which possessed the bravo's soul. And as he gazed, he revolved in his mind the conversation he had heard, and essayed to fathom the secret motive which evidently actuated Atree's interest in the blind girl. "He shall reckon," muttered Mat Orrall to himself. "He shall give an account."

The next moment the old negress returned to the apartment, and the concealed bravo became witness to another scene that further developed the villainy of the man before him.

Gotta was followed by a tall man, attired in the scarlet uniform of a British officer, and another individual whose costume seemed to be neither military or civil, but a compound of both, hanging slouchingly from a most ungainly person. Robert Atree rose as his visitor entered, and the negress immediately withdrew.

"To what am I indebted for—"

"Perhaps Mr. Robert Atree does not recognize an old friend. I am Captain Percy Wemyss, at your service."

"Captain Wemyss, you are heartily welcome," cried Atree, grasping the other's hand. "I did not recognize you at first."

"Egad, Atree, I believe I shall quarter on you here—you look so deuced comfortable. My dear fellow, how long has this been your place of residence?"

"To tell the truth, captain, this night is the first time I have seen Laurelwood for a year. I have crossed the Atlantic twice within that time, and shall shortly do so again. This house was a favorite residence of my father, but since his time has been little occupied."

"It is paradise around it at this charming season, my dear fellow. But, egad! what have we troopers to do with paradise, driven from post to pillar as we are in pursuit of these infernal rebels? By the lord Harry, I wish I was in England once more."

"I was not aware, captain, that his Majesty's troops were so near Laurelwood as it seems. In fact, I am entirely in the dark as to the state of affairs here. My absence—"

"Egad, you're not more in the dark than I am, my dear fellow. We are here one day and away the next. What, with chasing the Swamp Fox and his ragged soldiers, checking insurrections, and hanging rebels, we are kept scouring these deuced bottoms morning and night. I was detached this morning to intercept some dispatches from Marion, and pursuing some fugitives too briskly, this fellow and myself were separated from the rest. I cannot regret the accident, however, as it has led to this meeting with an old friend and good loyalist."

"I trust I am both, captain," said Atree.

"My unhappy and misguided country must ere long recognize who are her real friends. I wish this unnatural war was over, but I am convinced that can never be till the colonies return to their allegiance. But, pardon me, captain, you must be fatigued, and need refreshment. Draw near, and join me in some wine."

"First allow me to ask some of your household if they have seen aught of my fugitives, a lady and gentleman, whom we lost sight of, a couple of hours since."

"I think, captain, you need not go far to ascertain. Gotta tells me that visitors answering your description are now under this roof."

"Egad, Atree—have you seen the lady? This is fortunate. Why, my dear fellow, she's a perfect angel—and I've not the least doubt that the old scamp who accompanies her is a malignant rebel. Have you seen them? Who are they?"

Choice Miscellany.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At noon I know where she resteth at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she lies in a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms o'er water meet;
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,
That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold
She paints a border of crimson and gold;
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their glow in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Still wheeling her flight through the glad some air,
The Spirit of Beauty is every where!

THE COURT OF VERSAILLES.

From the French.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.

In one of the splendid saloons of the Palace at Versailles, after the royal supper one evening, Louis the Sixteenth stood before a marble table upon which was placed an elegant coffee service. Raising the richly gilt cover from a porcelain sugar basin, he took two lumps of sugar, and letting them fall gently into a cup of boiling coffee, amused himself by watching the small yellow bubbles as they rose from the sinking sugar to the top of his coffee, successively releasing from each fragile prison the air which it contained.

Monsieur de Maurepas approached the king. The revolution was not at that moment contemplated; but passing events were agitating most minds; the vase of futurity was full—waiting only the drop, great or small, which was to cause the fatal overflow. The court, persevering in blindness until its last day, was gay, inconsiderate, and wholly devoted to a young and beautiful queen equally gay and inconsiderate. Monsieur de Maurepas was minister, a witty, facetious, old man—or rather a child of threescore years and ten—who would have given a province for a piece of lace for the queen, and a sea-port, that the king might delight in La Belle France and that France be comprised in Versailles for Monsieur de Maurepas, and a few fine forests for the king to hunt in, while his subjects labored for the payment of his taxes.

What do the people complain of? asked one of the aristocracy, at the beginning of the revolution; and what do they want? Have they not hospitals and asylums?

Monsieur de Maurepas did not even think of hospitals, he thought the people ought first to obey the laws, then to live and die as their destiny appointed, without troubling themselves about their betters. This disdainful indifference, this sacrilegious forgetfulness of the most simple, as well as the most responsible duties of humanity, seems impossible in a prime minister. Nevertheless, it is the true history of Monsieur de Maurepas's political character, that Monsieur de Maurepas, who drew near the king and having waited until his majesty had swallowed several mouthfuls of coffee, said, "How does your majesty like the coffee this evening?"

"It is excellent," replied Louis.

"Yes: the mocha is of a most delicious

quality; but does your majesty find it to have the usual flavor? the sugar which they have this evening supplied, has it agreeably softened the sharpness of the coffee?"

Louis the Sixteenth was timid, yet obstinate; his temperament, and like his grandfather, Louis XIV., dreaded nothing so much as a jest or *bon-mot* at his expense. Surveying his minister with doubtful looks, then reflecting upon his own high position and the courtier-like habits of his minister, he said rather sternly, "What do you mean, sir? are you dissatisfied with our controller of the household? or, do you know of any better coffee than mine?"

"Oh, no! sire; neither one nor the other; but allow me to ask yet another question—your majesty has put two pieces of sugar into your cup, how much does your majesty think they cost each?"

"Ah! you are about teaching me a lesson on economy, I perceive," said the king. "Well! well! I shall be delighted with it, come let us see. Sugar costs four francs six sous a pound. I suppose in a pound of sugar there are eighty, pieces the size of those in my coffee, that makes it a sous per lump—or, as I am King of France and, as such, pay more for every thing than my subjects, my two pieces of sugar would cost me six or eight sous at most."

"Those two lumps of sugar," said M. de Maurepas with emphasis, "cost your majesty, nothing, they are a present from one of your majesty's subjects, but to him they cost a louis d'or each."

"A pretty story truly, Monsieur de Maurepas," said the king, "if all the sugar eaten in the palace were to cost at that rate, I should have to sell the domain of Rambouillet to sweeten the dauphin's boiled milk. Explain, sir."

"Willingly, sire; but will your majesty condescend to examine this sugar well?" Monsieur de Maurepas emptied the basin on to the marble table, and counted the lumps: there were forty-three; "with the twopieces in your majesty's cup," said he, "making forty-five lumps, this pound of sugar costs one thousand and eighty francs. See how sparkling and light it is! just taste it, what an exquisite flavor!—so very sweet, melting in the mouth without leaving the slightest disagreeable flavor behind."

"Well!" said the king, the gray hairs of his minister keeping his rising temper in order, "well! the sugar is sweet, that is simple enough—would you have it better, pray?"

"But your majesty could never guess what this sugar is made from."

Louis the Sixteenth was not an ignoramus, he had some knowledge of chemistry and its mystical operations. He drew back a little, fearing to be compromised by the mention of some ridiculous amalgamation, then said in a loud tone of voice, "It is cane sugar, Monsieur de Maurepas; but let us talk of something else—the parliament."

"Sire!" said Maurepas, "it is beet-root sugar."

"Beet-root! what is beet-root, sir?" asked Louis.

"Sire!" said a little duchess who had listened to the conversation, and waited to snatch an opportunity of making herself remarkable, "beet-root is little red slices of I don't know what, which my people soak in vinegar and eat with salad."

The king laughed heartily.

"Sire!" said Monsieur de Maurepas, "beet-root is a very common root in France, much liked by your own brother, and of this root sugar is now made."

This conversation between the king and his minister had excited the curiosity of all the attendants; none had dared to approach lest they should disturb some state scenes, but not a movement of the interlocutors escaped notice. They had seen the minister show the king his cup of coffee, turn the sugar out on the marble table, and examine every lump. One of the courtiers withdrew into the queen's card room, and whispered in the ear of a friend, that the king had just taken poison in his coffee-pot. "You terrify me," said the devoted fellow-courtier, "I have had coffee too, and perhaps from the same coffee-pot."

"Don't be alarmed," said the other, "the cof-

fee is not poisoned, it is the sugar, and no one but the king has taken from the prepared basin. We shall have a regency; so I will begone and pay my respects to the dauphin's governess."

The report spread from one to another until it reached the queen, who rose in great agitation. Throwing her cards down, she hastened to the king, who was still conversing with his minister. "Oh! sire!" exclaimed Marie Antoinette, much agitated.

"What is the matter?" asked the king, "and what brings you in such haste? how pale you are," added he, with more than usual tenderness, in his manner, then filling a glass with water, he threw in several lumps of sugar and, presenting it to his royal consort, said, "drink this madam, it will revive you—you will also become acquainted with a new kind of sugar."

Monsieur de Maurepas was light and frivolous, but possessed of abundant finesse, he had, moreover, great experience in the tricks of a palace, growing old amid them: he knew well how to judge from the face of what was passing in the heart. He seized the glass of sugared water from the king and drank it off.

"Oh! thank you," exclaimed Marie Antoinette, putting out her hand to the minister; then turning to the king, she said, gaily, "It is all nothing. I am going back to finish my game."

At that moment, the captain of the guards entered, and hurrying toward; Louis, said, "All the palace doors are closed, your majesty may be assured that no one has passed in or out the last half-hour. The culprit is taken, and they are now bringing him before your majesty." Scarcely had he uttered these words ere the saloon doors were thrown open and in marched eight or ten *gardes-du-corps* surrounding a man whose coarse dress and frightful mien bore a striking contrast to the glitter and smiles of a court sparkling with costly diamonds. Monsieur de Maurepas, always self-possessed, made an immediate sign for the military to retire; then advancing towards the astonished and terrified stranger, reassured him by presenting him to the king, saying, "Sire! this is the good man who filled your majesty's sugar-basin this evening, this is he who makes sugar from vegetables; doubtless he will manufacture cinnamon, pepper, and ginger, next, so that we may soon dispense altogether with our colonies."

Louis perceiving that in all that was passing there was something purposely concealed from him, drew the sugar-maker aside, and began to converse familiarly with him.

"Has the king really taken poison?" asked Marie Antoinette.

"As much as I have," replied the minister, "we shall die the sweetest death possible—I most happily in having saved your majesty's life, and shared the lot of my sovereign."

"Do not jest if you please, monsieur," said the queen.

"Madam!" replied the minister, "be assured the affair is nothing more than a case of beet-root sugar: if there be a plot at all, it is against the sugar canes."

"What is all this sugar about?" asked the queen.

"Madam!" replied Maurepas, "during the regency of the Duc d'Orleans, one Oliver de Serre attracted by the color of beet-root, thought to make wine from it, but instead of wine he found it contained sugar. The good man died, leaving the recipe of his discovery among his papers, which were bought by a Prussian chemist who actually made the first beet-root sugar. This man, with whom the king is talking, has improved the manufacture; and behold the imaginary poison."

The queen courageously took a piece of sugar from the table and ate it; all the ladies followed her brave example. Maurepas facetiously exclaimed, "Take care, ladies and gentlemen, every lump is worth a louis d'or."

"It is no better than other sugar," said her majesty, "and since it is so dear, the taste for it would be ruinous."

"True!" added Maurepas, "the sample is dear; but the inventor thinks if he could have two millions of francs to establish a sugar bake-house—"

"Two millions of francs for a bake-house!"

cried the courtiers with one voice, "oh! fie! 'tis too much, a great deal too much."

"Sober sir!" cried the king to the manufacturer, "take this snuff-box as a testimony of our gratitude. Our coffee has been well sweetened this evening, it is true; but two millions of francs for your manufactory is too much money—the court are agreed upon this point."

"Sire!" replied the sugar maker, bowing low, "sooner or later, beet-root will make its way."

That same evening, Marie Antoinette obtained from Louis his signature which drew from the state coffers three millions of francs for the enriching of the Polignac family. More than fifty years have elapsed since these events; we will not enter upon the fate of the actors in this little history, but, in the significant words of the manufacturer, beet-root "has made its way."

Macaulay is great as a speaker; on his rising to address the House, attention is at once riveted to his quiet, slow, an considered sentences, as though he had well weighed what he advanced ere he gave utterance. "Slowly he goes on at first, like a practiced swimmer, who wades carefully over unseen rocks, and looking somewhat awkward as he picks his way; but he is seen in deep water, and away he dashes, fearlessly flinging around him the glittering spray, and rejoicing in his strength. He is now fairly released from the shallowness of introductory matter, and away he goes, far and fast. As he proceeds, his voice increases in volume and form—his right arm is in unusual motion—his eye kindles, and from his eloquent lips brilliant ideas chase each other in rapid succession, until the House is wrapt in the closest attention. Truth is his weapon, honesty is his armor, and facts are his weapons with which he fights. When Macaulay resumes his seat, a dead silence for a few moments ensues, and then a burst of applause, such as only sterling eloquence can command, is heard from all present."

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races—the men who borrow, and the men who lend. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes—white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the great race, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this caste lean and suspicious, contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of other. Observe who have been the great borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades, Falstaff, Sir Richard Steele, our late incomparable Brinsley. What a family likeness in all four!—[C. Lamb.

ENGLAND AS IT WILL BE.—It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves, the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse; and when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns—than they now die on the coast of Guinea. We, too, in our turn, shall be outstripped, and in our turn envied. It may well be in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with 15s. a week; that the carpenter of Greenwich may receive 10s. a day; that the laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working man.—[Macaulay's History of England.

The Family Circle.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream that once a wife
Close in my arms was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away, that dream—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see;
I wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blonde is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

THE DOMINION OF THE SOUL.—Let us thank Heaven, too, that there are other standards of greatness besides vastness of territory; and other forms of wealth besides mineral deposits or agricultural exuberance. Though every hill were a Potosi, though every valley, like that of the Nile, were rank with fatness, yet might a nation be poor in the most desperate sense;—benighted in darkness of barbarism, and judgment-stricken of Heaven for its sins. A State has local boundaries which it cannot rightfully transcend; but the realm of intelligence, the sphere of charity, the moral domain in which the soul can expand and expatiate, are illimitable,—vast and boundless as the omnipresence of the Being that created them. Worldly treasure is of that nature that rust may corrupt, or the moth destroy, or thieves steal; but even upon the earth, there are mental treasures which are unapproachable by fraud, impregnable to violence, and whose value does not perish, but is redoubled with the using. A State, then, is not necessarily fated to insignificance because its dimensions are narrow, nor doomed to obscurity and powerlessness because its numbers are few. Athens was small; yet low as were her moral aims, she lighted up the whole earth as a lamp lights up a temple. Judea was small; but her prophets and her teachers were, and will continue to be, the guides of the world. The narrow strip of half-cultivable land, that lies between her eastern and western boundaries is not Massachusetts; but her noble and incorruptible men, her pure and exalted women, the children in all her schools, whose daily lessons are the preludes and rehearsals of the great duties of life, and the prophecies of future eminence—THESE ARE THE STATE.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.—A FABLE.—The sword of the warrior was taken down to brightness; it had long been out of use. The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go; they were of blood. It was on the table, near the pen of the secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little farther off. "Thou art right," said the sword; "I am a bad neighbor." "I fear thee not," replied the pen, "I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society." "I exterminate," said the sword. "And I perpetuate," said the pen; "where were thy victories if I recorded them not? even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion."—[From an Ancient Hebrew Apologue.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.—Marriage is of a date prior to sin itself,—the only relic of a paradise that is left us—one smile that God let fall on the world's innocence, lingering and playing still upon its sacred visage. The first marriage was celebrated before God himself, who filled in his own person the office of Guest, Witness and Priest.

There stood the two god-like forms of innocence fresh in the beauty of their unstained nature. The hallowed shades of the garden, and the green carpeted earth smiled upon so divine a pair. The crystal waters flowed by, pure and transparent as they. The unblemished flowers breathed incense on the sacred air, answering to their upright love. An artless round of joy from all the vocal natures, was the hymn, a spontaneous nuptial harmony, such as a world in tune might yield, ere discord was invented. Religion blessed her two children thus and led them forth into life to begin her wondrous history. The first religious scene they knew, was their own marriage before the Lord God. They learned to love him as the interpreter and sealer of their love to each other; and if they had continued in their uprightness, life would have been a form of wedded worship—a sacred mystery of spiritual oneness and communion.

They did not continue. Curiosity triumphed over innocence. They tasted sin, and knew it in their fall. Man is changed; woman is changed; man's heart and woman's heart are no longer what the first hearts were. Beauty is blemished. Love is debased. Sorrow and tears are in the world's cup. Sin has swept away all paradisean matter, and the world is bowed under its curse. Still one thing remains as it was. God mercifully spared one of the innocent world; and that the dearest, to be a symbol for ever of the primal love. And this is marriage. This one flower of Paradise is blooming yet in the desert of sin.—[Rev. Dr. Bushnell.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.—The sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars like human souls, for all their glory comes from the sun.

Does not the echo in the sea shell tell of the worm which once inhabited it; and shall not man's good deeds live after him and sing his praise?

The mind makes all the beauty on earth, as the sun all in the heavens.

What is the universe but a hand flung in space pointing always with extended finger unto God!

The pitying tears and fond smiles of woman, are like the showers and sunshine of Spring; alas! that unlike them she should often miss her merited reward—the sweet flowers of affection.

How like rain is the human heart—having no beauty in itself, but beneath the smile of God, showing forth with all the rainbow's glory; or how like a star, which, though but dust, can yet be cherished into a semblance of the fountain of its light.

The songs of birds, and the life of man, are both brief, both soul-filled, and both as they end, leave behind whispers of heaven.

THE DOMESTIC ALTAR.—It is pleasing to find in private houses an altar raised to God. Nothing rivets family attachments wholly, so securely, as meeting every morning to pray for each other, when every petty difference must at once be laid aside, and every misunderstanding forgotten before the sun goes down. What can be more pleasing, also, than for the absent to know precisely at what hour they are remembered with the supplications and blessings of an affectionate family circle, while those who remain together can enjoy no greater solace than in following them with prayers, and uniting, on their account, in every expression, or every anxiety, or pleasure, or sorrow, which each shares in common with the others. There is, indeed, no pleasure more to be prized than that of raising a family altar, where those shall daily assemble on earth, who hope, hereafter, to reassemble in heaven, and not a wanderer lost!

THE practice of the small proprieties of life to a congenial spirit soon ceases to be a study; it rapidly becomes a mere habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

[**C**] CHARLES H. HARRISON, who has been acting as our Agent, having made no returns to us, and being, as we are informed, unworthy of such trust, we deem it necessary to caution all against paying him any subscriptions on account of the Gazette and Golden Rule. His former character having been good, we forbear farther remarks at this time.

DEDICATION OF THE ODD-FELLOWS HALL, AT WILMINGTON, DEL.

THE Dedication of this new and elegant Hall will take place on Monday the 28th inst. We shall be there, and hope to meet on the occasion with a large number of our friends. One of the Publishers will also be there, to attend to any business pertaining to the Gazette and Rule which may appear. The entire accounts of subscribers in Delaware will be at hand, and we hope our friends will not omit the opportunity to renew their favors. We hope to make the acquaintance of many new subscribers among the throng the interesting celebration will gather.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

THE great difference that is seen between the Odd-Fellowship of to-day, and that of thirty years ago, cannot but strike all who reflect upon it as a most notable fact. The many and great dangers through which the Order has passed during the last quarter of a century, the new features it has developed, the new capabilities for good it has revealed and is constantly revealing, are proofs that it originated in a providential design. The first Odd-Fellows were blind instruments in the hands of heaven; the humble artisans who laid the foundation of a glorious temple, without knowing its object or design.

At first, Odd-Fellowship presented aspects decidedly objectionable and immoral. It relieved many of the painful necessities of life, it is true, but its moral influence was entirely bad. Among the By-Laws of Lodges of the first period we find the following: "If any of the members think proper to meet with the officers on a Sunday evening, they are at liberty to do so, provided they pay for their own liquor, and come in a state of sobriety."

In the By-Laws of another Lodge the following appears: "One pint of beer shall be allowed to each brother on attending a committee of this Lodge. Any member sleeping, eating, swearing, singing an indecent or political song, or giving an indecent recitation, or betting wagers during Lodge hours, shall be fined not less than one shilling."

Now let one compare with the above, the By-Laws of our Order as it is to-day, and see the immense progress it has made. Even the most bitter opponents of the Order do not bring any charges of immorality against it, or express any fear at all on this ground. On the contrary, it is acknowledged on all hands that its influence is conservative of morality; that all its rules and obligations in this direction are as strict as those of the Church.

It is true there are bad men in the Order, and pity it is that it is true. But if knavish Judases cannot be kept out of the sacred pale of the Holy Church, how can it be expected that Odd-Fellowship, a purely secular institution, can be free of them?

The Order now asserts, and positively insists upon every virtue, and denounces in earnest and indignant tones every vice; while it seeks to relieve temporal suffering and to meet many of the cruel perplexities and inconveniences of life, it aims to make men more moral, more fraternal, more benevolent and more upright. It is worthy, therefore, the good will and support of all good men. The humbleness and obscurity of its origin, nor the objectionable attributes it at first exhibited, should be remembered to its prejudice. It is enough

for us to know that it has outgrown them all, and in this we see an evidence that a divine and redeeming idea is enshrined within it, which will shine more purely and brightly through all the future, or until its great destiny shall have been fulfilled.

INTELLECTUAL SPECULATION.

WE frequently hear it said of individuals of an inventive genius: "They are visionary, speculative, live in the clouds, and will never accomplish anything." This is said reproachfully, and indicates that most persons regard "speculation" as a great folly, and men of speculative, theoretical minds, as very great fools.

But if we look into this subject a little more deeply, we shall find that no invention, no discovery, no improvement, has ever been made in any science or art, but through the labors of these visionary men.

Cold, prosaic, matter-of-fact men may apply new discoveries to useful purposes; but they cannot invent, cannot create; and notwithstanding all the practical talent of which they boast, they would be but poorly off without the labors of speculative minds.

The Germans are the most visionary people in the world, and yet they have produced the greatest amount of useful discoveries and inventions. The Germans are theoretical and speculative, while the English and Americans are more practical and mechanical. The speculative genius of the Germans has created or perfected every useful art, which now contributes so much to the wealth of nations.

The arts of Engraving and Design, the invention of Gunpowder, the science of Astronomy and Geography, and the noble art of Printing came from Germany. Chemistry and the collateral sciences received their first impulse there.

The Germans were also the first to investigate, scientifically, the secret forces of nature. Franklin obtained his first idea of Electricity from them, and Mercator preceded Newton in Geometry. So, whether in science, art, or philosophy, or literature, the Germans have the precedence of all other nations. And yet they are emphatically a visionary people.

We have made these remarks regarding the Germans and their discoveries, for the purpose of doing away a false impression, which exists too generally among us; viz: that those persons who are reproachfully denominated dreamers and foolish speculators, are useless members of society. Many a man of genius, like Fulton, has been crushed to the very earth by the skeptical jeers and scoffs of those who, priding themselves on their practical skill, affect to despise all new-fangled notions or theories, whatever they may be.

For ourselves, we love the man or woman who can think boldly, originally, and who is not afraid to give the world the benefit of that thinking. We were made to think, to speculate, to make new discoveries, and this cannot be done unless we are visionaries or seers. The postulate of Descartes, "*cogito, ergo sum*"—"I think, therefore, I exist,"—is true in all senses. It is only by the constant exercise of thought—by mental activity—that man manifests his existence.

The whole army, therefore, of visionaries, enthusiasts, speculators, and thorizers, throughout the world, are doing the highest service to our race, for through their speculations society grows rich and wise.

DEDICATION OF ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, NEW-YORK.—We give to-day a programme of the procession and exercises connected with the dedication of this imposing edifice, which is to take place on the 4th of June. A great day will the 4th of June be to the Order in this city. We anticipate a larger collection of the Fraternity on that occasion, than has ever yet been seen in this country. The exercises will be eminently interesting.

DESTINY AND PERPETUITY OF THE UNITED STATES.

NOTHING is more common than to hear men expressing doubts with regard to the future destiny of our country. Many, who profess to be wise, and assume to be prophets, continue to speak of our republican institutions as an *experiment*, and would have us believe that civil liberty is a dream, which man has no capacity to realize; and predict that a few years more, and we shall be aroused from our illusion by the downfall of our Republic.

The prevailing opinion among a certain class is, that a state of war and an extensive territory are incompatible with a republican form of government; and it is consequently inferred, that as the war spirit increases, and our territory enlarges, our institutions will fail to hold in check the rebellious spirit of the people.

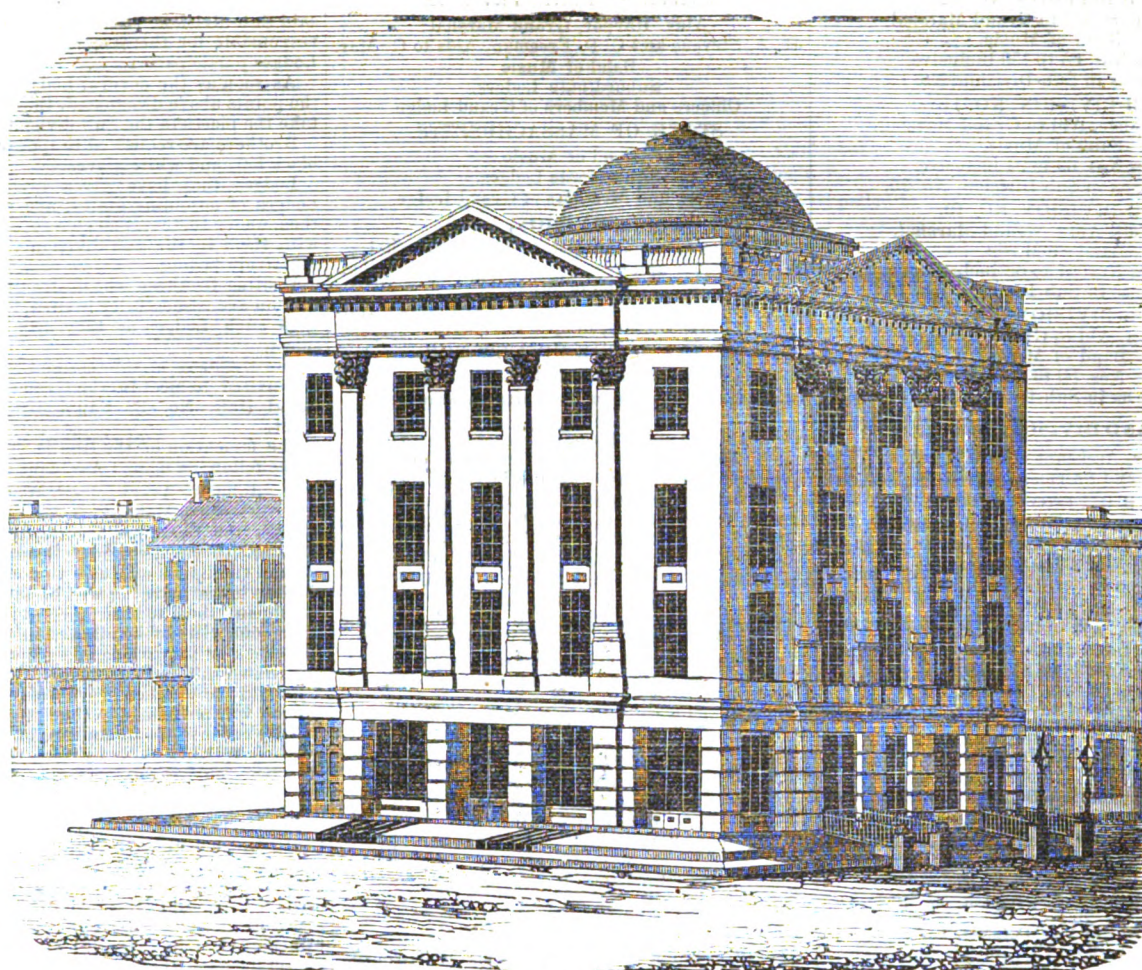
We have ever held an opinion quite contrary to the foregoing. We believe in Providence, and hold that every people has a destiny to achieve, a mission to accomplish, and, consequently, that we are destined to advance, to realize our ideal of life and civil liberty, as best we can, and then our work is done. All nations have their life, with its youth, its maturity, and decline, the same as individuals.

That it is one of the designs of Providence that the United States shall go forward, develop new resources, acquire new possessions, and new power, and spread whatever they have, of truth, goodness and justice in their institutions over the earth, is very evident. Nothing can prevent this. The growth of a nation cannot be stayed. Its march may be bloody—war, for long years, may be its condition, but nevertheless it advances. Republican Rome illustrated this over two thousand years ago. At the point of the sword, and on the wings of her eagles, and through conquest, she spread art, science, philosophy, and all the treasures of civilization over the entire earth, and thus prepared the way for Christianity.

A work of similar character is given to us, young Americans, to do. The nature of this work, the most philosophical of our statesmen described, when he spoke of the "extension of the area of freedom." So we have no fear that war will prevent our prosperity, or retard our progress, or endanger our institutions. It will rather be a means of extending and perpetuating them; for it creates national feeling, and a strong love of country.

But it is said that this great extension of territory, the extremities of which are so distant from each other—and so separated, also, by diverse interests, will endanger the Union. We think not. We are aware that the general opinion seems to be that republican institutions are better adapted to small States and limited territory than to large. Once, no doubt, this opinion had some weight, and vast territory presented some obstacles to republicanism; but not to-day. Art, Industry and Science have overcome them. The steamboats that ply on our innumerable rivers, the railroads that stretch out their iron arms to embrace the most distant portions of our country, and the wondrous *telegraph*, which conveys intelligence on the wings of the lightning, have annihilated distance, so that all of North America, is not, in fact—relatively to the ideas we are considering—so vast as the Thirteen Colonies were, when our independence was first asserted. Is it not Providential, that simultaneous with the development of the republican theory on this continent, the agency of steam began to be spoken of as a means of locomotion, and to facilitate communication, both physical and intellectual? Steam and electricity have thus overcome the only serious obstacle to the perpetuity of republican institutions.

It will not be many years, before Mr. Whitney's great project of a railroad to Oregon will be carried out, which will give the United States the control of the commerce of the world. And controlling commerce, we shall control opinions, and by the



ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, GRAND-STREET, CORNER OF CENTER, NEW-YORK.

law of communion, our moral life, our republican sentiments, will be communicated with wonderful rapidity to all nations. Twenty years hence! What changes will have transpired! The United States will then be the most powerful nation on the face of the earth. The Dragon and Cross of England, the Lily of France, the Bear of Russia, will have been left far behind by our soaring Eagle, and dimmed by the splendor of our "stars." Oregon, California, Texas, Northern Mexico, will then be covered with flourishing towns and cities; art and industry will make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and elegance and refinement will bless those valleys which now shelter the wandering savage.

Such is evidently the destiny of the United States. But let it not be forgotten that in raising us up to this height of glory and power, Providence consults not merely our own aggrandizement. Far from it—but rather that through our ministry, the great interests of Humanity may be advanced. Providence is not selfish, nor partial. When the good of the universe requires one people to be raised in power and grandeur above another, or to be hurled from glory to obscurity and shame, it is done. Nations rise and fall, new people come forth and drive out the old possessors of the soil, and war, and blood and violence fill the world. But, through all this, the Race marches ever toward the Perfect. Such is God's order!

— "PICTURES OF THE VIRGIN AND HER SON." New York: Harper & Brothers. We like this little book very much. It aims to present to the reader graphic scenes in the life of our Saviour. Written in a charming style—flowing and elegant—it captivates the reader, and throws over the entire history of Jesus a new and mysterious attraction. The "pictures" are touching and beautiful; and we would gladly make an extract, for the gratification of our readers, but have not yet been furnished with a copy.

Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.

DEDICATION OF ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, AND TWENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE
R. W. GRAND LODGE OF NEW YORK,
Monday, June 4, 1849.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The several Lodges and Encampments will assemble at their respective rooms at 8 o'clock A.M., and proceed thence to the places hereinafter designated for the formation of the line.

The column will form in Hudson-street, at 10 o'clock A.M. The several Sub-Divisions will form in the streets running west from Hudson, (excepting the 5th and 6th Grand Divisions,) at 9 o'clock A.M. viz:

6th Grand Division, West Broadway, right, commencing with Board of Managers of the O. F. Hall Association, and junior members of the G. Lodge of N. Y., resting on Chambers street.
5th " " College Place, right resting on Chambers street.

1st and 2d Sub-Divisions, Chambers st. right commencing with junior Encampments, resting on Hudson st.

8d Sub-Division, Duane st. right, forming with the junior Lodges, resting on Hudson.

4th	"	"	Jay	"	"	"
5th	"	"	Harrison	"	"	"
6th	"	"	Franklin	"	"	"
7th	"	"	North Moore	"	"	"
8th	"	"	Beach	"	"	"
9th	"	"	Hubert	"	"	"
10th	"	"	Laight	"	"	"
11th	"	"	Vestry	"	"	"
12th	"	"	Desbrosses	"	"	"
13th	"	"	Watts	"	"	"
14th	"	"	Canal	"	"	"
15th	"	"	Spring	"	"	"
16th	"	"	Charlton	"	"	"

The column will be formed as follows:

GRAND DIVISION, NO. 1.

WILLIAM N. LEWIS, Grand Marshal.
Florence Mahony and John W. Avery, Assistant Grand Marshals.

John McBrair, Special Aid to the G. Marshal.
W. F. Gilley, Assistant Gr. Marshal.
A. L. Shaw and J. D. Harris, Aids to G. Marshal.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 16.

John A. Bogert, Aid to G. Marshal.
Band of Music.

Lodges Nos. 301 to 364 inclusive,
Arranged in the following order:

The Marshal of the Lodge, with Baton.
Outside Guardian, with drawn Sword.

Banner.

Scene Supporters.

Brethren of the Initiatory, six abreast.

"	White	"	"
"	Pink	"	"
"	Blue	"	"
"	Green	"	"
"	Scarlet	"	"

Inside Guardian, with drawn Sword.
P. Secretary—Treasurer—Secretary.
Supporter—Vice Grand—Supporter.
Conductor—Chaplain—Warden.
Supporter—Noble Grand—Supporter.

SUB-DIVISION, No. 15.

John Cook, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.

Lodges Nos. 218 to 300 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, No. 14.

S. McCoy, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.

Lodges Nos. 166 to 217 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, No. 13.

W. Hobie, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.

Lodges Nos. 151 to 165 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

GRAND DIVISION, NO. 2.

S. S. Parker, Assistant Grand Marshal.
Luke Hassert and ———, Aids to G. Marshal.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 12.

H. Herkner, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 95 to 150 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 11.

Wm. E. Hance, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 69 to 94 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 10.

J. W. Fell, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 61 to 68 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 9.

Finnigan, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 50 to 60 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

GRAND DIVISION, NO. 3.

S. Skinner, Assistant Grand Marshal.
Charles Scholey and Shirmer, Aids to G. Marshal.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 8.

Thomas Dobson, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 44 to 49 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 7.

W. Rhodes, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 35 to 43 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 6.

Pitt, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 27 to 34 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 5.

Soria, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 20 to 26 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

GRAND DIVISION, NO. 4.

—, Assistant Grand Marshal.
A. A. Wemmell and L. A. Sayre, Aids to G. Marshal.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 4.

W. Scerze, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 11 to 19 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 3.

—, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.
Lodges Nos. 1 to 10 inclusive.
The same as in Sub-Division, No. 16.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 2.

J. M. Bennett, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS of the State of New York will arrange as follows:

Junior Warden, with Crook.
Sentinel, with drawn Sword.
Banner.

Patriarchs of the R. P. Degree, six abreast
F. Scribe—Treasurer—Scribe.

Supporter—Senior Warden—Supporter.
Supporter—High Priest—Supporter.

Supporter—Chief Patriarch—Supporter.
The last three named Officers with Crooks.

SUB-DIVISION, NO. 1.

C. Y. Kerr, Aid to Grand Marshal.
Band of Music.

VISITING ENCAMPMENTS arranged as in Sub-Division, No. 2.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Grand Junior Warden, with Crook.
Grand Sentinel, with drawn Sword.
Banner.

Members of Grand Encampment, six abreast.
Grand Representatives.

Elective Grand Officers, on a Car with Tent.
Committee of Arrangements on the part of the Grand Encampment.

GRAND DIVISION, NO. 5.

E. J. Mercer, Assistant Grand Marshal.
W. W. Hilliker and W. F. Gilley, Aids to G. Mar.
[Arranged as in Sub-Division No. 16.]

STATE OF ———.

Band of Music.
Subordinate Lodges.
Officers and Members of Grand Lodge.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

Band of Music.
Subordinate Lodges.
Officers and Members of Grand Lodge.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Alex. Harper, Grand Marshal.
H. A. Stevens and C. D. Freeman, Aids to G. Mar.
Band of Music.
Subordinate Lodges.

Officers and Members of Grand Lodge.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Band of Music.
Subordinate Lodges.
Officers and Members of Grand Lodge.

GRAND DIVISION, NO. 6.

Thaddeus Davids, Assistant Grand Marshal.
A. H. Wagner and —, Aids to G. Marshal.
Band of Music.
The Board of Managers of the Odd-Fellows' Hall Association, in open Carriages.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW-YORK.

Assistant Grand Marshal, with Baton.
Grand Guardian, with drawn Sword.
Banner.

Members of the Grand Lodge, six abreast.
The Emblems of the Order, on a Car.
Legislative Members of Grand Lodge, six abreast.

Grand Conductor, with drawn Sword.
Grand Representatives of the G. L. of N. Y. in the G. L. of the U. S.

Members of the Grand Lodge of the U. S.
Officers of the Grand Lodge of the U. S.
Past Grand Sires.

The P. G. Sires, and Officers and Members of the G. L. of U. S. in open Carriages.

Supporter—Grand Chaplain—Supporter.
Supporter—Grand Treasurer—Supporter.

Supporter—Grand Secretary—Supporter.
Supporter—Grand Warden—Supporter.

Supporter—D. Grand Master—Supporter.
P. G. Master—Grand Master—P. G. Master.

Past Deputy Grand Masters.
Past Grand Masters.

—, Chaplain for the day, and C. Edwards Lester, Orator for the evening, in a Barouche.

Joint Committee of Arrangements.

LINE OF PROCESSION.

The Procession will move precisely at 10 o'clock, A. M., and proceed up Hudson street to Hammond, down Hudson to Chambers, up Chambers to Broadway, down Broadway and around the Park to Chatham, up Chatham to East Broadway, up East Broadway to the junction of Grand, down Grand to the Bowery, up the Bowery to Astor Place, through Astor Place to Broadway, down Broadway to Grand, and through Grand to Orange, where the line will halt and open to the right and left, close order. The Grand Marshal and his two Special Assistants will then pass between the lines to the extreme left; returning, will be followed by the Committee of Arrangements; the Orator and Chaplain; the Past Grand Masters and Elective Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of New-York; Past Grand Sires, Grand Officers, and Members of the Grand Lodge of the United States; Grand Representatives, Appointed Officers, and Members of the Grand Lodge of New-York; Board of Managers of Odd-Fellows' Hall Association; Visiting Grand and Subordinate Lodges; the Officers and Members of the Grand Encampment, and Subordinate Encampments and Lodges, and proceed to the corner of Grand and Orange streets, where the following Exercises will be had:

ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE HALL.

1. Prayer.
2. Music by the Band
3. Dedicating the Odd-Fellows' Hall, by M. W. Grand Sire HORN R. KNEAS, assisted by P. G. Sire JOHN A. KENNEDY, President of the Odd-Fellows' Hall Association, and GEORGE H. ANDREWS, Esq., M. W. Grand Master of the G. Lodge of the State of New-York.
4. Ode, written for the occasion by —, and sung by —.
5. Benediction.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

THE Lodges from the interior of the state will report to the Grand Marshal, at his headquarters, National Hall, No. 29 Canal-street, on the morning of the Procession, their place of rendezvous, in order that a Band of music may be furnished to accompany them to the place of the formation of the line.

A Band of Music will also be furnished for the City, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg Lodges at their respective Lodge rooms, and will proceed in a body to the place in the formation of the line.

Subordinate Lodges engaging Music at their own expense will be entitled to the benefit of the same in the Procession, but will occupy such position in the Sub-division as shall be designated by the

Music Committee and the Grand Marshal of the said Sub-division. Such Lodges will, however, be responsible for the assessment the same as other Lodges participating.

As soon as the several Lodges have arrived at the points above designated, they will immediately take the places in the Sub-divisions assigned them.

Brothers are requested to appear in dark clothes, black hat, and white gloves.

Lodges that have given invitations to sister Lodges of adjoining states, are requested to take them under their special charge, and they will form with them in the Sub-division to which they respectively belong.

Visiting Brethren who desire to join in the Procession are respectfully invited to do so, and unite with such Lodges as they may feel disposed to select.

The Members of the Grand Lodge of New-York are invited to meet in the Grand Lodge room, National Hall, No. 29 Canal-street, at 8 o'clock, A. M.

The formation of the line is specially delegated to the following named Assistant Grand Marshals:

John W. Avery, F. W. Gilley,
Florence Mahony, Thaddeus Davids.

After the Exercises are closed, the Lodges and Encampments will consider themselves as dismissed, and the Bands of Music that conducted them to the line in the morning will be at their disposal, to accompany them to their several places of meeting.

Persons will not be allowed in the Procession on horseback or in carriages, excepting such as are designated in this Programme.

Should the weather prove unfavorable, the Procession will be postponed to the first fair day.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

WILLIAM N. LEWIS, Grand Marshal.

EVENING EXERCISES.

The Exercises for the Evening will take place at Castle Garden, and will be issued in a separate Programme, and published in the daily papers. Tickets Fifty Cents each, to admit one person. The proceeds will be appropriated toward defraying the expenses of the Celebration. Tickets may be obtained at the following places: Office of the Grand Secretary, Odd-Fellows' Hall; Perkins' Saloon, Odd-Fellows' Hall; Perkins' Hotel, Division-street; John J. Davies, 75 Cortlandt-street; United States Hotel; Mercer's Saloon, corner of Nassau and Ann-streets; Astor House; Franklin House; Merchants' Hotel; New York Hotel; Castle Garden; Pearl-street House; French's Hotel; Palmer's Stage-office, 23d street and 8th Avenue; Williamsburg Gardens, Williamsburg; Smith's Bookstore, 102 Fulton-street, and D. Haines, Montague Hall, Brooklyn; William N. Lewis, Grand Marshal, 187 Chatham, and of the

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

J. D. Stewart, 42 McDougal-st.; J. Bergen, 259 Grand-st.; E. H. Howell, 83 Duane-st.; G. Le-week, 265 Grand-st.; S. S. Guy, 74 Clinton-street, Brooklyn; S. H. Stuart, Halls of Justice; F. R. Lee, 245 Bowery; W. D. Kennedy, 211 Greenwich-st.; John Medole, 168 Hester-st.; C. H. Ring, 192 Broadway; B. S. Hendrickson, 142 West-st.; G. S. Gibbons, corner Bowery and Hester-st.; Wm. P. Holland, 168 South-st.; E. W. Telfair, 53 Lexington Avenue; John J. Spowers, Brooklyn; and F. Fawcett, Treasurer, 86 Gold-st.

GREAT FIRE IN WATERTOWN, N. Y.—LODGE ROOM BURNED.—We regret to learn that the Odd-Fellows of Watertown, in this State, have been great losers in the recent fire which has destroyed this thriving town. The fire broke out near the American Hotel, and before it could be arrested had consumed the best portion of the village. The Odd-Fellows Hall was burned, with all the Lodge furniture, books, etc., etc.

MT. CARMEL, Ill., May 9, 1849.

EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE.—Dear Sirs and Brothers.—I am directed, by a resolution of this Lodge, of the 30th of April, to notify the Order, through your paper, that this Lodge has annulled the visiting card given to Bro. Chas. H. Harrison, which card he has in his possession at this time.

Yours, in F., L. & T.,

WM. W. HOSTKINSON, R. S.

The Odd-Fellows of Hawkins County have raised the sum of \$8000 for the purpose of building a Female Academy in Rogersville, and published in to-day's paper, that they are ready to receive proposals from builders. "By their works ye shall know them."—[Jonesboro' Tenn.] Whig.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF
SOUTH CAROLINA.

We have received a copy of the proceedings of this R. W. body, at its late quarterly communication, held at Charleston, April 18, 1849. It is a document we have examined with much interest. From the able report of Grand Master De Sausure, we learn that the Order in that jurisdiction is in a healthy and flourishing condition.

The Committee, to which was referred the New York question, made a report quite temperate in its tone. We give below the concluding portion of the address, with the resolutions reported by the committee, and adopted by the Grand Lodge. We sincerely hope that our new constitution brethren will ponder well the kind, fraternal, and reasonable advice, offered them in this report:

Before closing their report, your committee desire again to express their high respect for the decisions of the G. L. U. S., how muchsoever they may be opposed to the principles which it recognizes, and their entire readiness and willingness to obey the behests of that R. W. Body, however distasteful they may be; and actuated by this spirit, while they deeply sympathize with their brethren in New York, and feel pained by the agitations by which they are torn and sundered, and while they declare their firm and steadfast determination to resist the establishment of a principle so odious in itself, and to which their unfortunate brethren have first fallen victims, they yet call upon them to respect the decrees which they cannot control—and by peaceful agitation and united effort with their brethren in other jurisdictions, advance calmly and steadily to the establishment of that reformation, for which they have so arduously struggled, and which we so earnestly desire.

Your committees recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That while this G. Lodge is prompted, by high respect, to acknowledge and obey the decision of the G. L. of the U. S., in relation to the difficulties existing in a sister jurisdiction, she yet desires, most respectfully, to protest against the decision itself, and the principles which it sanctions.

2. *Resolved*, That this G. Lodge recognizes no usage or custom as superior to Law and the Constitution.

3. *Resolved*, That the powers and authority of the G. Sire be more plainly defined in the Constitution, and that our Representatives be requested to attend the next session of the G. L. of the U. S., and there propose, support, and vote for an amendment for this purpose.

4. *Resolved*, That while we sympathize with our brethren in New York, in the difficulties in which they have been involved by unconstitutional action, and are willing to make common cause with them against the encroachments which are prevailing in our beloved Order, we affectionately exhort them to show proper respect to the Grand Lodge of the United States, as the Supreme Head of the Order; and by peaceful remonstrance and agitation, endeavor to effect the just design of restricting that action, which has deprived them of their rights.

P. M. EDMONDSTON,
F. M. ROBERTSON,
R. DULIN,
W. A. HAYNE,
E. B. WHITE.

A CARD TO EVENING STAR LODGE, NO. 66, N. J.

LAWRENCE LODGE No. 62, I. O. O. F.
Perth Amboy, N. J., May 11, 1849.

Whereas, This Lodge has this evening been informed of the recent disaster, in which Bro. Thos. L. Willett, of this Lodge, was cast with his vessel on the beach at Cape Island; and, Whereas, we have learned that the most prompt, efficient, and generous aid was rendered to our distressed brother by the members of Evening Star Lodge No. 65, for which they steadfastly refused to receive remuneration; therefore,

Resolved, That we are deeply indebted to the brothers of Evening Star Lodge; and that they have richly merited, and are hereby requested to accept our most heartfelt thanks. Also,

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolution be forwarded to Evening Star Lodge, and also to the "Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule," for publication.

SOLOMON ANDREWS, N. G.
L. D. MORSE, Secy.

THE ORDER IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE R. W. Grand Lodge of North Carolina held its Annual Commencement at Raleigh, on the 11th and 12th inst. We learn from our esteemed correspondent that it was one of the largest and most respectable meetings ever held in the State. Odd-Fellowship is comparatively young in this jurisdiction, but the rapid strides it is now making, bids fair in a short time to make it one of the main pillars of the Order. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. B. Newby, Fayetteville, G. M.; Alexander Bethune, Charlotte, D. G. M.; Julius M. Wilcox, Warrenton, G. W.; Wm. D. Cooke, Raleigh, G. S.; D. McMillan, Wilmington, G. T. Col. J. H. Manly, of Raleigh, was elected Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States, and Gen. J. C. B. Ehringhaus, of Elizabeth City, Grand Alternate.

We give below the portion of the Grand Master's Report, which relates to the condition and increase of the Order:

During the time that I have been in office, Dispensations have been granted for six Lodges. The first in order is Smyrna Lodge No. 18, which is located at Smyrna, Carteret County, and which was duly instituted by P. G. M. F. Arendell, of Concordia Lodge No. 11, on the 20th of June.

The next is Mountain Lodge No. 19, which is located at Lincolnton, and was duly instituted by D. D. Grand Master Alexander Bethune, on the 23d of September. Muchuena Lodge No. 20, was instituted on the 20th of September, by P. G. R. W. Choate, of Eureka Lodge No. 7, and is located at Warrenton.

The next is Buena Vista Lodge No. 21, which is located at Greensborough, and the duty of instituting the Lodge and installing the officers was performed by P. G. Master, I. Disoway, on the 4th of June. Tuscarora Lodge No. 22, was instituted on the 16th of March, by your chief officer, and is located at Kinston. Tyron Lodge No. 23, is located at Rutherfordton, and was instituted by D. D. G. Master Alexander Bethune, on the 4th of April.

The above named Lodges are all in a flourishing condition, as far as I have heard from them, and I would respectfully recommend that charters be granted them. During the year I have granted a dispensation to Winchester Lodge No. 16, to change the time of holding their regular meeting from Friday to Saturday night; and I have also granted dispensations to Phalanx Lodge No. 10, and Neuse Lodge No. 6, to hold their regular meetings during Court weeks on Tuesday nights, so as to allow the brethren from the country an opportunity of attending the regular meetings of their Lodges early in the week, as the former Lodge holds its regular meeting on Friday, and the latter on Saturday night. I have also granted a dispensation to Eureka Lodge No. 7, to have lectures delivered in their Lodge "for the good of the Order." All the above dispensations were granted, subject to the approval of this Grand Lodge.

THE ORDER IN WISCONSIN.

SHEBOYGAN FALLS, WIS., May 11th, 1849.

FIDELITY LODGE, No. 34, was instituted at this place on the evening of March 7th, by D. D. G. M. Geo. H. Smith, assisted by the officers and brothers of Sheboygan Lodge. There were eight petitioners for the charter, and we initiated six, and two joined by card, the first night. We now number twenty members, and they have all taken the degrees. We meet on Wednesday evenings, in the Sons of Temperance Hall—a splendid hall, 54 by 24 feet. Our Division of the Sons of Temperance numbers about 150 members. The following are the names of the officers of Fidelity Lodge, No. 34, for the present term: Mark Brainard, N. G.; Dr. S. F. Benjamin, V. G.; Wm. H. Prentice, S.; Charles D. Cole, T. The following by-law was unanimously adopted by the petitioners the evening before the Lodge was initiated: "Any member of this Lodge, guilty of using spirituous or malt liquor, wine or other intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, shall be reprimanded or suspended, and if persisted in, expelled."

Yours, in F., L. & T., W. H. C.

VALONIA LODGE No. 376, I. O. of O. F.—This Lodge was instituted on the evening of the 8th inst., at South Bainbridge, in this County, by H. Hubbard, D. D. G. M. The following gentlemen were installed as officers: C. A. Church, N. G.; W. H. Scott, V. G.; D. A. Carpenter, S.; C. Anthon, P. S.; J. Clapper, Treas.—[Chemung Union.]

GRAND LODGE OF NEW-YORK.—The regular adjourned meeting of this body will be held on the 81st inst. The proceedings of this Lodge, we need not say, must have, to the most careless reader, the highest interest, not only as showing the progress of the Order as far as new members are concerned, but as the source of information as to the restoration of brothers to our ranks who have been compelled to differ with us upon the question of State government. From all quarters we have news that is full of encouragement to every true Odd-Fellow, and such as warrants us in believing that in the promulgation of the holy principles of "Friendship, Love and Truth," the State of New-York will soon present an undivided front, and once more assume her proud position as the leader in the glorious work. The Order in the country was never more promising than at present, and what is of more consequence, never looked toward the Grand Lodge of this State with more confidence than now. Not only are single members, whom we have delighted to honor, seeking restoration, but whole Lodges are waiting with much anxiety for a decision that shall once more give them the protection of the Order, and restore to them the full benefits our organization insures to the brotherhood. Parting with our brethren was to us one of the unhappy moments of life, and we shall welcome them to our ranks with that heartfelt gladness, such as the meeting of long separated friends only can create.

THE I. O. O. F. PROCESSION AT TRENTON, TENN.—On Wednesday last, the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, of Gibson, celebrated their anniversary in a splendid manner. The streets of Trenton were crowded, and beauty and intelligence thronged the sidewalks. After forming, the procession moved through the principal streets, and at length entered the Presbyterian Church, where they were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Roach, of McLeansville. The Church was crowded to overflowing, and many were unable to procure seats. The address was one of the most able, argumentative and eloquent affairs that we have ever had the pleasure of hearing—the speaker held the audience "spell bound" for the space of an hour and a quarter—during which time he gave a most beautiful, sublime, and thrilling description of the principles and aims of this glorious Order. Seldom has an abler champion appeared, and scarcely ever was the cause so nobly sustained, and calumny so completely crushed. Indeed, it was a glorious triumph of truth over error. And we venture to say that few, very few, left the Church without resolving in the future to be better men and better women. In words of burning, thrilling and scathing eloquence, the immutable truths of the Order were unfolded—the dark veil of superstition thrown aside, and the great secret of Odd-Fellowship exposed—that is, the happiness and prosperity of mankind. In fact, we feel that we are entirely unable to do justice to the Orator of the Day—we can only say that it was a noble speech, delivered in a noble cause.—[Dresden, Tenn., Advertiser.]

GAZETTE OF THE UNION.—We have heretofore neglected to notice this paper. It is a well conducted quarto, neatly printed, and devoted in the main to diffusing the principles of Odd-Fellowship. May it ever succeed in its attempts to ameliorate the condition of mankind, by spreading to the corners of this Union the sentiments which emanate from its columns, based upon "Friendship, Love and Truth."—[Cassville Standard.]

Right, Bro. Burke, we wish thee great success, and a life of a thousand years.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—The M. W. G. Master, Daniel Baker, assisted by Wm. Curtis, Grand Secretary, and other members of the Grand Lodge, on Thursday evening, opened "West End Lodge, No. 350," at their handsome new hall, northeast corner of Schuylkill Second and Market-streets, Philadelphia. The following persons were elected officers: Thomas J. Mahaffy, N. G.; E. C. Enos, V. G.; Past Grand Charles D. Freeman, Secretary; and John Mitchell, Treasurer. Nine candidates were initiated, and three brothers were admitted on card. The hall is handsomely fitted up, and lighted with gas, and the regalia of the Lodge is very elegant.

DEDICATION.—The new Odd-Fellows' Hall at Petersburg, Va., was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the 14th of April.

Domestic and Foreign Miscellany.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—LOSS OF SEVENTEEN LIVES.—The Hudson River has been the scene of another steamboat accident, that has few parallels in the loss of life. The steamer *Empire*, Capt. Tupper, on the night of the 18th, when off Newburg, on her way to Albany, was struck near the bow by the schooner *Noah Brown*, and sunk almost immediately. The accident occurred at 10 o'clock, after the passengers had retired for the night. The utmost consternation prevailed, and the unfortunate people on board had barely time to escape in their night clothes. So rapidly did the boat fill, that the ladies' cabin soon filled with water, and the ladies and children were taken out through a hole out in the roof of the cabin. When the boat was struck, many passengers rushed on deck and jumped overboard, and were picked up by the steamer *Rip Van Winkle*, on her way to Albany. The number of passengers on board was two hundred and sixty, and the number of dead bodies recovered thus far is seventeen. This accident was caused, as we infer from the evidence before the Coroner's jury, by the neglect of the pilot of the steamboat, who was too independent to turn aside from a wood schooner.

THE ERIE RAILROAD will be opened to Owego on the first of June, making an extension of the road twenty-two miles west of Binghamton. The road is graded several miles west of Owego, and the cars will run to Elmira on the 1st of August.

The New-York and New Haven Railroad has now in operation an express train that rivals the English roads in speed, and far exceeds the work of any other road in the United States. Seventy-two miles are run in two hours and ten minutes, or thirty-five miles an hour. The road is admirably equipped, not only with machinery, but with officers, and no trouble need be taken by those who have ladies to send over the road. Once seated in the cars in Canal street, she is under the protection of gentlemanly conductors, who render their services, not as though they were conferring a favor, but so as to convince travelers that they are at home.

THE ORDER IN ALABAMA.—A correspondent, writing from Wetumpka, Alabama, says:

"The Lodge in this place is known as Wetumpka Lodge, No. 9, and numbers 67 members in all. The officers for the present term are: Daniel McKeithen, N. G.; John Trasher, V. G.; M. I. A. Keith, Sec.; Wm. A. Crecherson, Treas.

"I informed you, some time since, of the loss this Lodge sustained by fire. They have now a new and elegant Lodge Room, neatly fitted up, and are prospering finely. The members, such as I have become acquainted with, (and I can boast quite a list,) are good men and true, and such I think as will bring no reproach upon the cause of Friendship, Love and Truth. I was informed by D. D. G. Master, that an Encampment was in contemplation, and would probably be organized here in a short time."

ODD-FELLOWS CEMETERY AT PANAMA.—The Society of I. O. of O. F., among the many acts of benevolence and charity, with which they have so eminently distinguished themselves, have taken measures to purchase and enclose a burial ground for strangers. They do not propose to do more at present than to secure the ground within a chain enclosure, and subsequently appeal to the Order in the States, and the benevolently disposed for a sufficient sum to place an iron railing around it. Were it not for the aid this society has afforded to the sick and destitute, much suffering must have ensued; while under their constant and unremitting care all have been cared for, whether of the Order or not.

DEDICATION AT WILMINGTON, DEL.—In our next we shall have a full and detailed report of the exercises of dedication.

GEN. WORTH, of the U. S. A., died of cholera, at San Antonio, Texas, on the 7th.; and one hundred deaths had occurred, and the disease unabated.

THE DREADFUL FIRE AT ST. LOUIS.—We have not on record an account of many more destructive conflagrations, than the one that has just laid the best part of St. Louis in ruins. The following is the telegraphic account of the disaster, in a condensed form:

The burning boats were cut from their moorings and floated down the levee, setting fire to such boats as were unable to get out.

A strong wind prevailing, the boats almost the entire length of the levee soon presented a solid sheet of flame. By this time nearly the whole city became aroused, and the utmost consternation prevailed.

The heat from the burning boats set the buildings fronting on the levee on fire, the flames communicating at the lowest street, the very heart of the business portion of the city, and extending from Locust street to three quarters of a mile down the levee, reaching back as far as Second street. Within these bounds nearly every building is in ruins.

The burnt district embraces almost all the business portion of the city. The merchants mostly had on hand very heavy stocks of goods. There was very little moveable property saved.

The whole river front of warehouses, from Locust street to Chestnut—three squares—were destroyed; and extending to Main street, the flames swept both sides to Market street, crossing to Second street, diagonally; thence taking a course southward.

More than a mile in length, by three blocks in width, of the center of the city, has been laid waste.

On the river, at Market street, the progress of the fire was stayed by blowing up the drug store of Messrs. Doenich & Valloux.

Three persons were killed by an explosion on board the steamboat *Alice*; and it is probable that as many as twenty lives have been lost during the progress of the destroyer.

The City Hall was several times on fire, but it is saved.

At least four hundred houses are burned. Many robberies, of course, were committed.

Mr. Thomas B. Fargo, an auctioneer, was one of those killed during the fire. He threw a keg of powder into the store of Doenich & Valloux, for the purpose of blowing it up and stopping the progress of the flames at that point; but, unfortunately, the explosion took place before he could get away from the building.

The value of the steamboat stock was about \$350,000; insured for \$200,000;

The value of the cargoes of the steamboats, \$150,000. Freight on the landing valued at \$50,000. The total loss by the fire is about \$5,000,000.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—We have often had a fling at the wild cat eloquence of the far west, knowing all the time, by auricular evidence, that some of the finest orators of the age are to be found in the valley of the Mississippi. The following beautiful compliment to a St. Louis orator, we cut from the *Reveille*. St. Louis is about the westernmost city in the Union:

"*Editors of the Reveille*.—I am a stranger in St. Louis. I came direct from Perth, in Scotland. Having nothing of any importance to do for a day or two, I visited the court house yesterday morning. The general impression made upon my mind, at first, was the common sense one of plain, clean, unpretending halls: fresh painted, airy and spacious. The youth of the Judge, I confess, at first struck me as a defect. The counsel wore no gowns, nor is the place decorated with any armorial bearings that I could observe. I looked for soldiers, but saw not so much as a file to keep the door. This all seemed odd enough. A plain, middle-sized man, about thirty years of age, had the charge of the prisoner's defense, (it was some shooting charge.) He began in slow, rather feeble accents, and as I thought, far from the main question. He seemed to rise mentally, however, and even in person. He spoke fluently, pertinently, and with grace and ease for at least two hours. The scene deepened, his voice became more sonorous; his whole soul seemed thrown into the case of his client. I shall never again doubt of *magnetism*. I was perfectly spell-bound. I felt no weariness; nor hunger, nor thirst, nor inconvenience of any kind, though I had to stand in a crowded court room the whole day. For six hours did this tide of perfectly tremendous eloquence roll along, and still it seemed to be gathering power. I have never heard anything that could be compared with the eloquence of this gifted orator. I said in my heart, the court that has counsel like this, requires no other ornament.

"I have heard Jeffreys, Campbell, and Brougham, but never heard anything like this. I inquired his name; I think they told me that it was Wright.

A STRANGER."

St. Louis, April 17th, 1849.

A PRISONER "SELLING" HIS KEEPER.—Wm. Phillips, alias Phelps and Porter, was tried in Lowell, in November last, upon three indictments for burglary, and sentenced to nine years hard labor in the State Prison. Shortly afterward he obtained an interview with Mr. Robinson, the Warden, and told him that he had "planted" \$50,000 in a locality which he described. After consulting with Mr. Nicholas, Marshal of Charlestown, it was determined to search for the prize. Phillips was granted a holiday, and the trio proceeded by cab to the Old Colony railroad, and thence by cars to Fall River, near which Phillips pointed out the spot where they must dig. They went to work with a will. Phillips superintended operations, and the city marshal and warden relieved one another at the spade. The marshal was at work with the shovel, and had made a hole six feet deep. Phillips and the warden were on the bank cheering him to still greater exertions. Just before Nichols came to the shiners, Phillips shoved Robinson into the hole, commenced burying them up, and vanished. The warden and the marshal had so much dust in their eyes that they could not pursue him to advantage; and the marshal had a sprained ankle. So they came home. Nichols took to his bed, and Robinson offered a reward for the arrest of Phillips, who was taken to Fall River in irons, which were removed in order to allow him to take his turn at the shovel. He is forty-five years old, five feet ten inches in height, dark complexion, blue eyes, and dark hair.—[Boston Bee.

SECRETS OF THE INQUISITION.—A correspondent of the London Daily News, describes a visit he has made to the many small, dark and damp dungeons of the Inquisition. The building is out of the beaten track, being in a sort of *cul de sac* behind St. Peter's. The dungeons and all their apparatus, are to be thrown open to the inspection of the public, and will furnish a sight not likely to recommend priestly rule to the people. The correspondent says:

"The officer in charge led me down to where the men were digging in the vaults; they had cleared a downward flight of steps, which was choked up with old rubbish, and had come to a series of dungeons under the vaults, deeper still, and which immediately brought to my mind the prisons of the Doge, under the canal of the Bridge of Sighs, at Venice, only that here there was a surpassing horror.

"I saw imbedded in old masonry, unsymmetrically arranged, five skeletons in various recesses, and the clearance had only just begun. The period of their insertion in this spot must have been more than a century and a half. From another vault, full of skulls and scattered human remains, there was a shaft about four feet square, ascending perpendicularly to the first floor of the building, and ending in a passage off the hall of chancery, where a trap-door lay between the tribunal and the way into a suite of rooms destined for one of the officials. The object of this shaft could admit of but one surmise. The ground of the vault was made up of decayed animal matter, a lump of which held imbedded in it a long silken lock of hair, as I found from personal examination as it was shoveled up from below. But that is not all: there are two large subterranean lime-kilns—if I may so call them—shaped like a beehive in masonry, filled with layers of calcined bones, forming the substratum of two chambers, on the ground floor, in the immediate vicinity of the very mysterious shaft above mentioned." (It must be remembered that of late the power of the Holy Inquisition, even in Rome, was greatly fallen from its former high estate.)

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever it is dug, whenever the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and, upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor drouths. But that which is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables; and at 26 feet deep large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking on the stem, and their leaves and branches in perfect preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again with leaves and branches of trees as before, and thus alternately chalk and vegetable earth, to the depth of sixty-three feet.

The Altar.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

FROM THE DUTCH OF DIRL SMITS.

A Host of angels flying
Through cloudless skies impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In Heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor:
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From Heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it—
That little pearl which shone
With luster all its own—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

THE BROAD WAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY MRS. S. MOWBRAY.

"Are there few that be saved?"

St. Luke's Gospel.

THE motto of the present article, the reader will perceive, is the question put by the twelve, on a certain occasion, to their Divine Master. A question which is not more characteristic of human curiosity and impertinence, than the answer, or rather rebuke, which it elicited, is of Godlike wisdom and gentleness. "And he said unto them, 'strive to enter in at the straight gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.'"

Now, though the whole of the above quotation does not occur in the part of Saint Luke's Gospel, where the disciples' query is recorded, yet, nevertheless, it is natural to suppose that this was the occasion on which the preceding beautiful language was spoken by our Lord, as given by St. Matthew.

The reason assigned here, by the sacred author of Christianity, why so few are saved, seems to be simply this: that the road to safety is a narrow road, whereas, that to destruction is emphatically a broad one. Wide enough to allow of one hundred of millions of the human family running on it abreast, in company with their countless idols and other infatuations, pomps and vanities, kings and their courts, sultans and their harems, popes and their vaticans, Pharisees and their ostentations, "trumpet-tongued" charities, and many besides, who imagine themselves traveling with their faces Zionward. Not unfrequently does the eye detect this motley multitude—the noisy professor of religion, with his shameless inconsistencies, as well as the silent devotee, in whom the scrutiny of a fellow being can mark no flaw; but could we unveil his heart, and look in upon the imagery there, we should at once pronounce him a polytheist, and as such, a journeyer on the road to destruction. Yet he calls these only a few innocent abstractions; forsooth, scarcely amounting even to a sentiment. Simple preferences, for superlative excellence, to be sure—harmless, platonic attachments to some prohibited objects. Wretched man! He never stops to analyze them further, but lets the snaky brood continue to twist themselves about his heart, until they imperceptibly drink up the very life blood of his soul. Yet all this time he supposes himself traveling in the narrow way, and so does that contented looking character beside him, with the thousand baskets of champagne, and half as many volumes of Bulwer, and others of the same school. He, too, imagines himself within the narrow way, because he manages to carry, as a passport, yon little gilded prayer book merely. And there goes the gorgeous matron, with the golden bible and audible prayer, and jeweled purse—seldom, if ever, drawn out to relieve the poor and weary. She, too, is amusing herself with the above delusion and hopes, soon to reach the heaven of her dreams—which, of course, is not a whit better than that of

the veriest muselman—a perfect Abyssinia of astral lamps and ostrich feathers; or a Persian wilderness of India muslins, and cashmere shawls, and artificial flowers, and raiment; not the airy drapery of angels, or the rainbow garments of the clouds, but whole bales of veritable French silks, glowing gloriously in their myriad hues.

Alas for the visionary phantoms which mortals pursue! and what a melancholy spectacle does this wicked world present to the eye of the true philanthropist, as he looks through its dense masses of depraved humanity, regarding with passive indifference, or reckless impatience, the pressure and prospect of present and coming ills! And how he longs to stop the current's flow toward destruction! But from what Mars Hill shall he attempt to arouse man from his suicidal sloth and inanity? At what vantage spot can he arrest the progress of the millions? The path they tread is broad and down hill—it hath no Thermopylae at which his generous zeal might hope to stem the tide of moral death. Man is a free agent, and the Omnipotent Himself is unwilling to interfere with this most sacred attribute of his nature. True, He urges him to turn from the error of his way, by the most touching arguments and tenderest condescensions on His part, as well as by the most ample and gracious provisions for his comfort and defense in the paths of holiness. But, above all, inviting him to constancy and diligence by the prospect of an inheritance eternal in the heavens; and to the sympathetic victims by these most transforming views of the Divine compassion and goodness, as he reveals himself through the medium of Revelation, Creation and Providence.

Scientific and Useful.

COMETS.

PROPOSITION.—Is it possible that a comet could come into contact with the earth or any other planet?

SOLUTION.—Comets move in all directions, and traverse extremely elongated ellipses, which intersect our solar system and cut the orbits of the planets. There is, therefore, no absolute impossibility of a comet coming into contact with them, and rigorously speaking, we must acknowledge that the shock of a comet against our earth might happen; but at the same time it is an extremely improbable event, of which we may satisfy ourselves, if we compare the small mass of this globe and of the comets with the immensity of space in which they move. The doctrine of probabilities furnishes the criterion by which we may estimate numerically the chances of such a shock, and it appears to be only 1 in 281 millions; that is to say, if any unknown comet were to appear, one might bet 281 millions against unity, that it would not strike our globe. It would then be weakness in any man to alarm himself about so unlikely a danger. However, the effects of such a collision might be most awful. If the earth were so violently struck that its orbital movement was destroyed, everything not adherent to the surface, as animals, water, &c., would rush from it with a velocity of seven leagues in a second. If the shock only retarded the rotatory movement, the seas would spring up from their beds, and the equator and the poles would be changed. The famous La Place thus describes the effects that would follow: "The axis and rotatory movement being changed, the seas would abandon their ancient basins to precipitate themselves on the new equator; great numbers of men and animals would be drowned in this universal deluge, or crushed by the violent shock impressed on the terrestrial globe; all the monuments of human industry would be overturned; such are the disasters which the shock of a comet would occasion. We see, therefore, why the ocean formerly covered lofty mountains, on which it has left indubitable marks of its presence; we see why animals and plants of the south have existed in northern regions, where we find their remains and traces; finally, we explain the newness of the moral world, whose monuments are not more ancient than five thousand years. The human race, reduced to a small number of individuals, and to the most deplorable condition, solely occupied, during a long period, the conservation of existence, must have entirely lost the remembrance of science and art; and when the progress of civilization created new wants, it would become necessary to begin all things anew, as though men had been for the first time placed on this globe."

MIRACULOUS BLOOD SPOTS ON HUMAN FOOD.—Under the influence of certain circumstances, of which it is difficult, if not impossible, now to form any precise idea, there have appeared upon bread, and food of other kinds, spots of a vivid red color, closely resembling drops of blood. During the siege of Tyre, Alexander was alarmed by the appearance of bloody spots on the soldiers' bread. At

a period nearer our own age, in 1610, similar stains were seen upon the consecrated wafers; and thirty-eight unfortunate Jews were accused of having caused, by their sorceries, this phenomenon, and suffered for their supposed sacrilegious death by burning. In 1819, similar kinds of red spots appeared among the inhabitants of Padua and its environs. At the commencement of the month of August in that year, a farmer of Legnaro, named Pittarello, was frightened by seeing drops of blood sprinkled upon his porridge, made of the maize which grew in the neighborhood of his village. His alarm was greatly increased, when, for many days following, he saw the same red spots appear on all his food—new bread, rice, veal, fish, and boiled and roast fowls. The curé was appealed to, that he might exercise his sacred functions to expel the evil spirit which produced these alarming appearances; but prayers were ineffectual, and the neighbors of the unfortunate Pittarello supposed that he was under a celestial malediction. Incited by curiosity, a large number of persons went to Legnaro, and a commission was eventually named, to investigate the nature and causes of this phenomenon. M. Sette was appointed to this task. On examining under the microscope these miraculous red spots, he discovered that they were formed by myriads of small bodies, which appeared to be *microscopic fungi*, and to which he gave the name of *saagalactina inetropha*. He succeeded in propagating these minute organic productions, and in a memoir published at Venice in 1824, he gives a detailed history of them. During the year 1848, the same phenomenon appeared at Berlin, and fixed the attention of M. Ehrenberg. This celebrated micrographer has closely studied these red spots; and he believes them to be, not as M. Sette supposes, microscopic fungi, but animalcules of inferior degree, a monade to which he has given the name of *monas prodigiosa*, on account of their extreme smallness. These little beings appear as corpuscles, almost round, of one three-thousandth to one eight-thousandth of a line in length; transparent when separately examined, but in a mass of the color of blood. M. Ehrenberg calculated, that in the space of a cubic inch there are from 46,656,000,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 of these monades.—[Medical Times.

DECREASE OF FISH IN RIVERS.—In "A Treatise on the Production and Management of Fish in Fresh Waters," by Gottlieb Boccia, he says, "The main cause why all fresh-water streams become sterile in the end, if not carefully tended, is simple enough: namely, all the smaller streams form the sewers of the adjacent country, and fall into the larger rivers; and the latter again act as the sewers of the towns and of the kingdom, and are carriers of their congregated impurities finally to the sea. The increasing population of human beings charges the rivers every day with more and more foul matters, the refuse of towns and the agrarian districts passing into them; and hence the destruction of the spawn, egg, or ova of fish, but not of the fish when once brought into life. One cause of this I shall explain chemically. Water is composed of one volume of oxygen gas, and two volumes of hydrogen gas. No life can be sustained without oxygen, let it be animal or vegetable; consequently, when water becomes thickened by other matters, a new compound is introduced, which produces a new chemical action; and this is the cause why all rivers and streams eventually become barren: for the following is the result of such a condition of waters, which it is an abuse of language any longer to call fresh. The egg of a fish, in production, differs from that of other animals, as the absorption of spermatic fluids does not take place till it has passed from the parent, and is then left on its bed, hill, or weed, according to the description of the fish, until the period of incubation has arrived; but in the meantime, should the water become foul and change its character, then the alluvial deposit in the water settles down upon the pedicle or neck of the egg, hermetically seals the same, and prevents the oxygen gas (the component part of water) from being absorbed and passing to the embryo, from which cause suffocation takes place, and the egg is in common phrase, addled. This may seem strange; but the student of the laws of Nature well knows that oxygen gas is as absolutely necessary to life as it is the slow destroyer of all things. The destruction of the eggs of the trout from the cause just assigned I have proved to many friends, having shown them thousands in a putrefied state on their own natural hills or breeding grounds; while, upon the principles I have to detail of my methods of producing fish, not a single egg is lost.

The Quarterly Review affirms that England is the center of the earth. Judging from the free manner in which she lends her money and never gets paid, she might almost be considered the "fool in the middle."—[Puppet Show.

Humorous and Amusing.

A TIME IN OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

OURS is a most singular boarding house. Scarcely a day passes that the steward does not break a new set of dishes; an old gentleman precipitate himself headlong down a steep flight of stairs; an interesting child swallow a pin; a lady boarder's spaniel dash itself accidentally from the third story window; or, in fact, which does not abound with a variety of disastrous occurrences, calculated to throw the boarders in an uproar, and to reduce our landlord to a most distressing state of anxiety.

One day last week there was a calm, the first that had occurred for a month. We congratulated ourselves upon the event, and began to entertain vague hopes that permanent peace was about to be established. But, alas! the house is so doomed to accidents, that no reliable conjecture can be drawn from present appearances. The very next day there occurred one of the most exciting incidents that ever drove our landlord furious, and wound up his boarders into a quintessence of merriment.

I had just returned from one of Wilson's rarest musical *lunches*, most of the boarders had retired to their rooms, and complete silence reigned in the house. Striking a light, I drew my arm chair near the head of the bed, and threw myself into it in a mental state of luxurious indolence, repeating internally, Wilson's "Scots wha hae." Thus I sat for a few moments, when suddenly I heard two screams, in the room overhead—so loud, so shrill, they can be compared to nothing save the cry of a busy housewife after a servant in the back yard. Soon I heard two bounds on the floor, as if of persons jumping out of bed, and the cries were repeated louder and louder in quick succession. There was no time for consideration. My neighbors were evidently in a trying dilemma. Seizing the candle I unbolted the door and rushed into the hall. But I had been forestalled. All the doors on either side of the hall were opened, and the inmates excited to the last degree. Some with night-caps, some with only a single boot on, and one even sporting a pair of flaming red flannels, were crowded together in the hall, and hurrying to the scene of the catastrophe.

"What's the matter?" "Can't say." "Whose voice is that?" "Och, stand off my corns." "Beg pardon—such confounded squeezing." "Lord, how she hollers"—and on they rushed, helter-skelter, first from one hall to the other, and then up a flight of stairs next to another hall, and so on to the scene of excitement.

"Oh, my heavens!" cried a female voice, as the foremost of the party reached the landing. "What's all them men doing here?"

"Stand back, gentlemen, stand back!" cried one of the least excited of the boarders—a venerable looking gentleman, who had on a coat and no pants, and held his candlestick upside down; "get back if you please, there are females here—the helps of the house, gentlemen—Susan and Margaret—stand back, if you please."

"But what's the matter?" "Who in the deuce cares if—" "Go ahead, if you're going to." "We want to see." "What is it?"

"But, gentlemen, resumed the non-excitable speaker, 'the females are not quite—that is to say Susan has not—hem—I think it's only their—hem—their *night things* the girls have on.'"

"That's nothing—let's see what's the matter." "We'll shut our eyes." "Good." "Oh, get along; they'll be murdered before we get there." "Whew, what squeezing!" "I do wonder—" "Beef." "Ah, now we go;" and on the tide rolled, pushing and pulling, and wondering until they stopped opposite No. 64, the chamber of the two house helps.

The door stood wide open; the beds were tumbled in admirable confusion, and Susan and Margaret stood at the entrance, one holding her hands over her face, and the other pale and weeping as though her heart would burst.

"What's the matter, my child?" asked a young gentleman of about sixteen summers, in an anxious tone.

"Boo—hoo—hoo," cried Margaret, giving vent to a fresh flood of tears.

"My gracious, it's *very* distressing," said the man in red flannels, snuffing a neighbor's candle out in an excess of sympathy. "My poor girl, what has happened?"

"Boo—hoo—hoo," answered Margaret, "I can't say."

"Well, now, what is the matter with you?" cried somebody from the distance, who was not able to see over the heads of those before him. The question was propounded so earnestly this time, it was impossible to overlook it.

"Well," commenced the distressed help—"well,

boo—hoo, there's a *ma—ma—man* in my—boo—hoo—hoo."

"I wonder," said the man in red flannels, opening his eyes to their utmost width, and keeping them fixed in inexpressible astonishment on the help.

"Let's drag him out," suggested some one.

"Yes," continued the crowd, "let's take him out." "Carry him out on a rail." "On two chips." "Ah, the scoundrel." "Who'd have thought?" "Don't push." "So rascally." "Let's go in." "Inhuman."

Infuriated at the audacity of such villainy, the crowd rushed into the chamber—the man in red flannels tore off the coverlet—and true enough there lay a stout, large sized *man*! He remained perfectly still during all the excitement, not appearing even to breathe.

"Get up, sir!"

The man remained perfectly insensible.

"Get up, I tell you, or I'll strike you."

Still he did not offer to stir. The excitement became uncontrollable.

"Tear him out." "Drag him down." "Don't have any mercy."

"Get out, you scoundrel!" cried the man with red flannels, in a voice of thunder.

Still a perfect calm. There was no bearing such indifference. Seizing the offender roughly by the arm, the man with the red flannels pulled him violently over.

"Eh! what's that?"

"Why, it's *stuffed*!"

"Roped in, by jingo, it's a *parcel of dirty clothes*!"

The man in flannels stared at his *villain* in a maze of doubt and astonishment. A roar of laughter that rang through every apartment in the house, and started the watchmen in the street, succeeded; and a young gentleman, whose countenance from the beginning had been disfigured by inestimable twists and contortions, slipped quietly from the crowd, hurried to his room, and throwing himself on the bed, was for full a quarter of an hour holding his sides, and laughing as if he expected this to be his last chance for an ebullition of fine spirits.

Really, as I said before, ours is a very curious house; but as its turmoils and agitations are rather of an amusing character, it may be all the better for that.—[St. Louis Reveille.

Special Notices.

DIGESTS.—We have received a small supply of this valuable work, and are now ready to fill orders, which must invariably be accompanied by a remittance. Price 37½ cts. each.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Agents without exception are requested to forward their reports immediately, in order that we may credit subscribers promptly and prevent confusion in our accounts. Send the report if only a dollar has been collected.

To subscribers we would again say, do not wait for an agent, but remit direct. Postmasters are allowed to frank your letters to publishers, and are always ready to do so. We prefer remittances direct from subscribers, and hope they will act accordingly.

TRAVELING AGENTS.—We shall be under the necessity of relinquishing the services of all traveling agents who do not make weekly returns. The names of all who do not follow this plan (without which the books of the office cannot be correctly kept) will be stricken from our published list of agents.

Subscribers are hereby notified not to pay money to an agent whose name is not in the paper. To our readers we would again say, do not depend upon agents, but remit to the office of the Gazette and Rule direct.

TO CLUBS.—Any person obtaining the names of five new Subscribers, and sending us Ten Dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis for one year. Upon all subscriptions over five, the person sending the names and money may retain fifty cents as his commission. Payments invariably in advance.

Postmasters are authorized to remit money to Publishers, and all money mailed in presence of the Postmaster, and duly forwarded by him, is at our risk.

In all cases where postage on subscriptions is not paid, it will be deducted from the amount credited to those who send it.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

BRO. ALONZO WELTON, BRO. ISAAC H. RUSS,
WM. H. FAIRCHILD, PERRY E. TOLMS,
SAMUEL H. BARRETT, L. W. ALDRICH,
HORACE LAMB, AARON PIERSON.

REMITTANCES.—We hope our friends will bear in mind that the approaching celebration will afford great facilities for the settlement of accounts, and that none will fail to remember us, in the form of a remittance, by any brother who may visit New-York.

LOCAL I. O. O. F. DIRECTORY.

O. F. WALL, GRAND-ST. COR. CENTER.	
Antiquary Room.	183 Alleghany.....Th
349 Emporium.....Mo	National Hall.....Th
47 Mercantile.....Tu	87 Fidelity.....Th
339 Solon*.....Wed	13 Germania*.....Fr
350 Decatur.....Th	38 Canal-st.
146 Diamond.....Fri	23 Mariners'.....Mo
Corinthian Room.	43 La Concorde.....Tu
14 Teutonia*.....Mo	256 United Friends.....Fr
36 Enterprise.....Tu	Clinton Hall.
28 Ark.....Wed	278 Orion.....Mo
68 Oriental.....Th	150 Merchants'.....Wed
314 Tradesman.....Fri	335 Templar.....Th
1 New York Degree.....Sat	125 Excelsior.....Fr
Egyptian Room.	411 Broadway.
44 Empire.....Mo	177 Eureka.....Tu
11 Gettys.....Tu	31 Olive Branch.....Wed
60 Howard.....Wed	137 Cohota.....Th
23 Knickerbocker.....Th	232 Sincerity.....Fr
20 Manhattan.....Fri	142 Hester-st.
Elizabethan Room.	243 Pilgrim.....Mo
107 Hinman.....Mo	321 Ocean.....Th
67 Commercial.....Tu	307 Broome-st.
355 Constellation.....Wed	82 German Oak.....Wed
1 Columbia.....Th	129 Schiller.....Tu
228 Beacon.....Fri	344 Venus.....Mo
Gothic Room.	253 Warren.....Th
30 National.....Mo	327 Bowery.
349 Polar Star.....Tu	46 Jefferson.....Tu
10 New York.....Wed	238 Acorn.....Wed
39 Hancock.....Th	253 Amaranthus.....do
Doric Room.	Cor. 8th Av. and 29th-st.
4 Stranger's Refuge.....Mon	182 Blooming Grove.....Th
12 Washington.....Tu	326 Fitzroy.....Wed
34 Marion.....Wed	Avenue C. and Third-st.
33 Metropolitan.....Th	113 Mechanics'.....Mo
5 United Brother's Deg*Fr	234 Eckford.....Wed
Persian Room.	351 Corinthian.....Tu
2 Mt. Hebron Enclpt. 24 Fr	2 Manhattan Deg.....Th
3 Mt. Sinai.....13 Fr	119 Continental.....Wed
6 Mosaic.....13 Mo	73 Mt. Vernon.....Fr
9 Palestine.....24 Sa	6 Clinton Degree.....Sa
12 Mt. Horeb.....13 Th	71 Division-st.
18 Damascus.....13 Sa	57 Mutual.....Mo
19 Lebanon.....13 W	52 United Brothers*.....Tu
35 Egyptian.....13 Tu	132 Bowery.
45 Maniout.....24 Th	178 Oregon.....Mo
63 Macedonia.....24 Mo	165 Hermitage.....Tu
Cor. Hudson and Grove.	158 Independence.....Wed
9 Tompkins.....Tu	187 Bowery.
42 Meridian.....Wed	35 Covenant.....Th
58 Grove.....Th	348 Northern Light.....Tu
28 Jerusalem Enclpt. 24 Fr	Cor. Hudson and Charles.
4 Hudson Deg.....Sat	84 Chelsea.....Mo
Clinton, Cor. Grand.	210 Siloam.....Tu
44 Harmony.....Th	Washington Hall cor. Hester and Bowery.
Cor. 8th Av. and 23d-st.	337 Globe.....Wed
40 Greenwich.....Mo	Cor. Av. C. and 3d-st.
384 St. Nicholas.....Wed	10 Mt. Olivet, Enclpt. 24 Fr
598 Broadway.	38 Canal.
17 Perseverance.....Wed	41 Samaritan Enclpt. 13 Sa
295 Hospitalier.....Fri	21 Mt. Zion.....13 Fr
315 Crystal.....Th	Cor. Broome and Forsyth.
332 Island City.....Tu	37 Mamre, Enclpt. 13 Fr
151 City.....Mo	Cor. Hester and Bowery.
193 Bowery.	64 Mt. Moriah, Enclpt. 24 Fr
15 Fountain City.....Wed	* German. † French.
78 Croton.....Tu	

GAZETTE OF THE UNION
AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,
Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sir!

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York, by CRAMPTON & CLARK, and is under the Editorial Superintendence of Rev. Bro. AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, P. C. P.

All Communications should be addressed to CRAMPTON & CLARK, 44 Ann-street, New-York.

I. O. O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ODD-FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK,

March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and

Brothers:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 828, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

HINMAN LODGE NO. 107, I. O. of O. F.

The Hon. WILLIAM DODGE will lecture before his brethren of Hinman Lodge at their next Regular Meeting, which will be held on Monday evening next, May 28, in the Elizabethan Room, Odd-Fellows' Hall. A full attendance of our Brothers, and the Brethren of the Order generally, is solicited. New York, May 22, 1849.

F. W. WILLIAMS, N. G.

D. D. T. MARSHALL, Sec.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO XI.

Thus, for a full half hour, the cornet ran on—
Pouring his burning words like red hot shot,
(According to the tactics of Love's canon.)

Then paused to see if he had BREACH'd or not
By his artillery of heavy gammon,

The heart of Julia; heavens! a bright red spot
On either cheek, told plain as words could speak,
That Julia's citadel was growing weak!

THE 'BRIGHT RED SPOT' might have been produced by GOURAUD'S magnificent LIQUID ROUGE; it may also have been the blush of indignation, called up by the soldier's flattery; our own private opinion is, that she had reason to blush for her ignorance of the virtues of GOURAUD'S wonderful MEDICATED SOAP in the removal of Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sallowiness, Ringworm, &c. from the skin!

GOURAUD'S POWDER SUBTILE, as everybody knows, will positively extirpate, root, branch and blossom, all superfluous hair from upper lips, brows, or any part of the human frame. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE is a delicious white for the complexion.

Bear in mind, that the genuine preparations of Dr. FELIX GOURAUD can be procured genuine only at his original depot, No. 67 Walker street, 1st door from—not in—Broadway.

BOGLE'S HYPERION.

The following letter is from J. L. Priest, Esq., 14 Central Wharf: "Boston, Jan. 13, 1847.

"I have used Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, and find it to be the best article for the hair I have ever tried; it has done my hair much good, and I can cheerfully recommend it."

J. L. PRIEST.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm. Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

NEW CLOTH STORE.

THE subscribers have recently taken the store No. 104 William-st., near John, where they offer to Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and the trade generally, a carefully selected stock of

Fine and Superfine French Cloths,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,
Plain Black, and Fancy Cassimeres,
Tweeds, Jeans, Satinets and Vestings,
Silk and Alpaca Serges,
Silesias, Wigans, Canvas,
Italian Sewings, Buttons, &c.

Also, a general assortment of goods adapted to men's wear, for the city and country trade. Wm. P. COOK & CO.
252d St. No. 104 William-st.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.

TO the I. O. O. F. and the public in general.

The subscriber, I. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City.

I. J. CRISWELL'S,

No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth.

North side, Philadelphia.

15 NOV. 9.

BARNES & DENNEY,

MANUFACTURERS of Patent Roman Cemented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be picked, and Patent Escutcheons which secure them against being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.

N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to orders, with top and bottom bolts.

W. DENNEY. (231:1f) J. BARNES

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m248

HAVANA AND PRINCEPIE CIGARS.

JAMES SADLER, No. 234 BROADWAY, (3d door above American Hotel).—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Principe Cigars, of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 3m248

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 160 Race-street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 128 Tremont-street;—and by 90,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

PROF. BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, OR MEDICATED COMPOUND,

FOR RESTORING, PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING HAIR, ERADICATING SCURF AND DANDRUFF, AND CURING DISEASES OF THE SKIN, GLANDS, AND MUSCLES, CUTS, STINGS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, &c. &c.

IN order to convince the public of the efficacy of any curative preparation, in this thinking and reflective age, it is necessary to explain the philosophy of its operation. The process by which Professor Barry's Tricopherous produces such extraordinary results, cannot be understood without a brief notice of the structure and uses of the delicate substances to which it is applied, and in the condition of which it accomplishes the most salutary changes. The connection between the hair and the skin is so close, that the one may be almost deemed a continuation of the other, and hence whatever renovates, restores, and nourishes the hair, must of necessity have a healthful influence upon the sensitive membrane in which its roots are fixed.

The skin, that wonderful envelop in which the sense of touch resides, consists of three layers; the EPIDERMIS or cuticle, a semi-opaque, or almost insensible film; the RETICULUM, which is a spongy membrane reticulated with nerves and blood-vessels, and forms a sort of shield to the exquisitely delicate TRUE SKIN; and the true skin itself, which constitutes the third layer of the triple envelop. In this tough, flexible and elastic integument, are located the nerves, blood-vessels, &c., which supply sustenance to the hair, and in the derangement of which diseases of the skin originate. The vessels of the true skin supply the sacs containing the roots of the hair with the moisture which sustains the fibres, and the same causes which affect the health of the hair, also affect the health of the skin. This is self-evident to the casual observer, as well as susceptible of demonstration by the anatomist and physiologist; for in all cutaneous diseases, the hair becomes dry and harsh, and falls out in such quantities as sometimes to render the patient partially or entirely bald. Wounds, burns, &c., on the skin of the head, also produce baldness on the portions of the scalp where the injury has been inflicted, thus proving the close affinity and sympathy between the organism of the skin and the hair.

The wonderful restorative and remedial properties of Professor Barry's Tricopherous, are based upon this hypothesis, or rather this fact. It acts through the skin upon the hair, stimulating the inert vessels, opening the pores, imparting activity to the circulation, awakening from their lethargy all the vegetative functions which give life, vigor, and beauty to the fibres, extirpating every particle of scurf and dandruff, and soon clothing even the bald or half denuded head with a thick, glossy, silky, and elastic covering.

But this is only one of the uses of Professor Barry's Tricopherous. The same properties which restore vital and vegetative power the skin of the head are equally beneficial in all cutaneous diseases, or superficial injuries. For cuts, burns, bites of insects, sprains, erysipelas, blotches, pimples, scabies, ring-worm, rashes, scrofula, prickly heat, chilblains, chapped hands, rheumatism, burns, scalds, bruises, redness of the skin, and in short all the troublesome and painful external diseases and injuries which are so common in families, and which NOTHING BUT EXTERNAL REMEDIES CAN REMOVE, the Tricopherous will be found a speedy, safe, and unfailing cure. By virtue of its double claim as a renovator and beautifier of nature's choicest ornament, and a potent and invaluable remedial agent, it is entitled to a place on every toilet, and in every medicine chest.

The following testimonials, selected from hundreds of similar import, will serve to show the value of the preparation, and the estimation in which it is held by those who have given it a trial.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM WILLIAM DAVIES,
Corner of Hicks and Atlantic streets, Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, April 19th, 1849.

PROFESSOR BARRY—Sir: I should be deficient in gratitude to you, and in feeling for others who may be similarly afflicted, if I neglected to inform you that your Tricopherous has entirely removed from my face a painful and disgusting eruption, consisting of large red pimples, with which I had been annoyed for many years. A regular application of the fluid according to the directions, for a little better than three weeks, completely relieved me of the nuisance, and the skin of my face is now as free from discoloration as in my boyhood.

Yours truly, WILLIAM DAVIES.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM JAMES FITZGERALD.
New York, April 19th, 1849.

PROFESSOR BARRY—Verily, my dear sir, your Tricopherous is the Admiral Crichton of its class. It not only relieves the head from scurf and dandruff, and imparts beauty and vigor to the hair, but it is, as I can testify from personal experience, a most valuable application for cuts abrasions, bruises, and those vile eruptions which are so annoying to children in the warm seasons, I have found nothing equal to it in cutaneous disorders; and if what I say is worth any thing to you, publish it and welcome.

Your ob't servant,

JAMES FITZGERALD.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM DR. LEE.
New York, Feb. 6, 1849.

MR. BARRY—I have no hesitation in recommending an article which I can, of my own personal knowledge, endorse as good; and I therefore state with confidence, that your Tricopherous is what you claim it to be—an article for cleansing, preserving, beautifying, and promoting the growth of the hair.

I find it to be the best remedy I have ever had in my practice for scald head, ringworm, and diseases which the skin is subject to.

T. A. LEE, M. D.

The following testimonial is from Mr. Mann, editor of the Scientific American. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21, 1849.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS is an article that we take pleasure in awarding the highest commendations. We do not do it upon the recommendations of others, but from our own personal knowledge of its effects upon the hair; while it tends to keep it healthy, soft and glossy, it also removes dandruff, prevents grey hair, and invigorates its growth in a manner unequalled by any other composition known to us. A person only needs to use one bottle to be convinced of its truth.

Sold in large bottles, price 75 cents, at the principal office, 139 Broadway.

AGENTS—Anderson, 607 Broadway; Dr. Smith, 254 Tenth avenue; Dr. Lyon, 440 Grand st.; Dr. Moore, 294 Broad st., Newark; Mrs. Hays, 122 Fulton st., Brooklyn; R. G. Wright, 32 South st., Philadelphia; C. P. Poirer, Baltimore; W. Brown, Washington st., Boston; Haviland, Harrell & Co., Charleston, S. C.; J. Wright, New Orleans; David Chambers, St. Louis, Mo.; F. Bromberg, Mobile, Ala.; Sterger, Racine, Wisconsin. For sale by druggists and perfumers generally throughout the United States and Canada. 248



IN QUART BOTTLES,
For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of

SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STUBBORN ULCERS, DYSPPEPSY, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time

in bringing this preparation of Sarsaparilla to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly,

JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal.]

"U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of his Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it. Your obedient servant,

"THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 246

H. RICHARDSON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
No. 90 FULTON-STREET,
New-York,
Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery. 247

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, GRAND-STREET, CORNER of Center-st.—BROTHERS PERKINS, grateful for the very liberal patronage already extended to them, and which has exceeded their most sanguine anticipations, beg leave to say that their

PRIVATE SUPPER ROOMS for the reception of Ladies accompanied by Gentlemen, are now, for the first time complete.

They are confident of their ability to please the most fastidious gentlemen of competent experience and taste in such matters having assured them that their saloon is not excelled in London or Paris for CONVENIENCE, for EXTENT, for GORGEOUSNESS OF DECORATION, for the perfection of its CUISINE, and for its prompt and polite attendance. Its **L A R D E R**

has always every edible of the New York markets; and in addition, almost daily contributions of luxuries, by all the steamers, from the tropical regions and from Europe. Their Vaults and Store Rooms are supplied with the choicest brands of **WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,** selected here or procured directly by importation; and their charges will be found as reasonable as any restaurant of its character in this city or elsewhere. 253tf

J. C. BOOTH & CO., 21 Cortlandt-st., Wholesale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing and Gentlemen's furnishing articles. Garments made in the best style at shortest notice. Shirts, Stocks, Cravats, &c. &c., always on hand. 254-1y

INDIA RUBBER GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

THE UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY No. 19 Nassau-street, have on hand, and are now offering to the Trade, a large and very complete assortment of **GOODYEAR'S PATENT METALLIC RUBBER GOODS,** mostly of their own manufacture, and warranted of the best make, and to stand all climates, consisting in part of

Cases of Coats, Cloaks, Capes and Pants, assorted.

" Carriage and all other Cloths, do.

" Mexican Ponchos, an excellent article.

" Military and Navy Goods, all kinds.

" Beds, Pillows, Life Preservers and Cushions.

" Wading Pants, Leggings, and Baptismal Pants.

" Sou-westers, Caps and Storm Hats, assorted.

" Tents, Tent Carpets, Tarpaulins, &c.

" Haversacks, Canteens and Drinking Cups.

" Hoses of all kinds, assorted.

" Water Tanks, Fire Buckets.

" Camp Blankets and Piano for e Covers.

" Breast Pumps, Syringes, and Injection Tubes.

" Sheet Rubber, all kinds.

" Saddle, Traveling and Packing Bags.

All of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants, California Emigrants, and persons engaged in foreign trade, will find as above a great variety of goods they need or can sell to advantage.

All orders for Goods to be manufactured, should be accompanied with drawings and full descriptions. 250tf

DEITZ, BROTHER & CO., LAMP MANUFACTURERS, Washington Stores, (No. 139 William-st.) and 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn. Having a large and well organized manufactory, are now prepared to fulfil orders for their manufactures at short notice, which will be warranted of the best quality, and sold as low as any in the market. In their stock will be found **GILT and BRONZED CHANDELIERS,** from two to eight lights, with and without prisms for burning Oil or Camphene.

TABLE LAMPS, Gilt and Bronzed, for Oil or Camphene, of more than one hundred different patterns.

FRENCH MECHANICA, OR CARCEL LAMPS. A fine assortment, and Globes, wicks and Chimnies to fit.

Also—A great variety of Suspending Lamps, Bracket Lamps, Side Lamps, Study Lamps, Candelabra, Girandoles, Hall Lanterns, China Vases, Mantel Ornaments, Porcelain Shades and Globes.

Also—A full assortment of Paper Shades, Glass Shades, Globes, Wicks, Chimnies, and other articles appertaining to their business; pure Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Camphene and Spirit Gas.

They are also now manufacturing Drummond's Patent Candle-maker, an article of great utility for the Southern and Western States, being a Candle-stick which forms the candle, wicked and ready for use.

N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled. Address **DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.,** No. 139 William-st. N. Y., and No. 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn. 254tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS. JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1, Cortlandt-street, Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom and Fowler's celebrated premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 249tf

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. ____.

Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth.

Date, _____ (Signed.)

Applications for charters, (enclosing charter fee of \$10) or letters for information, should be directed, (postpaid) to Miss **EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S., 161 Forsyth-st.**

NY New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243tf

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATTSOON, No. 198 MARKET, 1st door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy or sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y39

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER, No. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers of every variety of **STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,** on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is selected with great care. **ONLY ONE PRICE.** Your patronage is very respectfully solicited. **F. HITCHCOCK, (218 tf) E. H. LEADBEATER.**

I. O. of O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA. J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235tf

E. COMBS—268 GRAND-STREET. LODGE AND ENCAMPMENT JEWELS, constantly on hand and for sale cheap, by **E. COMBS, 268 Grand-street.** 3m246

REGALIA AND JEWELS MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS, 268 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice. Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 228tf

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, No. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

REGALIA IN BUFFALO. REGALIA of all kinds and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. **T. PARSON, 275 Main-st.** 232tf

REGALIA IN READING, PA. THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. **N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished. H. A. LANTZ, 232tf, 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P.**

FINE MILINERY. MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK,—Patterns Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m254

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price. Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do. Do. Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thumbless, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$25 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. **G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y236**

ORGAN MANUFACTORY. NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation. **WM. A. CORRIE, N. B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y236**

EMPIRE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwich street, between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the undersigned do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.

An assortment of **READY-MADE CLOTHING** constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices.

Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

N. B.—A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at from \$25 to \$30, and at 12 hours' notice, if wanted. **THOMAS WILEY, Jr. WILLIAM R. BOWNE. (248-tf)**

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON, CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN, VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No. 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venetian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 236tf

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

The Most Extraordinary Medicine in the World!! This Extract is put up in Quart Bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures without vomiting, purging, or debilitating the Patient.

THE great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, that while it eradicates the disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES

ever known: it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates rich, new and pure blood, a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the great secret of its wonderful success. It has performed, within the last two years, more than 100,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 15,000 were considered incurable. It has saved the lives of more than 10,000 children the past two seasons in the city of New-York alone.

10,000 Cases of General Debility and want of Nervous Energy.

Dr. S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on by physical prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening toward that fatal disease Consumption, can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy. This Sarsaparilla is far superior to any

Invigorating Cordial,

as it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the limbs, and strength to the muscular system, in a most extraordinary degree.

Consumption Cured.

Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Haemic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c., have been and can be Cured.

Spitting Blood.

New-York, April 28, 1847.—Dr. S. P. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad Cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla a short time, and there has been a wonderful change wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city. I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant, **WM. RUSSELL, 65 Catharine st.**

Dyspepsia.

No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food, and strengthening the organs of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla.

BANK DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, May 10, 1845.—Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with the Dyspepsia in its worst forms, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.

Yours, &c.

W. W. VAN ZANDT.

Great Blessing to Mothers and Children.

It is the safest and most effectual medicine for purifying the system, and relieving the sufferings attendant upon childbirth, ever discovered. It strengthens both the mother and child, prevents pain and disease, increases and enriches the food; those who have used it think it is indispensable. It is highly useful both before and after confinement, as it prevents diseases attendant upon childbirth. In Costiveness, Piles, Cramps, Swelling of the Feet, Despondency, Heartburn, Vomiting, Pain in the Back and Loins, False Pains, Hæmorrhage, and in regulating the Secretions, and equalizing the Circulation, it has no equal. The great beauty of this medicine is, it is always safe, and the most delicate use it most successfully.

Scrofula Cured.

This Certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the Blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

Three Children.

Dr. S. P. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores, have taken four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under great obligation. Yours, respectfully, **ISAAC W. CRAIN, 106 Wooster st.**

Opinions of Physicians.

Dr. S. P. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from Physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify, that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the city of Albany, have, in numerous cases, prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations in the market.

H. P. FILLING, M.D., J. WILSON, M.D., R. B. BRIGGS, M.D., P. E. ELMENDORF, M.D. Albany, April, 1847.

Principal Office, 126 PULTON STREET, San Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North Second street, Philadelphia; S. S. Hanco, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co., 151 Chartres street, N. O.; 105 South Pearl street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India, and the Canada. 243cow

E. WINCHESTER, PRINTER, 44 ANN-STREET.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY CRAMPTON AND CLARK, AT NO. 44 ANN-ST. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 22.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 256.

Original Poetry.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY R. NATALIE CROMWELL.

In fancy, I am gazing now on old Westminster's walls—
In fancy, I am standing within its ancient halls;
With beating heart I wander on, with light and humble tread,
I stand before the honored graves of Britain's noble dead.
Great king, why art thou sleeping thus? where is thy scepter now?
The jewel'd crown which erst adorned thy proud and haughty brow?
Thou, who o'er Britain's sons held undisputed sway,
Doth lay in death's cold sleep, as powerless as they.
The wily priest, of whose black heart the secrets none might know—
The holy man, who counsel gave, relieved both want and woe—
The Courtier, who his honor prized less than a Sovereign's smile—
The honest and the true in heart, who knew no thought of guile.
Yes, there they sleep, all side by side, the warrior stern and brave;
He, who on many a battle field, his life-blood freely gave—
The timid child, the maiden bright, who in their beauty died—
The haughty dame, of princely name, once England's boast and pride.
And here rest those, to whom God gave a high and noble dower,
An honored gift, (was given them) that great creative power;
Though a deathless name their genius won, from death it could not save—
With saddening heart the eye doth fall on many a poet's grave.
Could ye arise, ye men of old, my longing eyes to greet,
Queens, kings and heroes, sages, priests, alas! how would ye meet?
In love and peace it might not be, for see, I stand between
The tomb of Scotland's Mary and England's haughty queen.*

* Queen Mary and Elizabeth are buried side by side.

I lingering gaze—they may not wake "till the last trump shall sound;"
Farewell—farewell for ever, Westminster's hallow'd ground;
And I depart—the vision's past, the dream, alas! is o'er,
E'en as thy glory, England, it hath pass'd for ever—more.

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA. *

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

"I am as ignorant as yourself. I only know they are in the house. The fact is, I have had no time as yet to eat my supper, which is at present much more necessary than paying my respects to a couple of wandering spies, perhaps."

"By the lord Harry, she's handsome, though, and I must speak with her," cried the young Briton, filling his glass with wine. "I shall soon find out all about her."

This was said with a satisfied smirk, which fully evinced the honorable Captain Percy Wemyss's opinion of his own powers of persuasion.

"Please, sir, I've seen the lady before—I know who she is," said the voice of the motley-garbed individual who had accompanied Captain Wemyss, and who occupied now the deferential position behind that officer, which he had assumed upon entering.

The first tones of this man's voice caused an involuntary start from Atree. He scrutinized the speaker closely, and exclaimed, "Pappett."

"That's my name, Master Atree," returned the man, advancing a little, with a demure look and cringing attitude. "I didn't make any observation before, 'cause I wasn't spoke to. It's me, sure enough—Pappett, at your service."

"Well, Pappett, what do you know about these strangers? Who are they?"

"I've seen them both often enough in Charleston; Mr. Arnoult, the merchant, and his handsome daughter, Louise, that was married and widowed the same day."

No one but Matthew Orrall, crouching and watching behind the house-plants, noticed the sudden shade, or knew the fiery pang, that crossed the face or wrung the heart of Robert Atree. But the bravo saw and knew—for he felt his own soul writhe.

* Continued from page 329.

"Do you know them, Atree?" asked Captain Wemyss, sipping his wine.

"I do—that is, I did."

"Charming girl—isn't she?"

"So considered."

"Egad, Atree, I must know her. You must assist me in it. To be sure, I've a commission in my pocket to arrest all traitors, rebels, and suspected persons. I could take both—father and daughter—at once. But, dang it, one don't like to be ungentlemanly, you know."

"To be sure not," answered Atree. "Besides, I would not like to be a party to an affair like this in my own house. And you forget, too, captain, you have not your troop with you, should the old man resist."

"Poh, nonsense, my dear fellow. But, as you say, there's delicacy about these things. Egad, though, I must see the charming girl. Can't you arrange it—eh, Atree?"

"Let us wait till to-morrow, captain, and in the meantime you can send for your troop. I shall leave Laurelwood to-morrow myself, and can easily prevail on my guests to accept of my traveling protection. You can take us all prisoners, if you please, upon the road—much better, my dear captain. I only stipulate that my own party shall be liberated. Will not that suit, captain?"

"Egad, I think it will. I can pounce upon you on your journey, and arrest the rebels, as doubtless they are. That's it."

"And I can advise Arnoult and his daughter to trust themselves implicitly to your honor, captain—eh?"

"Capital! Let us drink to the success of our plan."

"With all my heart."

"Atree, you are a good plotter. Pappett, see to our horses."

Pappett, after drinking a glass of wine, which his officer in the plenitude of his good humor, signed him to take, disappeared from the room, and the two companions went on with their repast; while the impatient bravo counted the tedious minutes, longing for a moment to emerge from his cramping concealment, and grapple with his enemy's throat.

At length Captain Wemyss, who did not apparently disrelish the largest draughts of the rich wine, became somewhat bewildered, and gratefully accepted the attentions of old Gotta, who came, at her master's call, to conduct the officer to his apartment. Then Robert Atree was once more, as he thought, alone.

"This besotted Englishman," he muttered to himself, "would possess her whom I murdered Rivers to obtain. He must be balked. And yet, what care I? What is Louise Arnoult now, compared to that which Orrall's daughter may yet be? Let her pass now—she would but in-

terfere with my projects. No, no. Let Louise Arnoult pass—I must away to France with the blind Alice."

Robert Atree filled a goblet with the shining juice of grapes, and held it aloft, while he seemed to pause in thought. At that moment, the bravo softly put aside the flowers that concealed him, and emerged from the fire-place.

He stood at the back of the tory's chair.

Robert Atree began to drink; but ere his glass was emptied, an iron grasp was around his throat, and an uplifted dagger gleamed before his eyes. "Ha! ha!" laughed Mat Orrall.

That low, scornful laugh froze the blood in Atree's veins. He struggled, and the goblet which he held fell to the floor; he gasped for breath, and essayed to cry out, but his enemy's grasp was around his throat. The abductor was once more beneath the vengeful father's dagger.

"I have come for my child—for Alice," muttered Orrall. "Robert Atree, I swore when we parted that my revenge should be terrible if I ever learned that you had paltered with me! Now, robber, I know that my daughter is here—beneath your roof—and you, you shall die!"

The tory struggled—but in vain. That strong armed father lifted him from the table, and bent back his head.

The knife glittered—upraised for the blow.

But suddenly, a white-robed figure glided silently into the room, and interposed between the bravo's weapon and the breast of his foe. Mat Orrall saw no face; it was hidden upon the tory's bosom, but that white robe, that woman's form, paralyzed the man's arm. The next moment, he felt the sharp coldness of steel thrill through his flesh. He had been stabbed by the white-robed girl.

Then a shriek broke from the woman's lips. The bravo heard the noise of coming feet. He felt the shivering thrill of his wound, and staggered back. But, as he did so, a curse trembled on his lips, and he hurled his dagger at the white-clothed girl.

It struck heavily against her breast, and fell to the floor with a dull sound. Then Matthew Orrall turned with a superstitious dread, and rushing to the window, flung himself from the balcony.

And as he did so, he drew from his side, where it had been struck, a long, thin stiletto, and staggered on through the dim avenue.

Robert Atree had beheld the raised knife of his enemy gleaming over his head, and, overcome with terror, had sunk insensible upon the wide arm-chair. He saw not the white-robed form that had interposed to save him—saw not the quick stiletto-stroke.

But now, as he lay with closed eyes in the arm-chair, Filippa, the quadroon, bent over him, and pressed her lips upon his cold forehead, while her brow, cheeks and neck were crimsoned with burning blood.

Again had she preserved her master's life. And now, as Gottan, her mother, entered the room, the quadroon placed her finger on her lip, and glided away.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOAT UPON THE OCEAN.

Once more upon the ocean—yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me!—CHILD HAROLD.

OVER the blue waters, dashing the spray from her graceful keel, bounded the gallant little ship *Ranger*, mounting eighteen guns, manned by as determined a crew as ever sprang to the boat-swain's whistle, and commanded by John Paul Jones, captain in the navy of the revolted colonies of North America. She carried dispatches from Congress to the Republican commissioners at the court of France, and authority to destroy and capture the property and vessels of George the Third, King of England, Ireland Scotland and Wales.

It was said that Paul Jones fought with a "halter about his neck," but certainly no one who could have seen him treading so proudly the *Ranger's* quarter deck, would have imagined this to be the case. Since leaving the capes of Delaware, the Scotchman had already taken two prizes, British merchantmen, and already lofty dreams of future success possessed his fancy; already he was planning some of those gigantic

schemes against English commerce, which, had they been carried out in the spirit of their conception, might have ended the revolutionary war, by the defeat of Britain on her own shores.

Paul Jones paced the *Ranger's* deck, glass in hand as was his wont, eagerly scanning the face of the ocean, to catch the first glimpse of what might prove a prize. At times he would pause, as if in profound thought, then exchange a word or two with his lieutenant Wallingsford, whose watch it was, and then renew his look-out, with increased earnestness.

"The prizes we have taken, Mr. Wallingsford, will have some weight with the commissioners, I doubt not. Nevertheless, I could wish to carry an Indianman into Brest with me."

"I fear we are out of the India track completely, Captain Jones," answered the lieutenant. "And besides, they are heavily armed and manned."

"Our little *Ranger* is a saucy craft, Mr. Wallingsford, and I hope, sir, we shall soon try the soundings of St. George's channel. I would like no braver sport than to run the gauntlet of His Majesty's coast squadron."

Jones spoke these words in a light tone, but it was plain, from the look which accompanied them, that they meant all and more, perhaps, than they conveyed. But suddenly the commander turned, and raised his glass to his eye. "Hah!" he exclaimed, as he directed it upon the extreme edge of the horizon—"A boat, as I live!—an open boat upon the ocean. Look, Mr. Wallingsford—is it not so?"

The lieutenant took the glass, and pointed it toward the slight speck which appeared relieved against the distant edge of blue sky. "It is a boat, sir, I am very sure," answered he.

"And filled with men—is it not, Mr. Wallingsford? Alter the ship's course a point, and steer for that boat immediately, Mr. Wallingsford."

In a few moments the *Ranger* was rapidly lessening the distance between herself and the object of Jones's scrutiny, which now was distinctly seen to be an open boat, apparently crowded with men. But to the loud hail of the look-out at the foretop, no response was returned.

"Can they be dead?" whispered the lieutenant, drawing close to his commander.

"Methinks I perceive a hand raised," said Paul Jones. "Ay, by my life, they are making faint signals. Man the pinnace, sir, and pull toward them."

The hands of half a dozen stalwart seamen soon sent the light pinnace skimming over the waves, and in a brief space it ranged along side of the drifting boat.

What a spectacle met the eyes of that pinnace crew!

Upon the bottom of the strange boat lay the lifeless bodies of three men, festering with corruption generated by the blazing sun which poured directly upon them. Two of those corpses were clad in British regimentals, and one, which had been evidently mutilated after death, was that of an old, gray-haired man.

Three men yet survived. Sheltered somewhat by a piece of sacking, from the blistering sunbeams, three living beings lay together in the boat's quarter, and turned their wild and haggard looks upon the seamen of the *Ranger*. These three men were all that yet remained alive of the fugitives of St. Augustine.

They were Rivers, Evans, and the corporal Nevers; and it was apparent that the last spark of life was trembling in their bodies. Slowly and tenderly the rough men of Paul Jones's ship, raised the wretched voyagers into their own boat, and disposed their emaciated limbs upon a litter of canvass. A sponge moistened with spirits was placed to the dry lips of each, and this in a slight degree recalled their fading life. Ernest Rivers, the youngest and frailest of the three, was yet, strange as it seemed, the only one who retained a spark of mental consciousness, and it was his feeble hand which had essayed the signals which had attracted the vision of Paul Jones.

As speedily as possible, the nearly dying men were placed in comfortable beds, and the ship's doctor applied his skill to their recovery. Slight stimulants and the external use of water soon

softened their dry and cracked skin, and the Scotch commander at last learned, with humane joy, that they were, to all appearance, rescued from immediate danger of death; a sound slumber having been induced which would doubtless recruit in a measure their exhausted energies.

Paul Jones drew near the quarters of the rescued men. But the breast of the brave sailor shook with a new emotion, and his dark eyes were suffused with tears, as he recognized in the youngest of the three, his well-remembered and cherished friend of a year before, Captain Ernest Rivers.

"Once more am I indebted to you for life," said the faint voice of Rivers, when, the next day, he recognized the form of Paul Jones, and replied to the warm greeting of the brave commander.

"Courage, my young friend, then. Keep up your spirits, and please Heaven, you shall yet save mine. Rest now, and let your strength be recruited. Thou shalt relate to me what has passed since our parting."

In a few days, Rivers, under the skilful treatment of the *Ranger's* physician, recovered sufficiently to be enabled to recount his brief but painful experience, of captivity, suffering, and perils of the darkest nature. The seaman shuddered as the story of the murdered boy and suicide father fell upon his ear. "You have indeed suffered, my friend," cried he, grasping the young American's arm—"Providence must have ordained your deliverance for some good purpose. Fear not—you shall yet enjoy happier days, to recompense you for the horrors of the past."

"But my wife," murmured Rivers, covering with his hands his withered cheeks and sunken eyes.

"Will love you for the dangers you have passed," answered Jones, with a smile. "Trust me, Rivers, once restored to her arms, you will forget all you have suffered, or think of it only as a fearful dream."

"She shall learn to couple your name, Captain Jones, with all her gratitude to heaven. That lesson I will teach her."

"Thank you, my friend," answered Jones. "But, tell me,—this British corporal Nevers—he is a determined fellow, it would seem."

"He is, indeed, sir, and as noblehearted as he is resolute. To him I owe my lasting gratitude, as well as to the gallant Evans."

"They shall be looked to. If the Briton wishes to serve Congress instead of his old master George, he shall fight under that banner as long as he pleases," said Jones, lifting his chapeau, as he raised his eyes to the flag which he loved so well and defended so undauntedly.

Both Nevers and Evans were glad of the opportunity to enrol themselves as volunteers under Paul Jones. The corporal, as Tom the ranger remarked, was too honest a man to wear a red coat, and pipe clay his leathern breeches. They were soon entered on the ship's books, and rated as entitled to prize money; and with this addition to her crew, the *Ranger* pursued her course toward the sunny shores of France.

Ernest Rivers rapidly recovered his prostrated strength, and in a few weeks scarcely any traces remained of the severe trials he had undergone. He walked the deck with his friend Paul Jones, once more free, and with the hopes of youth again swelling his heart.

The young man's capabilities of endurance and action had both been greatly developed since his parting with the Scotchman a year before. Other motives besides the love of his own country now conspired to actuate him to hatred against the invaders of her liberties. He had witnessed, as well as suffered, the cruelties of the British at St. Augustine. He had beheld American prisoners treated with worse severity than even the laws of a penal settlement could authorize; and he had seen the practice of petty military tyranny carried to such a pitch as to embitter even the hirelings of the army against those whom they served. Disgust and a desire to escape the despotism of their officers, had in fact been the principal motives to induce the co-operation of the deserting soldiers in the scheme of corporal Nevers, which had resulted so fatal-

ly for those poor fellows; and Captain Rivers remarked, too, with horror, the dreadful fate of the old man and his hapless son, victims originally of British cruelty which had dragged them from their homes.

Rivers, therefore, had resolved on this occasion, to accompany Captain Jones on his expedition, and if possible distinguish himself brilliantly before returning to his home. "With you, my deliverer," he cried, grasping the commander's hand, "I will strike a few blows, at least, against that tyrannic nation from whom all of us have endured so much."

"With me, you shall have the opportunity," was the reply of Paul Jones.

CHAPTER XVII.

MAT. ORRALL'S RESOLVE.

I will not pause—I will not stay,
Till vengeance shall be mine.—POPE.

MORNING broke over Laurelwood House, and the fair country around it, such a morning as is most beautiful upon southern plains, when the air is all perfume, the skies golden, and the face of nature lovely as a dream.

Up and down amid the darkness of the night, had Matthew Orrall wandered weak and bleeding from his wound, yet still clutching nervously the stiletto which had pierced his side. The bravo now lay at the foot of a gnarled oak-tree, that lifted its rugged height far above and around him, and strove to ponder upon the events of the night.

Many and fierce were the man's thoughts. He had found his child—the blind Alice; he had gathered some idea of his enemy's purpose, mysterious as it was. The conversation he had overheard between Atree and his slave was sufficient to reveal at least one intention of the young tory, and this was the restoration of sight to the stricken Alice, through the skill of some foreign physician. But the motives which prompted Atree to this course—what were they?

Orrall too well knew the character of his late confederate and employer, ever to imagine that sympathy or pity for the blind girl could actuate Robert Atree. He knew that the young tory's heart was one which could harbor no sentiment more powerful than self-aggrandizement; and he was convinced, therefore, that some deep design was at the bottom of all his enemy's proceedings. At times, as he glanced back over his own stormy life, he thought of all that he himself might have been, and all that he had thrown to the winds, and he cursed and smote his forehead, when he reflected on what he was now.

Then he would clash his teeth together, and swear vengeance on Atree, and utter maledictions on his last night's abortive attack. And again he would hold the stiletto before his eyes, and wonder, in his superstitious terror, if it had been wielded by mortal hands. At length, however, he reduced his frantic thoughts to something like reflection, and with a resumption of natural craft, sat about concocting new schemes of revenge, and projects for the recovery of his child.

Alice!—that name always softened the iron of Mat Orrall's nature. Alice brought visions of humanity and love about his dark soul. "I must pluck her from his power!" muttered the bravo—"I will restore to her the sight of which she has been deprived so long—yes—the out-cast Orrall will give his child sight, and the wealth of a princess for her dowry—and then—then let death come by cord or cannon-ball—it matters not."

The bravo's thoughts again reverted to the different conversations he had overheard during his concealment in Laurelwood House. The reverend form of the merchant Arnould, the beautiful face of the injured Louise, these rose before his memory to torment him; and then he thought of the half-formed plot which Atree and the British officer had laid, to arrest the fugitives upon the renewal of their journey:

Their journey! Ah! that was, as her master had informed Gotta, to remove Alice from Laurelwood. And they were to leave the mansion to-day. This Orrall remembered that Atree had said, and the bravo resolved on a counter-

plot. "I will pluck my child from him, and slay him among a thousand," muttered the reckless man, holding aloft in the morning sun, the weapon that had wounded him. "Twice has he escaped my hand—but the third time comes my triumph. I will watch this house like a bloodhound, and pursue my enemy to the death."

The morning wore on, and a hot Carolina sun rose high in the heavens. But, Matthew Orrall, crouching in the thicket upon the road-side leading from Laurelwood, watched every avenue of exit from the mansion. He had staunch and bound up his wound, which was not deep, with fragments of his own garments, and had appeased the cravings of hunger with a few crusts which he carried in his pocket. But though weak and wounded, he had lost not one jot of that fiery and indomitable malignity which had been the bane and the ruin of all his hopes in life, and had Robert Atree suddenly appeared alone before him, he would have sprung at his throat and conquered the tory, even though it should be by the sacrifice of his own remaining strength.

(To be continued.)

EVERY LADY HER OWN GARDNER.—APRIL.—Put on your coarse straw bonnet and your worsted polka, for the winds are cold. Make your husband put down that eternal *Times*, and give you his arm round the garden. Remark what a litter the walks are in. Say you wish the flowers would come out. Wonder where all the crocuses are gone to; if he says the yellow linnetts have eaten them to improve their color, ask him how he can talk such nonsense. Observe that the fruit trees look like skeletons, and remind him what nice peaches you had last year. If he suggests that he bought them in Covent-Garden, ask him how he can be so aggravating. Ask if the anemonies don't look like tulips; if he says they do, and thinks they will do quite as well, tell him he is growing dreadfully mean. Tell him you must really have a little conservatory, not a great building, but a pretty little place which would cost just nothing, and which a very few pounds would fill. If he murmurs, say you did not want it for yourself so much as because it would be a nice place for him to sit in and smoke, as his cigar would help to kill the insects, and that would surely be better than scenting the new curtains you are determined to put up. Pick two or three violets at this period of the conversation, and hold them playfully to his nose, remarking, with your prettiest and most pouting smile, that there was a time when a certain person thought a flower from your hand was worth taking. Don't mind any little repartee of his crushing the coarse straw bonnet, as you can get another for eighteenpence, and a conservatory is worth eighteenpence. Remark the pleasure it gives you to see him taking the fresh air in the garden, and that it quite recalls the days when he used to walk about with you in the dear old garden, at Lewisham before you were married. Then push the conservatory very hard indeed. If he still hold out, tell him, and lean heavily on his arm, that perhaps he is right, for it would be only a useless expense, for you have a presentiment that these are the last spring flowers you will ever see with him. Make him promise to plant them around your early tomb, and sometimes come and see them. That you have been thinking of poor Lavinia Buggins, who died in her first confinement; but you will have got the conservatory long before this, and a permanent gardener into the bargain. By attending to these instructions a lady may make the delightful science of gardening an agreeable and profitable pursuit.—[Puppet-Show.]

DIGNITY.—All establishments die of dignity. They are too proud to think themselves ill and take a little physic.—[Sidney Smith.]

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh.

With increase of fame too often comes addition to care; and sorrows grow out of the surfeits of employment.

ELOQUENT EULOGIUM ON CROMWELL.—What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies on the earth—that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death—to banish that numerous and strongly allied family,—to do all of this under the name and wages of a parliament—to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them—to raise up a new and unheard of monster out of their ashes—to stifle that in the very infancy, and set himself up above all that were ever called sovereigns in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to over-run each corner of the three nations, and overcome, with equal facility, both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired at the rate of two millions a year; to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of the three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this, with one word, to his posterity; to die with peace at home and triumph abroad, to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity: and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.—[Abraham Cowley.]

PHILANTHROPY, my friends, is of no particular sect; it is confined by no paltry form of rule; it knows no distinction, but that of the happy or unhappy; it is older than the gospel, eternal as that great source from whence it springs, and often bears higher in the heathen's heart, than in those of many who are called Christians, who, though under the influence of the most benevolent of all possible systems, yet not unfrequently refuse both relief and compassion to the petitions of the wretched, and the entreaties of the unhappy. God forbid that the genuine feelings of humanity were confined to this or that mode of faith! God forbid that any ridiculous prejudice should hinder me from reverencing the man, (however we may differ in speculative notions,) whose gentle spirit flies to sooth the mourner; whose ear is attentive to the voice of sorrow; whose pittance is shared with those who are not the world's friends; whose bountiful hand scatters food to the hungry, and raiment to the naked; and whose peaceful steps, as he journeyeth on his way, are blessed, and blessed again, by the uplifted eye of thankful indigence, and the sounds of honest gratitude from the lips of wretchedness.—[Dean Kirwan.]

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—It is necessary to limit and concentrate the sentiments of interest and commiseration to give them proper activity. It is certain that the greatest prodigies of virtue have emanated from the love of country. This sentiment, touching and lively at the same time, which joins the force of self-love to the beauty of virtue, gives to the latter an energy which, without disfiguring it, converts it into the most heroic of passions. It is this which has produced so many immortal actions, the splendor of which dazzles our feeble eyes; and so many great men, whose antique virtues pass for fables, since the love of country has been turned by us into derision.—[Rousseau.]

Incidents of Travel.

A SIROCCO ON THE DEAD SEA.

We extract the following interesting sketch from Lieut. Lynch's forthcoming "Narrative of the United States Expedition to the Dead Sea and the River Jordan." The work, we learn, will soon be ready for publication. The delay of its appearance has been occasioned by the numerous illustrations with which it is embellished:

At 2 35 P. M. close in with the eastern shore, but unable to land from the soft bottom and shoalness of the water. At 2 50 a light breeze from the W. N.W., hauled to the north toward the base of the peninsula. A long, narrow, dry marsh, with a few scrubby bushes, separated the water from a range of stupendous hills, 2000 feet high. The cliff of En Nuweiroh (Little Tiger) lofty and grand, towering above us in horizontal strata of brown limestone, and beautiful rose-colored sandstone beneath. Clouds in the east (nimbus) seemed to be threatening a gust. At 3 30, steering N.N.E., along a low, marshy flat, in shallow water. The light wind had subsided, and it was oppressively hot; air 97 deg.; water, twelve inches below the surface, 90. A thin, purple haze over the mountains, increasing every moment, and presenting a most singular and awful appearance; the haze so thin that it was transparent, and rather a bluish than a distinct color. I apprehended a thunder gust or an earthquake, and took in the sail.

At 3 50 a hot, blistering hurricane struck us from the south-east, and for some moments we feared being driven out to sea. The thermometer rose immediately to 102 degrees. The men, closing their eyes to shield them from the fiery blast, were obliged to pull with all their might to stem the rising waves, and at 4 30 physically exhausted, but with grateful hearts, we gained the shore. My own eye-lids were blistered by the hot wind, being unable to protect them, from the necessity of steering the boat.

We landed on the south side of the peninsula, near Humier, the most desolate spot upon which we had yet encamped. Some went up the ravine to escape from the stifling wind; others driven back by the glare, returned to the boats and couched under the awnings. One mounted spectacles to protect his eyes, but the metal became almost burning to the touch; and the inner folds of our garments were cooler than those exposed to the immediate contact of the wind. We bivouacked without tents, on a dry marsh, a few dead bushes around us, and some of the thorny nubk, and a tree bearing a red berry a short distance inland, with low canes on the margin of the sea. At a short distance to the N.E., on the peninsula, we found fragments of an immense and very old mill-stone. The mill had doubtless been turned by a canal from the ravine, down which the water must flow copiously in the rainy season.

At 5, finding the heat intolerable, we walked up the dry torrent bed in search of water. Found two successive pools rather than a stream, with some minnows in them; the water, not yet stagnant, flowing from the upper to the lower pool. There were some succulent plants on their margins, and fern roots and a few bushes around them. There were huge boulders of sandstone in the bed of the ravine; a dead palm tree near the largest pool, a living one in the cleft of the rock at the head of the gorge; and high up, to the summits of the beetling cliffs, the sandstone lay in horizontal strata, with perpendicular cleavage, and limestone above, its light brown color richly contrasting with the deep red below.

The sandstone below limestone here, and limestone without sandstone on the opposite shore, would seem to indicate a geological fault.

Washed and bathed in one of the pools, but the relief was only momentary. In one minute after leaving the water, the moisture on the surface evaporated, and left the skin dry, parched, and stiff. Except the minnows in the pool, there was not a living thing stirring; but the hot wind swept meaning through the branches of the withered palm trees; and every bird and insect, if any there were, had sought shelter under the rocks.

Coming out from the ravine, the sight was a singular one. The wind had increased to a tempest—the two extremities, and the western shore of the sea were curtained by a mist, on this side of a purple hue, on the other a yellow tinge; and the red and rayless sun, in the bronzed clouds, had the appearance it presents when looked upon through smoked glass. Thus may the heavens have appeared just before the Almighty in His wrath rained down fire upon the cities of the plain. Behind were

the rugged crags of the mountains of Moab, the land of incest, enveloped in a cloud of dust, swept by the simoom from the Great Desert of Arabia.

There was a smoke on the peninsula, a little to the north of us. We knew not whether those who made it might prove friends or foes; and therefore that little smoke was not to be disregarded. We had brought one of the Ta'amirah with us for the express purpose of communicating with the natives, but he was so fearful of their hostility that I could not prevail on him to bear a message to them. With his back to the wind and his eyes fixed on the streaming smoke, he had squatted himself down a short distance from us. He thought that we would be attacked in the night; I felt sure that we would not if we were vigilant. These people never attack each other but at an advantage, and fifteen well-armed Franks can, in that region, bid defiance to anything but surprise.

We have not seen an instance of deformity among the Arab tribes. This man was magnificently formed, and when he walked it was with the port and presence of a king. It has been remarked that races with highly colored skins are rarely deformed; and the exemption is attributed, perhaps erroneously, not to a mode of life differing from a civilized one, but to a hereditary organization.

The sky grew more angry as the day declined:

"The setting sun in crimson seemed to mourn,
Denouncing greater woes at its return,
And adds new horrors to its present doom,
By certain fears of evil yet to come."

The heat rather increased than lessened after the sun went down. At 8 P. M., the thermometer was 106 deg. five feet from the ground. At one foot from the latter it was 104 deg. We threw ourselves upon the parched, cracked earth, among dry stalks and canes, which would before have seemed insupportable from the heat. Some endeavored to make a screen of one of the boat's awnings, but the fierce wind swept it over in an instant. It was more like the blast of a furnace than living air. At our feet was the sea, and on our right, through the thicket, we could distinguish the gleaming of the fires, and hear the shouts from an Arab encampment.

In the early part of the night there was scarcely a moment that some one was not at the water-breakers; but the parching thirst could not be allayed; for, although there was no perceptible perspiration, the fluid was carried off as fast as it was received into the system. At 9 the breakers were exhausted, and our last waking thought was water. In our disturbed and feverish slumbers we fancied the cool beverage purling down our parched and burning throats. The mosquitoes, as if their stings were envenomed by the heat, tormented us almost to madness, and we spent a miserable night, throughout which we were compelled to lie encumbered with our arms, while by turns we kept vigilant watch.

We had spent the day in the glare of a Syrian sun, by the salt mountain of Uduem, in the hot blast of the sirocco, and were now bivouacked under the calcined cliffs of Moab. When the water was exhausted, all too weary to go for more, even if there were no danger of a surprise, we threw ourselves upon the ground—eyes smarting, skin burning, lips and tongue, and throats parched and dry; and wrapped the first garment we could find around our heads to keep off the stifling blast; and in our brief and broken slumbers drank from ideal fountains.

Those who have never felt thirst, never suffered in a simoom in the wilderness, or been far off at sea, with

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any a drop to drink,"

can form no idea of our sensations. They are best illustrated by the exclamation of the victim in Dante's Inferno:

"The little rills which down the grassy side
Of Casentino flow to Arno's stream,
Filling their banks with verdure as they glide,
Are ever in my view—no idle dream—
For more than vision parches, makes me weak,
Than that disease which wastes my pallid cheek."

Our thoughts could not revert to home save in connection with the precious element; and many were the imaginary speeches we made to visionary common councils against ideal water carts, which went about unsubstantial city streets, spouting the glorious liquid in the very wastefulness of abundance, every drop of which seemed priceless pearls, as we lay on the shore of the Dead Sea, in the feverish sleep of thirst.

The poor affrighted Arab slept not a wink—for, repeatedly, when I went out, as was my custom, to see that all was quiet and the sentries on the alert, he was ever in the same place and looking in the same direction.

At midnight the thermometer stood at 98 deg.; shortly after which the wind shifted and blew lightly from the north. At 4 A. M. thermometer 82 deg.; comparatively cool.

Ladies' Department.

THE WHISPER AT PARTING.

SHE but look'd, and the darkness of parting awhile
Was dispell'd by those glances of tender regret;
While the sunset of hope was illumed by a smile,
Whose twilight of happiness lingers there yet.
How I felt on my cheek the warm crimson was glowing.

When it thrill'd to the breath that exhaled from
her mouth;
As the roses spring forth, when the summer is
throwing
Its breath of perfume from the zephyrs of South.
Oh! burn not thus, my cheek, as in mine ear
That thrilling whisper still I seem to hear.

Yes, we parted—but yet, in that moment of bliss
Our hearts were knit closer than ever before;
And if only to join in such partings as this,
I would willingly meet thee a thousand times
o'er.

On the night of thy absence, which now has roll'd
o'er me,
Still the moonbeams of memory shed their soft
light,

And the glow of that sunset still tends to assure me
That the morrow of hope will be joyously bright.
Oh! burn my cheek, as still, methinks, again
That stealing whisper thrills along my brain.

"I LOVE THE LADIES, EVERY ONE."

BY JAMES STILLMAN.

I LOVE the Ladies, every one—
The laughing, ripe brunette—
Those dark-eyed daughters of the sun,
With tresses black as jet.
What rapture in their glances grow!
Rich tints their cheek discloses;
And in the little dimples there
Young smiling Love reposes.

I love the Ladies, every one—
The blonde so soft and fair,
With looks so mild and languishing,
And bright and golden hair.
How lovely are their sylph-like forms—
Their alabaster hue!
And their blushes far more beautiful
Than rose-buds bathed in dew.

I love the Ladies, every one—
Even those whose graceless forms
Are rugged as the oak, that's borne
A hundred winters' storms.
The young, the old, the stout, the thin;
The short as well as tall;
Widows and wives, matrons and maids—
Oh, yes! I love them all.

I love the Ladies, every one—
None but a wretch would flout 'em;
This world would be a lonely place
If we were left without 'em.
But, lighted by a woman's smile,
Away all gloom is driven;
And the most humble home appears
Almost a little heaven.

I love the Ladies, every one—
They're angels all, God bless 'em!
And what can greater pleasure give
Than to comfort and caress 'em?
I call myself a temperance man,
So I'll drink their health in water—
Here's to the mothers, one and all,
And every mother's daughter!

LINES ON PARTING.

THE beams that o'er the mountain play
Shall leave them lone at even;
And thy sweet smile will pass away,
Just like that light of heaven.

For, lady, 'tis the doom of earth
To meet but just to sever—
The friendship that to-day finds birth
To-morrow dies for ever!

Still there's a moral in this doom
That speaks to every heart;
It is that earth is not our home,
Else wherefore should we part?

Then turn those gentle eyes above,
Where peace and joy entwine—
The home of friendship and of love—
May it be thine and mine.

THE MUSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RAVENNA.

"Tis sweet to hear
At evening, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep."

DON JUAN.

AMONG the various cities of the Papal States (Rome, of course, excepted) few are richer in objects of interest to the traveler, whose mind can cull flowers of memory from the contemplation of the men and monuments of the past, than the ancient city of Ravenna. The environs of this town forcibly recall to the eye, that views them for the first time, the vast and silent Campagna of Rome, to which the wide and cheerless marshes, in the midst of which it stands, bear much general resemblance. Between the town and the sea, whose waves once laved its marble terraces; but which have now, from various causes, receded to a distance of five miles, is situated the boundless pineta, or pine forest, celebrated in the verse of Dante and Boccaccio, and which extends for upwards of fifteen miles along the dreary shore of the Adriatic. Thro' the somber foliage of this gloomy grove the evening breeze, rising from the sea, sweeps with plaintive murmur, oppressing the ear of the wayfarer with its mournful music, and irresistibly drawing his thoughts into unison with its own melancholy strain. Such moments as these, in which the heart droops in sympathy with surrounding scenes, are not altogether ungrateful to the reflective pilgrim; they form a welcome relief to the tension and excitement of the mind, which constant change of scene and the oft-recurring adventures of foreign travel seldom fail to beget: they serve to prepare it for keener enjoyment of whatever may next present itself, in the ever varying panorama of men and things—in fact, as medicine to the body, sadness, it must be owned, brings vigor and elasticity to the mind.

The city entered, however, reality takes the place of reverie. The numerous splendid churches and monuments of marble—some of the latter mementos of the deadly feuds of the Traversari and Polenta in the middle ages, when Ravenna was an independent republic—the frequent Byzantine remains, which impart to the streets the air of a Greek rather than a Roman city; the constant memorials of Dante, whose exiled old age was here solaced by the protection and hospitality of the powerful Guida da Polenta, who afforded the living poet an asylum, and bestowed on him, when dead, a grave and funeral honors; and lastly, in our own times, the reminiscences of Byron, who, hurrying from his native land, stung by the sense of wrongs, fancied or real, sought in its gloomy environs a congenial resting place for his troubled spirit—all combine to engross the stranger's thoughts as he sets foot within its precincts.

On a calm Sabbath evening, toward the middle of the last century, vespers had just been concluded at the ancient church of Santa Vitale, an edifice of which Ravenna may justly boast as the work of the great Justinian. The tones of incense curled gracefully around the branches of the silver chandeliers that swung suspended from the lofty roof, and to which the rays of the setting sun, breaking through the painted windows of the choir, lent a brighter, yet mellowed luster; the strains of Palestrina burst forth in rich harmony from the organ, and died away in the distant aisles; and a gorgeous train of priests, in vestments of scarlet and gold, and glittering in the reflected light of the tapers borne before them, passed with stately step from the high altar, through the nave, and disappeared beneath the granite pillars of the portico. Against one of these pillars stood an elderly man, clad in the garb of a plain citizen, holding by the hand a girl aged about sixteen, also neatly and becomingly attired, and of the most striking beauty; and at a short distance might have been observed a third person, who kept stepping from behind the church door to peep at the parties we have described, and retiring precipitately, as if to avoid recognition.

The elder of the two men was Carlo Clarelli by name, and the girl, his only child, Valeria. Clarelli was by profession a violinist, a consummate master of his art, and an admirer of the celebrated Corelli, as its most able exponent, to a degree almost amounting to adoration. If any of his acquaintance presumed to couple the names of Valentin, Lully, or any cotemporary master, with that of his musical deity, he would feel himself insulted by the allusion, and thenceforth repudiate all knowledge of a person who could show himself so devoid of taste or discernment. He would have endured any privation rather than have passed a day without playing one of his favorite master's concertos. With these renowned compositions he had become so familiar as to dispense altogether

with the score; and his attentive girl, at his usual signal, upon the conclusion of the morning's repast, used to hand him his favorite Cremona, when he would sink into his chair, and closing his eyes, as if to shut out all other perceptions, proceed to execute some of these masterpieces, with a finish and brilliancy that could not be surpassed. Then, after lamenting with a sigh that his hand was not so obedient as in bygone days, he would fall back to enjoy his siesta, to dream of his cherished Corelli, and the art for which he lived; and from the exercise of which his soul imbibed such deep draughts of delight.

On quitting the church of Santa Vitale, which at that period possessed the finest choir of any in the city, and was consequently the frequent resort of all who admired the grand compositions of Palestrina and Pergolesi—those twin Handels of the Romish church—Clarelli and his daughter pursued their way homeward, followed by the third person we have named, who, observing them enter their abode in a neighboring street, instantly turned back and disappeared.

On the following day, a stranger of noble mien and richly clad, called upon the musician, and, after introducing himself as Count Rinaldo Palermi, expressed a wish to have the benefit of his instruction. Clarelli, whose refined ear recoiled from the drudgery of tuition, replied with a bow that he received but few pupils, and those only who had attained some proficiency; at the same time pointing to an instrument, and inviting the count to afford him some idea of his skill. The latter reluctantly complied, and played a few bars of a popular melody, but to the evident annoyance of the professor, who made a sign for him to cease, and observed that his visitor's studies had as yet produced but little fruit.

"However," he continued, "as you have displayed some taste, and express yourself a devoted admirer of the art which I unworthily profess, and on which the matchless Corelli has shed the luster of his genius, I will in your case deviate from my rule, and consent to receive you as a pupil, which act I expect you to acknowledge by unflagging zeal and attention."

A month had elapsed since Count Rinaldo—as he styled himself—had become the pupil of Clarelli. A group of young men were assembled in a saloon of the musician's house, awaiting his coming to commence their lesson. Valeria, his daughter, seated at the harpsichord, is singing for their gratification a simple romanza, the composition of her father, a penalty imposed by the foremost of the pupils, who had surprised her unawares in the music-room. At her side stood Rinaldo, whose eye and ear seemed equally charmed by the beauty of the singer and the sweetness of her voice. The concluding cadenza had hardly died away, and the timid girl, blushing amid the compliments of the bystanders, was about to withdraw, when Clarelli entered, only to hear a repetition of the encomiums so profusely lavished on his accomplished and pretty daughter. Without heeding these universal commendations, he instantly commanded silence, raised his violin to his shoulder, and after a short prelude, struck suddenly into the eighth concerto of his favorite master, amid the profound attention of the company. The concerto, the most generally admired of the set, was on this occasion interpreted with an energy, fire, and intensity of expression that held the audience literally spell-bound, from the opening bar to the conclusion. One only, during its performance, raised his eyes from the inspired musician—it was Rinaldo, who turned as if in quest of Valeria, but she had quitted the chamber unobserved.

"There!" cried Clarelli, as he dropped his bow, amid the loud bravos of his astonished pupils; "but now you were all in raptures with a trifling romanza, the foolish production of a vacant hour; but this, my children, is music indeed. Here the mighty master, Corelli, has poured out the treasures of his fancy in streams of unlying melody; there is no music like this on earth, there can be no finer in heaven! Oh, that it had fallen to my lot to have heard their inspired author give utterance to the glowing beauties of these immortal compositions, I had then perceived how fruitless have been my poor endeavors to attain to their due and worthy interpretation! Study then, my sons, by day and by night; each bar will unfold fresh beauties; and, above all, this glorious number eight, which is glittering with gems as bright and countless as the stars of heaven! Oh, that I could find the man who should afford me a more perfect conception of its hidden charms than, after a life devoted to its study, I have been able to attain; such a one should I cherish as my dear foster brother in art, the bright solace of my declining years, the welcome sharer of all I possess!"

"Of all!" repeated Rinaldo, in a reflective tone, as the old man concluded this enthusiastic apostrophe,

"Yea, verily, my son; for to such a one I would refuse naught; not even the hand of my cherished Valeria; and such a one only is worthy of aspiring to it!"

"Then poor Valeria must wait long enough for a husband," observed Rinaldo; "for I cannot conceive anything nearer perfection than the display of skill which has just delighted us."

"Nor I, indeed," echoed the pupils, simultaneously.

"Ah!" resumed Clarelli, "you are all as yet but infants in art; you will find, as you mount upward, that the ladder strengthens with every step; that perfection is a goal to which each day finds us no nearer; and that of the many devoted followers of our divine art, but one has reached the envied high—the great, the incomparable Corelli."

The artistic enthusiasm that glowed in every feature of the musician, and the profound sincerity of his manner as he uttered the foregoing sentiments, made a deep impression on the group around him; some of whom, for the first time, perhaps, were sympathetically touched by that divine fire which burns within the bosom of every real artist, whether painter, poet, or musician, and from which his genius imbibes inspiration and vigor. The Count Rinaldo, especially, was absent and thoughtful throughout the lesson which followed, and at its conclusion quitted his companions in silence and retired. He appeared no more at the house of the musician.

The current of our story now transports us to a solitary and ruinous villa, on the shore of the Adriatic, between Ravenna and Rimini, a deserted palace, mourning amid the desolation of surrounding swamps, and rocks covered with sea-grass, a scene familiar to the admirers of the genius of Canaletti and our own equally gifted Calcott. Wild vines and maiden's hair curled luxuriantly round the yellow and tottering columns of this once splendid mansion, fig trees shot up from its floors, and in the clefts and fissures of its moss-grown walls sprang forth violets and the dun-colored gilliflowers. The upper story alone presented any token of habitation—its broken casements were carefully closed, and a passing light every now and then threw its glimmering shadow on the orange trees below. Within a chamber of the ground floor a fire was kindled, around which reposed some dozen men, muffled in boat-cloaks, and wearing the red cap common to Greek and Italian sailors. Before the door of the chamber, another man, in similar garb, was pacing to and fro as sentinel, his drawn cutlass glittering in the mingled light of the fire and the moonbeams. Suddenly a casement above was opened, and a young girl leaned forward upon the moss-green parapet. She turned her pale face to the moon, and appeared to listen to the murmuring of the sea, as its waves broke sullenly beneath, and threw their spray in glittering clouds over the marble terrace that fronted the building. Now she would pause to catch the distant echoes of the gondoliers' chorus, and now gaze with eager eye in the direction of a small vessel that lay a short distance off the shore, and whose white and loosened sails flapped impatiently in the night breeze.

"Valeria! Valeria!" whispered a voice from below, "I come to bid thee farewell. We sail this night for Cyprus, admit me, then, instantly, I implore thee—a minute's delay may prove our ruin."

The next moment the speaker was rushing up the staircase of the villa, and tapping impatiently at the door on the landing-place, was admitted by Valeria Clarelli, not as of old, radiant with smiles, and youthful merriment, but pale, haggard, and broken-hearted.

"Oh, Valeria!" cried the intruder, "to-night's breeze will bear me on an enterprise so fraught with peril that I dare not even hope to return in safety: nor would I wish it otherwise, since all I love on earth fades from my grasp in the moment of possession; but ere I depart let me implore thy forgiveness for that act of violence which tore thee from thy cherished home, and the fond parent whose soul lived upon thy loveliness, to fret to death in this wild pirate's nest. Alas! from the moment I beheld thee 'neath the columns of Santa Vitale, my blood burned with love, my heart with longing. Each day that I entered thy home as the Count Palermi, under the pretext of acquiring that art thy father so nobly adorns, and there regaled my eyes with thy beauty, the arrow sunk deeper into my heart—my soul's madness drove me to force thee hither, seeing that the lawless pirate could not otherwise possess thee as his bride, but now to feel thee in my power, thy glowing beauty fading day by day, and thy heart cankered by unceasing grief, is a thought so fearful that I hate myself for having loved thee so fondly. Yet there is a corner for remorse even in a corsair's breast, and to-morrow he assured a trusty hand shall restore thee to thy parent. Adieu, Valeria! I go

forth to danger, ay, to death—the hounds of his Holiness are e'n now upon my track—think sometimes of Gennaro Contini, the pirate, if only to forgive the wrongs he has done thee.”

As he ceased he raised her hand to his lips, and fervently kissed it. Valeria bent her tearful eyes on his manly countenance, and replied, “Rinaldo—for I must still call thee so—I could have forgiven them all, I could even have loved thee—thee, the outcast of thy father's house, the lawless pirate of the Adriatic, but thou hast, perhaps, broken the heart of the fondest parent on earth; my poor father could not, I am sure, survive our separation.”

“Say not so, Valeria; to-morrow shall see thee in thy parent's arms, and if thy forgiveness depend on his welfare alone, then am I contented; and,” continued the pirate, in a solemn and deliberate tone, “should I survive the perils of this night's adventure, I will try to win thee. Adieu!”

So saying, he hurried from the chamber, and as he descended the staircase, Valeria, whose heart had been half won by the striking person of the pirate, and his unwearied attention as the Count Rinaldo, her father's pupil, and whose youthful affection her sudden and violent abduction had not sufficed to obliterate, notwithstanding the lawless character of her admirer's pursuits, went to the casement to steal a last glance at his departing form. Contini, as we must now call him, issued quickly from the villa, and advanced to the edge of the terrace as if to reconnoitre the vessel which, as above stated, lay a little off the land. In an instant a bright and sudden flash illumined the ruin, followed by the quick report of a pistol, and the pirate fell to the ground, and rolling over the edge of the terrace fell into the waves below. Valeria, sick with terror, retreated from the casement, and sinking on a couch listened with terrified ear to the tumult now raging around and within the building. At length the long-continued report of fire-arms began to flag, and soon ceased altogether, giving evidence that one of the contending parties had surrendered; and ere long the affrighted girl was left alone, the sole living tenant of the gloomy ruin, the victorious soldiers, in their hurry to secure the prisoners, having omitted searching the interior of the villa. Trembling with apprehension at the silence which now reigned around her, Valeria again ventured to approach the casement, whence with fearful gaze she beheld extended on the terrace the bodies of several of the pirates, their ghastly and blood-stained features standing out in grim relief in the pale moonlight. Shocked at this appalling picture she again sought her couch, and overcome with grief and terror, at length fell asleep.

The next morning an old man in the garb of a fisherman tapped at her chamber door, and informed her that a vetturino with a wagon and a pair of mules awaited her on the high road, to commence the journey to Ravenna, and instantly following her informant, our liberated beauty and her trusty conductor were soon pursuing their way along the dreary road that leads from Rimini to Ravenna by the sea shore. On entering the latter city the driver suddenly stopped near the mausoleum of Dante. Valeria dismounted from the vehicle, and with a heartfelt *addio* to her companion, hurried on the wings of affection to her childhood's home. As she drew near the well-known spot her heart beat violently with mingled joy and apprehension, and prevented her for some time from knocking for admission. In this interval, however, her misgivings were joyfully dissipated; for pausing a moment to listen, the well-known tones of the violin gave a strong and sweet assurance of her parent's welfare. Clarelli, indeed, whose existence knew but two sources of joy, his child and his violin, having lost the one, sought only the more eagerly for consolation in that which remained. He played at this time almost without cessation from morning to night, but the theme was ever *andante maestoso*, the plaintive wailing of his bereaved heart, dissolved in melody. At first the loss of his child had so overwhelmed him that he refused consolation, and prayed daily for death to relieve his sorrow; but the pirate having contrived to have conveyed to him the strongest assurances of her safety and speedy return, he became gradually resigned to a misfortune he hoped would be but temporary; and taking up his instrument, the peace which he had sought elsewhere in vain flowed with its tones into his heart.

He ceased playing as his quick ear caught the timid knock of Valeria, rushed with instinctive eagerness to the door, and in the next moment pressed to his bosom the wasted form of his beloved child.

“This is indeed a day for rejoicing,” observed Flaminia, the musician's servant, as she minutely arranged a repast, more than ordinarily choice, in honor of the joyful occasion. “They are talking

throughout the town of the capture of the dreadful pirate Gennaro Contini; and e'en now as I passed the porch of St. Romuald, I saw a tumbrel roll by, in which they said he lay dying of his wounds. However, living or dead, he is by this time safe within the city prison.”

This intelligence powerfully affected Valeria, who, in reply to the anxious questions of Clarelli as to the cause of her agitation, bid him kindly partake of the refreshment before him, and after their repast promised to relate all that had befallen her. Accordingly, the meal ended, she recounted to his eager ear how that the famous pirate Gennaro Contini was no other than his old pupil the Count Rinaldo Palermi; how as such he had sought her love, and how she had weakly listened to his protestations; how he had proposed to her to fly with him from Ravenna, and on her rejecting his proposal had laid in wait in a neighboring street, and forcibly conveyed her to the dreary scene of her late captivity; but that relenting at the fearful effects of his violence on its victim, had, on the eve of starting on a perilous adventure, assured her of a speedy liberation, which assurance was, as we have seen, strictly fulfilled.

Clarelli listened in sympathetic tenderness to the tale of his daughter's woes, gazing the while with tearful eye on her face, once beaming with health and beauty, but now pale and hollow with the trace of many a recent suffering.

“Thank heaven!” he cried, as her recital was concluded, “that remorse hath reached the heart of thy ravisher, and that thou art again within this home, so dark and cheerless in thy absence!”

Thus speaking, he caught her in his arms, and covering her cheek with kisses, fervently bid her “good night.”

The pirate Contini lay for some time within the city prison, awaiting recovery from his wound, which had been severe, to undergo trial and punishment for the crime of which he had long been notoriously guilty. The officers of the Papal power, incited by the hope of a reward which had been offered for his capture, used every effort, when they saw him fall wounded in the sea, as above narrated, to rescue him from the waves, and so produce him, living or dead, to the judicial authorities. In this they succeeded. It was whispered about, however, ere the prisoner was convalescent, that he was closely allied to a certain cardinal of great influence in the holy city; that a grave offense, the result of a youthful folly, had compelled his sudden flight from Rome and his family; and that, left without resources, and hesitating between the career of a brigand by land or a pirate on the sea, he had chosen the latter as the most congenial to his wild and roving character. Possessed of great personal advantages and undaunted courage, he soon gained paramount influence over his associates, and becoming their elected captain, long ravaged the Adriatic, to the terror of all who traded on its shores. After a successful adventure he would visit Ravenna, Rimini, and other towns on the coast, to dispose of his ill-gotten merchandise: and being in Ravenna on an occasion of this kind had first set eyes on Valeria Clarelli. By the exertion of friends of great influence at the Vatican Contini escaped an ignominious death, and his penitent bearing during his captivity, operating strongly in his favor, his punishment was commuted to imprisonment for ten years, which was afterwards reduced to seven.

One evening the musician and his daughter sat within their humble abode, talking over bygone days, and the events which form the subject of this tale, the former ever concluding with a sigh for those bright periods of his artist life, when, as he mournfully observed, his ear was ever quick, and his arm ready. A great misfortune has meanwhile befallen the violinist, paralysis has stricken his aged limbs, and his favorite Cremona, once so eloquent, has become mute for ever. Valeria, now ripened into womanhood, is the sole bright object in a prospect where all else is cheerless and forlorn—the patient solace of the querulous old man, who, denied the gratification of his sole appetite, does little else but repine at his helpless condition from morn till night. Flaminia suddenly enters, announcing a visitor, and is thereupon followed by a tall figure enveloped in the folds of a Spanish cloak, and splashed with marks of recent travel, who, raising his hat, reveals to the astonished Valeria the somewhat changed but still remembered features of Gennaro Contini. Clarelli stepped forward, as if to obtain a nearer view of his visitor, which the latter observing, said, in a firm but mournful tone:

“I am your old pupil, the Count Rinaldo Palermi. I come to claim the fulfilment of a pledge given in this room years ago. I demand the hand of thy daughter—I will prove myself worthy of it.” So saying he took up a violin-case he had put

down on entering, and proceeded to tune the instrument, Clarelli the while watching his motions in dumb astonishment. He paused an instant as if to collect his energies, and then commenced the very concerto his old master had executed on the same spot just ten years previously.

When the first notes of the well-known music reached the old man's ear, he stood transfixed, as if by the influence of a potent spell; but as the performer proceeded, developing with each succeeding movement powers rarer than even he had ever boasted, his cheeks burned, his breast heaved, and his whole soul drank in the melody he had so long pined to hear once more. As the tones ceased, tears fell quickly from his furrowed cheeks, his eye rested with admiring wonder on Contini, and he remained speechless with emotion and delight.

“The prize is fairly won,” he at length exclaimed; “the pledge shall be fulfilled!”

“Henceforth,” said Contini, advancing and taking the hand of Valeria, “let the treachery of the pupil, the crimes of the pirate, be remembered no more. I come, justly deprived of all that noble birth and kindred once promised me, and which I have forfeited by crime and folly, retaining naught but the name of that ancient house, whose escutcheon hath, for the first time, been blotted by deeds like mine. I, Angelo Ruggieri, musician of Bologna—prouder of the art I have acquired than the nobility I have lost, come to claim thee as my hard-won and long-loved bride. During seven years of cheerless captivity, rising from my pallet of straw with the first ray of dawn that pierced the bars of my dungeon, I toiled hour by hour in the hope of reaching that perfection in thy father's art, which he, ten years ago, fixed as the price of thy beauty, and which I felt would not plead in vain on behalf of the despoiler of his home. Heaven cheered my daily-renewed efforts with a bright vision of love and constancy that smiled on me from beyond the walls of my prison; and on my release I departed for Bologna, there to renew my labor of love; but now, with the favorite aid of the ablest professors of that famous city—dost thou remember, Valeria, at our parting I said, ‘I will try to win thee’—the goal is reached at last, and thou art mine! Come then, let us depart hence, where the deeds of my past life are yet unforgotten. In the city of my adoption, a humble, yet peaceful home awaits thee and thy cherished parent, and which the skill thy love has created shall be devoted to render more worthy of thee!”

Valeria, her father, and Ruggieri—now adopting his real name for the first time since our acquaintance with him—soon quitted Ravenna, and settling at Bologna, the fame of the latter ere long eclipsed that even of his father-in-law. At an annual gathering of professional friends on the anniversary of his nuptials, he never failed to gratify them by performing the famous eighth concerto, upon the conclusion of which he used to observe, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the company:

“That's how I won Valeria!”

INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.—“Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even, of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.”

LOVE.—There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water; there is a silence in it which suspends the foot; and the folded arms and dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and timid step, and with a low, tremulous and melancholy song.—[W. S. Landor.

Religion helmeted is religion no more; but in the wars of the League, even in the midst of that blind and bloody hurrying of human passion, the forms of holiness, and charity, and devoted faith, were to be seen moving, like impassive spirits, through the ranks, binding up many a dreary wound, and turning many a dying eye to heaven.

Whoever has gained the affections of a woman is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him.—[Gall.

Choice Selections.

SONG.

SAY, have you in the morning
Beheld the dewy gem,
So beautiful, adorning
The rose's diadem?
Or have you in the wildwood,
Where clear the streamlet flows,
Beheld in summer's childhood
The blushing, bright primrose?

Have you beheld the lily
Bloom on the water's breast,
Or in the dewy valley
The gowan's modest crest?
Then ye have seen sweet Nature
Her loveliest charms display,
As they beamed in every feature
Of her I've lost for aye.

Her eye was lit with beauty,
Her coral lip with love,
Her bosom, true to duty,
Was guileless as the dove.
How tenderly, how kindly,
Love's accents from her fell!
And, oh, how warmly, fondly
I loved my Isabel!

In vain for me the flowers
Of spring or summer blow,
And from the rosy bowers
In vain doth music flow;
The song-birds by the river
Remind me all too well
That stilled, and stilled for ever,
Is the voice of Isabel!

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A YOUNG man, called Arthur, was coming lately from the country, where he had been to arrange some family affairs; he was alone part of the way, but at some distance from town a traveler got into the coach.

The traveler was a young man about the same age as Arthur, and a friendly intercourse soon sprung up between them. The new comer's name was Edward B—; he related to his fellow traveler that he was in a most peculiar situation, he was going to be married to a lady whom he had never seen, neither did he know her father; the arrangement had been made by a friend of both parties, the preliminaries had been gone through by correspondence, and all seemed to make it a very desirable match.

On arriving in Paris, Edward and Arthur were the best friends in the world.

"I hope that we shall meet again," said the young provincial to Arthur, "and if you were not in a hurry to return home, you would do me much pleasure by breakfasting with me at the hotel where I stop."

Arthur accepted the invitation.

The young people had been hardly half an hour at table, when Edward was taken suddenly with a fit, and died before assistance could be procured.

This sad occurrence threw Arthur into great consternation, and he wished at least to render a last service to the friend that he had lost, by going to inform the family in which Edward was expected, of the sad catastrophe.

However, before fulfilling this sad mission, he went home to his young wife, whom he was afraid would be uneasy at his absence, so that it was not till about five in the afternoon that he was able to call upon Mr. C—.

Mr. C—, who doubted not on seeing him that it was his intended son-in-law, received him with open arms.

"How glad I am to see you, my dear Edward!" said he; "we were only waiting for you to go to dinner;" so saying, he hurried the perplexed Arthur into the drawing-room, where, independently of his wife and daughter, were assembled several friends, who were to be presented to the future son-in-law.

Mr. C—'s fluency of speech was so great that Arthur, not being able to get in a single word to undeceive him, was obliged to resign himself to the part forced upon him, and allowed himself to be presented to the young lady. He forgot even the death of poor Edward, and could not help smiling at the strangeness of the adventure, which was more like a scene in a farce than anything so serious as the reality.

This thought so tickled his fancy, that his spirits became excited, and he was so witty and agreeable during dinner, that everybody, including the

young lady, was delighted with the supposed Edward.

At a quarter to seven, just as they were going to tea, Arthur looked at his watch, and rose.

"A thousand pardons," said he to Mr. C—, "but I am unfortunately obliged to leave you."

"Leave us, and why?"

"For an affair which does not allow of the least delay."

"What affair can you have in Paris, where you are quite a stranger? besides, on this occasion, I quite expected that you would at least have devoted to us this evening."

"Impossible, my dear sir, impossible!"

"How! impossible?"

"Well," said Arthur, "since you must know all, learn that at ten o'clock this morning I arrived in Paris, and at half-past ten I died; and that as the weather is warm, they mean to bury me this evening at seven o'clock. You must be aware that I cannot keep the funeral ceremony waiting; it would give them a very bad opinion of me. Besides, the Young France Hotel won't keep my body any longer."

After this speech, Arthur took his hat and vanished.

"What an original!" said Mr. C—. "Come, I shall have a very witty relation; but I wish he would have jested on a gayer subject. You see he will be back in half an hour; I dare say he's gone to smoke a cigar on the Boulevards. This is no doubt the way they joke in the country."

Ten o'clock struck, and the intended had not returned.

Mr. C— became uneasy; and, to solve the mystery, went to the hotel, and inquired for Edward B—. They related to him that a traveler arrived there that morning at ten, and that half an hour after he had died, and had been buried that evening at seven; to substantiate which statement they produced the official deposition of the death of Edward B—.

Poor Mr. C— returned home in a state impossible to describe. His belief in ghosts and fetches since this occurrence remains unshaken.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND 160 YEARS SINCE.

A LARGE part of the country beyond the Trent was, down to the eighteenth century, in a state of barbarism. Physical and moral causes had concurred to prevent civilization from spreading to that region. The air was inclement; the soil was generally such as required skillful and industrious cultivation; and there could be little skill or industry in a tract which was often the theater of war, and which, even when there was nominal peace, was constantly desolated by bands of Scottish marauders. Before the union of the two British crowns, and long after that union, there was as great a difference between Middlesex and Northumberland, as there now is between Massachusetts and the settlements of those squatters who, far to the west of the Mississippi, administer a rude justice with the rifle and the dagger.

In the reign of Charles the Second, the traces left by ages of slaughter and pillage were still distinctly perceptible many miles south of the Tweed, in the face of the country and in the lawless manners of the people. There was still a large class of moss troopers, whose calling was to plunder dwellings, and to drive away whole herds of cattle. It was found necessary soon after the restoration, to enact laws of great severity for the prevention of those outrages. The magistrates of Northumberland and Cumberland were authorized to raise bands of armed men for the defense of property and order; and provision was made for meeting the expense of these levies by local taxation. The parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of the eighteenth century, could well remember the time when these ferocious dogs were common. Yet even with such auxiliaries it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses, for the geography of that wild country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George III, the path over the fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglass was still a secret carefully kept by the dalemen, some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from justice by that road. The seats of the gentry and the large farm-houses were fortified. Oxen were penned at night beneath the overhanging battlements of the residence, which was known by the name of the peel. The inmates slept with arms at their sides. Huge stones and boiling water were in readiness to crush and scald the plunderer who might venture to assail the little garrison. No traveler ventured into that country without making his

will. The judges on circuit, with the whole body of barristers, attorneys, clerks and serving-men, rode on horseback from Newcastle to Carlisle, armed, and escorted by a strong guard under the command of the sheriffs. It was necessary to carry provisions; for the country was a wilderness which afforded no supplies. The spot where the cavalcade halted to dine, under an immense oak, is not yet forgotten. The irregular vigor with which criminal justice was administered shocked observers whose life had been passed in more tranquil districts. Juries, animated by hatred, and by a sense of common danger, convicted house-breakers and cattle-stealers with the promptitude of a court-martial in a mutiny, and the convicts were hurried by scores to the gallows. Within the memory of some who are still alive, the sportsman who wandered in pursuit of game to the sources of the Tyne, found the heaths round Keeldar Castle peopled by a race scarcely less savage than the Indians of California, and heard with surprise the half-naked women chanting a wild measure, while the men, with brandished dirks, danced a war-dance.—[Macaulay's History of England.

FUN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—Every one of my readers, I dare say, is acquainted with fun, particularly the young people. How often have they told stories for fun; how often have practical jokes been played, all for the sake of fun, though sometimes the consequences are fatal, as in the following true tale:

At a country village, about thirty miles from London, there was a picturesque cottage, inhabited by a widow lady of the name of Norton, and her two lovely daughters.

Ellen, the eldest was about twenty years old—very clever, and of an amiable disposition—with only one failing, and that was superstition. She had imbibed it from an old Irish nurse in her childhood, and her mother could never eradicate it. Ellen was engaged to Lieutenant Walters, who was now at sea with her only brother.

One stormy night, when all the household was in bed, excepting her sister, who was sitting up to finish a book, she dressed herself in her brother's clothes, and keeping her face turned away, entered at the farthest end of the room. Ellen, when she caught a glimpse of her, thinking that her lover was dead, and that it was his ghost, gave a piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the floor.

I shall not attempt to describe to you the agony of her mother, the despair of her lover, and the remorse of her sister, when she became for ever a harmless maniac. If you go to the churchyard of the village of S—, you will see her wandering about a grave, which she thinks is his, calling in a pathetic manner on him whom she thinks for ever lost.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—"I will tell you," said my father, "the secret of leisure is occupation. Have eight hours a day entirely devoted to business, and you will then find you have time for other pursuits; this, for some time to come, will seem to you a paradox, but you will one day be convinced of the truth of what I tell you, that the man who is the most engaged has always the most leisure. And remember, it is only Brahmins and Rajahs who think that they must move with head erect and uplifted gaze in order to govern men. To be a man above the world, you must, in every signification of the word, begin by being a man of the world; to have weight and influence with the people, you must understand them; to understand them, you must mix with them; we often hear so much of *la haute politique*, of the dignity in history, that the individual traits of character are lost sight of. A perfect simplicity is often the greatest refinement of diplomacy. All youth is arrogant, but arrogant above all youth, is political or diplomatic youth.—[Lucille Belmont.

"A leaden sword in an ivory scabbard," was the observation of Diogenes, the cynic, on hearing very foul language come from the mouth of an elegant young man.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow; keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

It is a masterpiece to draw good out of evil, and by the help of virtue to improve misfortunes into blessings.—[Seneca.

The eloquence that is effectual and irresistible must stir the inert mass of prejudice, and pierce the opaque shadows of ignorance.

There is either money or money's worth in all the controversies of life; for we live in a mercenary world, and it is the price of all things in it.

Choice Miscellany.

INVOCATION TO SUMMER.

BY MRS. B. F. FOSTER.

Come, beautiful summer! the glorious time
When high in mid heaven the sun shall climb,
And flowers awaking from out the cold sod,
An offering of incense breathe up to thy God;
When swift on the breeze the gay butterflies pass,
And the wild bee is humming above the long grass,
When the streamlet may creep through its margins
of green,

Like a deed of kind charity, blessing unseen.
Oh, summer, come back! with thy voices of glee—
My spirit grows weary in longing for thee.

Ah! beats there a bosom so darkened by care,
That thy joy and thy light have no entrance there?
Or breathes there a creature so sordid and cold,
That he heeds not thy riches while counting his gold?
Or dreams there a sage who can moodily pore
O'er a volume of ancient and spiritless lore,—
Nor turn for a moment to pages like thine,
Where mercy and beauty are writ in each line?
Oh, summer, come back! I am pining to see
The lark in the sky, and the leaf on the tree.

Enwoven with all the fond dreams of my heart,
Enshrined in my memory, summer, thou art.
Through thy long sunny hours I have lingered to
hear

The vows of a loved one poured into mine ear;
And when the night parted us, ever too soon,
I dream'd them again by the light of thy moon.
And with friends now departed, how often I've
stray'd

In the warmth of thy sunbeam, the peace of thy
shade.

Oh! thou wilt come back; but thou canst not il-
lume

The eyes that are closed in the night of the tomb.

Yet, come! I will pray, I will long for no more
Than the beauty and joy thou hast ever in store;
The westerly breezes, that come o'er the earth
Like whispers of Heaven to call into birth
Its fruit and its flowers, the birds that prolong
From morning till evening their thanksgiving song.
Again let me wander through garden and field,
Where every blossom can luxury yield.
Oh, summer! come back, for I pine to be free
My spirit grows weary in longing for thee.

ADVENTURE WITH CALIFORNIAN ROBBERS.

I ONCE hunted for three months in company
with a hunter well known in California. In idea
he was wild and imaginative in the extreme; but
in his acts of daring, &c., the most cool and philo-
sophic fellow I ever knew. A merchant, or
mercantile, at San Francisco, on whose veracity I
know from experience I can depend, told me the
following story of this man, which will at once
illustrate his general character:

"This hunter was, some months before I had
fallen in with him, making the best of his way
down the valley of the Tule Lakes from the interior,
with a heavy pack of furs on his back, his never-
erring rifle in his hand, and his two dogs by his
side. He was joined at the northernmost end of the
valley by the merchant I have spoken of, who was
armed only with a sword and pistols.

"They had scarcely cleared the valley when a
party of robbers galloped out before them. There
were four whites fully armed, and two Indians
with their lassos coiled up in their right hands,
'ready for a throw.' The hunter told the mer-
chant, who was on horseback, to dismount instan-
tly, 'and to cover.' Fortunately for them, there
was a good deal of thicket, and trunks of large trees
that had fallen were strewn about in a very de-
sirable manner. Behind these logs the merchant
and the hunter quickly took up their position, and
as they were in the act of doing so, two or three
shots were fired after them without effect. The
hunter coolly untied the pack of furs from his back
and laid them beside him. 'It's my opinion, mer-
chant,' said he, 'that them varmints there want
either your saddle-bags or my pack, but I reckon
they'll get neither.'

"So he took up his rifle, fired, and the foremost
Indian, lasso in hand, rolled off his horse. Another
discharge from the rifle, and the second Indian
fell, while in the act of throwing the lasso at the
head and shoulders of the hunter, as he raised him-
self from behind the log to fire. 'Now,' said the
hunter, as he reloaded, lying on his back to avoid

the shots of the robbers, 'that's what I call the
best of the scrimmage, to get them brown thieves
with their lasso out of the way first. See them
rascally whites now jumping over the logs to
charge us in our cover.'

"They were fast advancing, when the rifle again
spoke out, and the foremost fell; they still came on
within thirty yards—another fell, and the remain-
ing two made a desperate charge close up to the log.
The hunter, from long practice, was dexterous in
reloading his gun. 'Now, merchant,' said he, 'is
the time for your pop-guns (meaning the pistols,) and
don't be at all nervous; keep a steady hand,
and drop either man or horse. A man of them
shan't escape.'

"The two remaining robbers were now up with
the log, and fired each a pistol-shot at the hunter,
which he escaped by dodging behind a tree close
to, from which he fired with effect. As only one
rider was left, he wheeled round his horse with the
intention of galloping off, when the pistol bullets of
the merchant shot the horse from under him.

"Well done, merchant," said the hunter, 'you've
stopped that fellow's gallop.' As soon as the rob-
ber could disentangle himself from the fallen horse,
he took to his heels and ran down a sloping ground
as fast as he could. The hunter drew his toma-
hawk from his belt, and gave chase after him. As
the robber was more of an equestrian than a pedes-
trian, the nimbleness of the hunter soon shortened
the distance between them, and the last of the rob-
bers fell. Thus perished this dangerous gang of
six, by the single hand of this brave hunter, and,
as the merchant informed me, he acted as cool-
ly and deliberately as if he were shooting tame
bullocks for the market.

"The affair was rather advantageous to the hun-
ter, for, on searching the saddle-bags and pockets of
the robbers, he pulled forth some doubloons and
dollars, with other valuables, which they had, no
doubt, a short time previously taken from some
traveler; the saddle-bags, arms and accoutrements
of the four white men were packed up and made
fast on the saddles of the two horses, the hunter
mounting a third, the merchant another, his horse
being shot, and thus they left the scene of action,
leaving the bodies of the robbers to the wolves, who
were howling about them, and entered San Fran-
cisco in triumph."—[Coulter's Adventures on the
Western Coast of South America.

LIFE.

Yes, life is but a feverish dream,
A drop snatched from the eternal stream,
An *ignis fatuus* seen from afar,
A drooping, trembling, falling star,
We wake too soon to sin and pain,
The drop rejoins the stream again;
Few are the lights our path to cheer,
Our star is shining o'er our bier.

A JOKE UPON AN ELEPHANT.—A very intelli-
gent elephant was shown some years since at a
caravan of wild beasts, at a fair, in the West of
England. One of those practical jokers, whose wit
lies in pouring melted butter into a friend's pocket,
or conveying a putrid oyster into his plate, had
been doling out some gingerbread nuts of the first
quality to the elephant, who received the instal-
ments, small as they were, with satisfaction and
gratitude, manifesting the latter by the spontane-
ous performance of some of his tricks between the
somewhat protracted intervals of supply. Sud-
denly his benefactor produced a large paper parcel,
weighing some two or three pounds, and presented
it *en masse*. The elephant took it as it was, and
considered the whole to his powerful crushing-mill.
Hardly, however, had he swallowed the dose, before
he gave a loud roar, and exhibited all the symptoms
of suffering severely from internal heat, handing—
yes, handing, for the trunk acted as dexterously as
a hand—the bucket to his keeper, as if beseeching
for water, which was given to him, and of which he
continued to pour in floods sufficient to drive a
mill, down his capacious and burning throat.

"Ha!" said the joker, addressing his victim,
"those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow, I guess."
"You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper,
"unless you want the bucket at your head, and
save you right, too."

The dispenser of ginger and pepper took the hint;
for there was an angry glance in the drinker's eye,
while the distressed beast was pumping up his
sixth bucketful; and in good time he took it, for
he had scarcely cleared the entrance of the show,
when the empty bucket was hurled after him by the
elephant, with such force and correctness of aim,
that if he had been a moment later, his joking
would, in all probability, have been terminated
with his life, on the spot.

A year had passed away, and the wayfarers from
the country villages trod over the withered leaves

that had, when fresh, green, and vigorous, shielded
their heads from the burning summer's sun, as
they bent their steps to the same annual autumnal
fair, where the elephant had been before exhibited,
and where he was again ready to receive company.

Our joker was again among his visitors, and for-
getful of his narrow escape from the bucket, which
at the time another wit observed he had been near
kicking, came as before, with one coat pocket filled
with "best nuts," and the other with hot nuts.
He gave the elephant two or three nuts from the
best sample, and then drew forth and presented
him with a hot one. No sooner had the elephant
tasted it, than he seized the coat-tails of his tor-
mentor, and with one whirling sweep with his
trunk lifted him from the ground, till, the tails
giving way, the man dropped half dead with fright,
and with his coat reduced to a jacket. The ele-
phant, meanwhile, quietly inserted the end of his
trunk into the pocket containing the best nuts, and
leisurely proceeded, keeping his foot on the coat-
tails, to discuss every nut of them. When he had
finished the last, he tramped upon the pocket con-
taining the hot nuts, till he had reduced them to a
mash, and then, after having torn the tails to rags,
threw the soiled fragments at the head of his fac-
tious friend, amid the derision of the assembled
crowd.

A ROYAL ROMANCE.—At the grand and bril-
liant ball given by Prince Schwartzberg, the
Austrian Ambassador at Paris, in the year 1810,
in celebration of the marriage of Napoleon with
Maria Louisa, at which the Emperor and many il-
lustrious persons were present, it is well known
that a most destructive fire broke out in one of the
temporary buildings, erected for the occasion, by
which the young and beautiful hostess and several
other persons were burned to death, and many se-
riously injured. One of the visitors at this ball
was the then Dowager Duchess of Savoy-Carignan,
mother of Charles Albert, ex-King of Sardinia.
This lady, prevented by the great confusion from
getting out in time, found herself in one of the sa-
loons, which was burning on all sides. When in
this most perilous situation, and almost suffocated,
she was accidentally discovered by her courier, who
resolutely rushed through the flames into the room,
took his mistress in his arms, and jumped from a
window on the first floor to the ground. By this
heroic conduct he broke both of his legs, but the
Duchess was unhurt. Her life having thus been
miraculously saved through the courage of her
courier, she, of course, paid him all possible care
and attention during his illness, and when he had
recovered from his accident she married him. He
afterward received, from some Italian Prince, the
title of Count Montelart; and ever since they have
been living together, but not very happily, in var-
ious parts of the continent, and are now in Paris.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.—A short time
since, Hector Macalister, while out on the Arran
Hills, looking after his sheep, six miles from home
or other habitation, his two collie dogs started a
rabbit, which ran under a large block of granite.
He thrust his arm under the stone, expecting to
catch it, but instead of doing so he must have re-
moved the support of the block, which instantly
came down on his arm, holding him as fast as a vice.
His pains were great, but the pangs he felt when
he thought of home, and the death he seemed doom-
ed to die, were much greater. In this position he
lay from ten in the morning until four in the after-
noon, when, finding that all his efforts to extricate
himself were unavailing, he tried several times,
without effect, to get his knife out of his pocket to
cut off his arm. His only chance now was to en-
deavor to send home his dogs, with the view of
alarming his friends. After much difficulty, (as the
creatures were most unwilling to leave him) he
at length succeeded in this; and Mrs. Macalister,
seeing them return alone, took the alarm, and
speedily collected the neighbors, who went in search
of her husband, led on by his faithful collies. When
they came to the spot, poor Macalister was in a very
exhausted state, and was quite speechless in crying
for assistance. It required five strong men to re-
move the block to extricate his arm, which is
dreadfully bruised; but having obtained medical
treatment, it is hoped he may recover the use of his
limb.—[Scotch Paper.

A FRAGMENT.

Amid the crowd there walk'd a youth,
Whose heart seem'd charged with woe;
His eyes were bent upon the deck,
His step was sad and slow.
It was not unrequited love,
Nor disappointment's fruits,
That mark'd with care the cheek of youth;
He couldn't find his boots!

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1849.

THEY SAY THE ORDER IS PARTIAL AND SELFISH.

We do not deny that the chief advantages to be derived from it are confined generally to the members. And this is no objection. If it be, then all societies that ever existed, sacred or secular, may be condemned by the same rule; for the very idea of a society implies this. It is true that the legitimate benefits of the Order belong alone to the members of the fraternity. But the Order is not blind to the woes nor deaf to the cries of suffering, seen and heard in the world without. It relieves first, and very justly, the sufferings of its own children, and does what it can for the general good. It does all the good it has the ability to do. In works of beneficence it goes to the extent of its resources. As its resources are increased, as its power is extended, its ability to relieve suffering, and the sphere of its benevolent operations, are enlarged. How, then, can the Order be accused of selfishness?

As we walk by the side of your river, we see five children struggling for life in the current. Two of them are within our reach, we can save them, but the others we cannot save, even if we sacrifice our own life for them. Are we to be proceeded against as a murderer, because we saved two and saw the other three drown, it being impossible for us to save them? Would it be just to condemn us as a cruel, hard-hearted man? And yet, this is precisely the reasoning of those who charge the Order of Odd-Fellows with selfishness! According to these objections, if you cannot do everything, you should do nothing—if you cannot alleviate all distresses, you should be indifferent to all—if, of five drowning persons, you can save only two, it would be better to let the whole five drown. If, therefore, it were literally true that Odd-Fellowship confined all its benefits to the initiated, it would not be any serious objection. But this is by no means true. The records of our Lodges show that immense sums are every year distributed to the needy, who have no connection with the Order whatever. We say it with pride, that in all recent cases of public or individual calamity, there are no societies which have shown themselves so liberal. The following fact, which we take the liberty to relate, is an ample refutation of this charge of selfishness:

Not long since, two young women—intelligent and of the highest respectability—became residents of one of the manufacturing villages of New England. Natives of a foreign land, having no friends or relatives here, and by one of those misfortunes which often come as a tempest to obscure the fairest prospects, reduced to a state of dependency, they found it necessary to work in a factory. One of them, being of a delicate constitution, was soon utterly prostrated by the unwonted toil. A double duty was now imposed upon the other sister—that of labor for the support of both, and that of watching by the bed of the dying girl. No words can describe the anguish of those two young and friendless hearts. The sick one died, and the broken hearted, surviving sister had no means to defray the funeral expenses. The world looked on without pity and without feeling. The corporation, in whose service the girl had toiled and died, tendered no relief. But what was the astonishment of the neighbors and the wonder of the poor sister, when they saw two of the most respectable citizens of the town, who were not supposed to know anything about the case, appear to take charge of the funeral. Their words to the afflicted girl were

few. "You are alone, friendless, and suffering—we are the friends of the distressed—your brothers."

Everything was decently prepared for the funeral and a large company of most respectable people followed, as mourners, the hearse which carried the homeless one to the grave.

The funeral ceremonies over, and expenses paid, the other sister was furnished with funds to return to her country; and she went away with the benediction of those brethren she had so mysteriously found. We need not tell you who these friends were. And this is not a solitary case. We could mention hundreds of incidents of this description, which every day give the lie to the charge of selfishness that we hear so frequently.

THE VICE OF THE AGE.

We are not of those who are ever disposed to find fault with what is—those who seem to think that the only purpose of their living, their greatest and highest duty, is to utter complaints against the existing social organization, and to denounce everything as radically vicious and evil which is not in harmony with their own speculations. To this class of restless, turbulent men, we say we do not belong. Nevertheless, we are obliged to say that we do see to-day, indications of a growing evil—an evil fraught with the most fearful consequences to our country. And this evil to which we allude, is the more dangerous in that it assumes the most seducing of all forms—that of *independence*—the absolute *freedom* of the individual. We ourselves do homage to the sentiment of liberty, and reverence all institutions which are calculated to make it actual in the life of the world. But this sentiment is now exaggerated beyond reason; and the idea of Fraternity, of Unity, has been overshadowed by what are called the rights of the individual. Man looks upon himself, not as a portion or member of society, of humanity, but as an independent force. He acknowledges no obligations to the State, and ridicules the very idea of a patriotism which requires the sacrifice of personal ease, comfort or interest. We may be wrong, but we believe our greatest danger lies here. A people is morally dead, when none can be found who are ready to make sacrifices to the State.

In time of war, for example, every citizen should give his aid. Because war perils his material interests—because his business may be deranged, his ships captured and his property seized by the enemy, he should not forget his duty to his country, but rather be willing to offer up all these interests upon the altar of public duty.

We, ourselves, are not politicians—we have no relations with any political party, no sympathies with any, and consequently what we have now said, cannot be supposed to have been prompted either for or against any one of the parties which now divide our country. Nor have we spoken with a political aim, but rather because we have seen beneath the movements which have appeared in certain quarters, the workings of that spirit of anarchy and rebellion, which, if not checked, will, in the end, destroy the Union, and spread desolation and ruin over all our social institutions.

We have ever admired that lofty virtue, that disinterested patriotism, for which many of the old Romans were distinguished, and which shone so clearly in the acts of those great and good men who founded our republic. Our only safety is in an emulation of their virtues. We should never let our obligations to society be lost sight of in personal interests, nor allow our private opinions to move us to act and speak in favor of our country's foes. If we do so, then is there an end to all government, and all order and all law; all our institutions are overturned to their very foundations. Each individual sets himself up as an independent government, acknowledges no God but pleasure—no law but interest.

We very much fear that these radical notions of

"individuality," which self-styled reformers are constantly prating about—these notions of "private rights," and "personal freedom," which we hear everywhere proclaimed, are working mischievously among us, and, if not eradicated, will end in destroying all reverence for government or law, and in spreading through our land a withering selfishness, a spirit of disorder and confusion, too deep and terrible to admit of a cure.

Let us be warned, then, in time. Let it not be forgotten that nations advance—that Humanity is perfected by the sacrifices of individuals.

BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP UPON INDIVIDUAL LIFE.

THE beneficial influence of Odd-Fellowship upon man, as an "individual," is not unworthy of note. It is adapted to all the circumstances and conditions in which he may be placed. It takes isolated men, separated by a thousand differences, and binds them together by the solemn vows and obligations of Fraternity. It teaches them the duty of mutual aid; and by its peculiar organizations and arrangements, it secures the right of Fraternity to all its members. Its benevolence is not all hypothetical, but practical; not a profession, but a fact.

Its fund of relief, formed by the weekly or quarterly contributions of its members, is always sufficient to meet all of the wants of distressed and suffering brothers; so that in sickness no brother can be degraded by receiving the scanty charity of the world. He has a right to that fund, which, when prosperous and strong, his own hand helped to form. He feels no sense of obligation or dependence. He applies for his weekly benefits with as much self-respect and independence as he would draw money from a bank, in which he had deposited large sums.

But this is not all. Odd-Fellowship not only furnishes pecuniary relief to its sick members, but also what is of far higher value, the personal attention of brothers, the fraternal sympathy, and their encouraging words of love. Night after night does the sick brother see around his couch those "friends in need," and their gentle ministries of love remove one half of his pains.

Any one who examines Odd-Fellowship from this point of view, cannot fail to see its adaptation to the circumstances and wants of men. There is no society which so well and truly supplies this want; there is none which so efficiently meets the thousands of unfortunate circumstances in which men are constantly liable to be placed. Every where and always has he need of sympathy and fraternal love; and often, alas! too often does it happen that, without pecuniary aid, he and those dear to him as his own life, must be involved in suffering and distress. But being a member of this Order he has nothing to fear. Its helpful and friendly arms are around him, ever to encourage and support, and direct him, when prosperous, and to console and comfort, and soothe him in the darkness of adversity.

As a mutual help society, Odd-Fellowship is certainly far in advance of any which has ever existed. While it is humble, and does not claim to be a religion, nor evince any disposition to usurp any of the prerogatives of the church, it does claim to be founded on the religious sentiment, and to be a Christian society, not a pagan nor an infidel one. The loving spirit of Christianity presides over all its arrangements, and inspires all its operations. Other societies are beneficial to men, but their influence and operations are limited. They chiefly address themselves to one of the many wants of humanity. But Odd-Fellowship has a wider influence and power, and far greater facilities for the accomplishment of its benevolent purposes; and besides, it looks out over all of life, and embraces all the possible temporal circumstances of man. More truly here than any where else is realized the great ideas of Union, Fraternity, Love.

The beautiful type, which Christianity presents,

of a society where men will bear the burthens of each other, relieve each other's necessities, and love one another in all circumstances, as a family of brethren, here in our association becomes a feast of life.

We cannot here explain in detail all the benefits and advantages of Odd-Fellowship. We will only add, that there are no circumstances of want or suffering which concerns man's worldly life, in which he can be placed, for which Odd-Fellowship does not generously provide. The music of his footsteps charms away human grief, and wherever it acts, the flowers of hope and joy grow in luxurious beauty, and scatter the aroma of Eden over the abodes of men. Ever is it active—untiring as the angels of mercy—carrying forward its benevolent work, assuaging the sorrows of the lone widow, and protecting her fatherless babes, and extending to the child of sickness and penury the tender consolations of paternal sympathy.

ANNIVERSARY AND DEDICATION OF THE I. O. O. F. NEW YORK.

MONDAY next, the 4th inst., will be a great day for the Order, in this jurisdiction. We have already given our readers a programme of the procession, and of the exercises of dedication; and below they will find the order of exercises for the evening. We learn that large numbers of the Order intend visiting New York, to participate in the festivities of the occasion. Arrangements have been made with railroad and steamboat companies, which radiate from New York, to take members of the Order at reduced rates, and nearly all the rooms of the principal hotels are already engaged. We ought also to remark, that brothers visiting the city on this occasion, will be received as guests by the brothers here, who will be most happy to minister to their wants:

EVENING EXERCISES,

AT CASTLE GARDEN,

On Monday, June 4th, 1849. To commence at 8 o'clock, precisely.

PROGRAMME.

1st. Overture by the Band.

2d. ODE—written by Miss E. C. Hurley.

Joy, brothers, joy, let each face beam with gladness, Heaven smiles propitious, our efforts to crown; Our path is victorious, then banish all sadness—Our deeds and alms-giving have met with renown. We hail with delight, this our day for uniting, For rendering praises, and glory and power, To him who alone gives the means so inviting, Each brother to cherish when darkness may lower.

Mark, brothers mark, the distress'd from all nations,

Wending their way to the Odd-Fellows' Hall; Whate'er once their lot, or whate'er their stations, The Odd-Fellow's heart is alive to their call. He feels 'tis a brother who seeks his protection, Whate'er be his doctrine, religion, or creed, A brother's regard, and a brother's affection, Is instantly yielded, in thought, word and deed.

See, brothers, see, the lone Orphan's eye beaming, Tho' memory's tear will bedew that soft eye; The heart feels assured, and bright visions are gleaming—

The Odd-Fellow's haven, their refuge, is nigh. Then hail, brothers, hail, with delight hail the morning,

Whose dawn rose in Friendship, in Love, and in Truth—

Cementing, uniting, each other adorning, A solace for age, a bulwark for youth.

Advancing in splendor, unshackled and fearless, Onward and upward, and proud our career; Ne'er may the sick or the feeble be cheerless, But find in Odd-Fellows that comfort is near. Stronger and broader, and wider our borders—Boundless and free be our march thro' the land; Graceful and peaceful, and free from marauders, Till Faith, Hope and Charity join hand in hand.

8d. Oration, by C. Edwards Lester, of Atlantic Lodge, No. 50.

4th. Music by the Band.

5th. ODE—written for the occasion, by P. C. P. Franklin J. Otterson, of Lebanon Encampment, No. 19.

The restless wing of Time hath brought
The parting moment near,
And soon an evening, pleasure-fraught,
Will be with those that were;
The bell that tolls the midnight chime
Will knell a glorious day—
The memory of whose pleasant time
Shall never fade away.

Farewell, warm hearts, and eyes of light!

We part; but memory yet
Will turn with ever new delight,
To bless the hour we met;
When Friendship gave the grip so true,
And Truth, from Heaven above,
O'er all the vast assembly threw
The gorgeous light of Love.

Farewell, ye Brothers true and bold!

This day to you shall be,
O'er Prejudice and Slander old,
The day of Victory;
And they who barr'd our infant way
Shall cheer our mighty youth,
And own the noble power, to-day,
Of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Farewell! yon Temple long shall tell,

In ages crowding on,
Our still increasing sons, who well
Their fathers' work was done.
Farewell, ye fair, whose presence here
Hath made our festal bright!
To Brother, Mother, Maiden dear,
Good night—a sweet good night!

—The Odes will be sung by Mr. Austin Phillips, Mr. George Paxton, Mr. Joseph Daniel, and two Gentlemen Amateurs.

Thirty minutes intermission.

After which the floor will be cleared, and music furnished for such as are disposed to conclude the performance by dancing. The floor will be in charge of a competent person, assisted by a floor committee.

DEDICATION OF ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, WILMINGTON, DEL.

We had the pleasure of being present at the dedication of this new and beautiful Hall, on the 23th inst. The day was a little unpleasant, yet an immense number of the Order were in attendance, amounting to several thousands. The procession was brilliant and well arranged. The Oration was delivered by J. L. Ridgely, Esq., of Baltimore, C. S. R. W. G. L. U. S. It was one of the most philosophical and able addresses ever delivered on such an occasion. The Hall was dedicated by Grand Sire Kneass, assisted by P. G. Sires Wildey and Hopkins, and G. S. Ridgely. The ceremonies were performed in a most impressive manner. We give below the order of exercises:

Music by the Band.

The audience being in the Saloon, the G. S. and other Grand Officers of the G. L. in the Lodge Room, the Master of Ceremonies called to order, closed the door, and stationed two O. Gs. with a Herald within, and dispatched the G. Marshal to the Lodge Room.

The G. Marshal, accompanied by the G. S., and followed by the G. L., advanced to the Saloon door; and the G. S. sounded the alarm.

1st O. G.—Who sounds that alarm?

G. Mar.—The M. W. G. S. and R. W. G. L. of Delaware ask possession of this building in the name of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH, that they may dedicate it to the diffusion of the principles of BENEVOLENCE and CHARITY.

2d O. G.—[To the Herald within.]—The M. W. G. S. and R. W. G. L. of Delaware, ask admission that they may dedicate the Hall to the diffusion of the principles of Odd-Fellowship.

Herald.—Brethren, prepare to welcome the M. W. G. S. and R. W. G. Lodge of Delaware, who appear [throwing open the door] to dedicate our Hall to F., L. and T.

M. of C. [advancing to meet them.]—Welcome, M. W. G. S. and R. W. G. L. of the I. O. of O. F. of Delaware, who come in the name of F., L. and T.

Response.—All welcome!

Flourish by the Band.

During which the M. of C. and G. Marshal will conduct the G. S. and G. L. to their seats. Chaplain reads the 124th Psalm.

Response.—So be it.

M. of C. [Introducing the Board of Managers to the G. S.]—M. W. G. S. I beg leave to introduce to you the President and Board of Managers of this Hall.

President of the Board.—M. W. G. S., having been elected to direct and superintend the erection of this edifice, and having thus far attended to the arduous and interesting duties entrusted to us, we now deliver it into your hands, praying you to set apart by solemn dedication the portions designed for the use of our beloved Order.

M. W. G. S.—Brethren of the Board of Managers, gratefully do I receive your offer, and cheerfully will I perform the duty assigned me. I congratulate you on your success, and assure you of the grateful regard of your brethren for your attention and care in the erection of this building, and as under this roof, you aid and encourage each other and the Brotherhood at large in the works of Benevolence and Charity; in the cultivation of filial trust in God, and Friendship, Love and Truth among men—and in the elevation and improvement of human character generally, may you and those you represent, be rich partakers in the fruits dispensed in the faith that works by love, and purifies the heart, in the hope that entereth within the veil, and in the ever-enduring Charity that is greater than even Faith and Hope—that thus you, and they, may be perfected as temples spiritual, and receive the approbation of the Grand Sire of the Universe.

The G. S. then called up the audience, and the Brethren and Choir sang,

"Brethren of our friendly Order."

Prayer—by the Chaplain.

DEDICATION ODE.

BY P. G. SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

When first the Architect of all,
The earth had cast in boundless space—
'Twas ordered that each sparrow's fall
In its records should find a place—
One hand should guide—one spirit move—
And all be concord, peace and love.

When o'er the pure primeval world,
The taint of deadly sin had spread,
When Heaven had half its beauty furled,
And angels bowed, to guilt, the head—
Darkness and gloom, with murky pall,
Enveloped and enshrouded all.

When Discord o'er the earth had first
'Twixt kindred people kindled war,
And bitter passion's angry burst,
The golden age began to mar—
A cure for all was found to be
In Faith and in Fraternity.

When all the bonds of right and wrong,
Were feeble as a rope of sand—
When sage's thought and poet's song,
With heartless might could not contend—
Solace was given, mid strife and ruth,
In holy Friendship, Love and Truth.

And now, amid our social world,
Where virtue's self we often wrong,
Where crime on blood-stained axles whirled,
Subjects the feeble to the strong—
A sad and dreary waste 'twould prove,
Deprived of Friendship, Truth and Love.

Then, brothers, to our holy tie,
In sacred honor firmly bound,
Let us as brothers live and die—
And make each secret we expound,
A proof that Friendship, Truth and Love,
Our actions prompt, our feelings move.

The Heralds in the East, West and South, advance to the G. S., at the altar in the North, and receive from him three vases of Wheat, Water and Flowers, respectively, and then return to their stations.

G. S.—Brethren, be attentive while our Heralds dedicate this Hall, with solemn ceremonies, to the principles and uses of our honorable Order. Heralds, you will proceed in the performance of your duties.

H. East.—[Sprinkling water]—In the name of FRIENDSHIP, as pure and refreshing as this water, I dedicate this hall to the practice of that ennobling virtue, which, uniting men as brothers, teaches them to sustain that relation at all times, each, in his turn, helping and helped, blessing and blessed.

H. South.—Sweet as the gushing fountain to the weary pilgrim on the parched and sandy desert, is the smile of a friend to the wanderer in life's thorny wilderness.

H. West.—May we each so live, that the spiritual Temple within may also be sprinkled with the pure water of the River of Life, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God.

Flourish by the Band.

H. South.—[Strewing Flowers]—In the name of Love, which, like the flowers, beautifies all on which it falls, and fills the common air with fragrance, I dedicate this hall to the practice of that

highest virtue, which is, in itself, the "fulfilling of the law," and "the bond of perfectness," teaching us to "visit the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions," to bind up the broken hearted and let the oppressed go free.

H. West.—As the gentle fragrance of opening blossoms restores vigor to the exhausted body, so do the gentle breathings of Love recall life and strength to the fainting spirit.

H. East.—May we all so speak and act as to hasten the coming of the happy day when the wilderness of man's nature shall blossom as the rose, so that on our dying beds angels' hands may scatter flowers from the Tree of Life.

Gentle flourish by the Band.

H. West.—[Scattering Wheat]—In the name of Truth, which, like this grain sown broadcast on the earth, springs up again a hundred fold for future use and blessing, I dedicate this hall to the practice of this most noble virtue which lies at the foundation of all other virtues, and which, devoid of guile and hypocrisy, teaches us sincerity and plain-dealing in all our communications, and earnestness in the inculcation of whatsoever is good and true.

H. South.—As this grain furnishes the staff of the bodily life, so does Truth the staff of the spiritual life, without which the inward man pines and perishes.

H. East.—May the seeds of Truth that are here sown, fall upon good ground, and springing up, bear fruit unto life eternal.

Gentle flourish by the Band.

H. East.—"Let brotherly love continue!" In the practice of these noble duties and virtues, may we be always actuated by the blessed spirit of that Friendship that speaks the Truth in Love.

H. South.—"Let brotherly love continue!" As brothers may we together cultivate all the virtues that adorn humanity—as brothers may we pass on through the journey of life: and as brothers, enter, in fraternal embrace, the dark valley of the Shadow of Death.

H. West.—And may brotherly love continue beyond the tomb! When He who sent us shall have called us home, as brothers may we meet in that "house not made with hands"—in that Celestial Lodge, whose members no tongue can number, and the Supreme Master of which is the Father of the spirits of all flesh.

[The three Heralds.]—Amen! So may it be!

Solemn flourish by the Band.

Herald East.—M. W. G. S., in obedience to your instruction, and in the holy and reverend name of the Eternal Creator of the Universe, we have dedicated, and do dedicate this hall to the principles and work of Odd-Fellowship.

G. S.—The in the name and by the authority of the R. W. G. L. of I. O. of O. F. of the State of Delaware, I declare it dedicated to the good purposes of Odd-Fellowship—to the cultivation of Friendship, Love and Truth—to the diffusion of the principles of Benevolence and Charity—to the protection of the Widow and the Fatherless—to the relief of all worthy and distressed brethren, and to the moral and mental improvement of mankind thereby.

Response.—So may it be.

CLOSING ODE.

BY REV. BRO. A. B. GROSS.

Sound the glad chorus! Let praises arise,
In works of our Order, to God in the skies.
Sing! for the light of His Truth is advancing,
And darkness and suffering are fleeing away;
His Love, in its warmth, human souls is entrancing,
And Friendship on earth, is asserting its sway.
Sound the glad chorus, &c.

Welcome Odd-Fellowship! Praise to the Lord!
His Love is its buckler, His Truth is its sword,
Brethren raised up from despair, are its story.

And orphans protected, its jewelry bright;
The tears of the widow—from gloom turned to glory,
Like the bow on a cloud—grow bright in its light.
Sound the glad chorus! Let praises ascend
To God, in the work of the heart and the hand.

G. S.—Brethren of the Board of Managers: We have thus dedicated this hall to the purposes and uses of our beloved Order, and now return it to your possession, assured that you, and those you represent, and the brethren who may occupy the portions solemnly consecrated—will suppress every improper feeling and sentiment in its use—and will make it a place from which only noble thoughts and benevolent deeds shall flow forth, for the amelioration of mankind and the healing of the nations.

President.—Most worthy sir: Gratefully do we receive back our consecrated hall, and willingly do we pledge ourselves to endeavor to promote the purposes to which it has been so impressively and beautifully dedicated by yourself and assistants. We cordially thank you, and them, and the R. W. G. L., and the brethren generally for your presence and your services on this interesting and joyous

occasion. May we long remember the words conveyed in those services—living, may they live in us and by us; dying, may they give us solace in death, and hope for eternity.

Response.—Amen—so may it be!

Benediction—by the Chaplain.

THE DELAWARE CELEBRATION.

WILLMINGTON, Del. May 23, 1849.

THE day has been a glorious one for the Order in spite of the inclement weather usually fatal to a celebration, such as has just closed. At an early hour the city began to fill with strangers, eager to witness the parade in honor of the dedication of a temple to the uses of the I. O. of O. F. By ten o'clock, the city swarmed with Odd-Fellows, who came by thousands from Philadelphia, Baltimore and the nearer vicinity of this city. The throng of ladies at the windows, to see the Procession, rivaled New-York in enthusiasm, nor could a fairer gathering be produced, in even the Empire State. The ceremonies of the dedication I pass, to give a brief sketch of the procession, which in the face of a most industrious rain, numbered thousands strong and paraded the entire route. The tout ensemble of the procession was most beautiful, not only in the brilliancy of the Regalia of the members, but from the appearance of the brothers of the Order; for no one could look upon them, and not feel at once, that these were the real men of the State, her jewels, and that an order composed of such men could not but be worthy the confidence of their fellow citizens, though ignorant of the mystic tie that binds them in the Fellowship of Friendship Love and Truth. Among the beautiful scenes in the Procession, was a carriage gayly decked with flowers, drawn by four horses covered with flowers, containing a numerous party of children of both sexes, themselves the fairest flowers of all. In their white robes and blue sashes, and the profusion of flowers entwined in their hair, they looked the happy delegates from the Temple of Flora, sent to give a new pleasure to the festival. Along the whole route this carriage was the mark of all eyes, and many a tear glistened upon reading the motto, "We protect the innocent," that was borne by the brothers who guarded this valued charge. At four o'clock the procession reached the church, when the stand was taken by Grand Sire Kneass, and his worthy supporters, the Past Grand Sires of the Order. The services commenced with music from the choir, and was continued by an elegant and impressive prayer. The Most Worthy Grand Sire then introduced Bro. J. L. Ridgely, G. S. of the G. L. of U. S., who delivered an Oration replete with information and bearing the marks of the most careful preparation, such as befitted the occasion.

Thus far in the day, he said the celebration could have appeared to the multitude of spectators only as a gorgeous pageant, the meaning of which they knew not; and it was now time to remove the veil and show the real purposes of the Order. The object of the Order was to secure the happiness of the human race. In every being this desire existed, and in every age this work had been going on, but in no era had made such progress as during the time when the ties of Friendship, Love and Truth had been invoked, under the present organization. The noble edifice just dedicated stood a monument to the success of our Order. Yet in its youth, a stripling, so young indeed was the Order on this continent, that he whose benevolence planted the first germ in Baltimore, was now present to witness the strength of the youth of the Order. The seed planted in 1819 had increased until more than one hundred thousand were in the Brotherhood, the principles of which remained unchanged, though its energy and affairs are a thousand fold greater, keeping pace with the march of Time. In Delaware, the least of all the States, the progress of the Order was no less gratifying. The single Lodge founded nineteen years ago had grown to be the head of a family of twenty-one, comprising fifteen hundred brothers. The people of Delaware, in this as in other things, gave their whole hearts, and with the most abundant success.

At the close of the oration the choir gave some most excellent music, after which the benediction was pronounced, and the assembly dispersed, after a day of pleasure, that will live long in the memory of all.

s. r. c.

FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Caledonia our European advices are brought down to the 12th of May.

From England the news is of little interest. The Navigation Law has passed the House of Lords, and it is now in fact repealed.

In Germany, affairs are very unsettled, and the whole continent, in fact, seems upon the eve of war. The people are opposed directly to the various Parliaments, and resist the Government by force of arms. At Dresden a fight occurred between the Red Republicans and the troops, which lasted three days. At Leipsic there had been an outbreak, and at Breslau and Coblenz. The success of the Hungarians continue, and they are now in possession of Gran, Raab, and Ayraraw. The power of Austria seems incompetent to maintain order within her borders, and Russia is advancing a large body of troops to the aid of Austria. The Poles, encouraged by the success of the Hungarians, are apparently on the eve of another attempt to gain their nationality. It is stated that the English and French Governments have remonstrated against the course of Russia, and have demanded the withdrawal of her troops.

Italy has roused herself for a decisive blow against the French army, which has visited them for the purpose of reinstating the Pope on his temporal throne. In two encounters the Frenchmen have been beaten, and at the last advices were awaiting orders from home. The spirit of the Italians does not brook this insolent attempt of France to regulate her internal policy, and the war will be urged with spirit. The success of the Italian army has wounded the pride of France, and there is little doubt that France will give all her energy to this task she undertook so thoughtlessly.

In France there is nothing of moment. Some troubles have occurred with the troops, caused by the efforts, it is said, of the Socialists, who persuade the soldiers from their allegiance. It is, however, extremely difficult to award to the Socialists the exact proportion of the blame of these movements, which grow out of the peculiar constitution of the French Government. Were the Socialists swept from existence, there would be little change for the better in the public order of France.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THE resolution of the Government, to send two National vessels in search of the lost English Navigator, Sir John Franklin, is a noble one. The search for a north west passage is an adventure calculated, if successful, to interest the whole maritime world; and it is becoming a great commercial nation, like the United States, to assist in rescuing the daring explorer of the icy seas. It seems barely possible that the expedition will ever be found, still no efforts to that end should be spared.

Captain Wilkes, of the Navy, publishes a letter in the National Intelligencer, in relation to the contemplated expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, the British Navigator. Capt. Wilkes entertains the hope that it is not yet too late to render relief, and suggests that prompt action may be the means of saving Sir John and his brave followers from a terrible fate. He is of opinion that search should be made through the Wellington Channel, it being the only place where adequate search is not likely to be made. Beyond Cape Walker, toward the south-west, in Baffin's Bay, in Davis's Straits, in Lancaster Sound, or in the Arctic Ocean, within Behring's Straits, he would most likely be fallen in with by Richardson or Ross, both of whom are in search of him; or by the English, Russian, or American whale ships, which have extended their cruising grounds into those remote parts. The writer remarks:

"The best practical plan, peculiarly suited to our means, and the character of the navigation and service, is to fit out three or four of our small eastern fishing vessels (Chebecoo boats), from sixty

to eighty or one hundred tons burden, manned by those who have been brought up in them, and have them well and fully equipped, with but small crews—ten or twelve persons, including officers. For this number these vessels could be provided with fuel, provisions, and clothing for two or three seasons. There is no necessity for them to set out with the intention of wintering within the icy region; the supplies should be to guard against the accident of detention.

"The vessel and outfit could readily be prepared for five or seven thousand dollars each, and crews would cheerfully undertake the voyage at double wages, and a gratuitous supply of warm clothing; the whole sum would not exceed, for these, twenty-five thousand dollars. The reward offered by the British Government, in the event of success, would be ample compensation to excite the greatest exertion, casting aside the desire of adventure and engaging in so laudable undertaking.

"The distance of Wellington Channel from our shores is no greater than that to Europe, and the voyage may readily be performed in forty-five days. If vessels were now fitted they would be in time for the season, which opens about the middle of July, and would be able to explore this channel thoroughly to its farthest extent or navigable point, and if not to succor, they will ascertain whether Sir John Franklin has taken that route, and return safely back before winter, with tidings."

THE ORDER IN KENTUCKY.

We have received the official report of the proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and are glad to perceive that the Order in the West is flourishing to a degree not exceeded by any part of the Union. The greater part of the proceedings have only a local interest, and we confine our extracts to that part of Grand Representative Merrick's report relative to the New York question, before the last G. L. of the U. S.:

" 'It must needs be,' said he who spake as never man spake, 'that offenses come.' For the context of this quotation we have no application in the present instance; ever believing that a conciliatory spirit is the proper weapon in the hands of the true Odd-Fellow, for the reclamation of the erring, and ardently trust its influence may be essayed to restore to her former place in the Constellation of Odd-Fellowship, the once brilliant, burning Star of New-York—once the brightest gem in the diadem of our Fraternity—but now, alas! dimmed by internal discord, and two-thirds of her membership under the ban of suspension for insubordination. It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the origin and progress of the difficulties in this unfortunate jurisdiction. The entire history has, no doubt, long been in possession of this Right Worthy Grand Lodge; and has elicited from each member the calm, close, unbiassed investigation its importance demands. The subject of the New York difficulties was introduced into the G. L. U. S. under the following circumstances, viz: The Committee on Credentials reported two sets of Representatives from New York. Each set bore the acknowledged seal of the G. L. of New York, yet was attested by the signature of a different Grand Master and Grand Secretary—thus presenting in Odd-Fellowship the anomaly of two State Grand Lodges existing in New York, and each claiming to be the head of the Order there. The Committee being unable to decide in the premises, the whole matter, together with that part of the Grand Sire's report touching the New York difficulties, was on motion referred to a special committee of five, chosen by the Grand Lodge—who, after an untiring and patient investigation of five days, communicated as the result of their labors, two reports, a majority and minority one; the former bearing four signatures, the latter one. The majority report was adopted by a decisive vote of 47 to 24, recognizing the Grand Lodge working under the old Constitution, and of which Andrews is G. M., and Pentz is G. S., as the G. L. of New York, and Hale and Davies, elected by that body, as legitimate Representatives. In the foregoing decision the undersigned concurs most heartily, believing it in strict accordance with the evidence, and fully and entirely sustained by it. The undersigned cannot but admire the dignified, fraternal, conciliatory course of the G. Sire, throughout the entire procedure. We have been unable to detect even the gleamings of usurpation in the much talked of Commission; but are constrained to believe it a most judicious expedient, having for its object the amicable adjustment of existing difficulties, and bearing the marks of despotism before the eyes of those only whose acts would not bear its lynx-eyed scrutiny. With such a man as Horn B. Kneass in the executive chair, we

cannot entertain any apprehensions for the prosperity of the Order, as far as he is concerned—and may his every successor acquit himself as faithfully in the discharge of those duties, which, under the sanctity of an oath, demand at his hand a supervision and superintendence of the interests of the Order, during the recess of the G. L. of the U. S."

REASONS FOR ATTENDANCE AT STATED MEETINGS OF THE LODGE.

BY ALBERT CASE.

THERE are many reasons to be urged in favor of a general attendance on the meetings of the Lodge. Our Lodges are deliberative assemblies, and the business they transact, I apprehend, is of more importance than many of the members imagine. The reception of members, the disposition of the funds, and all the immediate and direct operations of the Institution, is the work of the Subordinate Lodges. The entire character, standing and success of the Order, depend, in a great degree, on the manner in which the business of the Lodges is conducted.

If the meetings of the Lodges are neglected by the members, the business may be transacted in a careless, loose and injudicious, if not in an unlawful manner. In such an event, negligence will be apt to mark all its operations—the inevitable consequence of which must be, that from want of suitable attention to the qualifications of candidates, bad men will obtain admittance—the funds will be squandered, or applied to improper purposes, and the Lodge ultimately ruined, and an injury inflicted upon the character and interests of the Institution generally; therefore it is the duty of every member, to attend the meetings of his Lodge as often as circumstances will admit. He should not neglect them for any trifling cause. The interests of the Institution and his Lodge, which it is his duty to watch over and labor to promote, and to guard against abuse, demand it.

But it is not merely to watch and to guard the Institution and the Lodge from abuse—to prevent the admission of the unworthy, the squandering of the funds, or their improper application, that members should be constant attendants at their Lodge meetings. This is a mere negative purpose. But it is more especially, that they may act affirmatively, in promoting the welfare and interests of the Lodge and the Order.

It is an old saying and true, that in the multitude of counsel there is safety. Of deliberative assemblies this is as emphatically true, as of individuals.

There is much business that comes before our Lodges, in which the counsel and advice of every member are needed, in words and by vote. And this, the Lodge and the Institution have a right to claim of its members.

Besides this, it is only by attendance upon his Lodge meetings, that any Brother can become familiar with the work and operations of the Order, and be able to form an intelligent opinion of its practical utility. With the utilitarianism which distinguishes the people of this country, little interest will be excited or felt in an Institution, until it is perceived that it possesses some utility; that it can be applied to some practical purposes.

Again, the influences excited upon the mind and heart, by the meeting of a well regulated and harmonious Lodge of Brothers, is not to be overlooked. If candidates are to be initiated, or advanced, the solemnities of the service will exert a good influence upon every serious mind. And then, if there is no work to be done, the lessons of the Lodge cannot fail to awaken thoughts and feelings of a noble and generous character, and inspire a generous mind with a renewed interest in the welfare and happiness, not only of the Brotherhood, but of the human race, and make it feel more deeply for the race—to excite a general sympathy for our kind, and make the members more active for their relief and improvement.

ODD-FELLOWS' CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.—Extensive arrangements have been made for the dedication of the new and commodious Hall, recently completed by our brethren in New York City, which is arranged to take place on the 4th of June.

The Board of Grand Officers of our State have made arrangements with the railroad companies, by which the members of the Order with their families, may go to New York, via Fall River, Stonington, and Norwich, on the first and second of June next, to attend the celebration of the dedication of Odd-Fellows' Hall on the 4th; and return on or before the 9th. Price of tickets, to and from New York, \$5, provided five hundred are sold. The Board do not wish to take upon themselves the responsibility of guaranteeing that this number will

be sold, (although they confidently expect a much larger number,) but recommend that the different Lodges send the names of the members who will attend, together with the money for the tickets, to the Grand Secretary, who will deliver them on the 25th inst., provided five hundred are sold, or return the money. It is necessary that notice should be given on or previous to that time, in order that the different railroad companies may make arrangements for our accommodation. This should be borne in mind by those of our brethren who may desire to attend.—[Yankee Blade.

THE WAY TO KEEP UP AN INTEREST IN LODGE MEETINGS.—The experiment has been tried in several Lodges in this vicinity, with complete success, to keep an interest in the weekly meetings, when the usual business of the Order was unimportant, and readily disposed of. It is this: to introduce suitable subjects for discussion, something after the manner of Lyceum and Debating Societies. In these discussions, almost every member will have something to say, and thus confidence will be inspired, native talent elicited, and intellectual and moral worth be secured. We believe that the association of Odd-Fellowship may and will be instrumental in promoting an elevation of character superior to any other institution extant. The Order is still in its infancy, and has not yet developed one half of its resources in aid of humanitarian principles or enlightened progress. One of the means to attain this great object, and certainly one of the most feasible to extend the limits of the Order, is an introduction to all the Lodges of social discussions after the manner alluded to. We think it would be well, after having disposed of all necessary business, to doff the peculiar characteristics of Odd-Fellowship, and extend general invitations to the neighborhood of the Lodges to attend and listen to the debates therein conducted. This course would have a tendency to dissipate many of the foolish prejudices which exist against Odd-Fellowship, and to attract the respectful regards of many worthy young men, who might thereby be induced to become members and ornaments to our glorious institution. The subject to which we have thus briefly alluded, is one of importance; and we trust it will be duly considered by the brothers, and our suggestions be received, as they are honestly intended, "for the good of the Order."—[Boston Odd-Fellow.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON, PARIS.—An immense circular crypt has been dug beneath the dome; within which, on three shafts of green marble, a sarcophagus containing the emperor's coffin will repose. A block of porphyry is destined to cover the sarcophagus. A lower gallery, paved in mosaics, and lined with marble bas-reliefs, representing the principal events in the emperor's life, will admit the public to circulate about the sarcophagus. Twelve colossal statues, in white marble, of which six are already placed, will sustain an upper gallery, whence it may be looked down on and its details examined from above. These allegorical statues represent the principal branches of human activity, science, legislation, war, arts, &c. An altar of black marble, veined with white, rises in front of the tomb. Four large columns, also of black and white marble, support the canopy of carved and gilt wood. Ten steps, each cut from a single block of Carrara marble, lead up to the funeral altar. Beneath this altar is the passage to the lower gallery above spoken of, whose entrance is guarded on either side by the tombs, in black marble, of Bertrand and Duroc, dead marshals keeping wait at the door of the imperial dead. The marbles employed in the construction of this tomb cost not less than £80,000 in the rough; the sculptures, and bas-reliefs, executed by Simart, cost £24,000. The extraction and carriage to Paris of the block of porphyry, for the covering of the sarcophagus, cost £5,600.

Good Humor.—Good humor is the clear, blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in the landscape—harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark; or, like a flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the concord with its soft melody.

Japan contains 30 to 35,000,000 of highly civilized people; Corea has 20,000,000; Cochin China 30,000,000; and Siam, 20,000,000; making in the whole 100,000,000 of highly civilized people, with whom Great Britain has no trade whatever, excepting a slight coasting trade to Siam.

Domestic and Foreign Miscellany.

CALIFORNIA SCENES.

We are under obligations to Col. Doniphan for the following extract from a letter, addressed to him by Peter H. Burnett, Esq.:

BUTTER'S FORT, Upper California, Feb. 2, 1849.

COL. A. W. DONIPHAN: I am here at this point, having been attracted hither by the unlimited gold region of California. Men are here nearly crazy with the riches forced suddenly into their pockets. I have had some opportunity, in the course of my life, to study human nature; but the school here is upon a grander scale than you or I ever saw before. Perhaps a few anecdotes may illustrate the state of things, and afford you some amusement. An honest, close-fisted shoemaker, by the name of Spee, came from Oregon to California about a year ago. After the gold was discovered he went into the mines, and was soon making his hundred dollars a day. A quizzical, shrewd fellow from Philadelphia met him one day.

"Well, Mr. Spee, how do you get along?"

"First rate, sir. I would not be a Member of Congress with his eight dollars a day, nor the President of the United States. I can make more money than they."

"Well, Mr. Spee, I suppose you will make no more shoes."

Our shoemaker thought himself insulted, and indignantly replied: "No, not I. Let those make shoes who will, I make no more."

He is now a merchant, and deals in goods, wares and merchandise.

I was here during the Christmas holidays, and saw great numbers of young men who had never worn a cloth coat before, with at least \$1000 worth of finery upon them. They were almost loaded down with trinkets. I saw one fellow dressed in a splendid suit of black, over which he wore a superb black cloth cloak; and instead of drawing his cloak around him to shelter him from the cold wind then blowing, he was careful to let it be unfurled, like a flag, to the passing breeze, that he might catch the admiring gaze of the passers-by. Another gay fellow, dressed equally as well, save the cloak, was strutting up and down before the door of a large tavern. In his right hand he held a large bell, and at short intervals he would stop and tingle his bell, as much as to say: "Look here! this is me." Another dandy went into a store and took out a fine silk handkerchief and commenced wiping the mud off his boots.

The merchant said: "You will spoil your handkerchief, sir."

"Oh, that's no difference, I have another. I wipe my boots with one and my nose with the other."

Some time during the last autumn a young man was at work in the mines, who had his heart set upon marriage. Whether he had courted the fair one, and she had refused his offer, or whether he had always considered himself too poor to take upon himself the support of a family, I do not know. At all events he had one day rolled aside, by means of levers and props, a large stone, under which there was a deposit of several hundred dollars of pure gold, in small pieces, the size of flax seed. The moment he cast his eye upon the shining treasure, he threw himself flat upon his back, in an ecstasy, among the rocks, clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and exclaimed, "A married man, by gosh!" Colonel, you have been through Mexico, and elsewhere, but you never saw anything like the state of affairs here. The accounts you have seen of the gold region are not over-colored. About \$25 per day is the amount of the produce of one hand. I was in the mine forty days, and was careful to make an accurate estimate. *The gold is positively inexhaustible!* One hundred millions will be taken out annually in the course of two years. Town lots at San Francisco are worth \$10,000 for the best, and no title at that. —[Liberty, Mo., Tribune.]

NEWSPAPERS IN PARIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New-York Courier and Enquirer gives the following account of them:

In one respect, Paris remains unchanged, and it is to be feared unchangeable. Far down beneath its gay surface lies a mass black with ignorance, sweltering with fanaticism, and festering with vice, ready at any favorable moment to leave one mighty throng, and shiver society into its original elements. It would be a great mistake to suppose that anarchy, after its late terrible but abortive effort, collapsed into nothingness. It still exists, contracted somewhat in material extent, but venomous with

yet intenser malignity. The Socialists still continue to propagate their doctrines, by means of the press and associations. Most of the papers that, like poisonous fungi produced in a night of darkness and tempest, sprung out of the bosom of the revolution, have disappeared; three, of sturdier growth, yet remain, *La République, La République Démocratique et Sociale*, and *La Peuple*. The first of these was founded the very day of the revolution, by the notorious Thore. It is conducted with little talent, and without system or guiding idea. It is a kind of Socialist omnibus, the vehicle of every atrocious and vile thing that crazed heads or rotten hearts can generate.

The second was established by Ledru Rollin, and is the recognized organ of the Montagne. Its editorial management displays a certain degree of talent, but its inspiration is rage, and its dialects execrations. It is wroth because Charles X and Louis Philippe were not guillotined; eulogizes St. Just and Robespierre as the disciples of truth and the champions of humanity; and compares the murderers of General Brea, in the presence of their judges, to Christ arraigned in his heavenly innocence before the wicked Pontius Pilate. *La Peuple* is much the most originally and ably edited paper of the three. Its presiding genius is the celebrated Proudhon. It deals little with cant or maudlin sentiment; it is stark mad, but there is method in its madness; its premises may be impudent or specious assumptions, but oft-times it reasons from them with tremendous force. Its language is condensed, trenchant, and not seldom full of terrible energy. I have uniformly noticed that in reading rooms and restaurants no paper is more in quest than *La Peuple*. This, of course, does not arise so much from the popularity as from the singularity of its doctrines, and the vigor with which it maintains them. It is at war with all the other Socialist sheets. Though it preaches that God is a fiction, and that Popery is theft, it styles Fourierism the greatest mystification of the age, and unsparingly derides the newly-fangled doctrines respecting "woman's rights." Scarcely a week passes that an edition of *La Peuple* is not seized by the civil authorities, on account of its violence; and Proudhon himself, though a member of the National Assembly, is now under penal prosecution for sedition, in recklessly assailing, through its columns, the character and motives of the President.

All these papers are published daily, and their extremely low price—respectively 18, 16, and 24 francs per annum—gives them a very extensive circulation. The *Démocratique Pacifique*, the only really Communist paper that existed before the revolution, ought not to be classed in the same category with the sheets above mentioned. It is the advocate of Fourierite doctrines, but it is contemplative in its cast, moderate in its tone, and at least semi-Christian in its character. Its editor, Victor Considerant, representative of the people, is a scholar and a gentleman, and is respected for his private worth wherever he is known. He was formerly an officer in the army, but his reflections having satisfied him that society is founded on a wrong basis, he relinquished his profession and devoted himself to the cause of social re-organization. He writes forcibly, and his ideas, erroneous as they doubtless are, bear the mark of having originated in a thoughtful and truthful-seeking spirit. The two old republican papers, *Le National* and *La Reforme*, and especially the latter, though far from being avowedly Socialist, coquette just enough of Socialism to propitiate its favor, and, when occasion demands, secure its co-operation.

LAST MOMENTS.—The manner in which remarkable persons have met the great enemy of mankind, would form a curious history. To contemplate the different moods and tempers with which frivolity and philosophy have met the king of terrors—whether the one has displayed great weakness, or the other sustained itself in the hour of its great change—to ascertain whether the bold recklessness of the profligate, who has through life scoffed at the dangers and perils of death, has accompanied his last moments—or whether the equanimity with which the good man has contemplated the change, while health seemed to place it at a distance, has deserted him in the hour of trial—would be a curious speculation, and form a great moral lesson to mankind.

Gallani, when dying, said: "The dead has sent me a card of invitation." Wood died clasping in his hand the papers of the *Antenæ Oxoniensis*. Here was the ruling passion strong in death. A Dane, condemned to death, thus addressed his executioner: "Be quick in cutting off my head, for we have often debated at Tomsburg whether any sense is retained after the head is off. I will grasp the knife in my hand; if, after my head is off, I strike it toward you, it will show that I have not

lost all sense; if I let it drop, it will prove the contrary. Make haste, therefore, and end the dispute." George Leith, a Marshal of Scotland, when dying abroad, sent for Mr. Elliott, the British Envoy. "I have sent for you," said he with his usual gaiety, "because I think it pleasant enough that the minister of King George should receive the last breath of an old Jacobite. Besides, you may have some commissions to give me to Lord Chatham; and, as I lay my account for seeing him to-morrow or the day after, I will carry your dispatches with pleasure." James Butler, second Duke of Ormond—famed for his extraordinary politeness, and who died in Madrid, in 1795—when he was in the agony of death, fearing that the expression of his countenance in his pain might shock the friends standing by his bedside, said, as his last words: "Messieurs, j'espère que vous excuserez la grimace." ("Gentlemen, I hope that you will excuse the grimace.") Haller died feeling his own pulse, and when he found it almost gone, said to his physician: "My friend, the artery ceases to beat." Lord Cobham, (of whom Pope says his last words were, "Save my country, heaven!") not being able to carry a glass of jelly to his mouth, was in such a passion at feeling his own weakness, that he threw jelly and glass into Lady C's face, and expired.

There is a great difference between the power of giving good advice and the ability to act upon it. Theoretical wisdom is, perhaps, rarely associated with practical wisdom; and we often find that men of no talent whatever contrive to pass through life with credit and propriety, under the guidance of a kind of instinct. These are the persons who seem to stumble by mere good luck upon the philosopher's stone. In the commerce of life every thing they touch seems to turn into gold.

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word. It is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it, and hate it in silence.

Scientific and Useful.

A SINGULAR PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT.—The transference of vitality which appears to take place when young persons are habitually placed in contact with the aged, is not a nursery fiction. It is well attested by very competent authorities. "A not uncommon cause," observes Dr. James Copeland, "of depressed vital power, is the young sleeping with the aged. This fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and is well known to every unprejudiced observer. I have on several occasions met with the counterpart of the following case: 'I was, a few years ago, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about four or five years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength and of the energy of the functions; what his mother very aptly termed a gradual blight. After inquiry into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a very robust and plethoric child, up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterward lost his good looks; and that he continued to decline progressively ever since, notwithstanding medical treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from the aged parent, and prescribed gentle tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. But it is not in children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females married to very old men suffer in a similar manner, although seldom to so great an extent; and instances have come to my knowledge where they have suspected the cause of this debilitated state. These facts are often well known to the aged themselves, who consider the indulgence favorable to longevity, and thereby illustrate the selfishness which, in some persons, increases with their years.' Every medical practitioner is well aware of the fact, and parents are generally advised not to allow their infants to sleep with aged persons."

COLORLESS INK.—While in the formation of an inkstand so much beauty is sometimes displayed, both in the form and the material, it is vexing to see, when it is put to its destined use, how soon it is soiled by the black liquid, and disfigured by the accumulation of dregs of dried ink. By saturating paper with one of the principal components of ink, and writing with the other, this is avoided. The inkstand then contains only a colorless fluid, and its beauty is, consequently, not injured; and if by any accident it is spilled, no material injury is done either to dress or furniture. This suggestion is made by a correspondent.

Varities.

CAUTION.

THE Publishers of the "Gazette and Rule" beg leave to caution publishers, tradesmen and others, against the depredations of persons representing themselves as being connected with this paper. No person is allowed to receipt for advertisements or for business notices except at the publication office; nor will any notice or advertisement appear in the paper unless an arrangement is made at the office, or with the publishers personally.

CRAMPTON & CLARK.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.—

Under this title, an article appeared in the Gazette and Rule of April 14, censuring Prof. Tayler Lewis, and imputing to him the doctrine that filial disobedience ought, by our laws, to be punished with death. The language of Professor Lewis, upon which these strictures were based, he states to the publishers, was never used by him, nor indeed anything that should subject him to the imputation such an avowal would call forth. The effect and general bearing of the comments upon the language of Professor Lewis did not at the time meet the eye of the publishers, or they most certainly would have excluded them from their columns. The article has been copied by various papers, and we trust that Professor Lewis' disavowal will be accorded an equal circulation.

BROADWAY THEATER.—The gorgeous spectacle, in which Mr. Lester, Mr. Dyott, Fanny Wallack, and Mrs. Abbot appear, still continues to attract good houses at this place.

BURTON'S THEATER.—The novelties at this place are so varied, and succeed each other so rapidly, that we find it difficult to take note of them. It is enough to say that Burton, Brougham and Miss Chapman are always there.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Mr. Barnum, and his manager, Mr. Greenwood, have always something entertaining on the carpet, in the way of comedy, besides innumerable and indescribable curiosities, which are permanent fixtures, to say nothing of that Goliath of a pig!

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL HOTEL IN NEW-YORK.—We are pleased to learn that our friend Sanderson, late of the Franklin House, Philadelphia, has taken the new and beautiful Hotel recently erected on the corner of Murray street and College Place. This house is one of the most elegant retreats in the city, and under the management of Mr. Sanderson must become one of our most popular Hotels. Our friends, who have ladies with them, should stop at this place when visiting New-York.

AN IRISHMAN'S VIEWS OF CALIFORNIA.

SACKRYMENTO DIGGINS, Oct. 20th, 1848.

TO TIM FLAHERTY: Arrah thin, Tim, as soon as you read this bit of a note come out at wonst. Rite forenenst me where I sit composing over this letter there's a fortune to be got for the mere sifting. The sands is all goold powther. Och! if you could only see how beautiful it shines in the sun. An' thin the depth of it. It goes clane down to the center ov the world. The mountains, Tim, has vains, and ivvery vain is full of circulatin' majum. Wouldn't you like to bleed them vains, ould boy? We've no horses here, 'cepting mules, and as soon as one ov the boys gets a load he puts it on the back ov the donkey and carries it to the ass sayers. The ass sayers, ye see, is the jintlemen as informs ye whether the goold's the rale stuff or only iron pitaties. You see there's a desavin' kind o' goold they call pitaties. It's an invenshun ov the ould sarpint, and iv yez put it in the fire it vanishes in a thick shmoke, wid an enfarnel smell ov sulfur. Heaven be about us!

It's a fine, healthy rejin, is the Sackrymento. There's no disase 'cept the shakin ager; an' the fits com on first rate whin there's any sifthing to be done. As soon as one o' the boys gets the shake on him

he jist puts the sifther in his flats, and he'll make small fortin before the trimble's off ov him.

We're all rale demmocrats out here, Tim. While I'm writin' ov this letter on the side-ov my hat—bad luck to the crown there's to it—I can see one ov the captins ov the New York melisha, washin' the goold in the Sackrymento, with hardly a rag on him, savin' your presence. Even the mishinaries dig like bogthrotters all the week, and deliver mighty improvin' discourses to the haythen on the unrighteousness of mammon on a Sunday. The Injins is incensed in this way wid the sinfulness of riches, and sells it chape to save their souls.

Remember me to Biddy, the darlin', an' tell her, if she'll put on the jacket and trousers, she can make hapes of money here, for she knows how to use a spade, an' it's easier diggin' goold than cuttin' turf in Kilkenny. But she'd better not be after comin' in her natural duds, for the site ov a petty-coat might breed a 'ruccion in the sittlement.

Intendin' to address you agin shortly, on the state of picayunary affairs in this country,

I remain yer affeckahynit coozen,

TERRENSE MAHONY.

MY FIRST LOVE.

AH! well I remember the day—nay, the hour, I first fell in love. 'Twas not in a bower, Where flowers lay strewn for a carpet to walk on, And stars with a significant luster to talk on Shone bright; nor the moon with its modesty beaming,

To polish our sighs, and assist us in dreaming. No sensitive zephyr that courted seclusion, Nor one friendly shadow to hide our confusion; No gales that came spicy as from the Atlantic, Nor waterfalls rush'd with their cadence romantic; No nightingale's love-song, nor screech-owl to frighten, Nor any one thing Cupid seemed to delight in.

'Twas in a room, with a fire—and a clothes-horse before it, And the steam rose in volumes, you would not have borne it;

I heartily wish'd for a plan to dispense it, But somehow or other, love seem'd to condense it; For seated beside was a girl like a fairy, With large eyes of blue, and the dear name of Mary.

I soon fell in love, though I'd ne'er before seen her,

And swore at the steam that seemed rising to screen her;

I wonder'd how Cupid—that precious young dog—he,

Could manage to aim when the air was so foggy; But soon I discovered that he can, in all weathers, Hit fair—for his arrow sank up to the feathers.

Some time has elapsed since the scene I've narrated

Occurred, and my love's in some measure abated; Yet oft, in the fanciful light of my taper, I see blue-eyed Mary enshrouded in vapor.

PROSPECTUS.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,

Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

Vol. XI, commencing July 7, 1849.

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York.

TERMS.—To Mail Subscribers, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR in advance, invariably. Address

CRAMPTON & CLARK, Publishers,
No 44 Ann-st. New York.

Any paper copying the above prospectus, and calling attention to it editorially, will, on sending a marked paper, be placed on our exchange list.

CRAMPTON & CLARK.

Special Notices.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Agents without objection, are requested to forward their reports immediately, in order that we may credit subscribers promptly and prevent confusion in our accounts. Send the report if only a dollar has been collected.

To subscribers we would again say, do not wait for an agent, but remit direct. Postmasters are allowed to frank your letters to publishers, and are always ready to do so. We prefer remittances direct from subscribers, and hope they will act accordingly.

TRAVELING AGENTS.—We shall be under the necessity of relinquishing the services of all traveling agents who do not make weekly returns. The names of all who do not follow this plan (without which the books of the office cannot be correctly kept) will be stricken from our published list of agents.

Subscribers are hereby notified not to pay money to an agent whose name is not in the paper. To our readers we would again say, do not depend upon agents, but remit to the office of the Gazette and Rule direct.

TO CLUBS.—Any person obtaining the names of five new Subscribers, and sending us Ten Dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis for one year. Upon all subscriptions over five, the person sending the names and money may retain fifty cents as his commission. Payments invariably in advance.

Postmasters are authorized to remit money to Publishers, and all money mailed in presence of the Postmaster, and duly forwarded by him, is at our risk.

In all cases where postage on subscriptions is not paid, it will be deducted from the amount credited to those who send it.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

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WM. H. FAIRCHILD,	PERRY E. TOLES,
SAMUEL H. BARRETT.	L. W. ALDRICH,
HORACE LAMB.	AARON PIERSON.

CHARLES H. HARRISON, who has been acting as our Agent, having made no returns to us, and being, as we are informed, unworthy of such trust, we deem it necessary to caution all against paying him any subscriptions on account of the Gazette and Golden Rule. His former character having been good, we forbear further remarks at this time.

REMITTANCES.—We hope our friends will bear in mind that the approaching celebration will afford great facilities for the settlement of accounts, and that none will fail to remember us, in the form of a remittance, by any brother who may visit New-York.

MARRIAGES.

May 23, in Oneonta, N. Y., by Rev. D. Elliot, Bro. D. J. YAGER, of Butternut Valley Lodge No. 264, and Miss EMOGENE T., daughter of Elisha Shepherd, Esq., all of Oneonta.

In Lawrence, Van Buren county, Mich., on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Bro. J. L. Marvin, Bro. HENRY C. CLAPP, of Pawpaw Lodge No. 18, to Miss RUTH WORDEN, of Lawrence.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANOE. JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO XII.

Then Sab etasche, concerning Julia's dowry,
Outspoke—his moustache curling with emotion;
He said "her fortune was to him no more
Than drops of water added to the ocean!
Indeed, he'd rather, if he had the power,
(And thus to Julia prove his soul's devotion.)
Shower it, Danse-like, in golden rain,
Or scatter it, as farmer's scatter grain!"

Our Cornet's protestations must be received with a grain of allowance—indeed, we do not think there was a grain of truth in them. Of this fact, however, we are certain—that GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP will positively make the darkest skin as white as alabaster; it will also remove Freckles, Pimples, Ringworm, Sallowness, Redness or Roughness. GOURAUD'S POUDES SUBTILES have acquired an astonishing celebrity for their powers in eradicating superfluous human hair. GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE imparts the most delightful rosiness to pale cheeks or lips.

Take particular notice that Dr. FELIX GOURAUD'S renowned preparations can only be obtained genuine at his Depot, 67 Walker-st., first door FROM Broadway.

I. O. O. F. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of New-York:

ODD-FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK,
March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

O. F. DIRECTORY.

O. F. Hall, Grand, c. Center.	National Hall.
Antiques Room, 3d story.	87 Fidelity.....Th
349 Emporium.....Mo	13 Germania*.....Fr
47 Mercantile.....Tu	598 Broadway.....Fr
339 Solon.....Wed	17 Pershing.....Wed
360 Debuter.....Th	295 Hospitaler.....Fri
146 Diamond.....Fri	315 Crystal.....Th
Corinthian Room, 3d story	383 Island City.....Tu
14 Teutonia*.....Mo	151 City.....Mo
36 Enterprise.....Tu	71 Division-st.....Mo
24 Ark.....Wed	57 Mutual.....Mo
68 Oriental.....Th	62 United Brothers*.....Tu
314 Tradesman.....Fri	119 Continental.....W'd
1 New York Degree.....Sat	73 Mt. Vernon.....Fr
Egyptian Room, 3d story.	6 Clinton Degree.....Sa
61 Empire.....Mo	132 Bowery.....
11 Gettys.....Tu	178 Oregon.....Me
60 Howard.....Wed	165 Hermitage.....Tu
23 Knickerbocker.....Th	168 Independence.....W'd
20 Manhattan.....Fri	187 Bowery.....
Elizabethan Room, 3d story.	31 Covenant.....Th
107 Himman.....Mo	348 Northern Light.....Tu
67 Commercial.....Tu	Cor. Hudson and Charles.....
355 Constellation.....Wed	84 Chelsea.....Mo
1 Columbia.....Th	210 Siloam.....Tu
238 Beacon.....Fri	193 Bowery.....
Gothic Room, 4th story.	15 Fountain City.....Wed
30 National.....Mo	78 Croton.....Tu
340 Polar Star.....Tu	183 Alleghany.....Th
10 New York.....Wed	327 Bowery.....
29 Hancock.....Th	46 Jefferson.....Tu
Doric Room, 4th story.	238 Acorn.....W'd
4 Stranger's Refuge.....Mon	253 Amaranthus.....
12 Washington.....Tu	Cor. Broome and Forsyth.....
34 Marion.....Wed	82 German Oak.....W'd
33 Metropolitan.....Th	129 Schiller.....Tu
5 United Brother's Deg*.....Fr	341 Venus.....Mo
Paisian (Camp) Room, 4th story.	251 Warren.....Th
2 Mt. Hebron Enclpt. 24 Fr	37 Mamre, Enclpt. 13 Fr
3 Mt. Sinai.....13 Fr	Cor. Heister and Bowery.....
6 Moaic.....13 Mo	243 Pilgrim.....Mo
9 Palestine.....24 Sa	337 Globe.....W'd
12 Mt. Horeb.....13 Th	321 Ocean.....Th
18 Damascus.....13 W	61 Mt. Moriah, Enclpt. 24 Fr
19 Lebanon.....13 W	Cor. Clinton, Cor. Grand.....
35 Egyptian.....13 Tu	44 Harmony.....Th
45 Manion.....24 Th	Avenue C and Third-st.....
63 Macedonia.....24 Mo	113 Mechanics.....Mo
Clinton Hall.	334 Eckford.....W'd
278 Orion.....Mo	351 Corinthian.....Tu
150 Merchants.....W'd	2 Manhattan Deg.....Th
235 Templar.....Th	10 Mt. Olivet, Enclpt. 24 Fr
125 Excelsior.....Fr	Cor. Hudson and Grove.....
35 Canal-st.....	9 Tompkins.....Tu
23 Mariners'.....Mo	42 Meridian.....Wed
43 La Concorde.....Tu	58 Grovie.....Th
256 United Friends.....Fr	23 Jerusalem Enclpt. 24 Fr
41 Samaria Enclpt. 13 Sa	24 Judson Deg.....Sat
31 Mt. Zion.....13 Fr	Cor. 8th Av. and 29th-st.....
411 Broadway.....	182 Blooming Grove.....Th
177 Eureka.....Tu	328 Fitzray.....W'd
31 Olive Branch.....W'd	Cor. 8th Av. and 23d-st.....
137 Cohota.....Th	40 Greenwhich.....Mo
233 Sincerity.....Fr	364 St. Nicholas.....Wed
* German.	† French.

EMMA'S RAVEN TRESSES.

"Bait, hook and hair are used by angle fish—
Emma's bright hair alone is bait, hook and line."
I knew her when her hair was coarse, and intermixed with
gray;

But by some magic influence 'twas changed within a day
To color dark and texture soft, and I've a slight suspicion
The talsman fair Emma used was BOLE'S HYPERION.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D.
Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273
Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and
Manufacturer, Wm. Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and
of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States
and Canada.

REGALIA FOR SALE.

THE property of a WIDOW—WILL BE SOLD
CASH. Apply at 93 William-st. up stairs. 25613*

SANDERSON'S COLLEGE HOTEL,
28 MURRAY STREET, NEW-YORK.—This
new and beautiful miniature Hotel, expressly adapted
for the accommodation of families, situated in Murray street
within a hundred yards of Broadway, in the College Grounds,
and furnished in the most costly and elegant style, with all
the modern improvements, (hot and cold Baths, Water Clos-
ets, &c. &c. on every floor), is now ready for the reception of
Visitors May 20, 1849. 31*256

REGALIA.

M. I. DRUMMOND, Regalia Manufacturer,
331 Grand st., has on hand the most splendid assort-
ment of Regalia for the Celebration, consisting P. C. P.,
Rich for \$11.00. Splendid Embroidered do., from \$15 to \$35.
Royal Purple Members, Silk Velvet, Heavy Gold Fringes,
\$10.50. Rich Embroidered do., from \$15 to \$35. P. G. Silk
velvet, gold or silver fringes, from \$10 to \$30. Scarlet Mem-
bers Satin dress regalia, from \$3.00. Splendid Embroidered
do., Heavy Silver Fringe, from \$10 to \$15. Masonic, Druids,
S. of T. Regalia.

Official Lodge and Camp Regalia, robes, Costumes, Tents,
Grooks, Jewels, and Embroidering in Gold or Silver Silks
neatly and promptly executed at the lowest prices. 51362

BARNES & DENNEY,

MANUFACTURERS of Patent Roman Ce-
mented Fire and Thief Proof Chests, at No. 3 Broad-
street, running from Arch to Race, between Second and
Third-streets, Philadelphia, where they have always on
hand a large assortment, furnished with Locks that cannot be
picked, and Patent Eucetheous which secure them against
being blown open with Powder. They are made of wrought
iron, as cheap and good as any in the United States.

N. B. All kinds of Iron Doors manufactured according to
orders, with top and bottom bolts.

W. DENNEY. (321:1) J. BARNES

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Law Committee of the G. L. with dispatch at this Office.

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MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-
YORK.—Patters Hats made in the best style; and all
orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will
be executed with promptness. 3m264

NEW CLOTH STORE.

THE subscribers have recently taken the store
No. 104 William st. near John, where they offer to
Merchants Tailors, Clothiers, and the trade generally, a care-
fully selected stock of

Fine and Superfine French Cloths,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,
Plain Black, and Fancy Cassimeres,
Tweeds, Jeans, Satinets and Vestings,
Silk and Alpaca Serges,
Silesias, Wigans, Canvas,
Italian Sewings, Buttons, &c.

Also, a general assortment of goods adapted to men's wear,
for the city and country trade. Wm. P. COOK & CO.
253:1f No. 104 William-st.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.

To the I. O. O. F. and the public in general.
The subscriber, J. I. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st.,
below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the
attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general
assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Briannia and
Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as
can be had in the City.

J. I. CRISWELL'S,
No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth.
North side, Philadelphia.

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and
63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a
large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at
the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to
any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without
charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES,
who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their in-
terest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m248

PROF. BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, OR MEDICATED

COMPOUND,

FOR RESTORING, PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFY-
ING HAIR, ERADICATING SCUFF AND DAN-
DRUFF, AND CURING DISEASES OF THE
SKIN, GLANDS, AND MUSCLES, CUTS,
STINGS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, &c. &c.

IN order to convince the public of the efficacy
of any curative preparation, in the thinking and reflective
age, it is necessary to explain the philosophy of its operation.
The process by which Professor Barry's Tricopherous pro-
duces such extraordinary results, cannot be understood with-
out a brief notice of the structure and uses of the delicate
substances to which it is applied, and in the condition of
which it accomplishes the most salutary changes. The con-
nexion between the hair and the skin is so close, that the one
may be almost deemed a continuation of the other, and hence
whatever renovates, restores, and nourishes the hair, must of
necessity have a healthful influence upon the sensitive mem-
brane in which its roots are fixed.

The skin, that wonderful envelop in which the sense of
touch resides, consists of three layers; the EPIDERMIS or cuti-
cle, a semi-opaque, or almost insensible film; the RETE MU-
COSUM, which is a spongy membrane reticulated with nerves
and blood-vessels, and forms a sort of shield to the exquisitely
delicate TRUE SKIN; and the true skin itself, which consti-
tutes the third layer of the triple envelop. In this tough,
flexible and elastic integument, are located the nerves, blood-
vessels, &c., which supply sustenance to the hair, and in the
derangement of which diseases of the skin originate. The
vessels of the true skin supply the sacs containing the roots
of the hair with the moisture which sustains the fibres, and
the same causes which affect the health of the hair, also af-
fect the health of the skin. This is self-evident to the casual
observer, as well as susceptible of demonstration by the an-
atomist and physiologist; for in all cutaneous diseases, the
hair becomes dry and harsh, and falls out in such quantities
as sometimes to render the patient partially or entirely bald.
Wounds, burns, &c., on the skin of the head, also produce
baldness on the portions of the scalp where the injury has
been inflicted, thus proving the close affinity and sympathy
between the organism of the skin and the hair.

The wonderful restorative and remedial properties of Pre-
fessor Barry's Tricopherous, are based upon this hypothesis,
or rather this fact. It acts through the skin upon the hair,
stimulating the inert vessels, opening the pores, imparting ac-
tivity to the circulation, awakening from their lethargy all the
vegetative functions which give life, vigor, and beauty to the
fibres, extirpating every particle of scurf and dandruff, and
soon clothing even the bald or half denuded head with a thick,
glossy, silky, and elastic covering.

But this is only ONE of the uses of Professor Barry's Tri-
copherous. The same properties which restore vital and
vegetative power the skin of the head are equally beneficial
in all cutaneous diseases, or superficial injuries. For cuts,
burns, bites of insects, sprains, erysipelas, blotches, pimples,
scabies, ring-worm, rashes, scrofula, prickly heat, chilblains,
chapped hands, rheumatism, burns, scalds, bruises, redness of
the skin, and in short all the troublesome and painful external
diseases and injuries which are so common in families, and
which NOTHING BUT EXTERNAL REMEDIES CAN REMOVE, the
Tricopherous will be found a speedy, safe, and unfailing cure.
By virtue of its double claim as a renovator and beautifier of
nature's choicest ornament, and a potent and invaluable reme-
dial agent, it is entitled to a place on every toilet, and in every
medicine chest.

Sold in large bottles, price 25 cents, at the principal office,
139 Broadway, and by druggists and perfumers generally
throughout the United States and Canada. 256

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part
as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia,
109 Race street; New-York, 265 Greenwich-street; and Bos-
ton, 198 Tremont-street;—and by 30,000 Agencies in North
and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents
whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at
the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Of-
fices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine
with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagree-
able consequences; and in no case should it be purchased
from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 340



IN QUART BOTTLES,
For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STURBORN ULCERS, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, SALT RHEUM, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time
in bringing this preparation of Sarsaparilla to its pre-
sent state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years
has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in
their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended,
and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who
wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and
satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable prop-
erty it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle
has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present im-
proved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest me-
dine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may
be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as land-
marks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the
haven of health; and what it has already done for the thou-
sands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions
still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleans-
es, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses
new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known
as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to
all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experi-
enced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sar-
saparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the
numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you
continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness
of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled
with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, to-
gether with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart,
often gave me much annoyance. After trying various reme-
dies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Be-
fore I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this
disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its
continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confi-
dently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner,
and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under
a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sar-
saparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to
health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly,
JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just re-
ceived an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent,
Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prus-
sia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of
which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Horn Journal.
"U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I
wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for
the use of his Royal Highness Prince Walldimir of Prussia, to
this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he
should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by
first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the
Prince, and sent with it. Your obedient servant,

"THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.
South Kingston, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—
Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was at-
tacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after
extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one
of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two
physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to
give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of
them remarked to me that he had known of some striking
cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try
it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and
before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is
now over four years since she was cured, and there has been
no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it
is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can
recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROBINSON.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. &
D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of
William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout
the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 346

H. RICHARDSON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
No. 90 FULTON-STREET,
New-York.

Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his
care in the first style of the Art, combined with
moderation in charges and punctuality in de-
livery. 347

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, GRAND-STREET,
CORNER of Centur-st.—BROTHERS PERKINS,
 grateful for the very liberal patronage already extended to them, and which has exceeded their most sanguine anticipations, beg leave to say that their

PRIVATE SUPPER ROOMS
 for the reception of Ladies accompanied by Gentlemen, are now, for the first time complete.

They are confident of their ability to please the most fastidious, gentlemen of competent experience and taste in such matters having assured them that their saloon is not excelled in London or Paris for convenience, for extent, for

for the perfection of its cuisine, and for its prompt and polite attendance. Its **L A R D E R**

has always every edible of the New York markets; and in addition, almost daily contributions of luxuries, by all the steamers, from the tropical regions and from Europe. Their

VINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
 selected here or procured directly by importation; and their charges will be found as reasonable as any restaurant of its character in this city or elsewhere. 255tf

J. C. BOOTH & CO., 21 Cortlandt-st., Whole-
 sale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing and Gentlemen's furnishing articles. Garments made in the best style at shortest notice. Shirts, Stocks, Cravats, &c. &c., always on hand. 254-1y

INDIA RUBBER GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.
 No. 19 Nassau-street,

THE UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY
 have on hand, and are now offering to the Trade, a large and very complete assortment of **GOODYEAR'S PATENT METALLIC RUBBER GOODS,** mostly of their own manufacture, and warranted of the best make, and to stand all climates, consisting in part of

Cases of Coats, Cloaks, Capes and Pants.—assorted.
 " Carriage and all other Cloths, do.
 " Mexican Ponchos, an excellent article.
 " Military and Navy Goods, all kinds.
 " Beds, Pillows, Life Preservers and Cushions.
 " Wading Pants, Leggings, and Baptismal Pants.
 " Souwesters, Caps and Storm Hats, assorted.
 " Tents, Tent Carpets, Tarpaulins, &c.
 " Haversacks, Canteens and Drinking Cups.
 " Hoes of all kinds, assorted.
 " Water Tanks, Fire Buckets, &c.
 " Camp Blankets and Pianosforte Covers.
 " Breast Pumps, Syringes, and Injection Tubes.
 " Sheet Rubber, all kinds.
 " Saddle, Traveling and Packing Bags.

All of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants, California Emigrants, and persons engaged in foreign trade, will find as above a great variety of goods they need or can sell to advantage.

All orders for Goods to be manufactured, should be accompanied with drawings and full descriptions. 250tf

DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.,
LAMP MANUFACTURERS, Washington
 Stores, (No. 139 William-st.) and 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn. Having a large and well organized manufactory, are now prepared to fulfill orders for their manufactures at short notice, which will be warranted of the best quality, and sold as low as any in the market. In their stock will be found **GILT and BRONZED CHANDELIERS,** from two to eight lights, with and without prisms for burning Oil or Camphene.

TABLE LAMPS, Gilt and Bronzed, for Oil or Camphene, of more than one hundred different patterns.

FRENCH MECHANICAL OR CARCEL LAMPS. A fine assortment, and Globes, wicks and Chimnies to fit.

Also—A great variety of Suspending Lamps, Bracket Lamps, Side Lamps, Study Lamps, Candelabra, Girandoles, Hall Lanterns, China Vases, Mantel Ornaments, Porcelain Shades and Globes.

Also—A full assortment of Paper Shades, Glass Shades, Globes, Wicks, Chimnies, and other articles appertaining to their business; pure Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Camphene and Spirit Gas.

They are also now manufacturing Drummond's Patent Candle-maker, an article of great utility for the Southern and Western States, being a Candle-stick which forms the candle, wick and ready for use.

N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled. Address **DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.,**
 No. 139 William-st. N. Y.,
 and No. 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn. 254tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.
JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1, Cortlandt-street,
 Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom and Fowler's celebrated premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 249tf

ORDER OF PHILOZATHEANS.
THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. ____.

Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth. Date, _____ (Signed), _____

Applications for charters, (enclosing charter fee of \$10) or letters for information, should be directed, (postpaid) to Miss **EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S., 101 Forsyth-st.**

New-York Association No. 1 meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 345 Broome-st. 243tf

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATSON, No. 198 Market, 1st door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to suit again, will find to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 17800

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER,
NO. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers of every variety of **STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,** on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is selected with great care. **ONLY ONE PRICE.** Your patronage is very respectfully solicited. **F. HITCHCOCK, (218-1f) E. H. LEADBEATER.**

I. O. of O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below
 Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Ribbons for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235tf

E. COMBS—268 GRAND-STREET.
LODGE AND ENCAMPMENT JEWELS, constantly on hand and for sale cheap, by **3m946 E. COMBS, 268 Grand-street.**

REGALIA AND JEWELS
MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS,
 268 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.
 Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 228:tf

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,
NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK,
 supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

REGALIA IN READING, PA.
THE Subscriber has constantly on hand, and
 makes to order at short notice, Regalia of all descriptions for Odd-Fellows, Druids, Sons of Temperance, &c., at as low prices as they can be purchased in the larger cities. N. B. Jewels, Emblems and Books, also furnished.
H. A. LANTZ,
 332:tf 42 West Washington-st., Reading, P.

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.
THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of
 fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thumbless, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$52 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.

G. C. ALLEN,
 Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y233

ORGAN MANUFACTORY.
NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADEL-
 PHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Pariors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stools, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation.

WM. A. CORRIE
 N. B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y233

EMPIRE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwick street,
 between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the undersigned do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.

An assortment of **READY-MADE CLOTHING** constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices.

Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

N. B.—A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at from \$25 to \$30, and at 12 hours' notice, if wanted.

THOMAS WILEY, Jr.,
WILLIAM R. BOWNE.
 (248-1f)

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON,
CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of
 Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

GEORGE W. ZIMMERMAN.
VENITIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER, No.
 61, Arch-st. above Second, has constantly on hand a general assortment, which for finish and workmanship cannot be surpassed, to which he invites the attention of purchasers. N. B. He would call particular attention to his Improved Venitian Blinds adopted for Stores, Offices, &c. 335tf

HAVANA AND PRINCEIP CIGARS.
JAMES SADLER, No. 234 BROADWAY, (3d
 door above American Hotel.)—The attention of my friends and the public is respectfully invited to the above large, spacious and elegant Store, where they will find at all times a splendid and choice stock of genuine Havana and Principe Cigars, of the most celebrated Brands. Also, an extensive assortment of Virginia Cavendish Tobacco of the favorite brands; genuine Turkey Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. The trade supplied on reasonable terms. 32246*

BENJAMIN'S BRASS SPRING TRUSSES,
 Never grow weak, or rust from the moisture or heat of the body. "Once right, always right." Pressure graduated from one to 50 lbs. without a back pad, which does great injury to the spine. Six days' trial given, if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Thompson's Trusses at reduced prices. Also, the best kind of Shoulder Braces and Abdominal Supporters. 13 Beekman-st. N. Y. 24900wtf

OLD DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND, THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE GENUINE TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the **AUTHOR and DISCOVERER** of the **GENUINE ORIGINAL TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.** Being poor, he was compelled to limit his manufacture to such extent as he could keep out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth and knew its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of some disease, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful **HEALING POWER.** This

Grand and Unequalled Preparation
 is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the Art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the **OLD DR. TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA.** The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known, has medicinal properties, many medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process known to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medicinal properties of the root, which give it all its value. The

GENUINE
Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, every thing capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why he has commendations on every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of **CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, and LIVER COMPLAINT, and in RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA and PILES, COSTIVENESS, all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all affections arising from**

Impurity of the Blood.
 It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from indigestion, from Acidity of the Stomach, from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and cold hands, cold limbs and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in coughs and colds; and promotes any expectoration, and gentle perspiration, relaxing structure of the lungs, throat, and every other part. But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.

It works wonders in cases of **fluor albus or whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstruation, irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the Kidney Disease.**

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as **Spinal Irritation, Neuritis, St. Vitus Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.**

It is not possible for this medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it which can ever harm; it can never sour or spoil, and therefore, can never lose its curative properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, always infuses the blood, equalizes the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then,

The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,

because of one **GRAND FACT,** that the one is **INCAPABLE OF DETE-RIORATION** and

Never Spoils,

while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods; Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system? action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, always infuses the blood, equalizes the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then,

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But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,

because of one **GRAND FACT,** that the one is **INCAPABLE OF DETE-RIORATION** and

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"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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WHOLE NO. 257.

Original Poetry.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

BY DR. GEO. F. REEVES BAKER.

SWEET little brook! I come once more,
To look upon thy silver face;
The windings of whose pebbled shore
My early childhood loved to trace,
Till in the far sequester'd vale,
Where rocks a beauteous cascade made,
I drank the mountain breezes hale
In the thick forest's ample shade.

But oh! how chang'd, since youth's fair prime
In budding gladness joyed to greet,
Gay mountain brook! thy mellow chime,
Thy banks the spring then rob'd so sweet.
The rose when the bland summer came
Perfum'd at morn', each passing breeze,
And spread as thou' in glowing flame
To the bright sun its shining leaves.

No vestige now that marks the place
Where twice ten years ago it stood;
And vainly still, I strive to trace
The oaks that crown'd the ancient wood;
All, all are changed, save thee, fair stream!
E'en I am chang'd in all things too,
Since first I hail'd the sunny gleam
That gives thy breast its glossy hue.

But thou art still the same sweet brook,
And still the same thy sparkling breast,
As when the forest eagle shook,
First o'er thy marge his haughty crest—
The brawny hunter cross'd thy banks,
Where panther still'd his startling scream;
From thy low brim the bison drank,
At summer eve, thou lovely stream.

Age after age had seen thee glide,
In all thy pristine beauty drest;
And lightly to thy glassy tide,
The tall green pine its image prest,
The young pappoose that rang'd thy shore
Sprang into manhood, and its strength,
Time spread his locks with whiteness o'er,
And still'd him in the grave at length.

The batt'ling warrior's bow was strung,
The proud of fight were gather'd then,
Till high above the green hills rung
The mingled groans of dying men—
Time moved apace, the city shone
Bright with temple, spire, and tower,
And earth, with prostrate forests strown,
Serenely smil'd upon the hour.

And still perpetual youth, fair stream,
Was thine those changes vast among,
As brightly still each sunny gleam
Is o'er thy dimpling eddies sung.
Years alter not thy childhood's glee,
Of joys are thine an endless train,
And thousands yet of years to be,
Shall listen to thy merry strain.

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA. *

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

Yet the bravo was not rash—he had throughout his life mingled craft with boldness; but his passions suddenly roused, were always for the time ungovernable. In the present case, however, he knew that he had many obstacles to contend against—that Atree would not scruple, as he believed, to destroy him, and that the tory possessed power to thwart, if warned in time, all that might be attempted against his projects. He resolved therefore to lurk around Laurelwood, till the departure of Atree and his company, and then to pursue them, until opportunity should enable him to effect the rescue of his daughter, and deliver her abductor once more into his power.

The hours passed on, and the anxious bravo had seen but two persons pass on the road from Laurelwood, and these he had readily recognized as the English Captain and his attendant, doubtless on their way, according to the preconcerted plan with Atree, to rejoin their troop, and waylay the traveling-party of the tory, for the purpose of arresting Arnoult and his fair companion.

"That's a villainous business, I'll wager," muttered the bravo to himself—"but its nothing to me. I've my own affairs to think of. So let Captain Wemyss run off with the merchant's child—I care not. But—the fiend knows I'd rather my right hand were off, than that River's blood was on it!"

The wretch covered his face with his hands, and rocked to and fro, torn with remorseful thoughts.

Noontime came and went by, and still nought else approached from Laurelwood House. The bravo wondered much at not beholding the departure of Arnoult and his daughter, as was their evident intention the previous night; and he almost fancied that Atree had committed some new crime to detain them; more especially as he well-knew the designs which the tory had at one time entertained in regard to the unfortunate Louise.

But Orrall erred in supposing that ought evil had happened to the tory's guests. It had been their intention, it is true, to depart from Laurelwood at an early hour in the morning; but Robert Atree, who had recovered from the excitement of the night, presented, in company with

Captain Wemyss, his respects to the merchant and his child, and begged the favor of their stay for at least one day at Laurelwood. This he was induced to do from several reasons; the principal of which was his knowledge that the Bravo Orrall now knew the abode of Alice, and would spare no means of obtaining possession of his child. Under these circumstances, he resolved not to leave Laurelwood, save under the escort of Captain Wemyss's troop, which would be sufficient to prevent any overt act of the watchful Orrall, until he should be beyond his reach. With this view, Robert Atree concluded to enter into the designs of the British officer, and co-operate with him in Arnoult's arrest, in order to gain in return his protection in prosecuting his journey with Alice and his slave, from Laurelwood. This it was which had detained the merchant and his daughter at the mansion, and Captain Wemyss had left to rejoin his troop, and make preparations for the treacherous adventure.

Matthew Orrall knew not this, but nevertheless he watched still vigilantly in his ambush. Once only, as the sun began to decline on its western way, the bravo crept from his concealment, and stole cautiously toward the small river which skirted the grounds of Laurelwood, to refresh himself for a moment by a hasty ablution. But still, he kept his sharp glance fixed upon the woody avenue, and listened to every sound that broke the quiet of the summer forest.

Suddenly the man's attentive ears caught the not distant tread of horse's hoofs upon the woodland sward. He shrank cautiously back from the river's brink, and waited till the sounds approached the water, thinking that it was doubtless a detachment of the troop which Wemyss commanded, returning with their commander.

But, when the leaves parted on the opposite bank of the river, and Orrall caught a glimpse of the dozen stalwart horsemen, who reined up to let their steeds drink of the cool stream, he saw at once that they were not the crimson-coated and bedizened soldiers of King George, but motley garbed and rough in appearance as a band of prairie hunters. "Ha!" cried the bravo, as he glanced at the bronzed features of the leader of the party, who rode a stout bay mare—"I shall know that face. I have seen it before, though begrimed then with powder-smoke. 'Tis the Ranger JASPER."

It was indeed the brave Jasper, now once more a ranger in Marion's troop of "Swamp Foxes," who with a sort of a "roving commission," was now abroad upon one of his innumerable expeditions to annoy the British foe. Matthew Orrall, shrunk farther back into the shadow of the woods as he made this discovery, for he cared not to risk a rencontre with the band or a recognition by their redoubtable leader.

* Continued from page 343.

Nevertheless the view he had caught of these, as well as his previous knowledge of the vicinity of British soldiers, satisfied the bravo of the danger he should be in, if surprised by either; inasmuch as a capture, or compulsory detention at the present time, might have the effect of defeating all his wishes, and enabling Atree to succeed in whatever design he contemplated.

"I will use the craft of the rattle-snake," muttered Orrall, as he crept back to the road-side, "in order that I may preserve the venom likewise."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ORRALL'S SCHEMES.

"Thou villain! give me back my child!"

KING JOHN.

THE second morning after his arrival at Laurelwood House, Robert Atree, having made all things ready for his departure, stood upon the balcony with the merchant, Arnoult, and the young Louise, that widowed bride, whose heart's hopes he had withered so fearfully. At their side stood the young Captain Wemyss, busily engaged in paying his *devoirs* to the fair girl, against whom he meditated the worst treachery. Below were drawn up the red-coated troops, which Wemyss commanded for King George the Third, while two or three negroes were securing some trunks upon the footboard of a clumsy traveling carriage. The first rays of the sun gleamed over the tree tops, and from the valleys was wafted up a cloud of early perfume. It was a morning such as the good delight in, but which seldom wakes music in the hearts of the bad.

When the cortege left the great door of Laurelwood House, it was disposed as follows: At the head rode Robert Atree, Captain Wemyss, the merchant Arnoult, and his daughter. Then followed a half dozen troopers, accompanying the carriage, within which were Gottan, Filippa, and the blind girl, Alice. The rest of the troop brought up the rear. And thus passed on the cavalcade through the avenue, where crouched the bravo, Orrall, watching with strained gaze.

All the night he had watched. He had crept up to the balcony, and prowled about the house, listening to every sound. From weakness, weariness, want of rest, the man was well nigh prostrated; yet he lingered and watched, sustained alone by the thirst and hope for revenge.

When the cortege had passed his concealment, Orrall emerged from the hedge, and followed it, as it wound slowly down the avenue. His mind had no settled purpose; but a confused whirl of thoughts crossed his brain, without shadowing forth the means by which he might obtain his double object of revenge, and the recovery of Alice. At times he sprang suddenly forward, as if resolved to spring upon the tory, and strike the slave's stiletto to his heart: and then he would slacken his steps, and strive to mold his chaotic thoughts into some plan of action.

Thus, through the greater portion of the hot day, Matthew Orrall, weak, weary, and half famished, followed the troop in their journey.

It was near the close of another twilight that the cortege reached a point where, according to the opinion of Atree and Captain Wemyss, it was deemed unnecessary that the military escort should be continued; and the merchant Arnoult prepared to thank the Briton for his protection. And it was at this point, likewise, that Wemyss had laid his plans to arrest the merchant and his fair daughter, in the name of the good King George.

Mat Orrall, when he beheld the troop pause, at a spot where diverged two roads, divined easily, with his natural cunning, that the Briton intended to execute the design conceived in Laurelwood Hall. And with this impression on the bravo's mind came the sudden thought that now might be the time for his own action.

"Ay," muttered he, "there will be confusion; a melee, perchance. I will bide my time!"

The sun's rays now were slanting from the western horizon, and another sultry, quiet evening was approaching. The cortege had stopped at the cross-road, and Mat Orrall, watching intently from his position among the trees that skirted the highway, could notice that Captain Wemyss approached the merchant Arnoult, that Atree reined

his horse, and looked against the traveling carriage, and that at the same instant the troopers who had escorted the carriage, closed in between Atree and the merchant, completely hemming in the contemplated victims.

"Wait, Mat Orrall," muttered the bravo to himself, his breath growing short, and his fingers clutching nervously the hilt of his dagger.

Thus Mat watched his enemies, but knew not that another eye was watching his own motions.

There was, about about a dozen yards back from the skirts of the road where the bravo crouched, a high bank, completely concealed and overgrown with the wild parasites of the woods. This bank was cloven by a wide fissure, over which drooped the branches of a knotty tree, depending nearly to the ground, and affording a perfect covert to a horse and his rider, whose figures, motionless as marble, were there wrapped in the deepening shadows.

The steed was of stout proportions; and the rider, clad in a dark costume, appeared of almost colossal size amid the gloom. But, though rigid and statue-like they seemed, the concealed rider and his horse would have been recognized in broad daylight by any one of the red-coated Britons in the road, as the gallant partisan Jasper and his bonny bay mare. It was indeed JASPER, who now, having left his small troop at some distance in the rear, was abroad upon one of those single handed expeditions, which had already made him dreaded by every tory upon the borders. With his trained mare, which seemed almost to have imbibed the brave sergeant's nature, Jasper would venture alone upon the most perilous adventures, reconnoitering the enemy's positions, penetrating their camps, and carrying off prisoners from the very midst of their army.

Jasper had, in watching the course of the cortege, caught a sight of the solitary bravo, as he stealthily pursued it; and he had at once recognized the features of the dark volunteer of Fort Moultrie. With this recognition came the thought of the fate of Captain Rivers; and the indefinable feeling which had before aroused the sergeant's mind, that this man had been connected in some way with the young captain's disappearance.

"I will not lose sight of this villain-face, till I learn more," said Jasper to himself.

And with this determination he had followed in the bravo's trail till the troop paused in the place we have designated; and then, when Orrall concealed himself, Jasper also ensconced himself and his steed in the secure hiding place which we have described, and which had been speedily discovered by one so well versed in woodcraft as the gallant sergeant. From this retreat the partisan now overlooked the motions of both Orrall and the British soldiers in the road.

Captain Wemyss, as we have seen, had approached the merchant Arnoult, and at this moment was speaking to him in a low voice. What he said could be heard neither by Orrall nor Jasper, but it was sufficient to make the merchant start, and suddenly grasp his daughter's bridle.

"Mr. Atree, we are betrayed!" suddenly cried aloud the duped Arnoult.

But Atree, moving not from his position, coolly watched the movements of the Britons.

"No harm is meant," then spoke Captain Wemyss, "but in the king's name I direct you to accompany me."

The merchant had seized the head of his daughter's horse. He now sank his spurs deep into the flanks of his own steed, and the two mettled animals sprang away together, and were some rods in advance of the troop before the British officer could recover his startled faculties.

"Away, men, away!" he shouted, and drawing his sword he dashed after the fugitives.

The whole affair had passed in the space of one moment, and the next the entire troop of soldiers were clattering down the road, in full pursuit.

Sergeant Jasper had readily understood the aspect of affairs, as soon as he beheld the movement of the merchant's hand to his companion's bridle. But so closely had been the flight and pursuit followed, that almost immediately the soldiers disappeared, and nothing remained in the road but Robert Atree, and the occupants of the carriage. A cloud of dust rolled back and enveloped even them.

The fugitives had taken the right of the two roads which diverged at this point, and were almost instantly hidden from view. Atree stooped a moment from his saddle, addressed a few words to Gottan, and then spurring his own horse, set off to gain the bend of the road, in order to obtain a glance at the pursuing soldiers, while the carriage remained stationary, in charge of the negro driver. Thus the females were left for a few minutes alone, as it were, and the watchful bravo did not fail to perceive it. He grasped the stiletto with a firmer clutch, and noiselessly parting the underwood, crept stealthily toward the carriage.

The twilight was now deepening, and from his covert Jasper could scarcely distinguish the figures in the road. He saw, however, that the bravo had left his hiding place. Orrall reached the side of the coach. The negro driver was gazing from his seat in the direction his master had taken, and Gottan was leaning from the opposite side to that which the bravo approached. Suddenly the quadroom Filippa uttered a piercing shriek, and the next moment the carriage door was thrown open, and the blind girl was in the grasp of her father. Alice struggled, and strove to cry out.

But no power on earth could at that moment have wrested his child from the bravo's arms. He dragged her through the narrow doorway, he strained her wildly to his breast; and murmuring "Alice, Alice! I have thee!" that strange man sprang back into the increasing shade.

Filippa's shriek had been borne on the still air to the ears of her master, and Robert Atree, with a sudden pang shooting through his brain, turned his horse's head, and galloped back. At the same moment, too, the partisan Jasper dashed from his concealment into the road, and placing a whistle to his mouth blew several shrill and bird-like notes.

For an instant the clatter of horse's hoofs, the shrill whistle, and the shrieks of Gottan and Filippa mingled wildly together. Then the tory dashed by the carriage in the direction taken by the bravo. A single glance had sufficed to discover the absence of the blind girl, and another had revealed to him the bravo's path, by fragments of Alice's white robe clinging to the underwood, through which her father had dragged her.

Robert Atree dashed into the wood that skirted the road. They were not dense, though bordered with underwood, and the tory found little difficulty in making his way some distance from the road.

In the meantime, Orrall, straining Alice in his arms, rushed through the wood with furious speed, the girl lying fainting upon his neck. He left the road behind, and gained a smooth patch of level sward, beyond which, at the foot of a shelving bank, ran the broad and quiet river. As he neared this spot, a confused sound in the direction he was progressing, arrested his footsteps. He listened anxiously, then crept cautiously forward, and strained his eyes to pierce the darkening haze. The sounds he had heard grew louder; they were shouts and curses, and clatter of horse's feet. Matthew Orrall drew nearer to the shelving bank, whence he could behold the river.

He could distinguish upon the opposite side a number of horsemen, whom, by their red coats, he recognized at once as Wemyss's troop. They seemed to have missed the fugitives, and to be evidently at fault. It was apparent that Arnoult and his daughter, in their flight, had left the road and struck out into the open country, and that at the river their pursuers had lost trail.

The bravo glanced but a moment upon this scene, and then he turned and fearfully looked upon the face of his child. It was ghastly pale and cold as the grave. The blind girl lay like one dead in her father's arms. Mat Orrall stooped and laid her gently upon the sward. Then, plunging down the bank, he scooped some water in the hollow of his hat, and turned again toward his child.

At this moment his gaze was riveted by an agitation of the river's surface, and presently he could distinguish, through the gray mist, the forms of two horses and their riders, stemming the tide. Another glance revealed the figures of Arnoult and his daughter.

"Escaped!" muttered the bravo, as he rushed up the bank toward his daughter.

As he did so, the fugitives gained the shore, and at the same instant they were, it appeared, discovered from the opposite side; for a simultaneous plunge of a dozen horsemen into the river broke the quiet. But Orrall heeded not the sound, save to quicken his steps toward Alice, whom he reached and sprinkled with the cool water. The blind girl drew a deep sigh.

"Alice, Alice, my child! It is your father that speaks!" cried the wretched man.

"Father!" murmured the girl, clinging closely to his neck.

"We must away. They come!" cried Orrall, lifting her once more into his arms, as the sounds of the horses drew nearer.

But, as the bravo resumed his flight, the tramp of hoofs echoed in the path he was taking, and ere he could turn, the tory Atree dashed over the sward.

"Dog! villain!" cried Atree, spurring his horse full upon the bravo.

But Orrall laid his blind child upon the grass, and raising his dagger, leaped forward and seized the tory's rein. For an instant the fierce onset bent back the steed, till it reared aloft. Robert Atree held a pistol in his hand; his finger pressed the trigger; but he fired not. Perchance a thought that the bravo might yet be of service in his schemes, stayed the tory's hand.

The stiletto gleamed over Atree's head, and his arm was seized in the grasp of his foe. The horse reared and sprang aside, and the pistol exploded with a sharp crash. Then Orrall staggered, reeled, and fell upon the sward, with the blood gushing from his mouth. When the smoke cleared away, the tory beheld that new actors were added to the scene.

Climbing up the bank, dripping with water that had saturated their garments, appeared the forms of Arnoult and his daughter. Their steeds heaved and panted, but the riders urged them forward. Behind them, in close pursuit, pressed the red-coated troopers, with Wemyss at their head.

"We are lost—we cannot now escape!" murmured Arnoult, in a despairing voice.

"Courage, father—our horses will yet hold out," answered Louise, hurriedly.

Atree advanced in the path of the fugitives; but not before a loud shout echoed and re-echoed through the dim wood, and a band of stalwart horsemen came crashing through the gloom.

A glare of torchlight suddenly illumined the scene, cast by burning pine-knots in the hands of the new-comers, and immediately a cry ran through the line of red-coated troopers who had crossed the river. "They are Marion's men."

"Marion's men—hurrah! Charge on them, boys," rang the clear voice of Jasper, as, dashing forward, he struck the foremost Briton from his horse. "Make way for the Swamp-Foxes!"

The scene swam before the startled eyes of the young tory. Swords crossed and flashed, pistol-shots rang, and wild shouts arose, ere he could rein his horse from the path. The British troopers, taken completely by surprise, made little resistance, but turning their horses' head, fled precipitately along the river's bank. Arnoult and his daughter, almost terrified at their abrupt deliverance, dismounted, and knelt upon the sward. And over the flying Britons and the rescued whigs, the prostrate bravo and his insensible child, the pine-knot torches threw a sepulchral light.

Robert Atree dismounted also, and led his horse toward the merchant Arnoult—Louise was kneeling beside her father. Suddenly a groan from the throat of Matthew Orrall fell upon their ears. They turned and beheld the wounded man, and Louise Arnoult, rising hastily, approached him, at the instant that Robert Atree drew near to the group.

Orrall lay upon his back, with the blood flowing from a wound in his breast. He opened his eyes as Louise appeared, and recognized her countenance. And as he did so, the wretched bravo shrieked aloud, for his mind, stung to a terrible tension by his over-wrought feelings for the last two days, recalled, by the sight of Louise, the memory of the lost Rivers.

"Ha!" he shrieked, covering his face with his hands, "I killed him—'twas I."

"What says he?" asked Arnoult, anxiously.

"He raves, doubtless," returned the voice of Robert Atree.

"It is a lie," muttered Orrall, opening his eyes, and glaring on the tory. "I slew him. I—I murdered the gallant boy—the boy who saved my life. O, fiend! fiend!"

"It is the villain!" cried Jasper, who now, at the head of his victorious little band, drew rein beside the group. "What does he say?"

Arnoult bent over the apparently dying man.

"Speak!" cried the merchant. "Whom did you murder? Speak! his name."

"Alice! O, God! O, God!" raved the wretch, making a vain effort to rise, and well-nigh choking with the blood that filled his mouth.

"His name—the murdered man! Speak!" cried Arnoult.

"Rivers!" gasped the bravo, and fell back rigid and corpse-like upon the turf.

Louise heard that name, as she listened with beating heart. She heard it, and with a low moan fell into her father's arms. The mystery was cleared—but the golden bowl was broken.

The merchant Arnoult and his daughter, under the escort of Jasper and his small band, pursued their homeward journey. Robert Atree, likewise, having regained possession of his victim the blind girl, parted from the partisan serjeant without having awakened a suspicion of his treachery in the gallant soldier's mind. But when a couple of the Americans, by Jasper's orders, returned to bury the corpse of the bravo, they found it no longer on the green sward. Robert Atree had taken charge of his enemy, and for reasons which future chapters will reveal.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BRAVO AGAIN.

Twice foiled, but yet not vanquished. BUTLER.

MAT ORRALL the bravo was not dead. He awoke from the swoon into which he had fallen, to find himself in a comfortable bed in one of the antique rooms of Laurelwood House. His wound had been dressed and bandaged, and beside the bed on which he lay, sat a withered old black. The wounded man, as he opened his eyes, and cast his gaze upon the strange guardian of his sleep, could not at first comprehend his situation. But gradually the events which had transpired presented themselves before his memory—his concealment, his meeting with Atree, and the sudden blow which had foiled his purpose. The bravo strove to speak, but the old negro's hand was immediately placed upon his mouth; he started from his pillow, but the attendant's arm restrained him, and a sudden gush of blood from his bandaged wound forced him back again exhausted.

More than a swoon had Mat Orrall gone through since his attack. For a whole week the wretched man had raved with fever. It was from the sleep which had been the crisis of life or death, that the bravo now awoke, feeble as a young child.

And a week longer elapsed ere he could rise from that bed, and question his sable attendant. During all the time, he saw none other than the black, who watched faithfully, and answered all his wants. That week was an agonizing one to the bravo. Strange dreams continually haunted him, but uppermost of all was that one terrible thought, of the unknown fate of his child Alice. He had gathered from the few words which the old negro answered to his many questions, that Robert Atree had left the mansion, with several servants. But more the black either could not or would not communicate. The bravo gnashed his teeth in impatient fury, at every baffling reply of his attendant; but he soon found that it had not been the design of Atree that he should die, and he resolved that he would not retard his own recovery by unavailing efforts to learn what the future alone could unfold.

The objects of the tory were now to Orrall a complete mystery, in which the fate of his daughter was involved. He resolved to devote all his energies to the unravelment of Atree's schemes.

When, after the lapse of a fortnight, the bravo was able to leave his bed and his chamber, and reach the balcony, a letter from Robert Atree was placed in his hands. It was as follows:

"MAT ORRALL:

"Give up your useless opposition to my plans, which when I have accomplished their success, will be for your own and your daughter's good. Had I wished, you would have perished on this occasion; but I do not war with you. I seek the welfare of Alice.

"You will receive every attention from Frank, my steward, who has also considerable skill in the healing art. When you recover, go or stay. In two years from this time, I will meet you at Laurelwood.

"Till then, Mat, you shall know nothing of your daughter, or

ATREE."

The bravo read this missive with his brow darkening fearfully, and his lip wearing a demon smile. When he had finished the perusal, he folded it carefully, and placed it in his pocket. "We shall see, Master Atree—we shall see!" muttered Mat Orrall.

CHAPTER XX.

PARIS.

The Babel of the world, where life Hath thousand tongues, and every tongue a crime. COTTON.

At the *porte-cochere* of a Hotel in the Rue Tournan; Paris, at the close of an autumnal day in 1778, a *fiacre* was standing, evidently waiting for some person within the mansion. The driver was walking up and down before the porter's lodge, beating his boots with the handle of his whip, and whistling in a low key, a favorite Parisian air. While thus engaged, he was accosted by a man clad in rather shabby habiliments, who spoke French with the accent of a foreigner.

"You are waiting for your fare?" inquired the stranger.

"You are mistaken—I am waiting for my passengers," answered the driver.

"Who are two women and a gentleman," remarked the other.

"You seem to know all about it, monsieur," cried the driver.

"I am an old acquaintance of both, my friend, and take great interest in their movements. I know very well that you have brought the gentleman here many times before this."

"That is very true," said the coachman. "It is my business to drive where my passengers wish to go."

"Tell me, now, friend—who lives in this house?"

"Monsieur does not know everything, it seems. This Hotel belongs to Doctor Girardin, the great oculist."

"Hah!" muttered the stranger, drawing a long breath. "Then it is as I expected. Very well, monsieur le cocher, I thank you for your information. Here is something to get you a drink."

The coachman started with surprise, as his fingers closed on the broad gold piece which the stranger handed him: "Monsieur is too generous," he said—"Can I give any more information?"

"You shall have ten pieces like that, if you will obey my directions," answered the stranger.

"If monsieur will give his orders," said the coachman rubbing his hands.

"Very well, then. You shall first change garments with me."

"The coachman glanced at the shabby clothing which the other wore, but the gold piece which he still held in his hands decided for him.

"And what, then, monsieur?" asked he.

"I will take your place on the box, and drive the *fiacre*."

"And where shall I be?"

"Behind, or before, I care not," answered the stranger. "Only let me be the driver, and drive where I please."

"Monsieur shall have his way," answered the cocher, and immediately proceeded to divest himself of his driver's cape, coat, and slouched hat, which he exchanged for the threadbare jerkin and chapeau of the stranger. Scarcely was this metamorphosis completed, when the gate of the hotel was opened. The new coachman, grasped

whip, and prepared to open the door, while the real driver of the *fiacre* concealed himself near the lodge.

From the *porte-cochere* came three persons—a young man, dressed in fashionable costume, and two women closely muffled. The pretended coachman held the carriage-door, while they entered the *fiacre*. Then he sprang upon the box, seized the reins, and drove off. The real *cocher* jumped upon the stand behind the coach.

The new driver seemed to know the streets perfectly. He lashed his horses to the top of their speed, and turned the narrow corners, and threaded the narrow passages with the skill of one accustomed to the whip. At last, the *fiacre* turned into a quarter of Paris known as the oldest and least reputable portion of the city. It was now quite dark.

The street was one of those gloomy and deserted-looking avenues which border on the water, and are occupied in general by extremely suspicious, if not criminal characters. It was called the Rue Morgue, and its ominous title was sufficiently descriptive of its appearance. The carriage stopped at the entrance of a dark arched passage-way and, and the driver, throwing the reins upon the horses, jumped with alacrity from the box.

The real *cocher* sprang from his seat behind. "Monsieur, monsieur," cried he—"do you know where we are?"

"Perfectly well," whispered the other. "Here is your fare—ten bright pieces of gold. Are you satisfied?"

"But will monsieur explain? What am I to do?" asked the *cocher*, taking the money, with trembling hands, as he looked fearfully around the gloomy locality.

"Take your seat upon the box again," cried the stranger. "Quick! up with you! I will take care of your passengers. As soon as they are upon the pavement, do you drive off at your utmost speed."

The *cocher* mounted to his seat, and seized the reins. At the same time, the other man opened the carriage door, and let down the steps. The young man first descended, and he was quickly followed by the two females.

"Off!" cried the stranger, slamming the coach door fast; and at the word, the treacherous *cocher* whipped his horses, and the *fiacre* rolled away. The young man, who had, meantime, cast his eyes about him, now discovered that the place was strange to him, and uttered a sudden exclamation. "Garçon!" he cried to the fugitive coachman; "stop! come back!"

But at that moment, the man who had held the coach door, whistled in a shrill key; and immediately, from the covered passage-way, sprang three men. Before the betrayed young man, or his female companions could utter a word, or make the slightest resistance, they were seized, overpowered, and muffled, by the daring ruffians, and dragged through the gloomy archway.

The bribed *cocher* stopped his horses as soon as he had reached the end of the dark Rue Morgue, and leaning back, listened to hear the sound of a struggle, or of a voice calling for help. But no noise broke the death-like stillness of the dead street.

"This is a queer piece of business," soliloquized the driver. "I warrant there's a pretty piece of devilry going on. I have earned eleven broad pieces by it, however—very nearly three hundred francs, which is a small fortune for a poor *cocher*. Now, *parbleu*, I will to the *commissaire*, and direct them to send some *gens d'armes* to the Rue Morgue. Thus, I will wash my hands of the business, and pocket the eleven broad pieces."

With this resolve, the *cocher* whipped his horses again, and drove away from the Rue Morgue, whistling his favorite air. We will return to the other persons of our chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BUSINESS is like fishing; if you wish to succeed, you must anchor once in a while. To be constantly changing is to be yourself out of change for all eternity. Men that are always stirring must be spoons.

A WAG observes that the reason ladies make the best theatrical managers is, probably, because a woman is obliged to be so much more careful than a man in choosing the company she keeps.

Choice Miscellany.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE POISONED VIAL.

It was a winter's night of piercing coldness in Amsterdam. The rich banker, Brounker, sat near his stove smoking a long pipe; opposite him was his intimate friend Van Grote, who also on his side sent out enormous volumes of smoke. Madame Brounker and her children were gone to a masked ball; so the two friends, sure of not being interrupted, conversed confidentially.

"What can be the reason," said Grote to Brounker, "that you will not consent to the marriage of your daughter with the son of Birkenrode?"

"My dear fellow, I do not oppose the match; it is my wife who will not hear of it."

"But what reason can she have to refuse her consent?"

"I cannot tell you," answered Brounker, lowered his voice.

"A mystery!" exclaimed Grote. "Come, you know how discreet I am; let me know all about it."

"But will you promise to be secret?"

"Do you wish me to swear it?"

"Well! It is now six-and-twenty years since I was married, and I frankly confess to you that I was excessively jealous of my wife. My position obliged me to see a great deal of company at home, and I feared that some of my numerous visitors, would rob me of my Clotilda's affections; one of these particularly, the gallant Colonel Birkenrode, caused me the greatest fear, inasmuch as he passed, in general, for a most accomplished lady-killer. I could not deny him access to my house, as he belonged to a very powerful family, neither had any thing in his conduct given me reason to do so.

"At the time I speak of, I bought this house, where I previously had constructed in secret, behind this stove, a narrow closet, from which I could hear all that passed in this room, where my wife received her visitors. For a long time Birkenrode contented himself with depicting in the most vivid colors the passion which consumed him; my wife listened without making any answer. At last one day, he became more impatient than before, and threatened to blow his brains out before her eyes, if she would not show a little more pity. Greatly distressed at this proof of love, Clotilda burst into tears.

"But I am not at liberty," exclaimed she, in a voice interrupted by sobs.

"And if your liberty were restored to you?" urged the Lothario.

"Sir!" said my wife.

"If you become a widow," insisted he, "swear to give me your hand."

"To this proposition my wife answered only with her tears, and he left her much distressed.

"We both passed the night a prey to the most violent agitation; preserving, however, a prudent silence on the events of the day.

"The next morning an extraordinary occurrence greatly increased the agitation of Clotilda. During breakfast a servant came and whispered in my ear that the cook wished to speak to me privately.

"Let him come in," said I; "I have no secrets from my wife." The cook came as pale as death; and, with a long face, he told me that he had that morning received a packet containing three hundred florins, a small phial, and a note, telling him to put the contents of the phial into the first eel pastry he made. (You well know my extreme fondness for eels, while my wife cannot even bear the smell of them.) He was promised even a greater recompense if he faithfully executed the commission. Fearing some treachery, he had hastened to give me the vial, and the three hundred florins. I immediately put a few drops of the liquid contained in the vial on a lump of sugar, and gave it to my wife's little dog. The poor little animal was in an instant taken with violent convulsions, and expired

in a few moments, in the most cruel tortures. There was now no doubt that the intention was to destroy me. At the sight of the dying animal Clotilda had thrown herself into my arms, shedding a torrent of tears. "Poison! an assassin!" exclaimed she, clasping me tightly, as if to protect me from some peril which menaced me; "merciful Heaven, have pity on us!" I consoled her by saying that, on the contrary, I ought to be very thankful to the unknown enemy, who had proved to me the great affection which my wife possessed for me. The same day Birkenrode came as usual, but Clotilda refused to see him, and wrote to him to say that she would confess all to her husband, if ever he dared to show himself again. Having uselessly tried to calm her anger, he resolved at last to marry; and since that our families have had no communication, except that my son has fallen in love with his daughter; and although I have given my consent, my wife opposes it."

"She is right," indignantly exclaimed Van Grote, "I never should have thought Birkenrode capable of such a vile action."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Brounker, bursting with laughter. "Do you, then too, accuse him?"

"Who, then, could it be, if he was not the culprit?"

"It was myself, my dear fellow; the adventure cost me 300 florins, which I gave to my cook. It was rather dear; but at the same time I got rid of a dangerous rival, and a lap-dog which I equally detested—ha, ha, ha!"

"In your case, I should confess all to my wife," said Van Grote. "The action was a very cruel one; it is very wrong to allow any one to rest under the imputation of being capable of poisoning a fellow-creature; besides, are you not bartering the happiness of your son?"

"Well, perhaps I am; but how shall I undeceive my wife?"

At this moment the door opened, and Madame Brounker entered the room.

"I thought you were at the ball, Clotilda," said her husband.

"No; I do not feel very well, and am going to bed. Maurice has accompanied his sisters. I have brought you a key, which I found on your desk; and as it does not seem to belong to any of the locks in the house, some friend of yours must have left it behind him."

Brounker, deeply blushing, took the key. He had recognised it.

"My dear," said Clotilda "I have given Maurice my consent to his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Birkenrode."

"Thanks, dear wife," said Brounker; "that is good news."

"Mr. Grote," said she, "pray remain, and sup with my husband to-night; we have an excellent eel patty in the larder, which, I assure you, does not contain the slightest portion of poison!"

At these words she retired. Hardly was the door closed, when Van Grote said to Brounker:

"You are properly caught in your own net. He that diggeth a pit for his enemy often falls into it himself."

"That may be," said Brounker; "but I assure you, my dear fellow, I do not in the least regret the loss of my wife's lap dog."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN HOWARD.—During his stay at Vienna, Howard was introduced to the Queen of Hungary, and had the honor of dining with her on some public occasion, when the nobles of her court and the foreign ambassadors were her guests. A circumstance also occurred at Vienna, which strongly evinces his love for truth and the fearlessness of his character in speaking it, at all times and in all companies. Dining one day at the table of Sir Robert Murray Keith, the English Ambassador at the Austrian Court, the conversation turned upon the torture, when a German gentleman observed that the glory of abolishing it in his own dominions, belonged to his Imperial Majesty.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Howard, "His Imperial Majesty has only abolished one specie of torture, to establish in its place another more cruel; for the torture which he abolished lasted at most but a few hours; but that which he has appointed lasts many weeks, nay sometimes years. The poor wretches are plunged into a noisome dungeon, as bad as the black-hole at Calcutta, from which they are taken only if they confess what is laid to their charge."

"Hush!" said the Ambassador, "your words will be reported to his Majesty."

"What?" replied he, "shall this tongue of mine be tied from speaking truth by any King or Emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain its veracity."

Deep silence ensued, and every one present admired the intrepid boldness of the man of humanity.

A Poetic Romance.

THE SACKING OF SEVILLE.

A BALLAD.

["In September, 844, a band of Norse sea-rovers, after plundering the coasts from the Tagus to the Guadalquivir, sailed up the latter river and attacked Seville, which they soon made themselves masters of, the inhabitants having fled, on their approach, to Carmona, and the Moorish troops making but a feeble resistance. On learning this unexpected event, Abderahman II sent a flotilla, with fresh troops, down the river, from Cordova, and a sanguinary conflict took place between the sectaries of Odin and Mahomet, presenting, no doubt, one of the most singular scenes recorded in history. . . . No decided advantage appears to have been gained by either party; we only know that the sea-rovers redescended the Guadalquivir unmolested, carrying with them the spoils of the city, and a great number of captives, among whom we may picture many a weeping damsel, who, amidst the frozen regions of the North, would long sigh in vain for the sunny plains and vine-clad hills of Andalusia. This appears to have been the first time that the Moors came into contact with the Northmen, whom they took for a people of magicians.—See Depping, 'Histoire des Expéd. Maritimes des Normands,' liv. ii., chap. 2."—Blackwell's "Mallet's Northern Antiquities," note, p. 178.

"As early as 827," says Geijer, "Gallicia was visited by the Northmen. In 847, they besieged Seville, harried the whole country around Cadiz, and defeated the Moorish king, Abderraman, in three battles. In 859, they plundered the Spanish coasts, invaded Mauritania, laid waste the Balearic Islands, proceeded as far as Greece, and only returned at the end of three years. In the same year, the Northmen came to Spain in sixty ships, ravaged the African shores, wintered in Spain, and returned home in spring." About the same time, they sailed to Italy, with the intention of plundering Rome; but being driven by a storm to the city of Luni in Etruria, they sacked it, and retired when they discovered their mistake.—Geijer's "Chronicles of Sweden," part i.]

The Sacking of Seville.

A. D. 844.

Down the river Guadalquivir
Norsemen's galleys swiftly went,
And their singing, rudely ringing,
Thus with Moorish mourning blent.

"Set the sail, and
Out to sea;
For old Norway
Bound are we.
Mount the benches,
Man your oars;
Plunging proud each
Dragon* roars."

"For thy pleasant shores we mourn,
Mourn and weep, O River!
Far from thee, for aye, we're borne,
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"From Heimskringle†
Farthest fells,
Shooting southward
Came our shells;
Left its lofty
Hills behind,
Rushed impatient
'Fore the wind."

"Thro' the sunny land of Spain,
Lovingly, O River!
Roll'st thou onward to the main,
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Through the foaming
Seas we dash:
Hear with joy Ther's
Taunders crash.
Let the peasant
Plow the lea;
We sea-rovers
Plow the sea."

"Past Cordova's stately walls
Roll'st thou, O River!
Proudly 'mid Seville's halls,
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Bearded grain the
Peasant reaps:

* Dragons, shells, sea-horses, favorite epithets for ships among the Norsemen.
† "The Crown of Earth"—the North.

Bearded men we
Lay in heaps.
Loudly sounds the
Sturdy flail:
Louder clashes
Mace on mail."

"What thou lov'st, day by day,
In thine arms, O River!
Lieth smiling, and for aye!
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Dull the peasant's
Life doth flow,
Till to Hela's*
Realm he go.
Glad and free the
Viking† falls:
Mounts aloft to
Odin's halls."

"Sire or lover hast thou none,
Hast no husband, River!—
Husband lost as soon as won,
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"North in Gandvik‡
Mead we've quaffed,
O'er Sicilian
Wines we've laughed.
Hjaltland§ bears our
Heroes' name:
Wastes of Orkney||
Tell their fame."

"Ever flowing, never flown,
From thy loved ones, River!
Parting grief thou ne'er hast known,
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Sudureyar¶
Own our sway;
Isle of Man and
Anglesey.
Oft we've harried
Neustria's** shores,
Now we plunder
Blue-skinned†† Moors!"

While thus rowing down the flowing
Guadalquivir's golden tide,
Loudly voicing their rejoicing,
Ever higher rose their pride.

"Erin's mothers long may wail
Many a bloody slaughter:
England's fathers mourn in vain
Many a blooming daughter.

"In our Norway halls they bide,
Wives to us sea-rovers:
Blithe are they and mourn no more
English sires or lovers.

"Now Norranic songs they sing,
Praises of old Sea-kings—
Train a sturdy troop of boys
To the life of Vikings.

"We from Spain now hasten back,
Richly booty-laden;
Gold, and arms, and jewels; ay!
And many a Moorish maiden!

"Gold and pearls our wives shall deck,
Silks, with silver shining;
Our young Norsemen, they shall keep
Moorish maids from pining!

"Spanish wine instead of mead
Trusty friends shall gladden,
When with black-eyed maids our youth
Hold their Northern wedding.

"Necklaces of gems we'll throw
To each buxom daughter;
'Mong the white-haired Northern Skalds
Moorish gold we'll scatter.

"Guadalquivir! fare-thee-well!
Fare-thee-well, Sevilla!
Soon our dragons reach the main;
Cleave the briny billow!"

While thus chaunting, loudly vaunting
Deeds of blood on many a shore,
Louder ever, down the river,
Moslem shouts the breezes bore.

"Row, Moslem, bend ye strongly, unto your oars
this day;
The Infidel hath robbed your halls, the craven flees
away:
He dares not bide the arms of those who own dread
Allah's power;
Then bend you stoutly, Moslemites! o'ertake the
dastard Giaour!"

* Goddess of Death. † A sea-rovers. ‡ The White Sea.
§ Zetland, Shetland. || "The Desert Islands."
¶ "The Southern Isles," or Hebrides. ** Normandy.
†† So the Moors were termed by the Norsemen, from their swarthy complexion.

"Stand! Norsemen, stand! the Sarkmen* come!
'Bout ship, and bide the Bluemen!
Now, Norsemen! for your booty strike!
Bear down upon the foemen!"

"On, Islam! for your ravaged gold! on for your
jewels rare!
On for the maids the Infidel to slavery doth bear!
Fear not the powers of darkness these fell en-
chanters wield,
To Allah's and his Prophet's name, all evil powers
must yield!"

Foemen's greeting at their meeting
Passed between the foes that day,
Falchions flashing, corselets crashing,
Told the fierceness of the fray.

"See the dark-eyed Houris beckon,
With seducing half-closed eyes;
Now advancing, now retiring
To the gates of Paradise!

"See! they come! our hearts are filled, as
With the potency of wine,
When thro' black-fringed clouds outflashing
Eyes like suns upon us shine!

"Now retire they!—in our bosom
Sinks our heart as sinks the sea;
Ebb and flows with ceaseless motion—
Ceaseless as their motions be."

"Hark! hark! the brazen car of Thor,
From Thrudvang's† halls downrolling;
He comes to aid his chosen sons,
Upon the Thunderer calling!

"On Bifrost‡ chaunting heroes' praise,
Sits Bragé, harper olden,
And Saga§ graves in deathless runes,
Their deeds on tablets golden.

"Above the Moors the raven flaps
His broad black wing, ill-boding:
Round us Valkyrior|| hovering wait,
To lead us up to Odin."

"See the Houris' green scarfs waving,
And their perfumed floating hair,
And their breasts, like full moons rising
Thro' the purple love-drunk air.

"Drunk with love, and steeped in music,
Come the breezes to our ears,
And halfway to Aden ravished
Is the blissful soul that hears.

"Troops on troops, they come to lead us
To the bowers of Paradise:
We come! we come! On! on! ye Faithful!
Aden's bliss is his who dies!

"Swift along Al Sirat's¶ ridge,
By the Prophet guided,
Shall we sweep aloft to bliss,
For the Saints provided.

"O'er the opal-gleaming walls
Allah raised round Aden,
Thousand-branched Tuba** waves
Boughs with fruit downladen.

"Down with the faithless robber-hounds,
Ye worshippers of Allah!"
Strike! crush the swarthy Mussulmen!
Ye children of Valhalla!††

"Forth from Valhalla's five hundred gates
Each morn shall ride the Kemper,‡‡
And on each other's helms shall prove
Their warbrands' keenest temper.

"And, raised again by Shieldmaids fair,
The slain, once more returning,
Restored to life, in Odin's hall
Carouse anew till morning.

"Each day anew, Saehrimnir's flesh
Shall yield a feast unfailing,
Whilst round the hall, with horns of mead,
Valkyrior are sailing.

"—Huzzah! they yield! their galleys sink!
The Bluemen now are reeling!
Down, down they go, beneath the flood,
'Mid shouts of terror pealing!"

"For thy pleasant shores we mourn,
Mourn and weep, O River!
Far from thee for aye we're borne,
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Norsemen! hoist once more the sail;
Fare-thee-well, Sevilla!"

* Saracens. † Thor's mansion in heaven.
‡ The rainbow, the bridge leading to heaven.
§ Goddess of History.
|| Maiden "Choosers of the Slain;" called also Shieldmaids.
¶ The Bridge, as narrow as a knife-edge, leading to the Mahometan Paradise.
** A tree, standing in Paradise, laden with all kinds of delicious fruit.
†† The "Hall of the Chosen"—Odin's mansion.
‡‡ Champions.

Bid your Meorish king in haste,
Send a new flotilla!"

"What thou lovest day by day,
In thine arms, O River!
Thou dost clasp, and clasp for aye,
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Guadalquivir, fare-thee-well!
Fare-thee-well, Sevilla!
Soon our dragons reach the main,
Cleave the briny billow!"

"We love husband, lover, sire;—
Thee, too, beauteous River!
Here we live, and hence expire,
Golden Guadalquivir!"

"Northward now our dragons dash,
O'er the dome of Rana!"
Vines and vineyards, fare-ye-well!
Fare-thee-well, Espana!"

* Goddess of the Sea.

Popular Tales.

THE BELLE OF BARBADOES.

BY JOHN WILSON ROSS.

THE family of Maxwell, during their residence in Barbadoes, were as well known as any on that island. No other enjoyed a reputation more general for hospitality and social qualities, or one better established for respectability and station. Mrs. Maxwell, who was a widow, was neither rich nor poor, but she had enough to satisfy any reasonable desires. The greatest attraction at the Fancy, the name of the estate of her eldest son, and on which she resided, was her niece, Marianne Bruce. It is said by travelers that the women in Greece and Georgia are beautiful, but I can testify, from personal observation, that in Barbadoes and the other West India Islands they are lovely; and Marianne Bruce was the loveliest of her sweet Creole race. She had delicate features, an elegant shape, a majestic walk—which is natural to women of warm climates. The exact symmetry of her fascinating form was displayed through the thinness of her dress, which also gave an air of greater freedom to her motions; and this, joined with the carelessness of her actions, served more successfully to arouse those voluptuous desires which are ever awake. She had large black eyes, expressive at once of the greatest languor and the greatest vivacity. But her chief charm was her look; in it tenderness and gaiety were happily mingled. This beautiful and amiable girl was much admired by the young men of the island; and many were the bad verses written in praise of her charms, by amorous merchants and poetical planters. Her favorite lover was a young lawyer, who had recently come out to the West Indies to settle as a barrister; and though Marianne loved him, there seemed but little chance of their immediate marriage; for Edward Clarence, as the young lawyer was named, had absolutely nothing, and the girl he was in love with was equally destitute of the gifts of fortune. Clarence, besides, knew no science beyond that of the lawyer; and as the litigants in Barbadoes, like litigants in most other parts of the world, look with contempt upon a younger counsel, Clarence could make but just enough to provide for his own wants, after paying the expenses of a small wooden house among some cocoa-nut trees, on the bay near Bridgetown. However, he exerted himself ardently, stimulated by the hope of seeing better days, and anticipating with all the sanguine confidence of youth, the attainment of his wishes in the possession of Marianne Bruce.

Such was the state of his affections when there arrived in Barbadoes a young man of property. Marianne's first cousin, George Maxwell. Maxwell had not seen his cousin since they were children. He had gone to England, when a boy, to receive his education at one of the principal public schools, and then at the University of Oxford; and, on returning to his native island, he found that his cousin had bloomed into a beautiful woman, when, fascinated by her charms, he made love to her. But his cousin's smiles were not capricious. She could not shift her favors from a rival whose merit was his worth, to another, whose endowments were the more glittering prizes of life. Wealth, and not even honors, fame or power, for her had any particular charms. She—valuable woman!—refused the hand of her rich cousin. Maxwell, nettled at the repulse, left the Fancy, and went to reside at his house in Bridgetown.

Accident there threw him in the way of Edward Clarence, who had been hitherto unknown to him.

Accident had also supplied them with congenial dispositions; and they both immediately showed a predilection to each other.

Some time after this acquaintance, Clarence succeeded an uncle who had property in Nevis; and his revenue being augmented, he resolved to go to that island, and be an industrious cultivator of sugar-canes, and take Marianne with him as his wife.

Until this period, Maxwell was in blissful ignorance that Clarence was his successful rival for the hand of his cousin. It was first made known to him by his favorite negro, Loue, who was a young Creole like himself, had grown up with him, was of the same age, and had now become his vizier; and like a prime minister, sometimes attempted to keep his impetuous young master in order, a somewhat difficult task.

"I can tell you, sir, who lub Miss Marianne," said Loue to him, one day.

"Who?" cried Maxwell, quickly.

"Mister Nedward Clarence."

"How do you know that, Loue?"

"Becas I seed a sight that mak's me spec' some-thin' of that kind. 'Twas when I went to de Fancy, larst week, on de day when you says to me, 'You mus' tak' de hoss, Loue, and go to my mudder wid dis letter, and come back afore de evenin'; as I shall be sure to respect you.' Well, I wish massa good bye for de present, and tak's de hoss, and tells 'em at de Fancy, when I gets dere, what I comes dere for, and shows 'em de letter what massa gibs me.

'Now,' says I to myself, 'I habn't had a chaw dis mornin', and looks bery poorly, so I'll just step round to de kitchen, and eat and drink hearty, and den bid 'em all good bye.' So I was creeping along de hedge softly, when turning round a corner—Patience me! dere was a sight! Mister Nedward and Miss Marianne gotten both togeder alone on a bench. 'You tell me, Marianne,' says Mister Nedward, 'dat I looks poorly. I hab cause. Lub for you is doing it.' Den talking softly, he tak's her hand in his own, Miss Marianne all the while looking up in his face, and smiling with a tender igspreshum. Whistling myself all de while to mak' 'em both believe I nieder 'spect nor hear nuffin', and, in course, sees nuffin'. I goes back to de house, tinkin' how Mister Nedward hab tak' de exbarntage of you."

Maxwell knit his dark brows, and an angry expression gathered on his countenance and in his jet-black eyes. He cast his glance toward the window—rain was falling—the wet season had just set in.

"Would," he muttered audibly to himself, "that Clarence would catch some morbid affection, that would baffle the skill of all the faculty!"

"Lord! what a debbil of a wish, sir!" exclaimed Loue, with an expression of mingled surprise and horror.

At this moment Clarence came walking into the room, his face lighted up with extraordinary animation.

"Give me joy, my dear Maxwell," said he; "give me joy. Monday last was the happiest day I ever spent. I then wrung from Marianne the promise that the day which witnesses my return from Nevis shall also make her my bride. But," he continued, with an altered tone, "how is this? You do not answer me?"

Maxwell turned aside in silence, and looked through the window.

"How is this, Maxwell? How is it, my dear friend? Do you not approve of my marriage?"

"You should have told me of this marriage before," said Maxwell, ungraciously. "I do not, and cannot congratulate you, for I love Marianne Bruce myself!"

"Is it so? Alas!"

Clarence was truly concerned at this discovery, for Maxwell seemed to wish to discontinue their friendship. On returning home he sat down to contemplate what step he should take. Remembering that he had become intimate, through Maxwell, with a gentleman in the Commissariat-office, named Heywood, he went to him and made known the state of affairs between his friend and himself, and begged Heywood to say some civil things with regard to him to Maxwell, to bring about a reconciliation, when he should some day find his friend in a proper humor.

"I will make you both happy in a short time," said Heywood, gaily; "and set about it this afternoon. The weather is fine; come, let us take a ride together."

On their way from Austin's Town (where Heywood lived) to Bridgetown, they met Maxwell near Mount Charity.

Now Heywood was one of the wits of Barbadoes—in many respects extremely clever; and he had about him that sort of buffoonry which made him a delightful companion. You could not be with him and not feel the heart grow light and free.

And in this manner he rattled away in his usual gay and jovial manner till Maxwell laughed and was merry; and from first refusing his invitation—because Clarence was of the party—to accompany him home and dine with him, he finally accepted it. As they were passing by the barracks at St. Ann's, nearly opposite to Needham's Point, they met a black fisherman, in a nankeen dress and a broad-rim white hat, coming along the road with a basket filled to profusion with the natives of the deep. Heywood stopped him. The black man thereupon placed his basket on the ground, and making three ceremonious bows, said, at leisure and with civility:

"Marrow, massa; and you, too, massa, marrow; and you, arlso, massa, marrow; marrow, arl 'ree."

"What have you got in your fish basket this afternoon, Kookoo?" said Heywood.

"Me got doctors, massa, and me got old wives, cobblers, Welshmen, yellow-bellies, ballahoes, parrot-fish, and bollockbiters—bery good fis', massa—bery good eatin' with sarlt butter and a quart of cool drink arter."

Heywood, who was fond of fish, bought a ballahoo and a yellow-belly, and sent Kookoo with them to his house, with orders that they were to be dressed for his dinner.

They all three, that day, ate and drank plentifully of the fish and the cool drink, which beverage is made by fermenting a decoction of snake-root and other vegetable substances of a delsterious quality; and those who drink to excess of it are sometimes seized with the putrid fever, to which they not uncommonly fall victims. Maxwell, who filled himself to repletion with this liquor, felt feverish as he was riding home. All of a sudden he complained of a pain in his side; and, from his increasing faintness, he could scarcely articulate or draw his breath with ease. The heat of his body gradually increased; and, on his return home it was evident that he had caught the nervous fever. From the quantity of bile which had mingled with his blood, his skin was of a yellow hue, whence the fever is known more generally by the name of the yellow fever. The blood in this state is subject to putrefaction, and black spots break out here and there upon the body.

The doctor, on his arrival the next morning, found the pulse of his patient full and quick. Maxwell complained of a headache and burning thirst, and of pains in different parts of his body. There was a universal tremor in his limbs; a paleness all over his countenance; his skin was burning hot, and wrinkled in an astonishing degree, and without moisture; his tongue dry, and his brain delirious. In a few hours how he felt inwardly no one could tell, for he was incapable of speaking; but he seemed to be in great agony with oppressive respiration and anxiety.

The doctor, seeing him in this state, despaired of his recovery. He rang the bell, and Loue appeared. He wrote a letter to an uncle of his patient, who lived at Speight's, and gave it to Loue, who, saying that he would "tak' it," took the road toward the fishing town, and, after running through several streets in Bridgetown, was arrested at the outskirts of the capital, by a gentleman putting his head out of the window of an elegant house, and calling out to him:

"Where are you going to, Loue?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but no t'ink you call me. I'm just going to Speight's, taking a letter to Mr. MacSweeney, me massa's uncle, from the doctor. Me massa taken ill wid mullygrubs eberywhere, and bery likely, ebery momeat, to kickaraboo" (die.)

"How long has your master been ill?"

"Larst night, sir, he was takin' ill after he left Mister Heywood's, from de cooldrink he gotted dere."

"I have drank the cooldrink every day of my life since I have been here, Loue, and never felt any bad effects from it. However, I will just step over and see how your master is getting on."

Clarence took up his cane and his broad-rimmed hat and trudged to his *quondam* friend's. On entering the room, he found the window up to prevent perspiration in the patient, that he might have all the strength possible to resist the attack of the fever, which was now raging with great violence; and his skin was of a burning heat, literally burning. Clarence approached his bedside, and found him in a state of the most perfect debility and enervation, though he was the most robust man of his acquaintance, and though he had seen him only the night before in the most perfect health and strength. A spasm had taken place on his skin, and the doctor was giving him elixir of vitrol, as often and in as large quantities as his patient could take, to produce nausea, which being caused, the spasm was removing fast from the skin, and this was succeeded by a great and general perspiration. Maxwell, on recovering his voice, begged, as the

weather was hot, and his bedroom close, to be taken out of bed and be carried into the adjoining apartment. This office was performed by Clarence. Maxwell, in being helped from his chamber to his sitting room, fainted away; when, being uncommonly heavy, he fell from the hold of Clarence, and rolled upon the floor, when Loue, who was walking close behind with a glass of bombo in his hand, stumbled over his master, crying out, "thousand debbils!" There was nobody present but Clarence and Loue. They got Maxwell up again and placed him in a chair. He came to himself, but complained of the cramp. His pulse was very weak; he had a cold perspiration, was chilly all over, and had a shrivelled skin. He looked like a dead man.

"Patience me! dere's a sight!" exclaimed Loue. "My massa never lib over dis!"

"I propose, Loue," said Clarence, "that we give your master some port wine. I can testify to its happy effect in removing this disorder. It cured a friend of mine."

They gave Maxwell port wine—first with bark, then alone. After that he began recovering rapidly. On being restored to his senses, and seeing Clarence by his bedside, he took him warmly by the hand, and in a thousand broken sentences, told him what extreme delight it gave him to see him so interested in his health and welfare, after what had passed between them.

The kind services rendered by Clarence to Maxwell, during the latter's illness, gave them an opportunity to renew their friendship.

A few days after, as they were walking together in the gardens behind Maxwell's house, that young man, who seemed in a good deal of confusion on the occasion, at length addressed his friend in these words:

"My dear Clarence, our thoughts and souls have been ever the same. Where then is the wonder that our inclinations should be so too? Your loving any object is sufficient, nay, it is the most compulsive of all reasons that I should love it too—"

"Oh! Maxwell—"

"Let me conjure you hear me with patience and with pity. You have taught me the value and the beauty of virtue; and I blush to think that I have nearly perished by the disease to which, in the violence of my passion for Marianne, I had wished you to fall a victim. Even now my equal passion urges me to make the trial of gaining the hand of Marianne; and as it is impossible for me to make you miserable at the expense of making even myself happy, I will, that I may not be guilty of taking any base advantage during your absence in Nevis, also leave the country."

A thousand various passions on this declaration filled the breast of Clarence: his heart was too full to let him speak; and he could not too much admire the generosity and heroism of his friend.

That same evening Maxwell sailed for Tobago; and at dawn next morning Clarence started on his voyage to Nevis. As Clarence's absence was to have extended to no more than two or three months at the farthest, his marriage with Marianne was deferred till he should be able to leave Barbadoes for good. The time that he was to be absent elapsed without his return; and, at the end of six months, Maxwell again landed at Bridgetown. His family not having corresponded with him during his absence, and not knowing where to direct to him, he immediately mounted his horse to ride to his mother's, where he expected that he should have to congratulate Marianne as the wife of his friend. On reaching the Fancy, he had entered the mangrove avenue, and was passing by a large shell bench, when he heard music proceeding from the house. It was a piano; and the notes, which were touched with a most rapturous effect, were accompanied by the voice, which, taking part in the feelings of the mind and the pathetic words of the song, faltered with every emotion of tenderness. Maxwell knew that this was his cousin Marianne; and the desire of possessing her haunted his heart with as strong a passion as ever. His first inquiry was after Clarence. Marianne replied that he had not returned, but that the family were in daily expectation of his arrival.

At this moment, two of Maxwell's younger brothers, saying that "Loue was coming," ran out of the room; and, as Loue was removing the big toes of his bare feet from between the leathers just above the stirrup, Mrs. Maxwell, making her appearance at the hall door, called out to him:

"Well, Loue, what is all the news?"

"A note for master, marm. Mr. Clarence comes home at last; for just now I meets upon de beach wid de captain of the sloop Nancy jus' from Nevis; and as he gibs me dis letter for master, (tak'ing it out of his handkerchy, where it was folded up nicely and flat,) I says to him, says I, 'Cap'n Primus,' says I, hab you nebber no news to tell a Christchearn, eh? Cap'n Primus? Perhaps you wish Mr. Clarence good-bye at Nevis; and

leab him bery well.' 'I no leab him bery well,' says he, a grinning like a monkey; 'for he leab Nevis afore me, Mister Loue; but he didn't tak' de straight way for home, for when I gotted to Dominica, I found de William schooner at anchor dere, in de harbor of Cul de Sac Robert, and Mister Clarence ashore. Howsomebber, I tinks to find him here, for he leave Dominica de night afore me.'"

This was joyful news for Mrs. Maxwell, and particularly for Marianne; but, on reflection, their joy was blended with not a little anxiety; for it was toward the latter end of October, the worst part of the hurricane season, when no vessel can be considered safe at sea, as it is almost sure, if overtaken by a hurricane, of foundering, or of being driven on shore and lost.

Marianne and Maxwell rode out that afternoon to look if they could see any traces of the vessel; and, as they were riding on the highlands between Speight's and Bridgetown, they saw a schooner beating against the wind, and bearing down to Carlisle Bay; and they did not doubt but that this was the "William."

There had been light variable weather a few days before; this evening, however, there was a calm, but, strange to say, an extremely heavy swell at sea. Up the blue sky rolled the nearly full moon—three days within her full; the stars came out, and the fire-flies flitted among the trees and hedges. Suddenly from the south-western horizon there came rolling and tumbling over each other an immense pile of jet-black clouds. Maxwell saw it, and his cheek blanched.

"For goodness sake," said he, in a tone of excitement, "let us hasten home. We are going to have a hurricane."

They spurred their horses, and rode rapidly homeward. As they passed along the bay, they saw the sailors were striking their lower yards and topmasts, battening down their hatchways, and heaving anchor, in hurry and confusion, to run out to sea before the hurricane came on. On reaching home Maxwell had the windows and doors fastened close, and not a cranny left by which the wind might enter into the house.

In the middle of the night he was awoken by the most terrific noise. The wind was howling awfully, and, shrieking and whistling with a deafening noise, it was rushing through the air with inconceivable speed and tremendous power. It was overthrowing the walls of houses, tearing off the roofs, and projecting the heaviest materials to the greatest distances. Not the least alarming part of it were the strange phenomena accompanying it: rain fell in plashing torrents; there was no thunder, but a continual rumbling in the air; the ground trembled from earthquakes; and the heavens momentarily opened with lightning, not of the forked and darting kind, but in large sheets and steady blazes.

As might be expected, the sufferings by sea that night were great and many. The wind was too violent for ships to ride it out; many that pushed to sea perished by the mere violence of the weather, and a greater number were stranded.

By sunrise the next morning the weather was again settled. The wind, which had been blowing all night in the southerly, had gone round to its old course in the eastward; and the trade-wind was softly fanning the air. But the sea was still breaking with great violence on the shore.

Maxwell rode to Bridgetown to ascertain the news of the William schooner, when he heard that it had been wrecked on the rocks near Needham's Point, and that all on board her had perished. On reaching Needham's Point, he saw that a vessel had been wrecked there; and, while he was tarrying on the beach, an immense wave rolled to his feet a piece of the wrecked vessel, and left it there. It was one of the stern planks bearing the ship's name, "THE WILLIAM." At that moment Maxwell observed in the waves the figure of a man entangled in the spars of a ship. The heavy surf was rolling it and the spar over each other, driving them high upon the land, and tumbling them over the sharp rocks. With difficulty, Loue—who had accompanied Maxwell—disencumbered the body from the shrouds that were attached to the spar, and dragged it high upon the beach. The eye of the drowned person was glazed; his lips blue; his mouth distorted; and his legs and arms were stretched out and wide apart; his whole appearance indicating that he had perished in extreme convulsion and suffering.

"Patience me! dere's a sight!" exclaimed Loue. "Dere's Mr. Clarence's head, and dere's his arm, too; and dat's him—he gotted no nose—de rocks hab mash him, or massa jack shark hab had a snap at him."

Marianne was sitting on the soft cushions of a luxurious sofa near the open window, when Maxwell returned to the Fancy.

"Where is Clarence?" were the first words she uttered. "Have you heard any news of him? Speak, in mercy, speak."

"Compose yourself, Marianne—"

"Tell me at once—has the vessel been wrecked?"

"It has; and your lover is—"

"Drowned?"

"Even so."

Marianne pressed her hands together wildly; the next moment she fell back on the sofa in a death-like stupor. She was stretched, for several days, on the couch of lethargy and inaction. At length she rose from it only to lead the life of a recluse. It was the fourth evening after her recovery: the family were walking in the gardens and avenues; she was sitting alone with Maxwell in the hall (as the principal room in a house in the West Indies is generally called.)

"If I am so high in your esteem as I flatter myself," he said, "you will share happiness with me, and Heaven will have reserved for us both a blessing capable of alleviating even the severe sting of that we have lost."

At this allusion to Clarence's death, Marianne was absorbed in tears.

"Have no longer any thought of me," she said; "and let me give you this, my solemn vow, that no future passion shall ever have a place in my breast; that no greater offer shall influence me; and that even kings in vain would woo me."

"Be it with me as you determine," said Maxwell.

The hope of sometime possessing Marianne being now crushed for ever, and his passion being too great to be kept within bounds, Maxwell left Barbadoes, and, on his arrival in England, purchased a commission in a dragoon regiment, and, following the army to the Netherlands and the Peninsula, distinguished himself nobly in the late wars.

It was about a week after his departure; and, one evening, his mother and her young family, with Marianne, were seated under the porticoed gallery in front of the house at the Fancy. It was one of those sweet tropical nights that the inhabitants of cold climates do not know. The moon, hid behind a crest of tall palms, tinged every object with a uniform and soft splendor.

Harriet, a blue-eyed child, about ten years of age, ran and threw herself in her mother's arms.

"My dear mamma," said she, "you know how well pleased we all are, when, of an evening, you tell us some pretty story; how much delighted should we all be if you would tell us one now! Let it be of England. It is not late; the evening is mild, and none of us are much inclined to sleep."

The whole small family formed themselves in a semi-circle around their mother. The lady had taken on her knee her youngest child; the merry Harriet had seated herself at her feet, and recommended silence to her brothers and sisters, and with all attentive, Mrs. Maxwell had begun her story, when Harriet jumped up, crying out:

"Here comes Frederic, mamma; here comes Frederic!"

And a young man on horseback came trotting slowly down the avenue.

Without uttering a syllable or a sound, Marianne fell to the ground like a stone. The children ran cowering round their mother, crying out:

"Oh! mamma, a ghost; a ghost, mamma—the ghost of Mr. Edward Clarence!"

And Clarence came walking up the stone steps leading into the house before the astonished eyes of Mrs. Maxwell. It was no form which had passed the portals of death. It was the living Edward Clarence. He had arrived at anchor that evening in Carlisle Bay, and had immediately ridden over to the Fancy.

Little remains to be told to complete the remainder of the story. Clarence had changed passage at Dominica with a young gentleman, named Preston, who was anxious to get to Barbadoes as soon as possible to sail by the packet to England; and Clarence, who wished to see Dominica, readily took his berth in a brig that had been detained in loading three or four weeks longer than its original time. On hearing how Marianne had been ill when she learnt that Preston, who had been mistaken for himself, had been drowned in the William schooner, and how she had refused the proposals of Maxwell, he pressed her to his heart with a fondness, if possible, greater than ever.

"Sweet Marianne Bruce," said he, "I would rather be the owner of the heart of a true woman like yourself, than be the master of the whole world."

A few days after the ceremony of marriage was performed between them; and—to end the story like all such stories should be ended—contentment, happiness, prosperity, and a flourishing young family, were the blessings that crowned the remainder of their lives.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1849.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Bro. Watson will call upon all subscribers in this District in a few days, and we bespeak for him a hearty welcome and a prompt compliance with his wishes, which he will make known.

METHOD OF LABOR.

THE two great efforts of modern times are to dignify labor, and make it pleasant. A few years ago mechanics and other laborers were considered the "third estate" literally, and were of little consideration; they belonged to the category of cattle, and their worth was estimated by the amount of work they could perform. But it is very different to-day. The innumerable "institutes," "mechanics' associations," etc., etc., prove that the laborer is noble, and has as great a heart, and as lofty a purpose, and as aristocratic a bearing as the descendant of a kingly race, which has existed for a thousand years.

In fact, we are every day witnessing the spectacle of the blending together of all classes. Nobles become artisans, and artisans become nobles and kings. It seems that man has discovered what indeed he ought to have seen before, viz: *That labor is God's ordinance*; that the universe itself exists only by the virtue of everlasting toil. This is seen in all things around us—in heaven, in earth, and in sea. The brightest and noblest names of this age were made so by skill in the mechanic arts.

But while efforts, and successful efforts have been made to ennoble labor, some have conceived the idea of so organizing industry as to make it agreeable and pleasant. The Fourierists call this, we believe, "attractive industry." This is to be accomplished by creating what may be termed an *enthusiasm of labor*, having the whole system so organized that all kinds of toil, however severe or disagreeable, will be sought after with much avidity, and with the same enthusiasm as men now aspire to accomplish the most difficult and dangerous feats on the field of battle!

That something like this attractive industry of Fourier is possible, we believe. We see an exemplification of it—an imperfect one we admit—in our fire department. What labor is more difficult and disagreeable than the duty of a fireman? What toil is more dangerous? And yet with what ardor do they rush to their work, when the loud ringing bells call them to their duty? See them brave the hottest fires, scale the loftiest walls, to rescue the helpless one, and work for hours in the summer heat, or the cold of winter, without a murmur! Nay, sometimes their ardor seems to increase with the necessity of greater exertions, and their strength to increase with the conflagration. Why is this? It is the working of *enthusiasm*!

If this principle, enthusiasm, could be associated with all labor, a great result would be produced. And it may be done. Convince man that in his toil he is working out a noble destiny—that he is touching every where the springs of life—and is a co-laborer of the Infinite One, in beautifying, adorning, and advancing the Universe—that he is one of the noble army of industrials, through whose toil the world goes steadily forward, in the way of an everlasting progress—and the sweat of labor which stands upon his brow, will be more precious to him than the pearls of a kingly diadem. He will go to his labor with joy; nay, with enthusiasm; because he knows his work is a kind of worship, or prayer, through whose mysterious ways he approaches ever and ever nearer to the Perfect!

DEDICATION OF ODD FELLOWS' HALL,

ON THE

26th Anniversary of the B. W. G. L. of New York,

Monday, June 4, 1849.

THE day for which, and its interesting ceremonies the notes of busy preparation had been so long sounding, and to the enjoyment of which so many of our beloved Order had so long looked forward with pleasurable anticipation, was truly a lovely and delightful one. In truth, it was the first that, so far in the season, could be called a summer day. A light mist which hung over the city during the night was dispelled by the earliest rays of the sun, which shone out auspiciously, giving promise and assurance of a goodly day. Nature smiled in every lineament of her countenance. The green in the parks and public grounds was rich in emerald brightness. The trees were out in all their bravery, their fresh foliage stirred by a soft and gentle breeze. The sky was unclouded, and was

"Deeply, richly, beautifully blue,"

—in brief, everything looked ominous of a happy time.

A great number of strangers from the surrounding country came into the city by all the early boats and cars. These were drawn hither by curiosity, to see the pageant, and we do not, of course, include in this number the many brethren of the Order, who came to join in the interesting ceremonies of the occasion. The crowd of spectators would undoubtedly have been immeasurably greater (numberless as it actually was,) but for the apprehension that is just now felt out of town, from the idea that we have a dangerous epidemic in our midst. But as it was, the streets through which the procession moved, the windows and tops of the houses situated in those streets, the balconies of public buildings, the Park, the City Hall steps and roof, the top of the Museum, and every other "Coigne of Vantage" from which the curious looked, and could take a good view of the moving pageant, were filled by spectators of every age, sex and condition.

The order and course of the procession we give in another place. The preparations were laid out and carried through with great skill and ingenuity, and the line was formed without difficulty or unnecessary delay, according to the *programme*. The different Lodges and Encampments had formed at an early hour, at the reception rooms, and were seen at intervals in full regalia, and in good numbers, headed by bands of music, marching through the streets to take their places in the line.

We have never witnessed a more imposing sight than that which was displayed by the parade of this immense column, as it turned from Broadway at the bottom of the Park, into Park Row, on its way up Chatham-street. We will not undertake, at this point of our narration, to estimate the number comprising the procession, as there will be other means than mere guessing, by which to arrive at a fair result. The line was so judiciously displayed under the skillful direction of the Marshals, and the officers of the several Lodges and Encampments, as to give the lookers-on a satisfactory view of the brilliant regalia and emblems of the Order. There was a much nearer approach to the desired uniformity in the order observed among members than we had anticipated. Dark clothes, black hats and white gloves formed the dress which prevailed by a very large majority; a costume which at once gave a dignified appearance to the line, and by contrast, added greatly to the display of the regalia.

Another thing added great animation and brilliancy to the pageant; we mean the liberal multiplicity of the bands of music along the whole extent. This was indeed a most agreeable feature, as it ever is upon such occasions. To the scene we are describing, it was peculiarly appropriate, and lent to it a charm that must have been felt and acknowledged by all who witnessed it.

During the passage of the procession down Broadway, we noticed that on several of the public buildings were displayed flags, in honor of the gala; and at various points of the march the brotherhood were greeted with cheering from the gentlemen, and bouquets, wreaths, and waving of kerchiefs by the ladies, which were acknowledged by the recipients of these compliments by taking off their hats, and, in some instances, by a return of the cheering.

On the balcony of the Broadway Hotel, (corner of Park Place and Broadway,) there was a large collection of ladies and their attendants, who were particularly attentive to the procession, from its first appearance to the last departure. One of the prettiest wore a collar, and another an apron, of the Order, and we thought we discerned something like an attempt, now and then, to show off some smattering they had, somehow, picked up, (or thought they had,) of "the signs." Some brethren present very good-naturedly humored this notion, apparently.

We were glad to see the "Maid of the Mist" showing off, in all her glory, beneath the green trees of the Park, while the brilliant cortege was passing.

The magnificent car, drawn by sixteen horses, and upon which stood several orphan children, appropriately attired, (*protéges* of the Order,) and among them, (representing the Goddess of Liberty,) a little girl, ten years old, who has been under the care of the Order since she was one year old, attracted a great deal of attention. It was, indeed, a touching sight. The uncommonly neat banner of the Alleghanian Lodge, of Pennsylvania, was the object of general admiration, even amid the splendid array of banners, borne in the center of every Lodge and Encampment. Some of them were wreathed with sweet flowers of the season, and many of them bore at least a bunch of these "gentle remembrancers," at the top of their staff.

The Encampments were all most gorgeous in the display of regalia, and produced a great sensation, as they passed along. Several cars, most elaborately got up, represented tents, under the folds of which the officers rode. That, drawn by eight black horses, led by grooms in Turkish costume, and carrying the elective Grand Officers of the Grand Encampment, was magnificent in the extreme. That, representing an Egyptian Temple, was of unique beauty, and excited much curiosity. But that belonging to the "Mount Olivet Encampment" was, beyond comparison, the most gorgeous of all.

The display of Lodges from out of the city was very large, and aided materially in enhancing the splendor of the occasion.

The column met with no interruptions from intervening carriages, omnibuses, &c. during all the time we saw it. It kept steadily on, while passing our point of particular observation, and occupied exactly fifty-five minutes in doing so.

The plan, order of march, and ceremonies on arriving in front of the Hall, were all adhered to, and carried out to the letter. The general order of dedicatory exercises which took place at the Hall, is given below.

THE PROCESSION.

THE following notes of the various banners, will give an idea of the splendor of the parade:

MOUNT SINAI LODGE No. 374, had a rich silk banner, edged with silver lace and fringe, and a full parade of members.

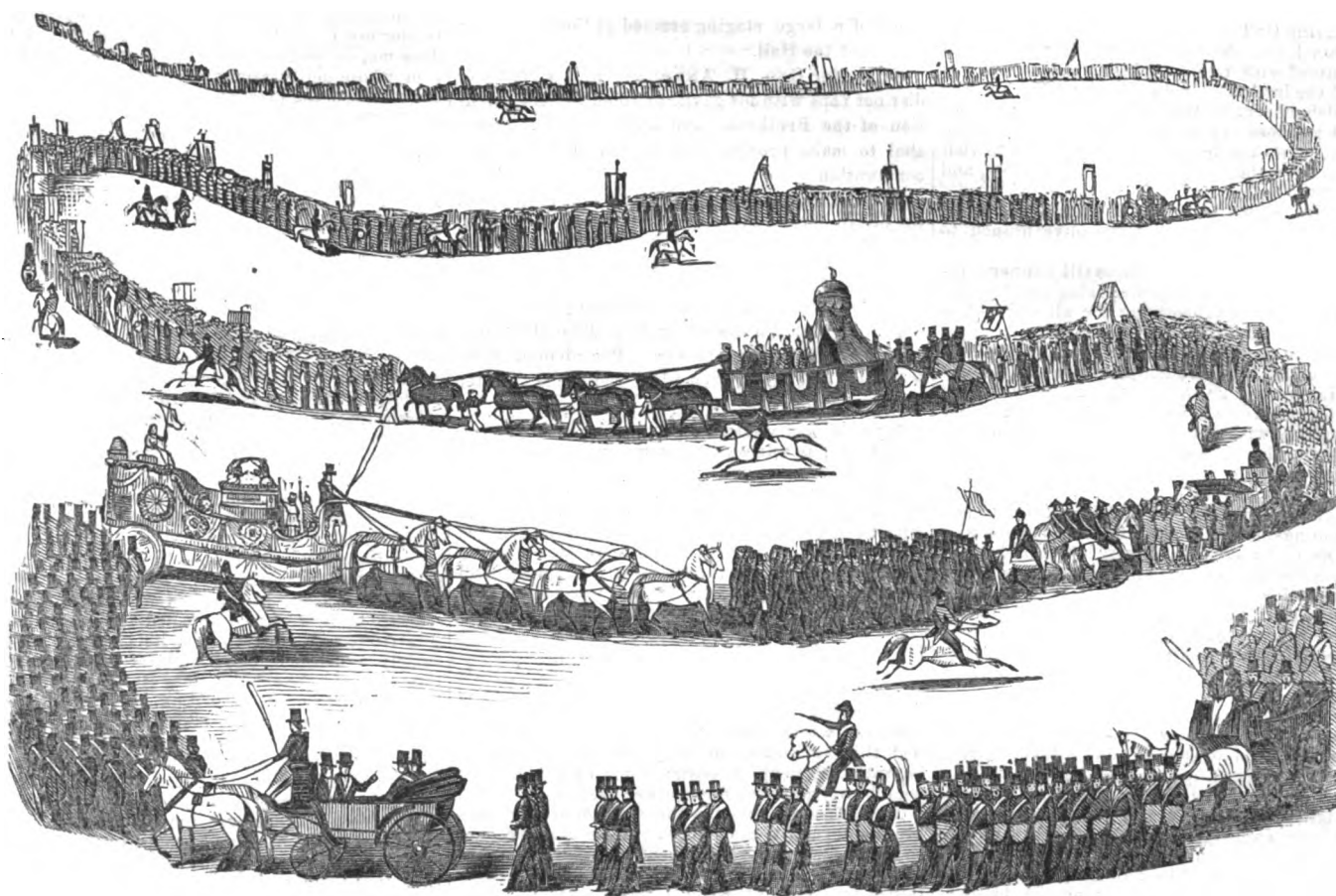
ST. NICHOLAS LODGE No. 364, carried as their emblem the statue of St. Nicholas.

AMARANTHUS LODGE No. 352, with a scarlet banner, trimmed with gold lace and fringe.

NORTHERN LIGHT LODGE No. 348, a large blue silk ensign, with fringe of gold.

WILLIAM TELL LODGE No. 347, bore a banner of blue and gold, on which was delineated a scene in the life of William Tell.

SOLON LODGE No. 339, had a blue silk banner trimmed with silver, and wreathed with flowers, with a figure of Solon giving his laws.



THE PROCESSION.

TRADESMEN'S LODGE No. 814, an elegant scarlet silk banner, lined with white silk, and edged with gold lace and fringe. No device; inscribed, "Tradesmen's Lodge No. 814, I. O. of O. F., instituted July 31, 1847."

HOSPITALER LODGE No. 295, bore a large white banner, with blue fringe.

WARREN LODGE No. 253.—Among the Lodges in the procession none excited higher encomiums than No. 253. The regalia of the members was of the most elegant and rich material, and obtained in honor of the day. Their banner of blue satin, bore the portrait of the immortal Warren, who so gallantly fell at Bunker Hill, and attracted much attention from the spectators. The number of members that paraded was seventy, a strength demonstrating the deep interest the Lodge takes in the work.

PILGRIM LODGE No. 243, had a blue silver trimmed banner, with a sketch appropriate to the name. ACORN LODGE No. 237, a blue silk, yellow fringed banner.

LOGE LA SINCERITE No. 233, with a purple and gold banner, and the motto, "Charité, Fraternité et Protection."

BEACON LODGE No. 228. The banner of this Lodge was of rich velvet, with the name, &c. of the Lodge, in silver letters.

MYRTLE LODGE 194, blue silk banner, neatly trimmed with gold. This Lodge is from Brooklyn.

ALLEGHANIA LODGE No. 188, had a scarlet, gold edged banner, of large size.

BLOOMING GROVE LODGE No. 182, a blue silk banner, variegated fringe, lined with blue.

NEPPERMAN LODGE No. 181, from Yonkers, bore a blue banner, with fringe of white, and wreathed in flowers.

OREGON LODGE No. 178, had a blue and gold banner, surmounted by the cap of liberty.

EUREKA LODGE No. 177, with a purple silk banner, having heads of Columbus, Washington, Franklin and Lafayette.

HERMITAGE LODGE No. 165, a scarlet and yellow banner, with head of Jackson.

NEPTUNE LODGE No. 152, from Staten Island, bore a large white, blue-bordered banner.

CITY LODGE No. 151, with a fine blue and gold ensign.

Carriage with Veteran Odd-Fellows of New York.

DIAMOND LODGE No. 140, this Lodge had a fine white silk banner, with appropriate figures in a diamond, and the legend "Charity, the Diamond of our Order."

CONTINENTAL LODGE No. 117, bore a fine blue standard trimmed with silver lace, with emblematic devices, &c.

MECHANICS' LODGE No. 113, a large blue banner with yellow fringe—mechanic's arm, hammer, &c.

RICHMOND COUNTY LODGE No. 88, from Staten Island, had a white banner, with parti-colored fringe, and festoonery of scarlet.

FIDELITY LODGE No. 87, a large blue silk banner, trimmed with silver bullion fringe.

CHELSEA LODGE No. 84, a blue banner, yellow fringe surmounted by emblems.

GERMAN OAK LODGE No. 82, with a blue banner, yellow fringe; the oak tree a principal emblem. A German Lodge.

CROTON LODGE No. 78, with a three-sided banner, with the three principal colors of the Order—white, blue and scarlet.

ORIENTAL LODGE No. 68, bore a green silk Turkish banner, trimmed with gold; on it a golden banner. The name, number, and date of its institution were inscribed.

ORIENTAL LODGE No. 113, of Philadelphia, as guests of Oriental of New York; a scarlet banner trimmed with silver, and lined with white.

COMMERCIAL LODGE No. 67, had a white silk banner, with crimson fringe and azure drapery—the Goddess of Plenty seated, leaning on a shield on which is Hope's anchor; in her right hand is Mercury's caduceus; at her feet a Cornucopia, and in the distance ships at sea. On the reverse are figures of Liberty, Victory and Truth, encircled with a rose wreath by Love.

HOWARD LODGE No. 60, a crimson silk and gold tinged banner—reverse, blue silk—both sides inscribed "Howard Lodge No 60, I. O. of O. F., instituted Nov. 6, 1841."

MUTUAL LODGE No. 57, with a large blue silk banner, trimmed with silver bullion.

CORTLAND LODGE No. 55, from Peekskill, had a banner trimmed with variegated colors.

UNITED BROTHERS' LODGE No. 52, a blue and silver banner. This Lodge works in the German language.

CLINTON DEGREE LODGE No. 6. The splendid emblems of this Lodge made a fine appearance. They were all on a large car drawn by eight bay horses. Four little boys, as pages, supported the ark; and a beautiful little girl, dressed in pure white, was a most appropriate representative of Innocence and Truth.

HANCOCK LODGE No. 49, their banner was of figured dark silk, with a representation of John Hancock signing the immortal Declaration. On the reverse, Odd-Fellows visiting a sick brother, with the legend, "I was sick and ye visited me."

MERCANTILE LODGE No. 47, a scarlet silk banner with deep fringe—a shield on a U. S. flag, with emblems, supported by Mercury, (the god of Merchants) and Peace with her olive branch, surmounted by a globe embraced in the chain of friendship, on which an eagle bears the legend, "Amicitia, Amor et Veritas."

JEFFERSON LODGE No. 46, with a fine banner surmounted by a Liberty Cap, and having a portrait of the great statesman whose name the Lodge bears, inscribed with date of the Lodge's organization, &c.

HARMONY LODGE No. 34, had a blue silk banner with scarlet fringe; and the legend, "In God we put our trust."

LA CONCORDE LODGE No. 43—a French Lodge, had a fine banner, with the legend, "Paix et Protection au Genre Humain," a shield inscribed, "Charité, Amitié, Harmonie," and in exergue, "Amor et Fraternité."

MERIDIAN LODGE No. 42, a large silk banner, with Odd-Fellows visiting the sick, &c.; legend, "We are brothers in affliction."

ENTERPRISE LODGE No. 6, bearing a white silk banner with scarlet border, depicting the interview between David and Jonathan—a rainbow in the distance, and beneath the legend, "The Lord be between me and thee for ever." 1 Samuel, xx, 23.

On the other side, a shield with emblems surmounted by the all-seeing Eye.

COVENANT LODGE No. 35, banner showed brothers relieving the sick, with the motto, "We trust in the Living God."

MARION LODGE No. 34—A large banner of blue silk trimmed with purple fringe; on one side was pictured the interview between Gen. Marion and the British officer, in the swamp, with the supper of sweet potatoes; on the other side, a Widow and Orphans, with the legend, "Our object—to visit the Sick, bury the Dead, relieve the Widow, and educate the Orphan."

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE No. 81—Blue banner, red fringed, with a dove bearing the olive branch to the ark.

NATIONAL LODGE No. 30—Blue silk banner; angels raise an American flag, disclosing a widow and orphans under its protection, the all-seeing Eye looking upon them. On the other side, an eagle holds a shield quartered with emblems of the Order and surrounded by Friendship, Love and Truth.

ARK LODGE No. 28, blue silk banner with gold fringe; three persons are pledging friendship under all-seeing eye, with the motto, "Love ye one another." On the reverse, Noah's Ark, the dove returning with the Olive branch, and the bow of promise.

BROOKLYN LODGE No. 26, fine blue banner, yellow trimmings, and a good turn out of members.

MARINER'S LODGE No. 23, with a blue and silver banner; a shipwrecked mariner is saved by a brother Odd-Fellow.

KNICKERBOCKER LODGE No. 22, with a white silk banner lined with crimson and edged with heavy gold bullion fringe. No device. Inscription—"Knickerbocker Lodge No. 22, I. O. of O. F. New-York."

MANHATTAN LODGE No. 20, a blue silk banner, with scarlet fringe—interview between a Past Grand and an Indian Odd-Fellow, a dove bearing the legend "Friendship, Love and Truth," and a Bible resting on a bundle of sticks—emblematic of the strength of Truth. On the other side—a widow and orphans supported by Plenty and Liberty, with the legend—Faith Hope and Charity.

TEUTONIA LODGE No. 14—This Lodge is composed of Germans. They had a large blue silk banner, displaying Odd-Fellows visiting a sick brother, with the legend—"Visit the Sick, bury the Dead, educate the Orphan." On the reverse the figures and legend, "Friendship, Love and Truth."

WASHINGTON LODGE No. 12, with a blue silk banner, with red and white fringe; Washington dividing bread among mendicants. On the reverse side, Friendship, Love and Truth crowned with a wreath of three links, with the legend, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

GETTY'S LODGE No. 11, crimson silk banner with heavy gold fringe, surmounted by sky-blue silk drapery with gold fringe—a portrait of the brother from whom the Lodge is named. On the other side, a shield bearing emblems of the Order, supported by Friendship and Truth, and surmounted by a globe on which were figures of Innocence.

NEW-YORK LODGE No. 10, had a large blue banner, trimmed with gold fringe.

TOMPKINS LODGE No. 9, a large scarlet banner, with variegated fringe; a head of Gov. Tompkins on one side.

STRANGERS' REFUGE LODGE No. 4, bore a scarlet banner, trimmed with gold, and lined with blue silk.

COLUMBIA LODGE No. 1, the parent Lodge in this City and State, bore a blue silk banner delineating the Landing of Columbus on his discovery of America; on the other side Faith, Hope and charity, with the inscription, "Columbia Lodge No. 1, I. O. of O. F. State of New-York; instituted Nov. 14, 1822, chartered June 4, 1823." This was also the anniversary of the charter of this Lodge.

EGYPTIAN ENCAMPMENT No. 35, with a splendid purple velvet banner, embroidered and trimmed with heavy gold thread and fringe.

DAMASCUS ENCAMPMENT No. 18, had a fine standard, with the various emblems in gold; and a magnificent carved tent, with all the officers and fixtures—a singular and elaborate piece of work.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT, with a gorgeous banner, trimmed with roses and borne by mulattoes in Oriental costume.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT CAR; a large black silk tent, borne upon four eagles, drawn by eight black horses, each led by a Turkish groom. On this car were the officers of the Grand Encampment of the State.

Our list does not comprise all the Lodges which went to make up the elegant procession, and we have no doubt omitted some of more merit than those we have described. Any errors or omissions that our friends may point out or supply, will be most agreeably received by us.

THE DEDICATION.

At four o'clock, the procession reached the corner of Grand and Center-sts. They formed in front of a large staging erected at the north-east corner of the Hall.

G. Master GEO. H. ANDREWS, then gave three distinct raps with his gavel, to command the attention of the Brethren; and directed the G. Marshal to make proclamation of the object of this convocation.

G. MARSHAL—"It is the will and pleasure of the M. W. Grand Master of the G. Lodge of the I. O. of O. F. of the State of New-York, that the ceremony of dedicating this edifice to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, do now proceed."

G. MASTER—"Such is my will and pleasure."

DEDICATORY PRAYER—by Rev. Bro. Morrison.

P. G. Sire JOHN A. KENNEDY, President of the O. F. Hall Association, then addressed the G. Master as follows:

MOST WORTHY GRAND MASTER: We meet you here to-day to announce to you through the Order, that our work is done.

Since the first effort was made for the erection of this edifice, thirteen years have passed away, and with them not a few of those spirits who engaged early in the enterprise with alacrity. During much of that period, progress was so tardy, and eventual success apparently so uncertain, that many of our most ardent friends despaired; while those who chose to oppose the prosperity of our beloved Order, audibly rejoiced.

To-day our relative positions are changed; it is now our privilege to experience the pleasures of gratification, and have our hearts dilated with gladness, while those who have imprudently impeded this work with industry and zeal, lie buried beneath the heap of obstructions they had, with such labor, gathered for another use.

Two years ago this day the erection of our Temple was formally commenced, under auspices not so favorable as its friends could have desired; but their hope was large; their confidence in being sustained by their brotherhood was great; nor have they been disappointed.

The Order came forward with vigor and furnished the needful subscriptions to such an extent, that but a few hundred shares remain untaken; and these, they have reason to expect, will be speedily subscribed for.

It is not the business of the management to allude to their own labors, nor the manner in which they have been performed; nor would good taste permit them to descant on the fitness of our edifice for the sacred purpose to which it is designed. It is capable of speaking for itself, through its proportions and its style: if these fail to impress you, any words of mine would prove worse than useless.

I have only to repeat: "OUR WORK IS DONE," and, in behalf of "The Odd-Fellows' Hall Association of the City of New-York," I make the request that the building be set apart and dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship.

Whereupon the M. W. Grand Master Geo. H. ANDREWS received the building by saying:

Mr. President of the Odd-Fellows' Hall Association: In the name of, and in behalf of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the State of New-York, I accept for dedication to the uses of Odd-Fellowship, this edifice, which has been constructed under your supervision.

To you and your associates—the managers of that corporation—the present must be an occasion especially gratifying.

To-day, you witness the consummation of that for which you have long and ardently hoped. To-day you hail the completion of that for which you have zealously and faithfully labored—and to-day you behold the recognition by your Brethren from the North, the South, the East and the West, of this, the result of your efforts, as a temple devoted to the service of those, whose vocation it is to "Visit the Sick—Relieve the Distressed—Bury the Dead—Educate the Orphan!"—duties which neither interfere with, nor supersede the discharge of any others—social, moral, or religious.

Turning to the M. W. Grand Sire of the United States, the Grand Master concluded as follows:

"Most Worthy Grand Sire: This assembly of Brothers of the I. O. of O. F., having especially convened by order of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, for the purpose of dedicating and consecrating this Hall to the charitable and humane objects of Odd Fellowship, we solicit your aid in the ceremonial, as that of the chief officer of the body whose decisions we regard as law, and whose authority we are proud to acknowledge as supreme in the order."

G. S. HORN R. KNEASS then made the dedicatory speech as follows:

"Most Worthy Grand Master: In taking part in the inspiring ceremonies of this day, permit me to tender my cordial thanks for the gratification thus done me, by yourself and the distinguished Lodge over whose deliberations you so ably preside. An occasion like the present is always interesting. The preparation of a permanent home for any portion of our numerous brotherhood is calculated to inspire agreeable emotions; but especially joyous is it when that home is to supply the wants of, and yield comforts to, so many as will here enjoy its soothing influences. We behold in this vast metropolis of the most populous State of the American Union, a hall, commodious, magnificent, whose huge proportions indicate the character of the enterprise of the association by which it was constructed—whose diversified architecture evinces the refined taste of those by whom it was fashioned—whose general internal decoration displays the munificence of its owners—and whose very construction, while it has given to New York one of its most attractive ornaments, at the same time attests the attachment of our fraternity here to the principles of our institution. But well adapted and superb as this costly pile surely is, I can regard it as a medium through which can be felt that effective spirit which prompted its design, and insured its completion—a spirit which, bounding over all intervening obstacles, has thus happily manifested itself. In this locality, but a few short years ago, our brotherhood, in common with all associations whose doings were not revealed to the public eye, was subjected to attack, and its members to contumely and scorn; but it fell not before the ruthless assault. The duration of its proscription was but the period of its probation. From that season of gloom it emerged, purified and strengthened. The events which were then stimulated, and caused so much tribulation to the nervous admirer of our embodied principles, but which served only to arouse and cement the stout hearted friends of our Order, now are amongst the things that were—treasured in the memory as so many touchstones to illustrate the sincerity and value of our union. If thus once temporarily overshadowed in this immediate region, the obscuration was not unfelt in other portions of our far-stretching republic, and the efforts elsewhere were identical with those experienced by yourselves. Instead, then, of looking back with emotions of regret to the trials to which we were then exposed, we can revert to them with calm satisfaction, derivable from a consciousness of their happy issues. How changed is now the condition of our institution! Apprehension and doubt have been dispelled—the wavering have become firm and the steady have continued unmoved. Our institution now extends over this vast country, and whether flourishing in a thickly settled commonwealth, or a remote territory—whether amidst cities, whose foundations were laid before the electric spark of liberty quickened the American people into a nation, or upon a soil but recently brought within the protection of the American ensign—it enjoys no common respect. It embraces within its membership, citizens of education, virtue and wisdom. Towns are improved by its presence, and villages smile under its benign influences.

"Go where you may, through the vast area of our land, where man's habitation can be found, and the voice of the Odd-Fellow will be heard, soothing and consoling affliction, cheering the heavy laden, and imparting hope and consolation wherever they may be needed. Indeed, so promotive of human comfort, so essential to human happiness is it, that man, in his roaming through the untamed wilds of our distant confines, scarce meets his fellow-man, without contemplating the means required to constitute a lodge. But by the boundaries of our own extended country our institution is not circumscribed, any more than the cardinal virtues, of the nature of which the human kind alike partake, can be limited by metes and bounds. They manifest themselves, and expand wherever intellectual culture is invited and encouraged. Indeed, wherever mind has dominion, there are they most usefully, most effectively unfolded. Borrowed originally from transatlantic shores, the light has been reflected with additional warmth and luster upon the mother soil, and now also from the same bright flame is vivifying the islands of the Pacific ocean.

"Judging from the past—that unerring criterion—who can foresee the extent of our Order's bearing in a few years to come? Its scope, adapted to our entire race, will never be fulfilled while any portion of man is unobservant of it. Its influence must be progressive—ever onward—and when ever and where ever they go, they must emanate from one fountain of authority, the Grand Lodge of the United States, of the I. O. of O. F., by which all of us, no matter where residing, must be bound. To

that exalted body do we ever turn with respect and confidence, composed of members of an enlightened and immense constituency, as well as those who have served in the highest offices known to our laws—all of whom, no matter how great their experience or elevated their positions, must still be in connection with a Lodge, claiming as its integral parts members of all ages in our Order. Possessing an organization unlike any other association, we bow with submission to its decrees, and lend whatever energies we can control to its full enforcement. And that authority which has been recognized from the period of the formation of our supreme council—which has employed itself in dispensing the inestimable blessings that our teachings insure—whose development, but a quarter of a century since, was beheld only by a few in a few cities on our seaboard, and has continued to show itself of the same character from that time to the present, is based upon the affections of our brotherhood. No municipal law thunders forth its penalties to secure obedience to its behests. No early associations in its history, connected with our own land, throws around it a charm that can bias or touch the judgment; and perhaps there is nothing in its early manifestations in another clime, to attract the general attention and support; but by its own inherent worth, it has thus far survived the many adverse circumstances by which it was enveloped. By that force alone it must hereafter live—deprived of it, it must cease to exist. With merit, not ostentatious, but rather noiseless and unseen, unless by those covered by its mantle, it is replete. It trenches upon no right, interferes with no privilege, assails no religious faith or political dogmas, disturbs no man's business arrangements; but, on the contrary, endeavors to point out to its admirers the paths which lead to a happiness not incompatible with that respect which others should command, and also to instill into their hearts that ardent love of country which constitutes here, as well as elsewhere, the nation's bulwark. It is well entitled to our warm admiration, to what ever support and assistance may, from time to time, be necessary to the exhibition of its various attributes; and especially important is it that the decrees of the institution should be obeyed—not with a lagging submission that gives pain in beholding it, but with a promptitude and potency which evince a regard for the authority whence they emanate.

"Without this recognition of such a power somewhere, and the early rules of our brotherhood have fixed it to the chief council, where would the arbitrament be found? where would be the tribunal competent to adjudicate such questions as arise in the performance of the various Lodge duties? Pause in the rendering of implicit obedience to that high power, and the stability of the institution is threatened, its harmony assailed, and its general integrity jeopardized. He who falters in this respect, looks more to his own personal feelings than the interests of this vast community of our Order, and upon his head rests a great responsibility. By an undeviating and unbroken reliance, we have risen from a small beginning to our present position of respectability and strength. Our rise has been without parallel; not merely in the rapidity by which it has been marked, but also in the amount of substantial benefit which has been scattered broadcast through our jurisdiction. In the success we enjoy, there should be found abundant cause of gratulation, and whosoever would expect additional advantage within the short period of our history upon these shores, would not be restrained to the realities of existence, and would ill deserve the harvest which industry may have assisted to reap.

"I had proposed, my friends, to engross but a few moments of your time; my pledge to myself has been redeemed. But before concluding these hasty remarks, permit me to say that the influence of your example, as shown upon this occasion, will be felt throughout the length and breadth of our common country. If incentive to increased endeavor on behalf of our institution be needed anywhere within its wide-spread jurisdiction, it will be found in the enterprise and determination of their brethren of New-York. This hall, although your immediate home, is nevertheless the home of every man who is bound by the ties we acknowledge. Here he can find rest when wandering from his distant residence. Here he can find calm contentment when sundered from the active cares of business life; and here, as though within his own Lodge Room, he can interchange the civilities and kindnesses of our common nature, refined and chastened by the gentle teachings of Friendship, Love and Truth."

The Grand Sire terminated his speech with this formula:

"Hear, Hear, Hear, all men: By authority and in the name of the Grand Lodge of I. O. of O. F. of the State of New-York, I dedicate this Hall to the

business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship; to disseminate Friendship, Love and Truth, and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity in their fullest extent to all its worthy members; and by this solemn act I hereby declare it duly dedicated.

"The Grand Marshal will please cause this dedication to be appropriately proclaimed."

Four Heralds were placed at appropriate distances, forming the corners of a large square, and set on horseback, uncovered. The following ceremonies then took place:

G. MARSHAL.—"Brothers, Grand Heralds of the North, of the East, of the South, and of the West: By the solemn act of the Most Worthy Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of the United States, this Hall is duly dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, to disseminate Friendship, Love and Truth; and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity in their fullest extent to all its worthy members. It is his will and pleasure that the same be proclaimed, which duty you will perform."

G. HERALD OF THE NORTH.—[After a blast on the Trumpet.]—"Hear, all men: By authority of the M. W. Grand Sire, I proclaim this Hall dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity."

G. HERALD OF THE EAST.—[After a blast on the Trumpet.]—"Hear all men: By authority of the M. W. Grand Sire, I proclaim this Hall dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity."

G. HERALD OF THE SOUTH.—[After a blast on the Trumpet.]—"Hear, all men; By the authority of the M. W. Grand Sire, I proclaim this Hall dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity."

G. HERALD OF THE WEST.—[After a blast on the Trumpet.]—"Hear, all men; By authority of the M. W. Grand Sire, I proclaim this Hall dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity."

G. MARSHAL.—"Most Worthy Grand Sire: Proclamation has gone forth to the four quarters of the globe, that all men may hear and know the principles of Odd-Fellowship have here a dwelling place."

G. SIRE.—[Holding in his hand a vessel of pure water, in the act of pouring it out.]—"I do declare and proclaim—in the name of a FRIENDSHIP as pure as this element, this Hall solemnly consecrated to the practice of that ennobling virtue, which, uniting men as Brothers, teaches them to sustain that relation at all times each to the other. In the name of a Love that delights in listening to a tale of sorrow, that it may relieve it; that exults in every opportunity to wipe the tear from the weeping eye, and is ever found armed for the defense and protection of the widow and orphan—this Hall solemnly consecrated. In the name of TRUTH, devoid of guile and hypocrisy, which inculcates sincerity and plain-dealing, that communicable attribute of Deity which most exalts the character of man on earth—this Hall solemnly consecrated."

THE G. SECRETARY then read the certificate of dedication, which was then attested by the Grand Officers.

THE G. MASTER then called on the Brethren to give the honors of the Order, which was done.

The closing Ode, by Bro. D. P. BARHYDT, was then sung by a company of performers and amateurs, with much effect.

Uplifting to th' auspicious skies,
For Friendship, Love and Truth a home,
Behold the stately fabric rise,
A finished whole from base to dome.
As step by step, and stone by stone,
Our temple rose toward the sky,
The work of Fellowship sped on
To reach that dome outspread on high.
Long celebrated be this day,
And be our Hall, when old and gray,
The honored temple, as in youth,
The home of Friendship, Love and Truth!

Rejoice! the finished type reveals
To love-born hope a glorious sight;
Let anthems sound in pean peals—
The dawn has broken on the night!
Our temple stands the type confess'd
Of work in Fellowship complete,
When ev'ry heart with Friendship bless'd,
Each hand a brother's hand shall greet.
Long celebrated be this day,
And be our Hall, when old and gray,
The honored temple, as in youth,
The home of Friendship, Love and Truth!

Along th' eternal paths of time,
We see the fane "not made with hands,"
Where Truth, enshrined in might sublime,

O'er sin and self triumphant stands—
Her altar built of deeds had birth
In myriads of halls like this,
All stars of hope encircling earth
To gem the cup of grief with bliss.
Long celebrated be this day,
When other honored fanes, and gray,
Shall, ages hence, as this in youth,
Be homes of Friendship, Love and Truth!

A benediction was then pronounced, and the ceremonies being over, the Lodges and Encampments were considered as dismissed, and wended their way to their several head-quarters, accompanied, most of them, by bands of music.

THE EVENING FESTIVITIES.

In the evening, Castle Garden was the scene of festivity, mirth and music. A goodly company assembled there, to listen to a good band, an Oration by C. Edwards-Lester, and the singing of an original Ode, written for the occasion.

After the music from the band, Mr. Austin Phillips and his associates sung the following Ode, written by Miss E. C. HURLEY.

Joy, brothers, joy, let each face beam with gladness,
Heaven smiles propitious, our efforts to crown;
Our path is victorious, then banish all sadness—
Our deeds and alms-giving have met with renown.
We hail with delight, this our day for uniting,
For rendering praises, and glory and power,
To him who alone gives the means so inviting,
Each brother to cherish when darkness may lower.

Mark, brothers mark, the distress'd from all nations,
Wending their way to the Odd-Fellows' Hall;

Whate'er once their lot, or whate'er their stations,
The Odd-Fellow's heart is alive to their call.
He feels 'tis a brother who seeks his protection,
Whate'er be his doctrine, religion, or creed,
A brother's regard, and a brother's affection,
Is instantly yielded, in thought, word and deed.

See, brothers, see, the lone Orphan's eye beaming,
Tho' memory's tear will bedew that soft eye;
The heart feels assured, and bright visions are gleaming—

The Odd-Fellow's haven, their refuge, is nigh.
Then hail, brothers, hail, with delight hail the morning,

Whose dawn rose in Friendship, in Love, and in Truth—

Cementing, uniting, each other adorning,
A solace for age, a bulwark for youth.

Advancing in splendor, unshackled and fearless,
Onward and upward, and proud our career;
Ne'er may the sick or the feeble be cheerless,
But find in Odd-Fellows that comfort is near.
Stronger and broader, and wider our borders—
Boundless and free be our march thro' the land;
Graceful and peaceful, and free from marauders,
Till Faith, Hope and Charity join hand in hand.

THE ORATION.

Ladies, Citizens and Brothers

So vast and brilliant an assembly as this, may well close our triumphant festival.

From the cold rivers of Maine—from the orange groves of Florida—from the deer-haunted shores of the great Lakes of the North—from the upper waters of the mountain-fed Missouri—from the fervid plains over which Cortez led the Cavaliers of Spain, we have gathered to dedicate a Temple of Charity—to celebrate the inauguration of the Republic of Humanity.

On the night of the 25th of December, 1806, while a Winter storm was drifting over this Island City, in an upper chamber of a house yet standing in Fulton-street, five men assembled to organize the first Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows ever founded on this continent.

To the Genius of Humanity who presided over that humble scene and foresaw its consequences, it must have seemed, as to its first discovery did the parent rill which gushes from the Rocky Mountains and flows on its far pilgrimage till it swell into the solemn Mississippi.

They called the Institution they founded SHAKESPEARE LODGE, and like the name they gave it, it has pervaded the world. Its charter now lies side by side with the play of Hamlet in the secluded library of Sunny-side on the Hudson, and in the frail tent of the gold-digger on the golden banks of the Rio Sacramento.

The names given to the first four Lodges in New-York indicate the spirit of their founders. Shakespeare's name represented Literature and Humanity; Franklin was the second, and is represented Philoso-

phy and Labor; Washington was the third, and represented Heroism and Love of Country; Columbia was the fourth, and represented the broad continent where Odd Fellowship was to achieve its greatest triumphs.

I shall pronounce no encomium on this Order. It has already existed too long, and entered too deeply into the regards of mankind, to need any defence, or require any apology.

I shall speak of some of the causes which brought it into existence and contributed to its progress—what it has attempted to do for mankind hitherto, and what it must achieve if it would live in the future. It will be necessary also to glance at the aspects of the present period and the electric progress of the world.

I am conscious that it has been a day of excitement and fatigue, and that on the fancies of the fair women and brave men who will hear me with scarce concealed impatience, are gleaming visions of fairy forms floating in the dance. It is not a very enviable office to try to elicit the interest or stir the sympathies of this great company who have just returned from the fatigues of a march, and are just going to the enchantments of a ball room and the luxuries of a banquet.

Suffer then, I pray you, with what patience you can, a few words in the name of the trinity of humanity, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.

It should not seem strange that we have assembled for this exulting festival; all nations and orders of men have had their anniversaries of congratulation. For nearly forty centuries the sons of Abraham have held their yearly Pentecost to celebrate the emancipation of their fathers. The Greeks held their National Games to immortalize the triumphs of heroism, and the birth of this Nation will be celebrated through all time to perpetuate the memory of the Fathers of the Republic.

Every creed has had its temples, and every divinity its worshippers; why may we not rear a temple to Humanity and burn incense on its altars. The world has long had its Republic of Letters, and its Republic of Liberty—it is time it had its REPUBLIC OF HUMANITY. We have blended the beauties of the arts of the Orient in building our Temple, and with grateful and joyous hearts, we have dedicated it to-day.

Odd Fellowship arose in the necessities of man; not to add one more star to the waning constellation of nobility; not to deal with fictitious interests, or practice fanciful experiments. It was formed to deal with substantial life, to minister to real wants. A more practical benevolence was wanted in the world, to seek out distress, bind up wounds, assuage griefs, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner, educate the orphan, protect the widow, comfort the dying, and bury the dead. Man needed a closer acquaintance with man, the world over. For these hallowed purposes our Order sprang into life, and its course has been cheered by the sunny smiles of gratitude, by the consciousness of duty, and by the blessing of God. Let us, in passing, correct a false impression, not uncommon:

Odd Fellowship never was, and never can be, hostile to Christianity, for it is founded on its great law of Love. It never assailed the Church, for clergymen, and good men of all denominations swell our numbers. But it has been assailed, either because it was not understood, or from a still worse motive.—We lay claim to none of the rights or privileges of a Divine Institution; we assume none of the prerogatives of the priesthood; we invade none of the ordinances of Religion; we celebrate none of its mysteries; we impose no religious creed on the conscience; we do not even claim to be an institution of charity; *we only attempt to do our duty to one another.*—True, we admit no one to our Order who does not believe in an Almighty and Beneficent Father of the Universe; who does not recognize the law of the Saviour, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them," to be the only true or safe guide of life. True, when we come together, we sing anthems of congratulation, and we invoke the benediction of Heaven, that all we do may be conformed to the law of Love. But who will say that the glad and joyous heart may not pour forth its fullness in music, or that, in a world in which the tears of the Son have fallen, the erring, misguided, suffering child of earth, may not turn his eye up to the blue Heaven, and supplicate the blessing of his Father! We only aim to do to each other what the Good Samaritan did to the wounded and robbed wayfarer, whom the Levite and the priest passed by on the other side.

Our duties are plainly prescribed: "To meet together as brothers, and, in case of affliction or distress, to relieve the wants of each other, and administer all the consolation we can to the afflicted." * * We keep nothing hidden, except what is necessary to give efficacy and permanence to our Order, by preserving its unity, and guarding it against imposition. The breaking of bread to the hungry, the cup of cold water to the thirsty, watching by the sick bed, comforting the afflicted, cherishing the stranger, visiting

the imprisoned, succoring the enfeebled; how sadly are these tender duties neglected by a large portion of the human race!"

How far are these duties performed by Odd Fellowship? How far are these objects effected? So perfectly, I answer in a word, that it is nearly impossible for an Odd Fellow to be overwhelmed with calamity, without finding succor. If slander's merciless breath strikes him, there is an honest man near by to defend his reputation, for in this association men are taught not only to reverence truth, but to scorn the liar, and despise the robber of the good name of a fellow man! He is the foulest of burglars, the meanest of highwaymen!

The Odd Fellow cannot suffer honest poverty without alleviation. If his hand of labor is paralyzed at his toil, he is maintained till his muscles grow strong—and this comes not in grudging charity—it is his right. His wife and children are not driven into the streets to ask charity while he is sick—the dignity of manhood is spared this deep humiliation. In his old age he is not driven to the Alms House for a home. He is a man to the last—he never becomes a pauper! That squalid, loathsome, intolerable wreck of a man. The Odd Fellow cannot die alone; brothers stand by him in the final hour, and half the bitterness of death is forgotten in the thought that brothers will follow him to the grave—that his widow will be cared for, and his orphans protected. These gentle beings are not left without a covert on the heath of Time!

This argument is not limited to the poor man—for no man has so much gold he may not sometime lack bread; none of us has so many friends he may not one day be deserted, and our children are sure one day to be orphans. It is no mean praise of Odd Fellowship to say that it multiplies a man's friends—and in a world like this, who ever had too many?

The whole fabric of society is strengthened by the sustaining influence of the Order. It is benefitted by it in a higher and better sense than by hospitals and alms houses—for it administers relief to men in their homes; they are not dragged from the sacred enclosure of the family and paraded in the fever wards, and watched over by hirelings, or farmed out in the county Poor House!

Let us cross the ocean, (for Odd Fellowship follows man everywhere,) and look into the Work Houses of England, those loathsome and crowded depots where men and women are stowed away till Death's freight train comes for them! Husbands and wives, in want and age separated from their children and from each other. The Work-House is the terror of the poor man in England! when it stares him in the face, he boldly perpetrates a crime, and by going to a foul dungeon, escapes the humiliation of a Work-House.

The British Government, which discourages all secret societies, has been compelled to remove her restrictions from Odd Fellowship—for poverty and want have filled her green islands with dying and dead men. She has even made the Order her almoner to expend her relief fund, since her money would thus go farther, and secure greater and quicker relief. In Great Britain, Odd Fellowship stands between a million of men and death. Heaven send peace and plenty to those Emerald Islands—powerful in their empire, feeble in their famine!

Ask the Alms-House Commissioners of this great City, what it costs New-York to feed her hungry, and bury her dead! and they will tell you what Odd Fellowship saves us every year. Let the Order suddenly withdraw its sustaining hand, and every city in this country would feel the shock—the entire body of society would stagger under the tremendous burden!

It should be no cause of complaint if we limited our beneficence to the circle of our own Order; for we cannot, alone, bear the Atlean world of human suffering, and if we do not care for Odd Fellows, who will? As an organization, our most imperative duties are toward one another; but we regard man everywhere, as sacred—wherever we meet him he is God's child and our brother, and if we can help him we will. So far as our means allow, we open wide our hands.

Pittsburg is laid waste by a desolating fire. The Lodges send on their offerings, with all the humane who can, till more is received than has been lost, and a portion of the offering is sent back to the Odd Fellows of New-York—it is soon required for another afflicted city!

Panama is crowded with thousands waiting to embark for the glittering coast, and pestilence is filling every house with the dead. That mass of dying adventurers are strangers in a strange land; but there are sure to be Odd Fellows there. A magical signal brings them together. A Lodge is organized; the work of helping one another begins on system. The needy are aided, the sick healed, the dying comforted, and the dead buried. No distinctions are made; man is suffering, and man is sacred! A secure and beautiful burial ground, overlooking the ocean, is purchased, and before the caravan goes on its way an appeal is sent back to the Lodges, which is at once re-

sponded to; and while I am speaking the iron fence^o is on its way for the enclosure of the Strangers' Cemetery, founded by the Odd Fellows at Panama! Heaven send that our treasure may one day be as large as the hearts of the founders of our Order!

A thousand facts in my possession would justify me in words of exalted eulogy: but it is far better the eulogy be breathed as it has been, silently, into the ear of Heaven, with the last prayer of the dying; by the widow over the bier of her husband; by the young orphan over the grave of his father.

And, throughout these thirty Herculean Republics, by concentrated efforts, this good work is going ceaselessly on. It follows the sun in his circuit, and, every twenty-four hours it has made the good-Samaritan journey of the globe.

Association is the chief instrument of power in modern times. In fact, men have ceased acting alone: they now move to the achievement of everything in masses—whether it be to bridge the Atlantic with steamers, or uproot the dynasty of the Bourbons—to make a railway to the Pacific, or reconstruct the Republic of Rome.

In Odd Fellowship we blend the energies of a vast multitude of men. We converge the rays of hazy twilight and flame them forth in local light. We bind the starry spangle into a central sun.

Why should the advantages of concentration be monopolized by Government and Commerce? When this Government strikes, the strength of twenty-three millions is in the blow. When she conforms a treaty, it is sealed with the faith of twenty-three million men. The power, the wisdom, the wealth of these millions, are in every negotiation the Government conducts—in every effort she puts forth. These forces are in all her acts; they ride with her navies; they march in her bannered ranks; they attend on her legislation; they enforce her decrees.

The East India Company is an Association of merchants. Her navy has five thousand vessels; her clerks are sons of noblemen; she draws tribute from one hundred and fifty millions in the East Indies alone; her body-guard is an hundred thousand men!

For different purposes we have seized on this great secret of success. To accomplish good objects, we combine the strength, the wisdom, the affluence, the arms and the hearts of a million men!

We lift these numerous shields over the widow's unprotected head; we place these myriad arms under the unsupported orphan; we have so many night-watchers; so many day visits for the sick; so many to swell the funeral trains of departed brothers to their place of rest! We act together! and when Odd Fellowship utters its voice, like the morning drum of England it beats round the world!

Another circumstance fits us peculiarly for the great work of benefiting our fellow-men—I mean the absolute simplicity of our object—unfettered and unbarricaded by any connexion with the ecclesiastical, political, or philosophical distinctions which obtain among men.

In looking over the earth we find the world divided into hostile encampments in philosophy, politics, or religion. We assail none of these encampments. Let them keep their banners flying over their respective hosts—all of us belong to one or more of these party divisions—for Odd Fellowship interferes with none of our other engagements or obligations—it impairs in no degree our personal independence. One conviction fills our hearts; one purpose nerves our arms. Man is suffering, and man is sacred. We can better his condition; we can elevate his character; we can inspire him with noble aspirations; and we can direct his eye to the better life to come—we will!

To accomplish these objects our Order was founded. Man, poor, feeble, benighted, lost, needed something more done for him; priesthoods had invented a thousand religions, with mystic emblems, and solemn rituals; philosophy had thought, and learning had studied for ages. The arts of taste had grown to perfection; heroes had won crowns of victory—empires, republics, arts and religions had risen and gone to decay—but man was the same suffering, misguided, unhelped being still. Could nothing effectually be done to illumine and elevate so noble a creature, susceptible of such exalted sentiments—struggling, longing, thirsting, panting, dying for bread, light, hope, progress, immortality? Must he grope on, ever on, along the shore of that vast ocean which rolls round the world, famishing for the bread of life, sighing for some new bark to bear him to climes he never trod and an Elysium he had not yet found?

Odd Fellowship heard the signal, and sent back its response: "No! Generous, hoping, sighing, suffering, sacred brother, help and light are coming! The day of thy redemption is breaking. I see the herald beams flaming on the eastern sky!"

Such were the wants, such the exigencies, that brought up our institution. It has grown with incredible progress. It is because the world needed it—because it has answered the demands of the age.

It must continue to do so if it would live, and the age is changing every hour. The life of a single generation is a longer period now than was once the life of an empire. Time is no longer to be measured by the successive vibrations of the pendulum, but by succession of ideas; not by hours, but by events; not by moments even, but by revolutions. Time is no more marked by the sun-dial or the hour-glass, but by strokes of the engine, and flashes of the telegraph!

Less than a century ago France required fifteen years to dethrone a monarch: now she does it in a day! The morning dream of Louis Philippe, in the gilded chamber of Louis Quatorze, is broken by the march of a Revolution. He rises and orders out his body-guard to shoot down the mob. You know the rest. The shadows of the same evening closed around his aged head, rocking in a fisherman's boat on the bleak bosom of the Atlantic, and the mounting sunbeams of the next morning shone on Lamartine's Republic.

Odd-Fellowship now finds itself in an electric age—and it must become an electric institution. An institution to be perpetual, must meet the varying exigencies, and answer the varying demands of the successive ages through which it travels. In its incipient stages our Order was chiefly occupied in ministering to the physical wants of man—tending the couch of languishment—visiting the prisoner in his cell, the widow in her tears, and the fatherless in their orphanage; and these noble objects must continue to engage its attention; not one of these duties must ever be forgotten.

But Odd Fellowship is lifting its eye over a wider field. It begins to ask—what is its business with the minds of men? While it cares for the body, it begins to feel that it must minister to the wants, the woes, the aspirations and the progress of the soul; that the spirit is not for a day, nor, like the verse of Shakespeare, for all time. It spreads its wing over the battlements of the invisible world. It leaps the life to come! It begins to feel that the *body of man is sacred*, and instead of leaving the form that will one day put on immortality, to rot in a foul vault or in a crowded city church-yard, where the dead touch one another, in a few days to be torn up by some vandal hand—rural cemeteries are being everywhere founded in the still country, where the loved and the lost are laid to rest amid the flowers which shed their perfume, and the birds who pour out their requiem anthem over the sleeper's pillow. Thank heaven, that foul charnal houses are giving place to green gardens for the dead. Odd Fellowship begins to feel it is a more sacred, a more imperious duty to cheapen science than to cheapen bread; for there is a sadder spectacle than a man dying from hunger: it is a soul famishing for the bread of life. Hence, in every part of the land, Atheneums, Libraries, and Reading-Rooms are being founded, where six hours' work gives the laboring man intellectual food—aliment for the soul for 300 days.

It has always been one of our prescribed duties to educate the orphan, and the duty has been done.—*But it must be done more effectually.* Orphan schools ought to be founded by every Lodge; and till it is done, even Odd Fellows themselves cannot measure the agency their Order can wield in the destiny of men. The school-master has left the University, and gone abroad through the world. He is in Labrador, in Oregon, in Patagonia and in the distant Islands of the South Sea. He has sailed up the Golden Horn—he has passed the Pyramids.

Brothers, we must widen the sphere of our beneficence. We are in an intellectual, a thinking age; and we must hereafter do for the minds of men, what, in our feebleness, was once did only for their bodies. Every sign in the political and moral firmament, betokens progress, and inspires hope. The whole world is in motion, and the whole world is bidding us God speed. A new and a better day for mankind is everywhere breaking.

Religion, which in *all* its forms seems destined to prove the blessing or the blight of man, has begun to interest itself with the *life* of the world—with our hearts—our homes—our everyday occupations. The monk is leaving the cloister, and the nun her convent, to mingle with the warm life and earnest struggles of Man; and as they turn their backs on the tall cypresses, which for centuries held their steady moan over those gray sepulchres of the buried alive, they feel the undulations of the new age.

The age of Scholastic Theology, of mystic rights, of monkish rituals, of besotting and enslaving priestcraft has gone by—and it will return no more?

And who would roll our car of progress back again into the misty shadows of those gloomy ages?—Would you rebuild the pyramids? The *schoolmaster* has been in Egypt, and the sovereign who now rules the Nile puts an hundred thousand men to building railways and canals across the Isthmus, and the shrill whistle of the engine is echoing around the tops of the sky-reaching pyramids.

Would you again launch five million crusaders on the plains of Asia? Men have done looking for hope to the East.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Would you send a powerful German Emperor, once more, bare-footed to the gates of the Vatican, to be pardoned by a Pope? There is no longer a Pope in the Vatican to pardon him, nor a German Emperor to send there!

Would you redig the dungeons of the Inquisition or chain again God's glorious revelation to the altar, or light once more the martyr fires of Smithfield? Ah! "Go be a dog, and bay the moon." but bring us no more things like these. It cannot be done!

Four centuries ago the Monk's pen produced one Illuminated Bible during a life time. Then the Priest thought for the people. When that blessed book is thrown off by the Titan arm of Steam, men will do their own thinking and make their own creeds.

One hospital is now worth more than a hundred convents—one Bible more than all the creeds—one deed of humanity more than a thousand sectarian dogmas!

When men can *think* free they begin to *act* free.—Europe has woke up to achieve her freedom, and for twelve months every steamer has brought with it signals of distress from expiring despotism. Old Hungary has lifted her valiant arm, and the invincible legions of the already immortal Kossuth are on their march to Vienna!

The tide of battle in Europe, between Liberty and Despotism—between the Old and the New age—between the Past and the Future, may ebb and flow—but it is a struggle for *principle*, and a struggle for principle is a stronger and steadier one than the struggle for *bread*. There is no danger like that of trying to scourge the newly emancipated spirit back to its prison house. It is the frenzy of madness for Governments, with the wrong all on their side, to attempt by cannon and troops of the line to arrest the avalanche rush of millions towards their rights. Over such frail barriers the tread of the multitude is like the march of the storm.

It is not always that nine-tenths of mankind are to die of starvation that the remaining fraction may die of surfeit. Equality among all classes is the goal for which the world is marching, and it will reach it.—What tumults and chaos, and blood lie between them and it, no man can tell. But if needs be *through* these it must be reached, through them it will pass—and armed with the Almighty's decree, press enslaved mankind to freedom. How fast or how slow is to be its march, none but the God of Nations can tell. We only hear the mighty tread of the advancing multitude. We only know that it is a part of the Almighty's plan to bring the world back to competence and happiness; and every Government and Institution that does not wheel into the movement must be overthrown.

Vainer than a dream is the expectation of arresting this onward movement of the race. The world shall not be dragged back to its former darkness and slavery. The power to do it, has passed forever from the hands of despots. War, anarchy and madness, may drench the earth in blood; but civilized man is no longer to sit tamely down under oppression. Its silent deadly tooth is no longer to sink unresisted into his bruised and bleeding flesh.

The world has heard the shout of freedom and is straining on its fetters. It is saying to its oppressors, the cup of trembling ye have so long pressed to our lips we will drain no more forever! We are Men!

Such is the Electric Age in which Odd Fellowship finds itself encamped, and it must move on with Humanity.

At the close, the following Ode, written by Bro. F. J. OTTERSON, was sung by Messrs. Phillips and assistants:

The restless wing of Time hath brought
The parting moment near,
And soon an evening, pleasure-fraught,
Will be with those that were;
The bell that tolls the midnight chime
Will knell a glorious day—
The memory of whose pleasant time
Shall never fade away.

Farewell, warm hearts, and eyes of light!
We part; but memory yet
Will turn with ever new delight,
To bless the hour we met;
When Friendship gave the grip so true,
And Truth, from Heaven above,
O'er all the vast assembly threw
The gorgeous light of Love.

Farewell, ye Brothers true and bold!
This day to you shall be,
O'er Prejudice and Slander old,
The day of Victory;
And they who bared our infant way

Shall cheer our mighty youth,
And own the noble power, to-day,
Of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Farewell! yon Temple long shall tell,
In ages crowding on,
Our still increasing sons, who well
Their fathers' work was done.
Farewell, ye fair, whose presence here
Hath made our festal bright!
To Brother, Mother, Maiden dear,
Good night—a sweet good night!

After these services, the floor was cleared for a dance, which, under the capable direction of Professor Lewis, was kept up, merrily, until a late hour.

And so ended the grand ceremonies of the dedication of our beautiful Hall.

ERROR.—Many brothers from the country inform us that our subscribers are waiting for agents to visit them to collect their indebtedness. We would again urge our readers not to wait for agents, but to send the money direct, if they would oblige us. Post Masters are ready to frank the remittance. We shall in future send agents to make collections only when the bills are past hope. The present volume will soon close, and we hope for substantial remembrance from all whose accounts are due, and a large accession of new subscribers.

CELEBRATION AT HOPE.—Spartan Lodge No. 24, I. O. of O. F., will celebrate the birth-day of our National Independence on the 4th of July next, at Hope, N. J., by a procession, in appropriate regalia. An Oration will be delivered by A. C. L. Arnold, of New-York, and other ceremonies usual on such occasions. A good brass band will be in attendance. Members of the Order in general are respectfully solicited to attend.

MAINE.—A new Lodge, called the Oconostata Lodge No. 18, was instituted at Sullivan, Me., on the 8th of March last, and the following officers duly chosen and installed: B. G. Ingles, N. G.; E. H. Dyer, V. G.; H. S. Dyer, Sec.; and J. B. Monnell, Treas. This Lodge has commenced under flattering auspices.

FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Niagara at this port, our advices are brought down to the 19th of May from Liverpool.

In England there appears to be little of interest. In the House of Commons notice has been given of a motion to expel Wm. Smith O'Brien, and an election for the vacancy was ordered. His friends had some intention of asking the Queen for his pardon, but abandoned the idea.

IRELAND.—The details of destitution continue to be most grievous—details from the perusal of which men shrink. We cannot specify any novelty in them; the same sad story, destitution and death, death and destitution, the parent dead and the children destitute, or the children dead and the parents destitute. Parliament takes time, death does not.—[Douglass Jerrold, May 19.]

The cholera has increased considerably during the past four days.

By the arrival of the Hermann steamship, we have English advices down to the 20th of May.

On the 19th an attempt was made to assassinate the Queen of England, by an Irishman, named John Hamilton. While the Queen and Prince Albert were passing from Hyde Park, down Constitution street, to Buckingham Palace, a laboring man, wearing a white flannel jacket, and bearing all the appearances of a mechanic, leveled a pistol at the Queen from within the railings of the Green Park, while the carriage was passing the curve of the hill, close to the triumphal arch. The assassin was arrested at once, and is a perfectly sane man. This attack on the Queen caused the greatest excitement in London.

OHIO.—Wm. H. FAIRCHILD, our duly authorized Agent, is now in Ohio, and will call on our subscribers there. We trust he will meet with the success which his character and deportment—always influenced with the spirit of genuine Odd Fellowship—entitle him to.

Varieties.

THE FLY.

The fly about the candle gay,
Dances with thoughtless hum;
But short, alas! his giddy play—
His pleasure proves his doom.
The child, in such simplicity,
About the beehive clings;
And with one drop of honey he
Receives a thousand stings.

EVERY fiftieth person in the kingdom is a drunkard: one in every two hundred and eighty is a prisoner; and one in every seven hundred inhabits a lunatic asylum. Of the two latter classes the majority become so through drink.—[Eng. Paper.]

MR. SHEPHERD, of Frome, lecturing lately on "Forest Trees," quoted Loudon to the effect that the wood of the gray poplar if seasoned, is far more valuable than is commonly supposed; and that the old distich, said to have been inscribed on a poplar plank, is quite correct, viz:

"Though heart of oak be'er so stout,
Keep me dry, and I'll see him out."

BENEFIT OF READING SCRIPTURE.—A man in one of the New England States, who was hopefully converted, and united with an Evangelical church, in the course of his examination related his experience. In speaking of his past life, he said he had never stolen. "I did one night," said he, "go to a neighboring smoke-house, and I thought I would take a ham and carry home to my family; but just as I raised my hand to take it, that passage of scripture came to my mind,

The dog will bite
The thief at night,

and I went off and left the ham."

In the list of the prosperous there are very few indeed who owe their advancement to talent and sagacity alone. The majority must attribute their rise to a continuation of industry, prudence, and good fortune; and there are many who are still more indebted to the lucky accidents of life than to their own character or conduct.

WHO KNOWS WHAT HE EATS?—The Literary Gazette states that preserved ginger is made in London of lettuce stalks, compressed into shape by steel moulds, and sweetened and flavored; while orange marked marmalade is often made of the pulp of oranges and turnips, the skins of the oranges being used to make candied orange peel.

GOLD.—Humboldt states, that in the three centuries ending with 1800, the gold imported from America was estimated in value at \$75,000,000 sterling, and the silver at 1,280,000,000.

A SWEET COMMAND.—"Now put that right back where you took it from," as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.

THEODORE PARKER aptly compares some men who grow rich by trade to cabbages growing in a violet bed. They smother the violets, but are, after all, nothing but cabbages.

LIVE virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long.—[Lady Rachel Russell.]

DIED.

At Canandaigua, on the 20th day of May, 1849, JULIA MARIA, wife of Brother Parahall, of Ontario Lodge No. 116, aged 23 years, and 9 months.

The Lodge met and passed appropriate resolutions, and the funeral was attended by a large portion of the members.

DIED.—At Lafargeville, Jefferson county, N. Y., May 29th, W. E. PARSONS, aged 25 years and 8 months; a member of Irondequoit Lodge, I. O. of O. F., Brownville, formerly of Delphi Lodge, Indiana. He served in the Mexican war as Adjutant of the 1st Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. While in the service, he was attacked by Chronic Diarrhoea, which after more than two years' suffering, terminated his earthly career. He was an energetic young man, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

At a special meeting of Irondequoit Lodge No. 392, Brownville, N. Y., held at their Lodge room, Wednesday evening, May 30, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove by death our worthy Brother, W. E. PARSONS, "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns," and whereas we hold in the highest respect and esteem the character of the deceased—therefore

Resolved, That in this afflictive dispensation we recognize the hand of an Allwise Providence, and that we tender our warmest sympathy to the family and friends of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That the brothers of this Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning, and that the Charter and Emblems be clothed in mourning during the remainder of the term.

Resolved, That copies of the above be forwarded to the family of our beloved brother, and to the Golden Rule, New York, for publication. HENRY LORD, N. G. N. C. KANE, Secretary.

CATARACT LODGE, I. O. O. F.,
Lockport, May 19, 1849.

At a special meeting held this evening, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, It has pleased God in his providence, to remove from the earth by death, our much esteemed brother, WM. M. CUNNINGHAM, P. O. of Kneeland Lodge No. 5, at Milwaukee, and P. S. W. of Wisconsin Encampment No. 1, and although our brother has had his home at a distance from us in another State, from whence driven by declining health, he had returned, to spend his last fleeting hours amid the scenes of his early youth; yet it is proper that we, the brothers of his Order, his friends and companions in times past, manifest our regard for our departed brother in the usual manner. Therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our brother Cunningham, the Order has lost a faithful, efficient, and valued member, his family a kind indulgent head, his relatives a true and faithful friend, and the community in which he resided, a citizen of high character and exemplary conduct in all the business and social relations of life.

Resolved, That not only as a brother of a fraternal Order, but as a member of that family of which God is the father, we sympathize with the relations and friends of the deceased in this their heavy bereavement, and that as a testimony of respect for the memory of our departed brother, we will attend his funeral in a body, wearing the ordinary badge of mourning.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of this Lodge be forwarded by the Secretary under seal, to the relations of the deceased, to Wisconsin Encampment No. 1, at Milwaukee, Kneeland Lodge No. 5, at Milwaukee, and the Grand Lodge of the State of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the newspapers of this village for publication, and to the Gazette of the Union and Golden Rule, New York.

P. F. ELY, N. G.

M. W. EVANS, Secretary.

MONDAY MORNING, June 4th 1849.

At a meeting of GREENWICH Lodge No. 40, I. O. O. F. this morning for the purpose of joining in the 26th anniversary of the I. O. O. F. of the S. of N. Y., on the meeting being called to order, the sad intelligence of the death of our V. G., CHARLES D. ALLAIRE, was announced to the brothers then assembled, when the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in consequence of the death of our worthy brother, V. G. Allaire, and as a testimony of our respect, this Lodge will not participate in the celebration of this day.

At the regular meeting of Greenwich Lodge on the same evening, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Almighty God has, in his Divine Providence, removed from our midst, by death, our beloved brother, Charles Duncan Allaire, Vice Grand of Greenwich Lodge No. 40, I. O. O. F.

Resolved, That in the death of V. G. Charles D. Allaire, this Lodge has lost an exemplary member and an efficient officer, whose warm heart and generous feelings had endeared him to all his associates.

Resolved, That Greenwich Lodge deeply and sincerely sympathizes with the bereaved family of our late beloved brother, who in him have lost an affectionate husband, and a kind father.

Resolved, That our Charter frame be dressed in mourning for the space of three months.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolution, properly authenticated, be transmitted to the family of our deceased officer and brother.

Resolved, That the above proceedings and resolutions be published in the Tribune, Sun and Golden Rule.

S. P. WATERBURY, N. G.

JAMES HUYES, Secretary.

I. O. OF O. F.

Office of the Grand Secretary Grand Lodge State of N. Y.
ODD-FELLOW'S HALL, CITY OF NEW-YORK,
March 13, 1849.

To District Deputy Grand Masters, Officers of Lodges, and Brethren:

In consequence of the many complaints made to this Office of the failure of Deputies, Officers of Lodges and Members to receive communications which have been issued from this Office, and of the failure to receive many communications which have been intended to reach this Office, for several months last past, and which have been transmitted by Deputies, Lodges and individuals, you are therefore notified and requested to address all communications intended for the Grand Lodge, Grand Master, or Grand Secretary, to BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Box No. 838, Post Office, New-York, and in all cases to be particular that Letters and Documents are properly mailed, in order that a failure of papers intended for this, or sent from this Office, to reach their destination, may be traced to the proper cause.

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Secretary.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO XIV.

Then, with a soldier's warmth, he seized her hand—
Imprinting as he press'd, a burning kiss
Upon the fingers; loosing all command
Over himself, exclaiming in his bliss,
"At cannon's mouth I'd willing take my stand,
And court its blaze—for rapture like this!
Accept me, and I'll marry you to-morrow
Reject me and you plunge me deep in sorrow!"

WHAT Julia's response to the Coronet's offer was, remains to be seen. It is probable that her thoughts were occupied with the uncouth appearance of her dark skin, red hair, pimpled face and hairy upper lip. If so, we would have informed her that GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, was all-sufficient to remove Pimples, Tan, Freckles, Sallow-ness or Roughness—in fact, to make the darkest skin white, clear and beautiful; GOURAUD'S GRECIAN HAIR DYE will color the reddest hair a beautiful brown or black. GOURAUD'S POUDES SUBTILES, are almost magical for extirpating superfluous hair.

The renowned preparations of Dr. FELIX GOURAUD can ONLY be procured genuine at his original depot, 67 Walker-st., 1st store from, (not in) Broadway.

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PROSPECTUS.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION
AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,

Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

Vol. XI, commencing July 7, 1849.

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

Its Literary department will be filled with Original Tales of the highest excellence, prepared by the most eminent writers in our country—Popular Tales; Choice Miscellany; the rarest Gems of Poetry from the English Poets; Sketches of Travel; Anecdotes, &c., &c.; and occasionally illustrated with beautiful Wood Engravings. Being equal in its Literary character to any Weekly in the country, and being thus perfect in its Odd-Fellowship department, it will be worthy of a place on the table of every brother of the Order.

The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York.

TERMS.—To Mail Subscribers, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR in advance, invariably.

TO CLUBS.—Any person obtaining the names of five new Subscribers, and sending us Ten Dollars, shall receive a sixth copy gratis for one year. Upon all subscriptions over five, the person sending the names and money may retain fifty cents as his commission. Payments invariably in advance.

Postmasters are authorized to remit money to Publishers, and all money mailed in presence of the Postmaster, and duly forwarded by him, is at our risk.

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Any paper copying the above prospectus, and calling attention to it editorially will, on sending a marked paper, be placed on our exchange list. CRAMPTON & CLARK

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349 Emporium.....Mo	13 Germania.....Fr
47 Mercantile.....Tu	508 Broadway.
339 Solon*.....Wed	17 Perseverance.....Wed
360 Decatur.....Th	295 Hospitaler.....Fri
146 Diamond.....Fri	315 Crystal.....Th
Corinthian Room, 3d story.	331 Island City.....Tu
14 Teutonia*.....Mo	151 City.....Mo
36 Enterprise.....Tu	71 Division-st.
28 Ark.....Wed	57 Mutual.....Mo
68 Oriental.....Th	58 United Brothers*.....Tu
314 Tradesman.....Fri	119 Continental.....W'd
1 New York Degree.....Sat	73 Mt. Vernon.....Fr
Egyptian Room, 3d story.	6 Clinton Degree.....Sa
64 Empire.....Mo	132 Bowery.
11 Gettys.....Tu	178 Oregon.....Mo
60 Howard.....Wed	165 Hermitage.....Tu
22 Knickerbocker.....Th	158 Independence.....W'd
20 Manhattan.....Fri	187 Bowery.
Elizabeth Room, 3d story.	31 Covenant.....Th
107 Hunnan.....Mo	348 Northern Light.....Tu
67 Commercial.....Tu	Cor. Hudson and Charles.
355 Constellation.....Wed	84 Chelsea.....Mo
1 Columbia.....Th	210 Siloam.....Tu
228 Beacon.....Fri	193 Bowery.
Gothic Room, 4th story.	15 Fountain City.....Wed
30 National.....Mo	78 Croton.....Tu
340 Polar Star.....Tu	183 Alleghany.....Th
10 New York.....Wed	327 Bowery.
39 Hancock.....Th	46 Jefferson.....Tu
Doric Room, 4th story.	328 Acorn.....W'd
4 Stranger's Refuge.....Mon	263 Amaranthus.....—
13 Washington.....Tu	Cor. Broome and Forsyth.
34 Marion.....Wed	88 German Oak.....W'd
33 Metropolitan.....Th	129 Schiller.....Tu
6 United Brother's Deg* Fr	344 Venus.....Mo
Persian (Camp) Room, 4th story.	251 Warren.....Fr
2 Mt. Hebron Enclpt. 2 4 Fr	37 Mamre, Enclpt. 1 3 Fr
3 Mt. Sinai.....1 3 Fr	Cor. Hester and Bowery.
6 Mosaic.....1 3 Mo	243 Pilgrim.....Mo
9 Palestine.....2 4 Sa	337 Globe.....W'd
12 Mt. Horeb.....1 3 Th	321 Ocean.....Th
18 Damascus.....1 3 Sa	64 Mt. Moriah, Enclpt. 2 4 Fr
19 Lebanon.....1 3 W	Olinton, Cor. Grand.
35 Egyptian.....1 3 Tu	44 Harmony.....Th
45 Manitou.....2 4 Tu	Avenue C. and Third-st.
63 Macedonia.....2 4 Mo	113 Mechanics.....Mo
Olinton Hall.	224 Eckford.....W'd
378 Orion.....Mo	331 Corinthian.....Tu
150 Merchants'.....W'd	9 Manhattan Deg.....Th
235 Templar.....Th	10 Mt. Olivet, Enclpt. 2 4 Fr
125 Excelsior.....Fr	Cor. Hudson and Grove.
38 Canal-st.	9 Tompkins.....Tu
23 Mariners'.....Mo	42 Meridian.....Wed
43 La Concorde.....Tu	58 Grove.....Fr
256 United Friends.....Fr	36 Jerusalem Enclpt. 2 4 Fr
41 Samaria Enclpt. 2 4 Th	4 Hudson Deg.....Sat
31 Mt. Zion.....1 3 Fr	Cor. 8th Av. and 29th-st.
411 Broadway.	128 Blooming Grove.....Tu
177 Eureka.....Tu	325 Fitzroy.....W'd
31 Olive Branch.....W'd	Cor. 8th Av. and 23d-st.
137 Cohola.....Th	40 Greenwich.....Mo
223 Sincerity.....Fr	364 St. Nicholas.....Wed
* German.	† French.

DIRECTIONS.—We have received a small supply of this valuable work, and are now ready to fill orders, which may be accompanied by a remittance. Price 37¢ each.

CHARLES H. HARRISON, who has been acting as our Agent, having made no returns to us, and being, as we are informed, unworthy of such trust, we deem it necessary to caution all against paying him any subscriptions on account of the Gazette and Golden Rule. His former character having been good, we forbear further remarks at this time.

SOMETHING NEW.

From the Boston Daily Star, of Feb. 10, 1848.

No small excitement has existed among the nice young men, and the bald-pated old men lately, in consequence of the advent of a new hair liquid—Bogle's Hyperion—which is said to be voted, by the knowing ones, the *ne plus ultra* of all hair improving inventions. We have received from Mr. Bogle a sample of this novelty, and feel very much disposed, even on so short an acquaintance, to fall into the tide of praise which is setting towards it. We have given our pate a soak, and after due repetition, shall be able to speak more definitely of this important matter. We believe it is first rate,—but you can decide for yourself, by calling on Mr. Bogle, and trying it.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton-st.; Rushton, Clark & Co., 110 and 273 Broadway, N. Y. To be obtained of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, Wm Bogle, 277 Washington-st., Boston, and of the principal Druggists and Perfumers in the United States and Canada.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR JULY.

A TRIUMPHANT NUMBER.—84 PAGES.—30 EXTRA.

ANOTHER instance that the Lady's Book does not recede, but advances. Not like its contemporaries who gave 80 and 84 pages in January and February and now reduced to 60 and 64. They also promised colored Fashion Plates, and substitute wood engravings.

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MORE PAGES OF READING THAN JANUARY, AND MORE ILLUSTRATIONS.

SOMETHING NEW!

An Entirely New Cover.—A Line Engraving.

Some idea may be formed of the beauty of this number, from the following notice of its embellishments.

A steel engraving on the cover—Lady, Horse and Servant, engraved by Neagle.
The First Parting—a beautiful mezzotint, by Walters.
Returned from his Travels—do. do. by Welch.
A beautiful colored Summer Fashion Plate, by Pease.
Archery—an engraving on wood, by Kelly.
A Cottage Plate—printed in two colors, by Wagner & McGuinn.

Musical—two pages—original, and composed for the Book, by Cramer.

Greatest Hall at Mount Vernon, engraved by Frost.

The Pic Nic Party, by Croomie.

Front elevation of W. H. Gatzmer's Cottage, by Frost.

Ground Plan of do. do. by Frost.

Each of the above occupy one full page, making 11 in all.

Entirely New Set of Wood Engravings.

The Cage Birds of America—two beautiful designs, showing the perfection to which the art of wood engraving has been brought.

The Monthly Bouquet for July.

Patterns for Braiding, prepared expressly for the Lady's Book.

Let any other Magazine show a list of Contributors like the following:

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RECAPITULATION.

The July number contains 15 engravings, 11 of these occupying one page each—two of them Mezzotints, two Line Engravings and two Colored Engravings.

The July number contains 84 pages—36 of which are extra.

The July number contains 38 distinct articles by able authors.

In short, it may in every respect be termed

A DOUBLE NUMBER.

And the whole volume will be continued in a style of excellence never before equalled, with some improvements which we dare not even hint at. It will be

ONE BLAZE OF BEAUTY THROUGHOUT.

The publisher of the Lady's Book pledges his well earned reputation of twenty years, that his work shall surpass both in the number of pages published, and the number, beauty, and variety of his engravings, any other work published in

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1 copy of the Lady's Book and 1 copy of the Lady's Dollar Newspaper one year, \$3
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Persons wishing to obtain the Lady's Book and Lady's Dollar Newspaper for three dollars, must send the money direct to the publisher, L. A. GODEY, 257-St. No. 113 Chestnut-st., Philadelphia.

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THE property of a WIDOW—WILL BE SOLD CASH. Apply at 93 William-st. up stairs. 25613*

SANDERSON'S COLLEGE HOTEL,
28 MURRAY STREET, New-York.—This new and beautiful miniature Hotel, expressly adapted for the accommodation of families, situated in Murray street within a hundred yards of Broadway, in the College Grounds, and furnished in the most costly and elegant style, with all the modern improvements, (hot and cold Baths, Water Closets, &c. &c. on every floor,) is now ready for the reception of Visitors. May 20, 1848. 31*256

NEW CLOTH STORE.

THE subscribers have recently taken the store No. 104 William-st. near John, where they offer to Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and the trade generally, a carefully selected stock of

Fine and Superfine French Cloths,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,
Plain Black, and Fancy Cassimeres,
Tweeds, Jeans, Satinets and Vestings,
Silk and Alpaca Serges,
Silkies, Wigans, Canvas,
Italian Sewings, Buttons, &c.

Also, a general assortment of goods adapted to men's wear, for the city and country trade. Wm. P. COOK & CO. 2521f No. 104 William-st.

CLOCKS AND LOOKING GLASSES BY WHOLESALE.

TO the I. O. F. and the public in general.
The subscriber, I. J. CRISWELL, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City. I. J. CRISWELL'S, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, Philadelphia. 1y: nov. 9.

PROF. BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, OR MEDICATED COMPOUND,

FOR RESTORING, PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING HAIR, ERADICATING SCURF AND DANDRUFF, AND CURING DISEASES OF THE SKIN, GLANDS, AND MUSCLES, CUTS, STINGS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, &c. &c.

IN order to convince the public of the efficacy of any curative preparation, in this thinking and reflective age, it is necessary to explain the philosophy of its operation. The process by which Professor Barry's Tricopherous produces such extraordinary results, cannot be understood without a brief notice of the structure and uses of the delicate substances to which it is applied, and in the condition of which it accomplishes the most salutary changes. The connexion between the hair and the skin is so close, that the one may be almost deemed a continuation of the other, and hence whatever renovates, restores, and nourishes the hair, must of necessity have a healthful influence upon the sensitive membrane in which its roots are fixed.

The skin, that wonderful envelop in which the sense of touch resides, consists of three layers; the EPIDERMIS or cuticle, a semi-opaque, or almost insensible film; the RETICULUM, which is a spongy membrane reticulated with nerves and blood-vessels, and forms a sort of shield to the exquisitely delicate TRUE SKIN; and the true skin itself, which constitutes the third layer of the triple envelop. In this tough, flexible and elastic integument, are located the nerves, blood-vessels, &c., which supply sustenance to the hair, and in the derangement of which diseases of the skin originate. The vessels of the true skin supply the sacs containing the roots of the hair with the moisture which sustains the fibres, and the same causes which affect the health of the hair, also affect the health of the skin. This is self-evident to the casual observer, as well as susceptible of demonstration by the anatomist and physiologist; for in all cutaneous diseases, the hair becomes dry and harsh, and falls out in such quantities as sometimes to render the patient partially or entirely bald. Wounds, burns, &c., on the skin of the head, also produce baldness on the portions of the scalp where the injury has been inflicted, thus proving the close affinity and sympathy between the organism of the skin and the hair.

The wonderful restorative and remedial properties of Professor Barry's Tricopherous, are based upon this hypothesis, or rather this fact. It acts through the skin upon the hair, stimulating the inert vessels, opening the pores, imparting activity to the circulation, awakening from their lethargy all the vegetative functions which give life, vigor, and beauty to the fibres, extirpating every particle of scurf and dandruff, and soon clothing even the bald or half denuded head with a thick, glossy, silky, and elastic covering.

But this is only ONE of the uses of Professor Barry's Tricopherous. The same properties which restore vital and vegetative power the skin of the head are equally beneficial in all cutaneous diseases, or superficial injuries. For cuts, burns, bites of insects, sprains, erysipelas, blotches, pimples, scabies, ring-worm, rashes, scrofula, prickly heat, chilblains, chapped hands, rheumatism, burns, scalds, bruises, redness of the skin, and in short all the troublesome and painful external diseases and injuries which are so common in families, and which NOTHING BUT EXTERNAL REMEDIES CAN REMOVE, the Tricopherous will be found a speedy, safe, and unfailing cure. By virtue of its double claim as a renovator and beautifier of nature's choicest ornament, and a potent and invaluable remedial agent, it is entitled to a place on every toilet, and in every medicine chest.

Sold in large bottles, price 25 cents, at the principal office, 139 Broadway, and by druggists and perfumers generally throughout the United States and Canada. 256

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race-street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

Digests of the Order for sale at this office.



IN QUART BOTTLES.

For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STURBORN ULCERS, DYSPESY, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILDS, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time

in bringing this preparation of Sarsaparilla to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly, JOHN W. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal. "U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of his Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it: Your obedient servant, THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint. Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 246

H. RICHARDSON,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD,

No. 90 FULTON-STREET,

New-York.

Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery. 247

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, GRAND-STREET,
CORNER of Center-st.—BROTHERS PERKINS,
 grateful for the very liberal patronage already extended to them, and which has exceeded their most sanguine anticipations, beg leave to say that their

PRIVATE SUPPER ROOMS
 for the reception of Ladies accompanied by Gentlemen, are now, for the first time complete.

They are confident of their ability to please the most fastidious, gentlemen of competent experience and taste in such matters having assured them that their saloon is not excelled in London or Paris for CONVENIENCE, for EXTENT, for

GORGEOUSNESS OF DECORATION, for the perfection of its CUISINE, and for its prompt and polite attendance. Its

ORDER
 has always every edible of the New York markets; and in addition, almost daily contributions of luxuries, by all the steamers, from the tropical regions and from Europe. Their Vauls and Store Rooms are supplied with the choicest brands of **WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,** selected here or procured directly by importation; and their charges will be found as reasonable as any restaurant of its character in this city or elsewhere. 2551f

J. C. BOOTH & CO., 21 Cortlandt-st., Wholesale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing and Gentlemen's furnishing articles. Garments made in the best style at shortest notice. Shirts, Stocks, Cravats, &c. &c., always on hand. 254-ly

INDIA RUBBER GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.
 No. 19 Nassau-street,

THE UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY
 have on hand, and are now offering to the Trade, a large and very complete assortment of **GOODYEAR'S PATENT METALLIC RUBBER GOODS,** mostly of their own manufacture, and warranted of the best make, and to stand all climates, consisting in part of

- Cases of Coats, Cloaks, Capes and Pants.—assorted.
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- B at Pumps, Syringes, and Injection Tubes.
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All of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants, California Emigrants, and persons engaged in foreign trade, will find as above a great variety of goods they need or can sell to advantage.

All orders for Goods to be manufactured, should be accompanied with drawings and full descriptions. 2501f

DIETZ, BROTHER & CO.,
LAMP MANUFACTURERS, Washington Stores, (No. 139 William-st.) and 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn. Having a large and well organized manufactory, are now prepared to fulfill orders for their manufactures at short notice, which will be warranted of the best quality, and sold as low as any in the market. In their stock will be found **GILT and BRONZE CHANDELIERS,** from two to eight lights, with and without pri ns for burning Oil or Camphene.

TABLE LAMPS, Gilt and Bronzed, for Oil or Camphene, of more than one hundred different patterns.

FRENCH MECHANICA, OR CARCEL LAMPS. A fine assortment, and Globes, wicks and Chimnies to fit.

Also—A great variety of Suspending Lamps, Bracket Lamps, Study Lamps, Candelabra, Girandoles, Hall Lanterns, China Vases, Mantel Ornaments, Porcelain Shades and Globes.

Also—A full assortment of Paper Shades, Glass Shades, Globes, Wicks, Chimnies, and other articles appertaining to their business; pure Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Camphene and Spirit Gas.

They are also now manufacturing Drummond's Patent Candle-maker, an article of great utility for the Southern and Western States, being a Candle-stick which forms the candle, wicked and ready for use.

N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled. Address

DIETZ, BROTHER & CO.,

No. 139 William-st., N. Y.,

and No. 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn.

2541f

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.

JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1, Cortlandt-street,
 Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom and Fowler's celebrated premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 2491f

ORDER OF PHILOZOTHEANS.

THIS is the name of a mutual benefit organization of Ladies, for diffusing the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. New York Association No. 1 having been duly organized, and by virtue of such organization exercising the supreme power of the Order in North America, is now prepared to grant charters for opening Associations in any part of the country.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.—The undersigned Ladies, being desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of your Order, and of extending its principles, would respectfully request that a Charter be granted us for opening an Association at _____, in the County of _____, and State of _____, to be called _____ Association No. _____.

Respectfully submitted, in Friendship, Love and Truth. Date— (Signed).

Applications for charters, (enclosing charter fee of \$10) or letters for information, should be directed, (postpaid) to Miss **EMELINE GARDNER, P. P. S., 101 Forsyth-st.**

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THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price. Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$30 to \$53 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. **G. C. ALLEN,** Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

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CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.

An assortment of **READY-MADE CLOTHING** constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices.

Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

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JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m248

BENJAMIN'S BRASS SPRING TRUSSES,
 Never grow weak, or rust from the moisture or heat of the body. "Once right, always right." Pressure graduated from one to 50 lbs. without a back pad, which does great injury to the spine. Six days' trial given, if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Thompson's Trusses at reduced prices. Also, the best kind of Shoulder Braces and Abdominal Supporters. 13 Beekman-st. N. Y. 2490wrf

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Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as the **AUTHOR and DISCOVERER of the GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA."** Being poor, he was compelled to sell his manufacture, but he kept out of market, and the sales procured to those only who had proved its worth and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful **HEALING POWER.** This

Grand and Unequalled Preparation
 is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Unlike young S. F. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the Art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the **OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA.** The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medicinal properties of the root, which give to it all its value. The

GENUINE Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are removed, every thing capable of becoming acid, or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.
 Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of **CONSUMPTION, DYSPPEPSIA, and LIVER COMPLAINT,** and in **RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA and PILES, COSTIVENESS, all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all affections arising from**

Impurity of the Blood.
 It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from indigestion, from Acidity of the Stomach; from unclean circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and cold hands, cold soles and hot flashes over the body. It has not had its equal in coughs and colds; and promotes easy expectoration, and gentle perspiration, relaxing strictures of the lungs, throat, and every other part. But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.
 It works wonders in cases of **fluor albus or whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstrues, Irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the Kidney Disease.**

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of **Nervous Diseases and Debility,** and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as Spinal Irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.

It is not possible for this medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it which can ever harm; it can never sour or spoil, and therefore, can never lose its curative properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, purifies the system, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflammation, purifies the skin, equalizes the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then, the

The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?
 But can any of these things be said of S. F. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,
 because of one **GRAND FACT,** that the one is **INCAPABLE of DETE-RIORATION** and

Never Spoils,
 while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and blows the bottles containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods; must not this be a terrible composition to the system?

What put acid into a system already diseased with acid? What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know, that when food enters our stomachs, what mischief it produces—distention, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, and corruption of the blood? What Scrofula but an acid question, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflammation, purifies the skin, equalizes the circulation of the blood, producing gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the insensible perspiration; relaxes all strictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then, the

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound"
 OF S. F. TOWNSEND!

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's **GENUINE ORIGINAL SARSAPARILLA,** is an **IMITATION** of his inferior preparation!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant resemblance to S. F. Townsend's article! and which would bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and comminations from Agents who have sold and purchasers who have used S. F. Townsend's **FERMENTING PREPARATION!**

We wish it understood, because it is the absolute truth, that S. F. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are heaven-wide apart, and infinitely dissimilar; that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. F. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmacist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of change when might render them the **AGENTS of DISEASE** instead of health?

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity—**OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND HAS SOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity and means to bring his**

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy, within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!
 and thus to have the unsurpassable satisfaction of having raised thousands and millions from a bed of sickness and dependency to hope, health, and a long life of vigorous and cheerful activity, and to themselves and friends.

Principal office 108 Nassau-street, N. Y.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY CRAMPTON AND CLARK, AT NO. 44 ANN-ST. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 259.

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA.*

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE QUADROON'S FATE.

A dram of poison. Such soon-speeding gives
As will disperse itself throughout the veins.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

"DRINK, Filippa—drink of the wine, to our lasting friendship. Does Alice sleep?"

"Yes," murmured the quadroon, as if talking to herself. "She sleeps sweetly in yonder room. Ah, how happy will she be when on waking she hears her father's voice, and knows that she will soon behold his face. Sleep on, dear Alice! Would that Filippa could sleep like thee!"

"You are free, now, Filippa! Banish all fear and sorrow!"

Thus spoke Matthew Orrall, as he sat with the quadroon in a small apartment of the dwelling which he occupied since his arrival in Paris. For the first hour for many years, the man felt something in his dark soul like happiness. He had thus far triumphed over Atree; he had gained the pious wish of his heart, sight for his blind child; she was now beneath his roof sweetly slumbering; and lastly, a strangely fascinating woman sat beside him, and pledged him in the bright red wine.

"You are free, Filippa! Banish all sorrow!" "Yet have I betrayed my master," answered the quadroon—"and Gotta, my mother, has cursed me."

"But you have saved the life of both," cried the bravo fiercely. "I had sworn the death of Robert Atree."

"But you will free him now!—you will keep your word with Filippa?"

"Ay! He shall go! what seek I of the worm?" exclaimed the bravo. "Drink to our love, Filippa."

"I cannot be happy—I cannot love—till my master be safe!" answered the girl.

"You are a strange girl—but listen! If you doubt my word, you shall yourself behold him at liberty—" The bravo rose, as he spoke, and took from his pocket a key.

"Ah! is he here?" murmured the quadroon.

"He is! he has been here since early day," answered Orrall. "Come yourself and I will show you where he is secured."

The girl followed the bravo from the apartment, and together they descended to the basement of the building. Traversing a portion of the cellar, they reached a door strongly barred and locked. "Your master is within that apartment," said Orrall, "but I dare not liberate him till the night-falls. And then he must not leave the house by its front entrance, but by a passage leading through yonder door." He pointed to another door at the extremity of the cellar.

"And that leads," he continued, "to a street at some distance from this, which they call the *Morgue*. Now, shall I show you your master?"

"Ah, will you promise me he shall be free to-night!" cried the quadroon.

"To-night, you yourself shall liberate him."

"Now, I will love you!" cried the girl impulsively. "Now, we will drink the bright wine together!"

Matthew Orrall sat once more at the table, and pledged his beautiful companion in a brimming glass. "I drink to our love!" he cried. "Will you not love me, and remain with me while I live?" asked he, passionately.

The quadroon turned her large eyes upon him, and smiled with brilliant joy.

"While you live, I will be with you," she answered.

The bravo drank the goblet of red wine!

"Ha, ha!" he cried—"the draught fires my veins with the blood of youth! I am alive once more: By heaven! my pulses leap as they did some twenty years ago!"

"Drink again,—the wine is gladdening to the heart," cried the quadroon. Her eyes now flamed with fearful light.

"Give me the goblet, Filippa! Ha, ha! We will away together—Alice, and you, and I. I have store of jewels worth a million pounds! all shall be for Alice and Filippa. Ha, ha! We will lead a brave life together!"

The bravo drained another goblet.

"Is not the wine good?" asked the dark-eyed quadroon.

"Ha! what is this?" cried Matthew Orrall, leaping to his feet. "I feel a flame in my heart. A terrible roar is in my brain! Filippa! Filippa! the wine will make us mad. Let us drink no more!"

"Drink again! 'twill make thee happy!" answered the girl—and her red lip curled with a smile like the sneer of Orrall himself. She filled another goblet as she spoke.

"Ha! by the fiend! there is foul work here!" cried the bravo, suddenly catching the basilisk glance which glittered over him those large black eyes, Filippa! "May the devil — Hah!"

Mat Orrall staggered toward the quadroon. She rose and confronted him, drawing the bright stiletto from her bosom. A fiery agony burned

in the man's veins, and his eyes were straining from their sockets.

"I betrayed not my master—but *thee*!" murmured the girl. "The wine is —"

"Poisoned!" yelled Orrall, and clutched at the girl's throat. She sprang back, and raised her stiletto. Her eyes gleamed fearfully.

But what was peril to the maddened bravo? He dashed forward upon the quadroon, and with his huge strength bore her to the floor. Twice the stiletto rose, and twice it sank to the hilt in the man's bosom.

Then Matthew Orrall knelt with his knees, upon the breast of the brave quadroon, while still her flashing eyes were fixed upon his countenance. He wrested the dagger from her grasp, as it was aimed for a third blow, and then clasp- ing his fingers around her polished throat, forced the white teeth apart with the dagger's point.

Filippa struggled, but the bravo's strength was that of madness. He seized the yet untouched goblet which the quadroon had last filled, and raising it from the table, poured its poisoned contents down the maiden's throat.

It was the last deed of Matthew Orrall. He held the glass till the last red drop had left it. Then, with a fierce laugh, he hurled it from him, and sprang to his feet. His chest collapsed—he drew a gasping breath—and then fell heavily upon the floor—a corpse.

Slowly, and painfully, the quadroon Filippa raised her feeble frame, and glanced wildly around. Then she drew near to the bravo, and gazed upon his blackened features. "I murdered him," she murmured—"but—but—it was to save my master!"

She rose to her feet, while the fever of poison began to work in her veins. O, beautiful looked that maiden, as she stood for a moment, erect, her glorious eyes raised above, and her breast heaving and throbbing with fiery agony.

She stooped over the body of the murdered bravo, and drew from his vest a bunch of keys. "I am dying," she said, in a low voice—"but I will save Robert—I will save him before I die!"

Then with faltering footsteps, she left the apartment, while, mingled with the red wine, the blood of Orrall flowed slowly from his lifeless body over the floor.

"Awake, my master—arise!"

Thus whispered the quadroon to the slumbering Robert Atree in the room below. He started from his sleep, and beheld the form of Filippa bending over him. Her garments were stained with blood—her face white as that of the dead.

"Come with me! You are saved!" cried the quadroon, and the man followed her footsteps till they stood together in the chamber where lay the dead bravo.

"Behold!"

"Matthew Orrall! dead!" cried Atree.
 "Thus have I saved your life, my master!" murmured the quadroon.
 "You! is it by your hand, Filippa? But, hah—what ails you, my girl—why do you tremble, Filippa?"
 "I am dying!"

"No! say not so, Filippa! Lean on me! what ails you, child?"

The quadroon shrank from her master. "I am dying," she said. "But in yonder room is Alice—"

"Alice! here!"

"Thus only could I save my master's life," murmured the quadroon. "I have bought thy life with mine!"

"Foolish child! you know not what you are saying! The wine has made you—"

The girl gathered herself up and fixed her dark eyes upon her master. "Thrice have I saved thee!" she sighed, and then sunk upon the floor.

"Hah! what means this? Is she indeed dying?" Robert Atree stooped beside the girl. "Filippa," he cried—"Forgive me—speak to me!"

"I die for thee—"

"Nay, nay!—you will live, my child?"

"One—one favor—dear master—one—"

"What is it, Filippa?"

"I am dying! kiss me!"

Robert Atree bent his lips upon those of his slave. Her mouth clung to them convulsively, while a tremor shook her whole frame. One sigh escaped her—one murmuring word—it was "Robert."

Then the quadroon slave-girl was dead. She had never revealed her love; but she had perished for her lover.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PULASKI.

"The brave—
 Who found on freedom's soil a grave
 His own denied."

JULIAN.

THREE years have passed since the events transpired with which our story opens; three years of comparative peace to the southern colonies. The gallant repulse of the British at Fort Sullivan had rolled back the tide of war upon the northern and middle sections of our country, where Washington himself, with various fortunes, withstood the foes of freedom.

During this period, many of the hardest battles of our first campaign had been lost and won. Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Brandywine, and the magnificent engagement of Monmouth, had inspired the British commanders with different feelings from those with which, at the commencement of the war, they had looked for the speedy reduction of "his majesty's rebellious subjects." And the living martyrdom of "Valley Forge," borne with uncomplaining patience by the patriot army, had convinced their enemies that such a people, though defeated, could never be subdued.

But now a dark cloud seemed to be hanging over the hopes of the patriots. The storm which had been delayed so long was now gathering its force against the south, and threatening to break upon her hitherto quiet valleys.

Charleston was again besieged. Around the city lay the investing army of the British General Prevost, and within the small forces of the Americans were commanded by the immortal Pulaski.

Pulaski, the devoted young Polander, was now in his thirty-second year. Outlawed by the tyrannical destroyer of his country's liberties, and despairing of achieving her salvation, he had torn himself away from the land he loved so well, and now upon the soil of America, again raised his arm against the enemies of freedom. Dispatched by Washington to the relief of the Carolinas, which at this juncture were threatened with invasion by the vengeful Britons, he had reached Charleston, with his legion, just in time to anticipate the approach of Prevost, and prepare for a strenuous defense.

The force of Pulaski consisted of his own "legion," and the hastily raised assistance of a few hundred patriots of Charleston and the surrounding country; and with these he determined, if possible, to hold possession of the city until

the arrival of the American succors, under command of General Lincoln.

But the inhabitants, fearful of the consequences, should they, by a protracted resistance, provoke the rage of the English commander, and hopeless of being enabled to withstand the enemy until the arrival of General Lincoln, were, as a general thing, anxious to capitulate; and, while yet they could, to make favorable terms with Prevost. But this the fearless Polander opposed with determined resolution.

"Better," said he, "capitulate with arms in your hands, and with defying front. Better capitulate in the enemy's camp, and with the language of your cannon. Then the terms will be for us to decide, and for the Britons to submit to."

But unhappily, such noble sentiments as these were unshared by the majority of the citizens, and it required all the eloquence and sagacity of Pulaski to prevent their throwing themselves into negotiation with Prevost.

It was evening once more in Charleston—one of those delightful, mellow evenings, which make May beautiful in southern regions. The sun had not yet sank beneath the horizon, and his beams yet slanted across the roofs of the city, and tinged the tree-tops with golden luster. They fell upon the white tents of the British encampment, and upon the royal banners, fluttering above them.

And those departing day-beams stole through the open casement of a dwelling, in the upper part of Charleston, and trembled around the head of a young girl, who knelt beside a couch. It was one of those quiet old chambers which we sometimes meet with, even now, in a few old-time mansions of the south, paneled with carved wainscoting, and hung with ancient family portraits, that seemed like strange sentinels upon the wall, watching the living generations pass away beneath them.

The figure of the girl who knelt upon the floor was slight and elegant. Her long black ringlets hung disordered over her white shoulders, and as she bent, with her face buried in the coverlid of the couch, it was evident that she was suffering the deepest mental anguish. Heavy sobs at times burst from her breast, and her whole form seemed shaken with grief.

Upon the bed itself lay an old man, his shrunken forehead sprinkled with gray hairs. His eyes were closed at this moment, but he slumbered not, for his fingers nervously clutched the covering, and his features ever and anon were convulsed as if with pain. The old man was dying, and it was his daughter who knelt beside him.

That young girl, sobbing in agony at her father's dying bed, was Louise Rivers, the bride of one short day.

Three years had passed, and oh, the suffering of those dreadful years! Louise, stricken down, by the terrible announcement of her husband's fate, had been lifted from the ground, bereft of reason. Her brain, overpowered by the awful weight which so suddenly fell upon it, had in mercy been permitted to reel and wander; and thus her young existence had been saved.

For two years she had been a maniac—not wild nor violent, but with that settled, hopeless melancholy, which draws tears from every pitying beholder. She never wept; but there was such a sorrow in her every look, so much despairing grief, in the perpetual sad smile which dwelt upon her pallid lip, that it wrung the heart of every friend to look upon her.

Her father, Mr. Arnoult, was nearly broken-hearted, too, at the double loss of his cherished son-in-law and his gentle daughter's reason; but he bowed himself, with the humility of a Christian, to the fearful stroke, and, when the first shock of his bereavement was over, devoted himself incessantly to his stricken child.

His business, materially damaged by the sacrifices of property which he had made for his country, and from the capture of many of his vessels by British privateers, was now almost entirely neglected by the old merchant. One by one pecuniary losses came upon him, and step by step he became reduced in fortune. But the father heeded not the approach of ruin. He was

wrapped up in his maniac child, and the whole world of his future life seemed centered in her person. For days and nights, and months and weeks, Mr. Arnoult never left her side, and the pale mourner seemed to cling only to him, and was never contented without him. He would lead her out over the green fields, and by the river's banks, and kneel beside her to pluck the daisies and cowslips, which with childish earnestness she would weave into garlands to deck her glossy hair. He would pillow her cheek for hours upon his bosom, and watch her slumbers. And that broken down old man would moan with agony, as he kissed the white brow of his child, and marked her faded features. Often and often the maniac girl awoke with her pale face wet with her parent's sorrowing tears. Ah, what a fearful three years mourning was this of the old man Arnoult.

Louise, we have said, never wept. Her tears were shed from her heart, daily, hourly, wasting her young life. At times, she would shrink to her father's side, and throwing her arms convulsively around his neck, gaze with harrowing intensity into his eyes, and murmur:

"Where is he? where is Ernest? Father—where is Ernest?"

And then Arnoult, stooping down to kiss her white brow, would answer softly—

"He will come, my Louise!"

Then Louise would raise her eyes to heaven, and with a sad smile parting her lips, seem to thank her father for the comfort which he gave her.

But now, in the golden light of that southern sunset, the crazed head of his victim rested upon her dying father's bedside. Still the old man's eyes were closed and his fingers strayed over the coverlid, grasping its folds. And still his deep sobs shook the mad girl's breast.

And now another figure stood suddenly within the chamber, intercepting the sun's rays. It was that of a martial-looking man, with a dark, but melancholy countenance, and eyes singularly soft, as they rested now upon the objects before him. He was clad in the uniform of a cavalry officer, and a heavy, horseman's saber hung at his thigh. He held in his hand a chapeau, from which depended a long white plume; and, as he stood surveying the sad spectacle within the apartment, it was impossible to conceive of a more striking figure.

Suddenly the kneeling girl raised her head, and turned her eyes toward the visitor, for her ears had caught the clanking of his sword against his iron-bound boot.

Ah, what a countenance was that now lifted up to the gaze of the soldier. So lovely, and yet so despairing—so sweet, yet so fearfully sorrowful! Beautiful indeed was Louise even now, but it was the strange beauty of inward grief, made holy. The light was no more in her young eyes, as when we first beheld her clinging proudly to her husband's arm. The glow was no more on her cheek, nor the freshness upon her lip.

But beautiful—still beautiful—was the mad Louise Rivers.

The soldier stretched out his arms before him, and the young girl arose, and came to him, and kissed his hands. Then the visitor bent down, and pressed his lips upon her pure forehead. O the loveliness of that unspoken sympathy! It was the silent interchange of unsullied natures.

That soldier was Casimir Pulaski!

His soft eyes were moist, as he gazed from the face of the maiden to that of her dying sire. He raised his glance to heaven.

And at that moment, the curtains of the window, were thrust suddenly aside, and the figure of a man sprang through the casement, and stood before Pulaski and the girl whose hands he clasped.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

If there be one thing pure,
 Where all beside is sullied;
 That can endure,

When all else pass away;
 If there be ought
 Surpassing human deed, or word or thought,
 It is a mother's love.

Experience of a Barrister.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

DINNER had been over about half an hour one Sunday afternoon—the only day on which for years I had been able to enjoy a dinner—and I was leisurely sipping a glass of wine, when a carriage drove rapidly up to the door, a loud *rat-tat* followed, and my friend Dr. Curteis, to my great surprise, was announced.

"I have called," said the doctor as we shook hands, "to ask you to accompany me to Mount Place. I have just received a hurried note from Miss Armitage, stating that her mother, after a very brief illness, is rapidly sinking, and requesting my attendance, as well as that of a legal gentleman, immediately."

"Mrs. Armitage?" I exclaimed, inexpressibly shocked. "Why, it is scarcely more than a fortnight ago that I met her at the Rochfords in brilliant health and spirits."

"Even so. But will you accompany me? I don't know where to find any one else for the moment, and time presses."

"It is an attorney, probably, rather than a barrister, that is needed; but under the circumstances, and knowing her as I do, I cannot hesitate."

We were soon bowling along at a rapid pace, and in little more than an hour reached the dying lady's residence, situated in the county of Essex, and distant about ten miles from London. We entered together; and Dr. Curteis, leaving me in the library, proceeded at once to the sick chamber. About ten minutes afterwards the housekeeper, a tall, foreign-looking, and rather handsome woman, came into the room, and announced that the doctor wished to see me. She was deadly pale, and, I observed, trembled like an aspen. I motioned her to precede me; and she, with unsteady steps, immediately led the way. So great was her agitation, that twice, in ascending the stairs, she only saved herself from falling by grasping the banister-rail. The preface I drew from the exhibition of such overpowering emotion, by a person whom I knew to have been long not only in the service, but in the confidence of Mrs. Armitage, was soon confirmed by Dr. Curteis, whom we met coming out of the chamber of the expiring patient.

"Step this way," said he, addressing me, and leading to an adjoining apartment. "We do not require your attendance, Mrs. Bourdon," said he, as soon as we reached it, to the housekeeper, who had swiftly followed us, and now stood staring with eager eyes in the doctor's face, as if life and death hung on his lips. "Have the goodness to leave us," he added tartly, perceiving she did not stir, but continued her fearful, scrutinising glance. She started at his altered tone, flushed crimson, then paled to a chalky whiteness, and muttering, left the apartment.

"The danger of her mistress has bewildered her," I remarked.

"Perhaps so," remarked Dr. Curteis. "Be that as it may, Mrs. Armitage is beyond all human help. In another hour she will be, as we say, no more."

"I feared so. What is the nature of her disorder?"

"A rapid wasting away, as I am informed. The appearances presented are those of a person expiring of atrophy, or extreme emaciation."

"Indeed. And so sudden too?"

"Yes. I am glad you are come, although your professional services will not, it seems, be required—a neighboring attorney having performed the necessary duty—something, I believe, relative to the will of the dying lady. We will speak further together by and by. In the meantime," continued Dr. Curteis, with a perceptible tremor in his voice, "it will do neither of us any harm to witness the closing scene of the life of Mary Rawdon, whom you and I twenty years ago worshiped as one of the gentlest and most beautiful of beings with which the Creator ever graced his universe. It will be a peaceful parting. Come."

Just as, with noiseless footsteps, we entered the silent death-chamber, the last rays of the setting sun were falling upon the figure of Ellen Armitage—who knelt in speechless agony by the bedside of her expiring parent—and faintly lighting up the pale, emaciated, sunken features of the so lately brilliant, courted Mrs. Armitage! But for the ineffaceable splendor of her deep-blue eyes, I should scarcely have recognised her. Standing in the shadow, as thrown by the heavy bed-drapery, we gazed and listened unperceived.

"Ellen," murmured the dying lady, "come nearer to me. It is growing dark, and I cannot see you plainly. Now, then, read to me, beginning at the verse you finished with as good Dr. Curteis

entered. Ay," she faintly whispered, "it is thus, Ellen, with thy hand clasped in mine, and with the words of the holy book sounding from thy dear lips, that I would pass away!"

Ellen, interrupted only by her blinding tears, making sad stops, complied. Twilight stole on, and threw its shadow over the solemn scene, deepening its holiness of sorrow. Night came with all her train; and the silver radiance kissed into ethereal beauty the pale face of the weeping girl, still pursuing her sad and sacred task. We hesitated to disturb, by the slightest movement, the repose of a death-bed over which belief and hope, those only potent ministers, shed light and calm! At length Dr. Curteis advanced gently toward the bed, and taking the daughter's hand, said in a low voice, "Had you not better retire, my dear young lady, for a few moments?" She understood him, and raising from her knees threw herself in an ecstasy of grief upon the corpse, from which the spirit had just passed away. Assistance was summoned, and the sobbing girl was borne to the chamber.

I descended, full of emotion, to the library, where Dr. Curteis promised shortly to join me. Noiselessly entering the room, I came suddenly upon the housekeeper and a tall young man, standing with their backs toward me in the recesses of one of the windows, and partly shrouded by the heavy cloth curtains. They were evidently in earnest conference, and several words, the significance of which did not at the moment strike me, reached my ears before they perceived my approach. The instant they did so, they turned hastily round, and eyed me with an expression of flurried alarm, which at the time surprised me not a little. "All is over, Mrs. Bourdon," said I, finding she did not speak; "and your presence is probably needed by Miss Armitage." A flash of intelligence, as I spoke, passed between the pair; but whether indicative of grief or joy, so momentary was the glance, I should have been puzzled to determine. The housekeeper immediately left the room, keeping her eyes, as she passed, fixed upon me with the same nervous apprehensive look which had before irritated Dr. Curteis. The young man followed more slowly. He was a tall and rather handsome youth, apparently about one or two-and-twenty years of age. His hair was black as jet, and his dark eyes were of singular brilliancy; but the expression, I thought, was scarcely a refined or highly-intellectual one. His resemblance to Mrs. Bourdon, whose son indeed he was, was very striking. He bowed slightly, but courteously, as to an equal, as he closed the door, and I was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of my own reflections, which, ill-defined and indistinct as they were, were anything but pleasant company. My reverie was at length interrupted by the entrance of the doctor, with the announcement that the carriage was in waiting to re-convey us to town.

We had journeyed several miles on our return before a word had been spoken by either of us. My companion was apparently even more painfully preoccupied than myself. He was, however, the first to break the silence.

"The emaciated corpse we have just left little resembles the gay and beautiful girl, for whose smiles you and I were once disposed to shoot each other."

The doctor's voice trembled with emotion, and his face, I perceived, was pale as marble.

"Mary Rawdon," I remarked, "lives again in her daughter."

"Yes, her very image. Do you know," continued he, speaking with rapid energy, "I suspect Mary Rawdon—Mrs. Armitage, I would say—has been foully, treacherously dealt with!"

I started with amazement; and yet the announcement but embodied and gave form and color to my own ill-defined and shadowy suspicions.

"Good heavens! How? By whom?"

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, she has been poisoned by an adept in the use of such destructive agents."

"Mrs. Bourdon?"

"No; by her son. At least my suspicions point that way. She is probably cognisant of the crime. But in order that you should understand the grounds upon which my conjectures are principally founded, I must enter into a short explanation. Mrs. Bourdon, a woman of Spanish extraction, and who formerly occupied a much higher position than she does now, lived with Mrs. Armitage from the period of her husband's death, now about sixteen years ago. Mrs. Bourdon has a son; a tall, good-looking fellow enough, whom you may have seen."

"He was with his mother in the library as I entered it after leaving you."

"Ah! Well, hem! This boy, in his mother's opinion—but that perhaps is somewhat excusable—exhibited early indications of having been born a 'genius.' Mrs. Armitage, who had been first struck by the beauty of the child, gradually acquir-

ed the same notion; and the result was, that he was little by little invested—with at least her approval—with the privileges supposed to be the lawful inheritance of such gifted spirits; namely, the right to be as idle as he pleased—geniuses, you know, can, according to the popular notion, attain any conceivable amount of knowledge *per saltum* at a bound—and to exalt himself in the stilts of his own conceit above the useful and honorable pursuits suited to the station in life in which Providence had cast his lot. The fruit of such training soon showed itself. Young Bourdon grew up a conceited and essentially ignorant puppy, capable of nothing but bad verses, and thoroughly impressed with but one important fact, which was, that he, Alfred Bourdon, was the most gifted and the most ill-used of all God's creatures. To genius, in any intelligible sense of the term, he has in truth no pretensions. He is endowed, however, with a kind of reflective talent, which is often mistaken by fools for *creative* power. The morbid fancies and melancholy scorn of Byron, for instance, such gentry reflect back from their foggy imaginations, in exaggerated and distorted feebleness of whining versicles, and so on with other lights, celestial or infernal. This, however, by the way. The only rational pursuit he ever followed, and that only by fits and starts, and to gratify his faculty of "wonder," I fancy, was chemistry. A small laboratory was fitted up for him in the little summer-house you may have observed at the further corner of the lawn. This study of his, if study such desultory snatches at science may be called, led him, in his examination of vegetable bodies, to a smattering acquaintance with botany, a science of which Ellen Armitage is an enthusiastic student. They were foolishly permitted to *botanise* together, and the result was, that Alfred Bourdon, acting upon the principle of that genius—whether sham or real—levels all merely mundane distinctions, had the impudence to aspire to the hand of Miss Armitage. His passion, sincere or simulated, has never been, I have reason to know, in the slightest degree reciprocated by its object; but so blind is vanity, that when, about six weeks ago, an *éclaircissement* took place, and the fellow's dream was somewhat rudely dissipated, the untoward rejection of his prosperous suit was, there is every reason to believe, attributed, by both mother and son, to the repugnance of Mrs. Armitage alone; and to this idiotic hallucination she has, I fear, fallen a sacrifice. Judging from the emaciated appearance of the body, and other phenomena communicated to me by her ordinary medical attendant—a blundering ignoramus, who ought to have called in assistance long before—she has been poisoned with *iodine*; which, administered in certain quantities, would produce precisely the same symptoms. Happily, there is no mode of destroying human life which so surely leads to the detection of the murderer as the use of such agents; and of this truth, the *post-mortem* examination, which takes place to-morrow morning, will, if I am not grossly mistaken, supply another vivid illustration. . . . Legal assistance will no doubt be necessary, and I am sure that I do not err in expecting that you will aid me in bringing to justice the murderer of Mary Rawdon."

The pressure of his hand was my only answer.

"I shall call for you at ten o'clock," said he, as he put me down at my own door. I bowed, and the carriage drove off.

"Well?" said I, as Dr. Curteis and Mr. —, the eminent surgeon, entered the library at Mount Place, the following morning, after a long absence.

"As I anticipated," replied the doctor, with a choking voice—"she has been poisoned."

I started to my feet.

"And the murderer?"

"Our suspicions still point to young Bourdon; but the persons of both mother and son have been secured."

"Apart?"

"Yes; and I have dispatched a servant to request the presence of a neighbor—a country magistrate. I expect him momentarily."

After a brief consultation we directed our steps to the summer-house, which contained young Bourdon's laboratory. In the room itself, nothing of importance was discovered; but in an enclosed recess, which we broke open, we found a curiously-fashioned glass bottle, half full of iodine.

"This is it!" said Mr. —; "and in a powdered state, too—and just ready to mix with brandy, or any other available dissolvent."

The powder had somewhat the appearance of fine black-lead. Nothing further of any consequence being observed, we returned to the house, where the magistrate had already arrived.

Alfred Bourdon was first brought in; and he having been duly cautioned that he was not obliged to answer any question, and that what he did say would be taken down, and, if necessary, used against him, I proposed the following questions:

"Have you the key of your laboratory?"
 "No—the door is always open."
 "Well, then, of any door or cupboard in the room?"

At this question his face flushed purple, and he stammered: "There is no—" and abruptly paused.
 "Do I understand you to say there is no cupboard or place of concealment in the room?"

"No—here is the key."
 "Has any one had access to the cupboard or recess of which this is the key, except yourself?"

The young man shook as if smitten with ague—his lips chattered, but no articulate sound escaped them.

"You need not answer the question," said the magistrate, "unless you choose to do so. I again warn you, that all you say will, if necessary, be used against you."

"No one," he at length gasped, mastering his hesitation by a strong exertion of the will—"no one can have access to the place but myself. I have never parted with the key."

Mrs. Bourdon was now called in. After interchanging a glance of intense agony, and, as it seemed to me, of affectionate intelligence with her son, she calmly answered the questions put to her. They were unimportant, except the last, and that acted upon her like a galvanic shock. I was this:

"Did you ever struggle with your son, on the landing leading to the bedroom of the deceased, for the possession of this bottle?" and I held up that which we had found in the recess.

A slight scream escaped her lips; and then she stood rigid, erect, motionless, glaring alternately at me and at the fatal bottle, with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets. I glanced toward the son; he was also affected in a terrible manner. His knees smote each other, and a clammy perspiration burst forth, and settled upon his pallid forehead.

"Again I caution you," iterated the magistrate, "that you are not bound to answer any of these questions."

The woman's lips moved. "No—never!" she almost inaudibly gasped, and fell senseless on the floor.

As soon as she was removed, Jane Withers was called. She deposed that, three days previously, as she was, just before dark, arranging some linen in a room some yards distant from the bedroom of her late mistress, she was surprised at hearing a noise just outside the door, as of persons struggling, and speaking in low but earnest tones. She drew aside a corner of the muslin curtain of the window, which looked upon the passage or corridor, and there saw Mrs. Bourdon striving to wrest something from her son's hand. She heard Mrs. Bourdon say: "You shall not do it, or you shall not have it"—she could not be sure which. A noise of some sort seemed to alarm them; they ceased struggling, and listened attentively for a few moments; then Alfred Bourdon stole off on tip-toe, leaving the object in pursuit, which witness could not see distinctly, in his mother's hand. Mrs. Bourdon continued to listen, and presently Miss Armitage, opening the door of her mother's chamber, called her by name. She immediately placed what was in her hand on the marble top of a side-table, standing in the corridor, and hastened to Miss Armitage. Witness left the room she had been in, a few minutes afterwards; and curious to know what Mrs. Bourdon and her son had been struggling for, went to the table to look at it. It was an oddly-shaped glass bottle, containing a good deal of blackish-gray powder, which, as she held it up to the light, looked like black-lead."

"Would you be able to swear to the bottle if you saw it?"

"Certainly I should."

"By what mark or token?"

"The name of Valpy or Vulpy was cast into it—that is the name that was in the glass itself."

"Is this it?"

"It is—I swear most positively."

A letter was also read which had been taken from Bourdon's pocket. It was much creased, and proved to be in the handwriting of Mrs. Armitage. It consisted of a severe rebuke at the young man's presumption in seeking to address himself to her daughter; which insolent ingratitude, the writer said, she would never, while she lived, either forget or forgive. The last sentence was strongly underlined, in a different ink from that used by the writer of the letter.

The surgeon deposed to the cause of death. It had been brought on by the action of iodine, which, administered in certain quantities, produced symptoms as of rapid atrophy, such as had appeared in Mrs. Armitage. The glass bottle, found in the recess, contained iodine in a pulverised state.

I deposed that, on entering the library on the previous evening, I overheard young Mr. Bourdon, addressing his mother, say: "Now that it is done past recall, I will not shrink from any consequences, be they what they may!"

This was the substance of the evidence adduced; and the magistrate at once committed Alfred Bourdon to Clemsford jail, to take his trial at the next assize, for "wilful murder." A coroner's inquisition, a few days after, also returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against him on the same evidence.

About an hour after his committal, and just previous to the arrival of the vehicle which was to convey him to the county jail, Alfred Bourdon requested an interview with me. I very reluctantly consented; but steered as I was against him, I could not help feeling dreadfully shocked at the change which so brief an interval had wrought upon him. It had done the work of years. Despair—black, utter despair, was written in every lineament of his expressive countenance.

"I have requested to see you," said the unhappy culprit, "rather than Dr. Curteis, because he, I know, is bitterly prejudiced against me. But you will not refuse, I think, the solemn request of a dying man—for a dying man I feel myself to be—however long or short the interval which stands between me and the scaffold. It is not with a childish hope that any assertion of mine can avail before the tribunal of the law against the evidence adduced this day, that I, with all the solemnity befitting a man whose days are numbered, declare to you that I am wholly ignorant of the crime laid to my charge. I have no such expectation; I seek only that you, in pity of my youth and untimely fate, should convey to her whom I have madly presumed to worship, this message: 'Alfred Bourdon was mad, but not blood-guilty; and of the crime laid to his charge he is as innocent as an unborn child!'"

"The pure and holy passion, young man," said I, somewhat startled by his impressive manner, "however presumptuous, as far as social considerations are concerned, it might be, by which you affect to be inspired, is utterly inconsistent with the cruel, dastardly crime of which such damning evidence has an hour since been given—"

"Say no more, sir," interrupted Bourdon, sinking back in his seat and burying his face in his hands: "it were a bootless errand, she could not, in the face of that evidence, believe my unsupported assertion! It were as well, perhaps, she did not. And yet, sir, it is hard to be trampled into a felon's grave, loaded with the maledictions of those whom you would coin your heart to serve and bless! Ah, sir," he continued, while tears of agony streamed through his half closed fingers, "you cannot conceive the unutterable bitterness of the pang which rends the heart of him who feels that he is not only despised, but loathed, hated, execrated, by her whom his soul idolizes! Mine was no boyish transient passion, it has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. My life has been but one long dream of her. All that my soul had drunk in of beauty in the visible earth and heavens—the light of setting suns—the radiance of the silver stars—the breath of summer flowers, together with all which we imagine of celestial purity and grace, seemed to me in her incarnated, concentrated and combined! And now lost—lost—for ever lost!" The violence of his emotions choked his utterance; and deeply and painfully affected, I hastened from his presence.

Time sped as ever onwards, surely and silently; and justice, with her feet of lead, but hands of iron, closed gradually upon her quarry. Alfred Bourdon was arraigned before a jury of his countrymen, to answer finally to the accusation of wilful murder preferred against him.

The evidence, as given before the committing magistrate, and the coroner's inquisition, was repeated with some addition of passionate expressions used by the prisoner indicative of a desire to be avenged on the deceased. The cross-examination by the counsel for the defense was able, but failed to shake the case for the prosecution. His own admission that no one but himself had access to the recess where the poison was found, told fatally against him. When called upon to address the jury, he delivered himself of a speech rather than a defense; of an oratorical effusion, instead of a vigorous, and, if possible, damaging commentary on the evidence arrayed against him. It was a labored, and in part eloquent, exposition of the necessary fallibility of human judgment, illustrated by numerous examples of erroneous verdicts. His peroration I jotted down at the time: "Thus, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, it is abundantly manifest, not only by these examples, but by the testimony which every man bears in his own breast that God could not have willed, could not have commanded his creatures to perform a pretended duty, which he vouchsafed them no power to perform righteously. Oh, be sure that if he had intended, if he had commanded you to pronounce irreversible decrees upon your fellow-man, quenching that life which is his highest gift, he would have endowed you with gifts to perform that duty rightly.

Has he done so? Ask not alone the pages dripping with innocent blood which I have quoted, but your own hearts! Are you, according to the promise of the serpent-tempter, 'Gods, knowing good from evil?' of such clear omniscience that you can hurl an unprepared soul before the tribunal of his Maker in the full assurance that you have rightly loosed the silver cord which he had measured, have justly broken the golden bowl which he had fashioned! Oh, my lord," he concluded, his dark eye flashing with excitement, "it is possible that the first announcement of my innocence, may be proclaimed from the awful tribunal of him who alone cannot err! How if he, whose eye is even now upon us, should then proclaim, 'I, too, sat that day in judgment when you presumed to doom your fellow worm; and I saw that the murderer was not in the dock, but on the bench!' Oh, my lord, think well of what you do—pause ere you incur such fearful hazard; for be assured, for all these things God will also bring you to judgment!"

He ceased, and sank back exhausted. His fervid declamation produced a considerable impression upon the auditory; but it soon disappeared before the calm, impressive charge of the judge, who reassured the startled jury by reminding them that their duty was to honestly execute the law, not to dispute about its justice. For himself he said, sustained by a pure conscience, he was quite willing to incur the hazard hinted at by the prisoner. After a careful and luminous summing up, the jury, with very slight deliberation, returned a verdict of "GUILTY!"

As the word passed the lips of the foreman of the jury, a piercing shriek ran through the court. It proceeded from a tall figure in black, who, with closely drawn veil, had sat motionless during the trial, just before the dock. It was the prisoner's mother. The next instant she rose, and throwing back her veil, wildly exclaimed, "He is innocent—innocent, I tell ye! I alone—"

"Mother! mother! for the love of Heaven be silent!" shouted the prisoner with frantic vehemence, and stretching himself over the front of the dock as if to grasp and restrain her.

"Innocent, I tell you!" continued the woman. "I—I alone am the guilty person! It was I alone that perpetrated the deed! He knew it not, suspected it not, till it was too late. Here," she added, drawing a sheet of paper from her bosom—"here is my confession, with each circumstance detailed!"

As she waved it over her head, it was snatched by her son, and, swift as lightning, torn in shreds. "She is mad! Heed her not—believe her not!" He at the same time shouted at the top of his powerful voice, "She is distracted—mad! Now, my lord, your sentence! Come!"

The tumult and excitement in the court no language which I can employ would convey an adequate impression of. As soon as calm was partially restored, Mrs. Bourdon was taken into custody; the prisoner was removed; and the court adjourned, of course, without passing sentence.

It was even as his mother said! Subsequent investigation, aided by her confessions, amply proved that the fearful crime was conceived and perpetrated by her alone; in the frantic hope of securing for her idolized son the hand and fortune of Miss Armitage. She had often been present with him in his laboratory, and thus become acquainted with the uses to which certain agents could be put. She had purloined the key of the recess, and he, unfortunately too late to prevent the perpetration of the crime, had, by mere accident, discovered the abstraction of the poison. His subsequent declarations had been made for the determined purpose of saving his mother's life by the sacrifice of his own!

The wretched woman was not reserved to fall before the justice of her country. The hand of God smote her ere the scaffold was prepared for her. She was smitten with frenzy, and died raving in the Metropolitan Lunatic Asylum. Alfred Bourdon, after a lengthened imprisonment, was liberated. He called on me, by appointment, a few days previous to leaving this country for ever; and I placed in his hands a small pocket Bible, on the fly leaf of which was written one word—"Ellen!" His dim eye lighted up with something of its old fire as he glanced at the characters; he then closed the book, placed it in his bosom, and waving me a mute farewell—I saw he durst not trust himself to speak—hastily departed. I never saw him more!

Beside the marble bust
 Which marks where venerable Goodness waits
 Th' archangels' call, Tradition loves to sit
 And chronicle her deeds.—[Mrs. West.]

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

Hunting Adventure.

A DAY'S STALKING IN INDIA.

DAY was just dawning as we rode off towards the tents. The night's rain had calmed the fiery gale, and cleared away the dust and sand that hitherto had loaded the air and dimmed the light, and as the sun rose, all nature sparkled in his beams, and seemed to smile with gladness at the change. The withered grass was already turning green, and the parched trees looked refreshed, and sent forth their fragrance as if in incense for the boon. The lapwing hovered about screaming his rejoicings, and the lark sang merrily as he soared high on the buoyant air, and our hearts were gay as his as we cantered freely along over the trackless waste, the horses bounding joyously forward as they trod the elastic turf. But as the sun advanced, the happy delusion vanished like a dream—the heat and glare became intense, and soon all traces of the joyous change were gone.

It was almost noon when we reached our camp, which we were glad to find pitched under the shade of a fine mango grove, offering a deliciously cool retreat from the fire that raged outside.

The Shikaries had good news for us, but it was too late for the heavy jungle, which was yet a long way off, so we indulged in a siesta till the cool of the evening, when we went out after the small game which were calling in every direction around the camp; peacocks, partridge, jungle-fowl, quail, and many others of the feathered tribe, seemed bent upon summoning us to their destruction, and having committed some havoc among them, we returned home with a full bag.

The first crowing of the jungle cock roused us next morning, and we were soon on the way to the great forest.

There were numerous tracks of game, but our party was too large, and the noise we made in scrambling through the thick cover drove all before us, and for a long time we saw nothing; I, therefore, struck off in a different direction, taking only Khungle with me to carry a spare rifle.

We soon came on the fresh trail of a large herd of sambar, which led us a chase till evening, and I began to despair of finding them, and was thinking of giving it up, when about a hundred yards ahead I observed a tree shake violently, as if some large animal rubbed itself against it; concluding it to be the sambar, we crept up as near as possible till we could distinctly hear every movement or sound they made, but the underwood and long grass quite concealed them from view. It seemed that they were just rising from their noonday siesta, some were already on foot, and we could hear others now and then rise and begin to graze or crop the leaves, while the tree was still shaken by a stag that rubbed his young antlers against it.

Long and eagerly I watched my opportunity, and had just got a glimpse of a fine stag, when suddenly the deep roar of a tiger came booming on the still air, and the startled herd rushed wildly past us; reserving my shot for nobler game, I let them go unharmed, and when all was again quiet we crept cautiously forward to reconnoiter.

The sun had set to us, and the shades of evening were fast spreading over the scene. There was a solemn stillness and deep silence abroad, which combined with the gloom of evening, made the solitude of the mighty forest doubly impressive; not a leaf stirred on the tall trees, and the dew-drop gathered upon them, and stood glistening without a breath to shake it down; no living thing was to be seen, and not a sound to be heard, except the distant crowing of the jungle fowl, or the peacock's call.

I was listening intently with my ear to the ground for some indication of the enemy, when all at once his unearthly roar again burst upon the silence, and rumbled grandly on through the hollow echoes of forest and hill. We went on in the direction from which it came, and found the mangled remains of a human body. There was little of it left besides the bones, but it was evident the deed had not long been done, for the blood was scarcely dry, the marks of the death struggle were still fresh upon the ground, and the ghastly skull seemed even yet to gape with horror and dismay.

I guessed that the destroyer was not far off, and while casting round for his track, a low hollow growl, that seemed to come from the very ground under our feet, warned us to look to ourselves. For a moment I thought he was upon us; my heart felt too large for me, and I could scarcely breathe for agitation, while even poor Khungle's swarthy visage became less darker than usual; but he came not, and the next moment we heard him going off through the thick cover, where it was impossible

to get even a glimpse of his tawny hide. We soon found the trail, and were following it up as well as the growing darkness would allow, when a low whistle from Khungle, who was a little behind, caught my ear. It was his never-failing signal of game in sight, so I went back to where he stood beckoning to me, and gazing intently at some object which I could not see from my position. "Bhalook, bhalook," (bears, bears,) he whispered as I approached, and to my great joy I saw three of them together in the middle of a large open glade. Two were fighting fiercely, while the third seemed endeavoring to separate them, and at last succeeded in restoring peace for awhile, but their savage anger was not to be restrained, and again they rushed upon each other with redoubled fury. It was a grand sight to see the ungainly brutes clash together; the force with which they met bringing both to the ground, when, locked in each other's iron gripe, they rolled and tumbled about, while they sustained the deadly fight with teeth and hind claws.

As they seemed well matched, and likely to keep it up for some time, I thought it a favorable opportunity to approach, so leaving Khungle where he was, with directions to run up with the second rifle as soon as I fired, I started off while the fight was at its highest—there was not a bush between them and the jungle, and I could see nothing to cover my advance except a few scattered tufts of grass; but, by means of crawling along, serpent like, from tuft to tuft, I had got over half the distance, when, to my great relief, I came to a narrow ravine, which, winding along in the direction of my quarry, promised ample cover for the rest of the way.

I now breathed freely and had leisure to examine the lie of the land. The fight was over for the present, and the combatants stood eyeing each other with no friendly aspect, while their peace-making companion kept between them, as if to prevent a renewal of hostilities. They were an awkward looking trio—but one of them, more especially, was as diabolical looking an old savage as I ever had to deal with. He was far above the ordinary size, and being nearly bald from age, or fighting, his mis-shapen form was the more remarkable, while the little hair that was left, instead of concealing deformities, as it usually does for the race, hung in matted lumps from his long gaunt body and distorted limbs, or bristled fiercely out whenever it could; as the hideous monster stood grinning and glaring upon his rival, he looked every inch a fiend.

As I had anticipated, the ravine covered my advance well, and after following its course for some distance, I caught a passing glimpse of them through a narrow fissure in the bank. They disappeared in a moment, but I saw they had taken the alarm, and with heads erect, as they snuffed the tainted air, were shuffling toward me.

With a beating heart I waited for their approach and as I heard them coming nearer and nearer, I began most devoutly to wish myself safely out of it. The suspense was short, though it seemed an age to me, and I felt a sort of relief when the huge brutes appeared on the top of the bank looming large as they stood between me and the clear blue sky.

Aiming at the center of the white ring in the chest, I fired at the nearest—a grim-looking old savage, whose bright eye twinkled mischievously when she first caught sight of me, and she fell with a fierce roar and gurgling growl, that I fondly hoped was her last, but it soon proved otherwise, and had nearly cost me dear; for, thinking her account settled, I fired my second barrel at one of the others as they were walking off, seemingly inclined to depart in peace. It hit him, and he turned sharply round and came back, his eyes flashing fire as he glared upon me with a look of fierce defiance and dire vengeance; and then, roaring with mingled agony and rage, charged headlong down the bank, followed closely by his wounded mate, who by this time had recovered herself.

Helpless now, and almost hopeless, I fled the storm, and though I ran with all the energy of despair, the enraged brutes were closing on me fast. I felt their very breath upon my head, and I thought my hour was come, but doubling short, I managed to elude their grasp, and before they could follow the sudden turn, I had gained upon them considerably. At the same moment I caught sight of my trusty Khungle coming full speed to the rescue, and I felt relieved. Though the bears were again closing up, the gallant fellow came on in the face of danger, and I had scarcely time to snatch the rifle from his hand as we met, before they were upon us. There was not a moment for aim, but a lucky shot from the hip rolled the foremost of them over as he was making his final rush to grapple. He turned a somersault past

me as I sprang aside to avoid him, and then I doubled up into a ball quite motionless. Fortune favored me with the second barrel also, and the other fell to the shot; but again she struggled hard with death, biting her wound and tearing the earth in her impotent rage, while making a desperate effort to rise. At last she recovered herself, and stood looking at me as it about to renew the charge. It was an anxious moment, as I was again defenseless; but happily she seemed to have enough of it. Her heart failed, and she went off growling to the jungle, leaving me master of the field.

Though it was somewhat dark, I found little difficulty in following up the blood-stained track, and having reloaded both rifles, I soon traced her home. It was a dark dell, where the jungle was so thick and tangled that not a ray of light could penetrate. As I reached it there was a crash through the thicket, and an angry roar issued from its deepest gloom—but I could see nothing except two glaring orbs, that seemed to float towards me on thin air, growing larger and brighter as they approached. It was evident that the brute was charging, and all I had for it was a snap shot at the flashing eyes. It proved a good one, and when the rifle's echo died away in the distance all was again hushed and still. After listening awhile I groped my way on and found her quite dead, the ball having entered the forehead between the eyes.

Night was closing in, and the evening vapors obscured what little light remained, but my work was not finished yet; for on returning to look after the other bear, I found that he had rallied and was making his way to the jungle. The old fiend was more bent on mischief than ever, and as soon as he saw me, down he came, tooth and nail, to the charge.

Both barrels, at a distance of twenty paces, had little effect but to increase his fury, as he received their contents; and by the time I was ready with the other rifle, he was up with me. I gave him right and left with the muzzle between his fore paws, and it sent him reeling back, but his fierce nature seemed sustained by rage, for he soon recovered the shock, and came on again, furious as ever, though much crippled.

I was obliged to run for it again, but having the speed of him now soon got out of his way, and then I managed to reload while retreating. Another right and left brought him to, but he did not fall, and still presented a determined front, rushing at me whenever I went near him. I loaded with my last ball, and anxious to make the most of it, waited till he was quite still, and then taking a steady shot at his head, finished his career, and terminated the day's adventure. The gallant old brute sank quietly to the earth and never moved again.

The field was won at last, and joyfully I turned my steps homeward, reflecting, as I went, on my debt of gratitude to Providence for the issue. It was a long and lonesome walk through the dark forest, and I sorely felt the want of ammunition as we occasionally heard the hungry cry of some prowler of the night, but we reached camp in safety, and met my friend De M. coming out with all the followers he could muster, to seek for us. He had heard the firing from a distance, and from my long absence, began to fear that all was not right.

Next morning I sent Khungle with a party to bring home my quarry, while De M. and I proceeded in quest of fresh adventures.

JENNY LIND AGAIN.—We hear, says the London Chronicle, that Mademoiselle Lind remains in Paris for the present, and that her marriage is broken off. This intelligence has been a source of congratulation to her private friends, as well as to the public generally, since the condition of this union was her retiring from the stage. The great anxiety regarding the movements of Mademoiselle Lind has not merely partaken of that reckless curiosity with which idlers endeavor to pry into the privacy of remarkable persons. Mademoiselle Lind, through the admiration with which her genius and her generous spirit have invested her, may truly be said to have become the adopted child of the English public, whose interest in her welfare will accompany her wherever she goes, and with whom she will always find a home.

A new original mind is rarely understood until it has been reflected from some half dozen congenial with it, so averse are men to admitting the truth in an unusual form; while any novelty, however fantastic, however false, is greedily swallowed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for all truth demands a response, and few people care to think, yet they must have something to supply the place of thought. Every mind would appear original if every man had the power of projecting his own into the mind of others.

Ladies' Department.

I NE'ER FORGET THOSE DAYS, MARY.

BY AUGUSTUS C. L. ARNOLD.

I NE'ER forget those days, Mary,
When round us danced the golden hours;
And every voice of bird and bee,
And every grace of stars and flowers,
Was but the echo of thy song—
The reflex of thy conquering smiles,
Which bound me with enchantments strong,
And made me dream of fairy isles.

Oh! then, like two bright dew-drops, Mary,
Which join in fond embrace at morn,
Our lovely souls rushed forth too meet,
And burned to blend them both in one;
Then every soft and fragrant breeze
Bore all my tenderest thoughts to thee,
And all of Nature's harmonies
Revealed thy matchless charms to me.

But now those days are passed, Mary,
They vanished like a baseless dream,
And all those sweet and tender hopes
Have faded like a meteor gleam;
But in a brighter world, afar,
We'll meet again, when both are free;
And in some glorious, distant star,
Our souls shall blend eternally.

MARY HOWITT.

THE Boston Olive Branch furnishes us with the following description of this gifted lady:

Perhaps there is no author who is loved by a greater number of persons than Mary Howitt. She has the happy faculty of throwing her own simple, earnest, beautiful heart, into every thing that she writes. If she discourses upon flowers—either in poetry or prose—immediately an odor of daffodils, roses, and early violets, surround the reader, and he sees, with a mental vision, waving cornfields, “clover nooks,” and gentle pastures. Her faith in man is actually grand; her daily life—as seen through her writings—is simple, sweet and chaste. Of William Howitt it cannot be said that he is so gentle as his wife; he is more rugged and terse, and is often times epigrammatic. His love of nature—like hers—is strong; but his indignation at wrongdoing is more impetuous and fiery. For instance, see his letters in the *People's Journal*, upon the game-laws, and his “*Aristocracy of England*.” Having an invitation to tea with them at “The Elms,” one evening, I gladly accepted it, and mounted an omnibus at the “Flower Pot,” in Bishopgate street, that would drop me at “The Elms,” in Clapton, a pleasant suburb of London. I was told that I should know the spot at once, by the tall and wide-spreading elms that stood in its foreground, and I was not disappointed. The mansion is a large, well-proportioned brick building, painted white, and looking the very picture of an English suburban country seat. The omnibus stopped a moment for me; a few steps brought me to the entrance-gate, and nervously jerking the bell-knob, I stood, with a strange mixture of feelings, awaiting the moment when I should stand face to face with the authoress who had so often ministered to my pleasures away in America. My card went up, and I followed it shortly after. The drawing room was small, but exceedingly *recherche*, and decorated with choice paintings, books and furniture. As I entered, I noticed a woman sitting upon a small rosewood sofa, at the farther extremity of the room—it was MARY HOWITT. She rose, and with a graceful kindness received me, and introduced me to her husband and children. She was not beautiful, in the common sense of that word, and yet came very near being so. She was better looking than that term alone would imply. She was tall and stately, without the least stiffness; had dark, beautiful hair, and eyes, the color of which it is difficult to describe, yet radiating smiles of sweetness, like evening stars. She had a slight defect in the teeth, as they protrude so much as to mar the otherwise very charming appearance of her face. She was dignified, and yet complaisant, and looked very little like an authoress, being so robust and full of life. I saw the recut of her *healthy* writings—she is herself well when she writes, and her exuberance of spirits and gentle goodness, overflow upon the page before her. She was richly dressed, with no allusions to her

quondam association with the Quakers, and acted like a perfect lady. I use the word in its true, not its hackneyed sense. I spoke to her of the general admiration Americans feel for her translations of Fredrika Bremer's stories, and might have said the same, with truth, of her own writings, prose and poetry, had I not detested all approaches to flattery.

Alluding to Miss Bremer's tales, she said: “It is one of the strongest wishes of her heart to visit your wonderful country; and, as for William and me, we have promised each other to go as soon as we can leave things here.”

I understood from her, that when they come, they intend writing a work upon us, our institutions, manners, scenery, &c., and it will be the first just work upon America, written by an English man or woman. It cannot fail of being fair and candid, for the Howitts are at heart republicans, and admire America. Mary Howitt has for several years had a sister living in Cincinnati, but she died the winter before last, to the great sorrow of her English friends. Mrs. Howitt's last work—“*A Tale of Ohio*”—is the history of that sister's children for a year, and the main incidents were written in Cincinnati by her, and sent over to England, to be retouched by Mary Howitt's inimitable pen.

After tea, we went into the garden to view the pleasant, setting sun, and wander among flowers. It was a delightful spot, and worthy of the genius of Mary Howitt. I could see from the lawn the gentle slopes of Midlesex in the distance, as beautiful as the scenery of a fairy tale. Naturally, the conversation turned upon the scenery in America, and if my tongue was voluble with praises of our mammoth lakes, everlasting rivers, and gigantic mountains, the fault lay in America, not in me. When we had returned into the house, I was agreeably surprised with the presence of some fellow-countrymen and women. Catlin, the artist of Indian life, was there in a glow of the spirits peculiar to him. Anna Cora Mowatt, the talented authoress and actress, added the beauty of her countenance to the scene, and a young Bostonian, just from Greece, with myrtles from Parnassus, and *reliques* from the Tuileries, was overflowing with republican ardor. It was like being transported suddenly into an American drawing room, and when some one proposed to test, by vote, the political complexion of the party, the proposition was received with laughter and acclamation, and Republicanism won the day.

LAYS FROM SHAKSPERE.

BY FANNY E. LAOY.

CORDELIA.

CORDELIA.—“Oh look upon me, sir; and hold your hands in benediction o'er me.”
“No, sir—you must not kneel.”—*King Lear, Act 4th, Scene 7th.*

Oh, may this kiss, mine honored sire,
Repay the cruel past;
My duteous hope doth but aspire
To serve thee at the last.
Oh sisters! sisters! nature's shame
Were ye, that could deny
This head the veriest wretch's claim:
A shelter but to die.

Oh! had he not your father been
A stranger, and no more;
Who that these reverend hairs had seen,
Had turn'd them from the door?
The very cur of savage bite,
My dearest foe that own'd,
My hearth had shared that bitter night,
And human shelter found.

Do you not know me, sir?—it is your child
Who makes this sad appeal;
That once your best beloved you styled.*
No, sir—“you must not kneel!”
But raise your gracious hand I pray,
Like Heaven's protecting wing
O'er one whose joy it is to obey
Her father—and her king!

* *LEAR*.—“I loved her most, and thought to set my rest on her kind nursery.”—*Act 1st, Scene 1st.*

CHEERFUL TEMPER.

Who would not have an eye
To see the sun where others see a cloud;
A frame so vernal, as in spite of snow,
To think it genial summer all year round?
I do not know the fool would not be such
A man! [Sheridan Knowles.]

By bestowing blessings upon others we entail them on ourselves.

Biographical Sketches.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

THIS celebrated man was born at Jelburgh, in Roxburghshire, on the 11th of December, 1751. His father was rector of the grammar school of that place, and was educated for the church of Scotland, to which profession he brought up the subject of the present memoir. With this view, young Brewster entered the university of Edinburgh at an early age, and after going through the usual course of study, became a licentiate of the church of Scotland. In the year 1800, he received the honorary degree of M. A. from the university.

To about the same period may be traced the commencement of that course of experiment by which he has since done so much to illustrate and extend the beautiful domain of the science of optics. This grand branch of physics was just then rising into deserved popularity, and the study of it had received an impulse from the fine discovery of the phenomena of interference by Dr. Young. Mr. Brewster, imbued with a just admiration of the great father of modern philosophy—an admiration which he has closely retained ever since—commenced his optical career in 1799 and 1800, by a repetition of Newton's experiments on the inflection of light. He determined the fact that the phenomena of inflection are independent of the nature of the body by which they are caused.

During some subsequent years, his views and prospects underwent a great change. Forced by bad health to abandon the clerical profession, to which he was much attached, his occupations were for some time of a desultory nature, and often interrupted by the same cause.

In 1808, he undertook the editorship of the “*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*,” a work of extent and labor, which was finished only in 1830. In this he contributed many original articles, among which may be enumerated those on the following instruments,—the achromatic telescope, the kaleidoscope, the microscope, the micrometer, the anemometer, and on burning instruments; on the following sciences,—mechanics, optics, astronomy, hydrodynamics, electricity, and expansion. He also wrote the lives of many men of science,—Galileo, Halley, Euler, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Condamine, Condorcet, Boscovich, Bradley, Buffon, Bailly, D'Alembert, Almon, and the three Bernouillis, in these Gregories, &c., &c., &c.

In 1807 he received the honorary degree of L.L.D. from the university of Aberdeen: and in 1808 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which, some years later, he became secretary.

In 1810 he married the eldest daughter of James Macpherson, Esq., of Bellville, in the county of Inverness, and by this lady he has had several children.

During these important years of his life he had not been inactive in the pursuit of science. The construction of micrometers, telescopes, and other optical instruments, and the investigation of the optical properties of many natural bodies, engaged his attention between the years 1801 and 1812, and the results of these were published in 1813, in a “*Treatise on New Philosophical Instruments*.” This work, which was dedicated to Professor Playfair, and of which we cannot attempt here to give any popular account, contained not merely a description of several highly ingenious pieces of apparatus, but many original experiments made with their aid, such as the determination of the refractive and dispersive powers of a variety of substances, and likewise others, bearing on very important parts of optical science, and especially on the then almost untrodden field of polarisation, which showed that Dr. Brewster was keeping pace with the French philosophers of the day. In 1811, when drawing up the article “*Burning Instruments*,” for the *Edinburgh Cyclopædia*, he was led—from the proposal of Buffon for constructing a lens of great diameter out of a single piece of glass, by cutting out the central parts in successive ridges, like the steps of a stair—a proposal, he justly observes practically impossible—he was led, we say, to suggest the construction of lens out of zones of glass, each of which might be built up of several circular segments, and thus form an apparatus for the illumination of lighthouses of unequal power. This beautiful invention was afterward more fully developed by him in the “*Edinburgh Transactions*.” Continuing to labor in the path to which the experiments in his work on “*Philosophical Instruments*” had led him, he advanced, keeping pace with the French philosophers, in the fine series of discoveries to which

the phenomena of light paved the way. The train of investigation which succeeded forms one of the finest examples that can be quoted of the extent to which united efforts may attain in the elucidation of some of the most delicate and infinitely varied phenomena of nature. The amazing insight which the last twenty years have afforded to the philosopher into the nature, properties, and modifications of the agency of light, is certainly one of the most surprising truths which can be presented to us; and the combined labors of Laplace, Malus, Brewster, Biot, Arago, Herschel, Fresnel, and Airy, exhibit—to borrow the words of one of these eminent philosophers, Herschel—"a picture of emulous and successful research, than which nothing prouder has adorned the annals of physical science, since the development of the true system of the universe." It would be out of place to attempt to state even the titles of the memoirs to which the researches of Brewster gave rise. Suffice it to say, that they were chiefly presented to the Royal Society of London, and printed in the "Philosophical Transactions." For one of these, containing the discovery of the law of polarisation of light by reflection, that body, in 1815, adjudged to him their Copley medal, and the same year admitted him a fellow.

In 1814, Brewster visited France and Switzerland, and enjoyed, more especially, the company and interchange of the sentiment of the illustrious men who then adorned the literary circles of Paris. On his return he undertook, in 1851, to deliver lectures on natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, during Professor Playfair's absence on the continent, but ill-health prevented his discharging the duties of the chair.

The following year he had the gratification of receiving from the Institute of France half of the physical prize of 3000 francs, which was adjudged to him and the late Dr. Seebeck of Berlin, for the most important discoveries made in Europe in any branch of science during the two preceding years. Three years later, in 1819, the Royal Society of London awarded him the Rumford gold and silver medals, for his discoveries on polarisation of light.

In 1816, he invented the kaleidoscope, a beautiful little instrument, well known, no doubt, to all our readers, which soon became the toy of every drawing room in Great Britain, and which from the infinite variety of figures which it exhibits, has been applied with success to the invention of patterns for carpet-manufactories, and to other branches of the ornamental arts.

In 1819, he established the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," in conjunction with Professor Jamieson; and subsequently carried on the "Edinburgh Journal of Science." The same year, on Playfair's death, he was elected General Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and not inattentive to the interests of other bodies having science for their object, was successively Secretary and Vice-President of the Astronomical Institution of Edinburgh, and likewise established the Society of Arts for Scotland, on the general plan of the corresponding institution in London.

The duties attendant upon the support of these societies, the editorship of the "Encyclopædia" and the cultivation of many beautiful departments of the science of light, especially in connection with polarisation and the classification of minerals by their optical characters, filled up at this period, a good many years of his life. The results of his inquiries were published chiefly in the "Philosophical Transactions" and in those of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and the Geological Society of London.

In 1826, the Institute of France conferred upon him the marked distinction of electing him a corresponding member of their body and he received the same honor from the Royal Academies of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark as well as from most of the other scientific bodies in Europe and America.

For some time past the science of meteorology had engaged a considerable share of his attention; and he was enabled, through the influence of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to procure the establishment of many registers in different parts of Scotland, which has afforded many results most important to science.

Up to 1826 his constant residence had been at or near Edinburgh. In that year he retired to a small property which he had purchased on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose, an agreeable retreat where he has ever since prosecuted his inquiries.

In 1828 the Royal Society of Edinburgh awarded him their Keith medal for the discovery of two new fluids in the cavities of topaz, the properties of which he had investigated with singular address, and an account of which was published in their Transactions. Two years after the Royal Society of London adjudged to him one of the royal medals, being the only one in their gift which he had not

yet received. This was given for some very elaborate paper on polarisation, published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1830. In 1831, he published, in the "Family Library," a life of Sir Isaac Newton, naturally the most widely circulated and most popular of his writings; and, in the same year, he proposed the scientific meeting at York, in imitation of those which have been established in Germany with such good effect. He was elected, in the same year, vice-president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and about the same time he received, along with other distinguished scientific men, the decoration of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order. On visiting London in March, 1832, this was followed up by his receiving the honor of knighthood from the king. At present he fills the principal's chair in the united college of St. Salvador and St. Leonard.

Besides his original works, Sir David Brewster has more than once acted as the editor of those of others. One of his early productions was a new edition of Ferguson's "Astronomy and Lectures." He afterwards edited Robinson's collected works, in four volumes, and Euler's "Letters to a German Princess." He published, also, a treatise on the "Kaliroscope," and a translation of Legendre's "Geometry and Trigonometry." He has written, besides, an original treatise on "Optics," for Dr. Lardner's "Cyclopædia," and a volume of "Letters on Natural Magic," for the "Family Library." His last public labor we believe, was the publication, in 1841, of another pleasant contribution to our scientific biography "The Martyrs of Science; or, the Heirs of Galileo, Tycho Brahe and Kepler."

Punchiana.

THAT great repository of British wit, Punch, does not lose in raciness with its increasing years. In the last number we find many pleasant hits at men and things, from which we select the following.

AN M. D. IN A GOWN.

The Medical Times of the 21st ult. contains a full, true, and particular account of the admission of a young lady, Miss ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, by the Geneva Medical College, in the State of New York, to a physician's degree. Miss Blackwell had duly attended lectures at the College, and received a formal diploma, under the title of "Domina," which was the only feminine that the Senate could find for Doctor. Punch really thinks this is a case for a copy of verses, which he accordingly subjoins, in honor of the fair M. D.

Nor always is the warrior male,
Nor masculine the sailor;
We all know ZARAGOSSA's tale,
We've all heard *Billy Taylor*;
But far a nobler heroine, she
Who won the palm of knowledge,
And took a Medical Degree,
By study at her College.

They talk about the gentler sex
Mankind in sickness tending,
And o'er the patient's couch their necks
Solicitously bending;
But what avails solicitude
In fever or in phthisic,
If lovely woman's not imbued
With one idea of physic?

Young ladies all, of every clime,
Especially of Britain,
Who wholly occupy your time
In novels or in knitting,
Whose highest skill is but to play,
Sing, dance, or French to clack well,
Reflect on the example, pray,
Of excellent Miss BLACKWELL!

Think, if you had a brother ill,
A husband, or a lover,
And could prescribe the draught or pill
Whereby he might recover;
How much more useful this would be,
Oh, sister, wife, or daughter!
Than merely handing him beef-tea,
Gruel, or toast-and-water.

Ye bachelors about to wed
In youth's unthinking hey-day,
Who look upon a furnish'd head
As horrid for a lady,
Who'd call a female doctor "blue;"
You'd spare your sneers, I rather
Think, my young fellows, if you knew
What physic costs a father!

How much more blest were married life
To men of small condition,
If every one could have his wife
For family physician;
His nursery kept from ailments free,
By proper regulation,
And for advice his only fee,
A thankful salutation.

For DOCTRIN BLACKWELL—that's the way
To dub in rightful gender—
In her profession, ever may
Prosperity attend her!
Punch, a gold-handled parasol,
Suggests for presentation,
To one so well deserving all
Esteem and admiration.

A GROWING EVIL.—We are quite astonished at the number of moustaches there are about town. The face of the metropolis is quite overrun with moustaches. You meet with one at every turn. This continental appendage is threatening to invade the English physiognomy, and the British upper lip will soon lose its distinctive cleanliness. Where all the moustaches have suddenly sprung from, we cannot tell, as we are not particular amateurs in hair skins, but it is very clear that the course at Epsom was covered, this Derby, with four times its usual average. We begin to suspect that the cheap excursions to France have done it all, for it is very strange that an Englishman cannot go to Boulogne without being immediately seized with a violent moustache. We propose that government barbers be appointed at Folkestone, and that they be invested with peremptory orders to take everybody by the nose who lands, and give the batch all round an easy shave for a penny. If some such Order in Council be not immediately issued to meet this growing evil, England will be so much put upon by France, that she will soon have not a feature left that she will be able to call her own. These cheap excursions must be stopped, or else there must be a by-law instantly passed that any one who comes back with a moustache, forfeits his return ticket.

RECREATIONS IN SPAIN.—Just glancing over the Morning Post we saw a rather pleasing picture of the innocent enjoyments of the people of Spain, in the shape of a paragraph, the best part of which we subjoin, piecemeal, stringing Spanish waggeries together like Spanish onions.

"The long talked-of match between the Bengal tiger and the bull, which has occupied so much attention, even of royalty, has just come off, and ended in the defeat and death of the Eastern savage."

Now the idea of calling the Bengal tiger a savage in comparison with such a public and a Court as the Spanish, is droll indeed.

"A vast multitude assembled to witness the extraordinary spectacle, at which the King and Queen were present."

Fine sport for their Majesties; finer for their Majesties' subjects. Some idea may be formed of the intensity of the fun, by imagining our Gracious QUEEN and PRINCE honoring the "canine" arena with their presence.

"On being released from its cage, the tiger made a few steps, and then crouched down as if about to spring."

A pretty little piece of pantomime by the Spanish clown in the ring—the buffoon in stripes instead of motley. But, as usual elsewhere, the clown was the butt of the jest.

"The bull advanced boldly toward him, paused for a moment, and then rushed at him. The tiger made a spring at the bull, but the latter plunged his horn into his adversary's head, and laid him sprawling on the ground completely defeated."

Having made this facetious hit at the tiger, "The bull then walked round the circus, regarding the public triumphantly."

The bull fancying, in his presumption, that he was a greater brute than his beholders, which was a most ludicrous mistake on the part of the animal. But the best joke, in the Spanish sense of the word, is yet to come.

"The tiger was dispatched with dogs, and the public, rushing into the circus, divided its remains among themselves."

And probably ate them; tiger eating tiger, like true cannibals. In the meanwhile, Spanish royalty looks on delighted, never thinking, of course, of the encouragement it has been giving to that spirit of cruelty which has earned for the land of the *auto-da-fe*, of murders, and military executions, the character of being the most bloodthirsty nation in Europe.

AN ATTIC TRUTH.—"The highest flight of philosophy is too frequently a garret."—[Stairs' Celebrated Decisions.]

Choice Miscellany.

MORNING.

Dew glistens on the greensward—dew sparkles on the flowers—
 From many a zephyr-shaken tree it falls in crystal showers—
 It hovers in the silver clouds around yon mountain's brow,
 Whose sky, a moment past so pale, is fused with blushes now:
 Like young blood, streaming hot and fast, through gay transparent veins:
 Redder yet, and redder, grow those firmamental stains,
 Till round and bright—a blaze of light—a blinding fiery ball—
 Bursts on the world—the sun himself—of light, the all in all.
 As he rides sublimely upward, like a bold but baffled foe,
 Whose might is spent, and phalanx rent, back, back the shadows go;
 But step by step, and steadily—as loth to fly the fight—
 What contest ever equaled yet, the war of Day with Night?
 The sun at length hath triumphed, and unfurled o'er the sky
 His banner blue, whose pearly hue makes envious ocean sigh;
 And his light is potent on the hills, and flashes on the wold,
 And quivers in the foliage, now commingled green and gold;
 He plays upon the lofty spires—he dances in the stream—
 He revels 'mid the torrent's spray, in many a rainbow beam—
 Through cot and palace, wood and wild, he shoots his cheering ray,
 Till darkness, cheated of himself, becomes a shade of day.
 Up, up, ye birds, and greet him with your bravest gush of song;
 Forth to the laden flowers, ye bees, they've languished for you long;
 Wake from your slumbers, sons of toil, and gather while you may,
 The gains that industry can win, from dawn to set of day.
 Oh, mighty emperor of worlds, how worshiped power would be
 Could human majesty diffuse the joy dispensed by thee!
 Thy coming glads not man alone, but every living thing,
 From the slender garden insect to the bird upon the wing;
 It was so at creation's dawn, and, till the world decay,
 As prized by all will be thy light, as prized it is to-day!

A TRUE STORY.

MANY years ago I happened to be one of the referees in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a ship which traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in her character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of the children and the hopes of his return. But month after month passed away and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband; and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she

labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on a humble seamstress.

A merchant in New-York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty, he endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months he offered his hand and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him, every advantage, which wealth and affection could procure.

Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite for house-keepers. But they had hardly quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widow resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of over thirty years, during which time no tidings, had arrived from him the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with other transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargoes, having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner toward his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct, he certainly was anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage, and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband; assuring him he could recover damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed to by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in Spring, when we met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long gray locks and broad forehead of the defendant—while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of the adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment, for the principal witness.

We had scarcely finished the section, which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raising her veil, discovered to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it happened yesterday. How simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Mr. Burr asked, in a cold, quiet tone:

"Do you know this lady?"

ANS.—"I do."

BURR.—"Will you swear to that?"

ANS.—"I will, to the best of my knowledge, and belief she is my daughter."

BURR.—"Can you swear to her identity?"

ANS.—"I can."

BURR.—"What is her age?"

ANS.—"She was thirty years old on the 20th day of April."

BURR.—"When did you last see her?"

ANS.—"At her own house, about a fortnight since."

BURR.—"When did you see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was,

"On the 14th day of May, 17—."

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred? and finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awaking in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife and the uttermost scorn for the mean pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask which of these two has been to her a father."

Turning to the lady in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent which had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied:

"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employers and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of the anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our support was only a bit of dry bread; and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father." She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?"—cried the plaintiff as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke.

"You are not my father," exclaimed she vehemently, "What, call you my father,—you who basely left your wife to toil and your children to beggary? Never! never! never! Behold, there is my father," pointing to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is the man who claims my affection and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best year of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial.—[N. Y. Sun.

SUPPING FULL OF HORRORS.—We see a gentleman has been publishing a book called "A Dream of Europe." His slumbers must have been one rapid series of disturbances. If we knew his address, we would send to inquire after his "Constitution." "A Dream of Europe!" We beg he will keep his dream to himself; the reality, at present, is quite bad enough.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

I. O. O. F.

THE R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York, will hold an adjourned session at the Grand Lodge Room, National Hall, Canal-st., on Friday evening, June 23d, at 8 o'clock isely. By order. BENJ. J. PENTZ, Grand Sec'y.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY,
GRAND LODGE STATE OF NEW YORK,
City of New York, June 18, 1849.

TO OFFICERS OF LODGES AND DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS.

On Monday, the 25th June, I shall transmit to the District Deputy Grand Masters and Officers of Lodges in this jurisdiction all the necessary blanks for the use of Lodges for the ensuing term, together with such instructions as may be deemed necessary; and if there should be any failure on the part of Lodges or Deputies to receive such documents, they are earnestly requested to communicate the same to this office by Telegraph, (when possible) in order that the matter may be immediately attended to. Secretaries will be particular and see that returns are ready to be transmitted to this office, in accordance with 3d Section of Article 4, of Constitution of Subordinates, &c. Fraternally, &c.

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BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Sec'y.

WHAT IS A SECRET SOCIETY?

PROPERLY speaking, a secret society is one which carefully conceals all its purposes and chief objects from the uninitiated. But as no such society is now known to exist, at least in this country, the term is applied to all societies which are based upon the *secret principle*—that is to say, which have a secret initiation, passwords and signs. The Free Masons, Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, &c., &c., are societies of this description. All their objects, purposes and designs, are known to the world. They publish their rules, principles, and regulations, and some of them, as the Masons, go so far as to promulgate their charges, lectures, and initiatory prayers, and to have their installations in public; and yet, all of them are founded on the secret principle, and find it a most efficient means of accomplishing their beneficent designs, and of promoting their charitable objects. Temperance, for example, never accomplished so much, nor advanced so vigorously, as it has since it has enshrined itself in two secret societies—the Sons of Temperance and the Rechabites.

As according to the existing use of the term *secret society*, all are such which work in secret, have passwords, &c., so all the societies which we have mentioned above, belong to the same family, and consequently should cherish a family feeling. We can conceive of no greater inconsistency, than for one to be a Mason, and at same time an Anti-Odd-Fellow, or to be an Odd-Fellow and also an Anti-Mason; or for one to be a Son of Temperance and an opposer to both Masons and Odd-Fellows. The fact is, all these societies are alike. One may have more secrets than the other; but all have them, and are secret societies—the Sons of Temperance as well as the Odd-Fellows, and the Odd-Fellows as well as the Masons.

We counsel, therefore, these secret societies to discard all unfraternal feeling and join hands cordially, and march forth together to do battle in the cause of humanity. There are evils enough to be overcome, and all our united energies are needed in the strife. Selfishness, discord, intemperance, and vice, in its infinitely varied aspects, rear their black and hideous forms around us, and poor Humanity groans and bleeds under their sway. A mighty voice of distress rolls up from the very depths of society, demanding assistance, sympathy and love. Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites—members of whatever secret Orders—arouse ye from your slumbers, and march forth to the rescue! Relieve the distressed of the poor and needy, help the widow and protect the orphan. Then the eyes which see, and the ears which hear, will bless you, and Heaven itself will reward you with approving smiles!

PROFESSOR NICHOLS AND THE DESTINY OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

THE following language, the concluding portion of a lecture delivered by Prof. Nichols, before the Whittington Club, London, has been going the round of our journals, exciting unusual attention, and eliciting numerous remarks. Here is the professor's language:

"The planets are retained in their orbits, because two opposite forces exactly balance each other. But modern astronomy has proved that there is a power at work destroying their balance. From the observations made on the retarded return of Encke's comet, and its gradual approximation to the sun, we learn the existence of a fluid, an ether, which, however subtle, tends to diminish the centrifugal force and add to the attraction of the sun. However slowly it may approach, we may yet contemplate the day when this present system shall pass away; not, however, into a vast ruin, but in its own beautiful and majestic order, just like a flower, which having adorned the earth, lets drop its leaves when its work is done, and falls back obediently upon its mother's bosom."

The following considerations show plainly that this great catastrophe is not only possible but probable. It is possible; facts have transpired that prove it so. Changes are constantly taking place in the Solar System and through the realm of stars that indicate the calamity of destruction! Several stars which once illuminated our heavens have been plunged, by some mighty accident, into everlasting night. In the far north, in the Constellation of Cassiopeia, three hundred years ago, shone a bright and beautiful star. Year after year and night after night it glimmered there, bidding as fair to shine as long as any other star in the firmament. But it shines there no more! What has happened to one of the celestial bodies may happen at any moment to any other one. It is just as reasonable that what we call an *accident* should happen to a star or to our globe, and destroy it, as to a tree, or to the smallest atom. So far as God is concerned there is no difference between a *great* or *small accident*. That which happens on earth every day, by which thousands of lives are destroyed in a moment—that which has happened to several stars, which have gone out in darkness, may happen, in course of ages, to our world! Its destruction is therefore possible.

It is also probable. According to Newton, the planets move round the sun *spirally*; so each revolution brings them nearer to the center. This advance, it is true, is slow, but it is *certain*. The result, therefore, must be that, in the course of ages, all the planets will reach that fatal point, where the balance of forces will be destroyed, and all will rush with dire confusion toward the sun. This is a logical deduction from the received theory of the Solar System, which we are not disposed to question. When that force, which keeps these worlds in their course, shall expire—the binding force of the sun remaining ever the same—what can prevent their falling into his burning bosom, a tremendous ruin? The teachings of science, therefore, seems to confirm the popular belief that a great and awful catastrophe will, in the end, befall the Universe.

All the old poets were full of the idea, and the ancient sages and philosophers declared it; and our old Teutonic ancestors, in the times of their paganism, chaunted the fearful theme in their songs:

"The sun turns pale,
The spacious earth
The sea engulfs;
From heaven fall
The lucid stars;
At the end of time
The vapors rise,
And playful flames
Involve the skies."

Such appears to have been the universal thought. But, whatever may be the destiny of our earth, we may rest assured that all its revolutions and convulsions will conduce to the general harmony—to the renewal and wider extension of beauty, and

the establishment of a higher order. Let us be consoled, for through destruction and death is the mysterious way of life.

THE NEW YORK CASE.

OUR views and our course, with regard to the New York controversy, as it is called, are well known to the public. While we have ever spoken with charity of those who are unfortunately in rebellion to the legal authorities, we have, with a firm hand, sustained the authority of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States; recognizing it to be, as its own constitution asserts, the foundation of all true and legitimate authority in Odd-Fellowship; having exclusive power to make, alter or regulate, the work and language of the Order; to pass general laws for the government of the Fraternity, in all its branches—to create *Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, to annul or recall any Charter*, issued by its authority. (See Dig. 1, Article I, Sec. 2, 3, 4, 5.) Such being our views of the powers and prerogatives of the Grand Lodge U. S., and knowing that after a full and fair investigation of the whole question, it decided adversely to the New Constitution, and wishing, above all, to preserve the unity of the Order, by maintaining, unimpaired, the central authority, we have advocated, fairly and unflinchingly, the rights of the legitimate Grand Lodge of New York. Such has been our course, and such will it continue to be. The question turns simply upon the point of legality, and it seems to us to be sufficiently plain for every one to understand.

We are surprised, therefore, and deeply pained, to notice the attempts that are made, in some quarters, by restless and disobedient spirits, to mystify this question—misrepresent facts—and thus spread the spirit of disunion and insubordination beyond our own borders, through all the States of the Union to the manifest peril of the entire fabric of Odd-Fellowship. Under the high pretense of reform, and the seducing cry of liberty, the most disastrous doctrines are promulgated among us; which, if carried out, will strike at the root of our Fraternity, and lay it low in the dust. What can these men desire? Has not Odd-Fellowship, as it is now organized, more than realized our expectations? Has not our growth been unparalleled? Has not the Order efficiently redeemed all its promises and pledges, to its sick members, its widows, and its orphans? Who can doubt it? Why, then, this anxiety for change? Why not "let well enough alone?" Why introduce new forms of government, which not only cannot add anything to the efficiency of the Order, in the accomplishment of great objects, but, on the contrary, must weaken its energy, and destroy its unity, and terminate in anarchy?

We earnestly call on all good Odd-Fellows, throughout the Union, to consider this subject well, and to sustain the authority of the Grand Lodge of the United States, as the sheet anchor of our institution. Our highest Tribunal once invaded, its supreme prerogatives and powers questioned or disregarded, the sentiment of individualism, and its consequent anarchy will overshadow the sentiment of Fraternity and Unity—the spirit of Love and Charity will vanish from our broken altars, and the Order will be shivered in a thousand fragments.

We hope that, even in the State of New York, better counsels will prevail, among the members of the suspended Lodges, and that they will at length acquiesce in the decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and thus restore that unity which has been so fearfully jeopardized. Let all remember the sacred aphorism: "A house divided against itself cannot stand, and a kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation." Our motto, like that of the Church, is: "In the necessary, unity; in the not necessary, liberty; and in ALL, charity."

WESTERN ARTISTS.

THE West has furnished rich materials for romancers and novelists. Life there, especially in the backwoods and prairies, is wild and full of incident. The scenes from which Cooper drew the garnishment of his tales of pioneer life, are daily re-enacted, on new stages, farther toward the Occident, and by actors as wild and untutored as the Path-finders, Deer-slayers, and Leather-stockings of the Connecticut and Mohawk Valleys ever were. The hunters and trappers have already furnished many thrilling narratives of adventure to such writers as *Solitaire* and Thorpe; and the wilderness of the far west will always be the field of many a story of wild, incredible truth. The painter, too, tired of nature tamed by its intimacy with civilization, and seeking out striking subjects for the canvas, will find in the West, where the Natural has lost least of its purity by contact with the Artificial, materials worthy of the highest genius and the choicest taste.

At the rooms of the American Art Union is a picture which, for originality of design and felicity of execution, cannot but be admired. The painting represents a scene in the every-day life of every deer-hunter in the West. The group consists of a hunter, with nut-brown visage, topped with ocon-skin cap, buckskin coat and leggins, who stands in the edge of the beech woods, with the prairie rolling in the distance—a noble buck which he has just shot, bled, and half elevated by a staddle, bent over in hunter-style against a beech tree, preparatory to swinging him up out of danger—and his dog, who rests upon the ground. 'Tis November—the leaves of the trees are crisped brown by the frosts—the little pools of water in the forest are glazed with crackling ice—it is "running time" with the deer, and the hunter stands in the attitude of listening for the cracking bush or rustling leaf, which has just betrayed to his practiced ear—as sensitive as his eye in detecting "deer-signs"—the proximity of more game on the path. One hand is on his rifle—his half-executed work is suspended—and the other is half raised with an admonitory gesture to his dog, to keep silent while he harks.

This spirited design has been executed with the happiest effect. The color of the deer betrays to the knowing eye the season of the year; while the accuracy of the shot in the shoulder, and the appliances of gambrel and crotch for hanging the game, evinces the thorough bred backwoods hunter. You will observe its truthfulness to nature in every detail. The hickory and beech you will easily detect—the old flint-lock rifle, clung to with such pertinacity by the old hunters—the costume of foreign manufacture, and the hue of the hunter's face, tanned by the weather and the camp-fire's smoke, garnished with beard and mustache of the true burnt-prairie cut, are all notable.

For its faithfulness to the character and habits of that peculiar race of men in the West—the hunters and trappers—it certainly deserves admiration. The life of these men, in the forests and prairies, furnishes many a wild and romantic scene for illustration; but no man who has not been familiar with the hunters could conceive and execute so happily one so spirited and faithful as this, by Allan Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio, an artist who has won golden opinions by his works, and who has struck into a new field, with a boldness and originality deserving of the highest success.

American artists may perhaps do well to go to that cradle of the arts, Italy, to study the works of Canova, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, to school their taste and hands in the imitation of the acknowledged masters of painting and sculpture; but let them find in their own country—so richly endowed by the Great Architect with all that is magnificent and impressive, in mountain, river, and forest, and all that is striking and novel, in the scenes enacted on its great stage—subjects worthy of perpetuation, by the mysteries of art, for future generations.

THE GROWTH OF OUR COUNTRY.

ONE of the most remarkable spectacles ever witnessed on earth, is the growth of the United States. It appears to be but yesterday that the May Flower landed at Plymouth its little freight of pilgrims, and to-day the sons of those pilgrims fill a country larger than any other on the globe, excepting Russia and China, and number more than twenty millions. The wilderness has disappeared before the indomitable energy of our hardy race, and the whole land is clothed with villages, towns, and cities, and crossed by innumerable canals and railroads. Our cities in commerce, surpass all others, save London; and New-York bids fair soon to outstrip even London. Our civilization is still rolling westward and southward like a wave of living light, and if the past is any indication of the future, in a third of a century more the United States will stand first among the nations of the earth.

In connection with the rapid growth of our country, there is another fact worthy of being noticed. It is the unity of character exhibited by our citizens. Notwithstanding the various sources whence our population is derived, all show the same common type, as if they came from the same stock.

Travel through France, Germany, Russia, and England, and one will find greater variety of language, and social habits, and wider differences in life, than are seen here. This fact shows that our institutions, contrary to the assertions of monarchists, have a solidifying influence, tend to unity and order, rather to division and disorder.

Scarcely do emigrants touch our shores than they seem to inspire a new spirit of life, and to receive a new social impress; so that throughout the whole extent of our country, notwithstanding the diverse origin of our citizens, they are but our people.

Our institutions are positive—have within them real elements of life—embody a living and vivifying thought, and consequently impose the same national type on all who come under their influence. Here is the source of our strength, and the secret of our rapid growth.

PEDESTRIAN MISERIES IN NEW YORK.

Whoever has visited this city a few times, knows very well what these miseries are. If not, let him imagine himself in one of the following predicaments, which are very far from being interesting, though to the looker on they may be somewhat amusing.

Misery 1.—You wish to be at the P. O. at precisely 3 o'clock, and leave the City Hall just fifteen minutes before that hour; you have consequently no time to lose. You thread your way through our dirty and narrow Nassau, and you reach, with tolerable ease, Ann-street, which you no sooner cross than you are stopped by that famous barrier known to all pedestrians through Nassau-street, namely, the old book-shop, and a depot for the sale of colored prints. Besides the usual three rows of gapers, you find an assembly of apple women, news boys and the like; the whole group of dutiful admirers of the arts and ancient literature, staring in amazement at some new print of some new scene or riot; at every attempt you make to double this promontory, the pole of a coach, ready to bob you under the chin, corrects your impatience, and keeps you in the sphere of the fine arts, and at length, out of breath and spirits, you arrive at the Post Office just fifteen minutes after the mail has closed! and then your letters must remain one day longer.

Misery 2.—In the early dusk of a rainy day, you come to a crossing occupied by a long train of carriages, the pole of one close to the hind wheels of another. With your very best mimicry of patience, you wait a quarter of an hour. At length you see a vacancy between an empty wagon and the fore horses of a cart, and run to avail yourself of it, but there is no vacancy: it is not a wagon, but a timber-drag on the return, with an unseen beam behind, half as long as itself, against which

you rush with such force as to scarcely leave you breath to regain your old station on the pavement.

Misery 3.—When you are going out of the city by railroad or steamboat, and have taken a coach for the sake of speed, to find yourself locked in between the stand of coaches and the pavement, following a wagon at the rate of one mile per hour, as long as you are fortunate enough not to be stopped by a column of carts crossing your way from one of the lanes; and then to arrive thirty minutes after the boat has left or the cars have started.

Misery 4.—Passing up Broadway in a dry windy day, when the dust is swept up in heaps to be carried away in carts, which is always done at midday, to find yourself destined to save the horses part of their burthen by carrying away as much as your nose, mouth, ears, eyes, hat, pockets and coat will hold!

Misery 5, and last—To be overthrown by a hog when entering the Park from Center-street.

THE ORDER IN MISSOURI.

THE abstract of the reports of the Subordinate Lodges, made to the Grand Lodge, at its session of April 19, shows the number of contributing members to be 1802, with an income of \$10,608. The amount paid for the relief of brothers, for the six months preceeding, was, \$1,122 97; for the relief of widowed families, \$529 50; educating the orphan, \$60; and for burying the dead, \$100. Making in all one dollar each, as the contribution of each member, during the six months, for these truly noble and christian charities. The number of initiations for the same period was 291, and 106 admissions by card. The Order is indeed flourishing in the south-west.

St. Louis, June 8th, 1849.

I BEG to call your attention to the report of the Committee on the State of the Order, on page 192, on the circular from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, in reference to the power of the G. L. U. S., and of the Grand Sire. I regard this report as a well written and comprehensive document, and think it well worthy of being transferred to your columns. The G. Lodge of Missouri has ever been consistent in its warm advocacy and support of the supremacy of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and without reference to any particular question or party, she will, at all hazards, maintain the authority of the G. L. U. S., and of the Grand Sire. In occupying this ground, the G. L. of Missouri must not be understood as taking sides with any party, on the unfortunate questions which have so long divided the Order in the State of New York. The action of the Grand Lodge, at its late session, and at the annual session of 1848, was purely an expression of the firm attachment to the institution, as at present constituted; recognising the G. L. U. S. as the highest authority in the Order, and regarding implicit obedience to its mandates as the solemn duty of the Order.

There are some other subjects in the proceedings which may strike you as important, and to which allusion may be made; and among them is one on page 196, being a resolution offered by Rep. Leary, on the subject of a Q. P. W. instead of an S. A. P. W. It is very evident that a Q. P. W. is productive of much benefit in facilitating the collection of dues of members in our Lodges, by requiring the dues to be paid quarterly, on default of which the Q. P. W. should be withheld. It is not incompatible with the arrangement of the six month term, and does not affect it in any sense.

The Order in the State is doing well—a growing interest is manifested every where in its favor. The nine Lodges in the city of St. Louis are all in a most excellent condition—prosperous and peaceful. They have, however, been called on, during the prevalence of the epidemic, (which to some extent still lingers among us) to follow to the tomb several of its members; the number has been, however, thus far, comparatively small. Our Lodges manifest great zeal in their fraternal attention and

care to the sick; and they possess ample means to render the usual pecuniary relief to all.

The proceedings of the Grand Encampment, which held its annual session just after the close of the session of the G. Lodge, are not yet printed. As soon as this is done, I will send you a copy.

The G. Officers, for the present year, are as follows:

ISAIAH FORBES, M. W. Grand Patriarch.
E. K. WOODWARD, M. E. Grand High Priest.
V. J. PEER, R. W. Grand Senior Warden.
ALEX. PATERSON, JR., R. W. Grand Scribe.
W. H. REMINGTON, R. W. Grand Treasurer.
MAHLON OSBORN, R. W. Grand Junior Warden.
BENJAMIN F. CRANE, Grand Sentinel.
G. B. ALLEN & W. LOY, R. W. G. Representatives.

We have eight Encampments in this State, all working harmoniously and satisfactorily.

I should like to see a list of all the Lodges working under the old G. Lodge. We have a great deal of trouble here with many from your State, holding cards from Lodges under the New Constitution, in refusing them admittance into our Lodges. Many have joined the Order with a view of traveling, and knowing no difference have unfortunately connected themselves with Lodges that we do not recognize; and the consequence is, that they have become highly indignant on being refused admission, because they were assured that there would be no difficulty in visiting any Lodge in the United States.

I am cordially, fraternally, etc., I. M. V.

Those parts of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, to which our valued correspondent refers, we have already spread before our readers, and with much satisfaction. We hope to hear often from the friend who has now favored us, knowing that his communications will ever be as welcome to our readers as ourselves.

THE ORDER IN NORTH-CAROLINA.

A correspondent writing from Wilton, North Carolina, says:

"As your numerous readers are interested in everything which relates to the good of our Order, I have the pleasure of informing you that a new Lodge was instituted at Colerain, Bertie county, N. C., on the 25th May last, by D. G. M. Worthington, (assisted by Brothers from Washington Lodge No. 8.) and called 'Oriental Lodge' No. 24, I. O. O. F. The following officers were duly installed for the first quarter: Brothers I. H. Etheridge, N. G.; S. A. Bernard, V. G.; Thomas Brown, Secretary; Lemuel Evans, Treasurer. On the first meeting they had six initiations, and all of the right sort. They have, in Colerain and Vincientz, good materials for a flourishing Lodge, and I have no doubt that 'Oriental Lodge' No. 24, will add much to the dissemination of our beloved principles of 'Friendship, Love and Truth.' So you see our Order is still on its onward march in the old North State.

"Yours, in F. L. and T., W. L. D."

The Order in no State presents a more flattering appearance than in North Carolina, and we welcome the new brethren to our ranks with much pleasure.

NEWS FROM THE ORDER.—Our columns this week are well stored with news from the Order, for which we owe our friends many thanks. We hope every brother will feel himself our correspondent when any news of interest comes into his possession. All letters are most welcome.

THE Odd-Fellows of Covington, Ky., following the pattern of their New York brethren, have resolved to establish a library for the use and benefit of the Order.

I. O. O. F. IN THE WEST INDIES.—The Somers Pride of India Lodge of Odd-Fellows, No. 899, of Hamilton, Bermuda, celebrated their first anniversary at that place, on the 23d ult. There was a grand procession and dinner.

THE ORDER IN ALABAMA.

The brethren of Ezel Lodge, of Livingston, Ala. had a public procession, address and dinner, on the 26th of May, which is spoken of in the most glowing terms by the Sumter County Whig. The editor says:

"This is the first time that there has been any public celebration of the Odd-Fellows in Livingston. The members of the nearest Lodges were invited to join in the exercises, and partake of the repast. At about 11 o'clock the procession moved from the Lodge-room, and, under the direction of Gen. James T. Hill, Marshal of the day, repaired to the Methodist church, where an address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Bestor.

"Mr. B. excels in extemporaneous speaking; and his subject being familiar to him, there was a charm in his language that I have rarely known to be equalled in any address of the kind.

"It is believed that this day's celebration will prove an advantage to the Order in this town. After the address the members returned to the Lodge room, and were there dismissed. From thence they repaired to the very excellent dinner, and, after having partaken heartily of the very good cheer, adjourned. Every thing passed off agreeably and harmoniously."

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

Delivered before Monette Lodge No. 8, Raleigh, N. C.

BY WM. H. WASHINGTON.

We have read this address with great pleasure. It is elegant and eloquent, earnest and rational. The concluding remarks, which we give below, are eminently beautiful.

Finally, my brethren, it is important for us to remember, that one of the most characteristic emblems of our Order is the "Bee Hive." Ours is emphatically a working Order, and the duties imposed by our sacred obligations, will be but feebly performed, if we are not strictly diligent in our respective callings. And while we spurn from our ranks the unprincipled and the vicious, we can find no place for the *drones* and the *idlers*. But the dealings of our particular trade or profession is but a mere drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of our business. Mankind is our business—the common welfare is our business—charity, mercy, forbearance, benevolence, are all our business.

We have a race to run, a warfare of no ordinary character to wage. Our race is to last us through life, and our contest is for no less than complete mastery over ourselves; and great and priceless is the reward which awaits the untiring and the faithful. In preparing for so important and arduous an undertaking, our Order commands us in the language of St. Paul—"Be temperate in all things"—and points to the words of Divine Wisdom to guide our wandering footsteps. Let us heed her precious counsels; let us treasure them in our hearts, to be our guide through our daily avocations, and our consolation in the still watches of the night. "Be not weary in well doing." Remember the solemnity of our vows, and the greatness of our responsibilities. "Ours is no careless pledge, false and unmeaning, kept to the outward ear—broken to the soul:

Firm to our duty, when sorrow is wringing

The heart of a mortal, we freely condole;

Not with mere promises,

Pharisee hollowness,

But in fulfillment of precepts divine,

Kindness administer

Visit the prisoner,

Pour on the wounded the oil and the wine."

Remember that the all-seeing eye of Heaven rests ever upon us!

An important emblem of our Order—the "Hour Glass"—reminds us how fast the sands of life are passing away. Remember that we profess friendship and love for all mankind—that we profess to wear truth for ever stamped upon our foreheads. Friendship, wherever we find a creature in the image of his Maker—from the luxurious Nabob to the poorest Lazarus that languishes at his gate. We profess that love which, descending from Heaven, bathes the Universe with its gentle dews, and returns undiminished to the bosom of its God:

"That truth divine, exhibited on Earth,
Gives Charity its being and its birth."

Brothers, ours is indeed a noble calling—worthy, thrice worthy of all our ardent labors and all our devoted care. Let our hearts, then, never be turned aside from their purpose—let our hands never be idle—and let our hopes be for ever bright.

Rev. Alonzo Wilton, will please make a report to this office at his earliest possible convenience.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DELEGATION.—In our notice of the Festival of the 4th of June, the delegation from our sister city was passed over with a briefer notice than was agreeable to us. Though we did not make special note of their fine appearance, others were more careful. A cotemporary, speaking of Pennsylvania Odd-Fellows, says:

"The Pennsylvania delegation next made its appearance, and also filed into College Place. This was a fine body of men, numbering about 1,000. There were a considerable number of Lodges represented by members, who fell into the ranks of those Lodges who were present in full force. We observed the Fredonia, No. 148, with its beautiful banner, and the Grand Lodge of the State of Pennsylvania, with its banner carried by negroes. The devices were Justice with scales and sword, a female figure (Charity) with one child in her arms and two standing at her knee. There were also two female figures with hands joined in amity, and the bundle of sticks between them, intended to indicate unity. Commerce and agriculture were represented by a shield having a ship and plow supported by two horses rampant. The motto was—In God we trust: Friendship, Love, and Truth. The color of the insignia worn by the members of the Grand Lodge was scarlet—that worn by the Grand Encampment was purple."

The Key-Stone State is now "the banner State" of the Order, so far as numbers are concerned, but we hope and are confident, that a few months will reverse the order of things, and place New-York in the van. We are sure our brethren of Pennsylvania will be equally gratified with us, to witness the restoration of unity, in the ranks of Odd-Fellowship in the Empire State.

FETE OF THE ORIENTALS.—I cannot leave your city without expressing my thanks for the manner in which Oriental Lodge, No. 68, of New York, acquitted herself on the occasion of the festival on Monday.

The members of all the various Oriental Lodges in the United States had been invited to become the guests of No. 68, on that occasion; and after the fatiguing march of Monday, we repaired to the "Oriental Head Quarters," where, after some preliminary refreshments, bathing, &c., a party, numbering two hundred, were ushered into the large saloon of the Apollo Building. The chair was taken, at five o'clock, by Grand Representative James W. Hale, of the New York Orientals, who welcomed the visitors in a happy manner.

The regular toasts were exceedingly well arranged, and call responses from P. G. M. Parmenter, of Mass.; G. Reps. Hillard and Frost, from the same State; P. Gs. Downing and Wyler, of Phila.; the N. G. of the Oriental Lodge, of New Jersey; Rev. Bro. Evans, Chaplain of the Lodge; and many others, whose names I cannot recall. For four hours the happy company toasted, sang, and shouted for joy, and few roofs covered a more contented set of mortals.

On the morning of Tuesday, such of the visitors as were in the city, were invited to a collation at the same place, and had the pleasure of meeting Grand Sire Kneass, G. Rep. Read, of New Jersey, and many other friends. The good cheer was unbounded; and those who enjoyed the hospitalities of Oriental Lodge of New Jersey, will not soon forget the delicate attention of Bros. Hale, Fell, Peck, the Smiths, Wakeman, Bell, and indeed the whole membership of 68. There was a feeling of universal satisfaction, and this is not the opinion merely of ONE OF THE GUESTS.—[Sunday News.

CONCORDE LODGE No. 43 has purchased a beautiful spot for the Order in Greenwood Cemetery. The dedicatory services were very appropriate, and were attended by a large body of spectators. The ceremonies were performed by Rev. Dr. Verrier, of the Church "Du SAINT ESPRIT." In our next we shall give our readers a translation of the exercises, together with the Address.

THE LATE PROCESSION OF THE I. O. O. F.—Nagel and Weingartner, 74 Fulton-st., have published a beautiful lithograph of the great procession of the 4th of June, which we commend to the attention of the brotherhood. Copies can be had at this office—price, 25 cents.

LETTER FROM PANAMA.

PANAMA, NEW GRENADA, May 24, 1849.

I HAVE thought the following plain statement of facts, might be interesting to your readers. Landing at Chagres the first object is to obtain conveyance to Cruces (previous to May to Gorgona.) Select the steamer as far as she goes, contracting with the captain to send you on by Canoe to Cruces, for which his charge will be eight dollars, or engage a canoe or boat to take you the whole route, which will cost you about six dollars, including about a hundred and fifty lbs. baggage. For extra baggage you will have to pay about two dollars per hundred lbs. The trip will take one and a half to two days, according to the quantity of baggage, and the kind of boat you employ. A skiff (flat bottomed) is always much preferable to a canoe.

From Cruces, your mule or horse for riding will cost ten dollars, baggage five to six dollars per hundred lbs. If you start at six in the morning you can go through in a day, but the natives are so tardy they often delay till nine or ten o'clock, and then, if with baggage, are two days going through. The usual charges at Chagres, Cruces, and Gorgona, is fifty cents per meal, and fifty cents for lodging, and we were even charged these rates by the black Alcade at Cruces, although compelled to sleep upon the floor, with only a cowhide under us. The usual charge, however, made by the natives for that kind of bedding, or for sleeping on a mat is a rial (ten cents) per night. Goods can be safely transmitted from New-York to Panama through any responsible forwarding house, but at rates about twenty-five per cent. higher than you could have them transported for, if you contracted personally. At Panama a good sized room for four persons to live in can be hired for fifty cents per day, and you can either board yourselves, or get meals at a refectory. By either mode your living will not vary much from eighty-seven and a half cents per day, exclusive of your room. It is not unpleasant for those who like a mountain ramble, to walk from Cruces to Panama, but they should do it leisurely, and devote two days to the tour. The Chagres is a beautiful river, with a considerable current, the scenery and splendid trees and shrubbery, highly interesting, and but for the showers which during the rainy season occur four or five times a day, there would be nothing to mar the great interest of the trip.

Even this difficulty may be modified by having the covering of the boat made of fresh Palmetto leaves, which the boatman will do at two hours notice, and by having it sufficiently lofty to allow room for the head when seated. It is well to lay in some provisions at Chagres, which can be cooked at the Indian and negro huts, which comprise the only stopping places on the river, and which are woefully deficient of the commonest articles. As respects health, if you will keep yourself dry, not expose yourself to the damp penetrating night airs, refrain from ardent spirits and exciting wines, and from noonday exposure, I believe you need not fear a trip across the Isthmus, at any time between the 1st of Nov. and the 1st of May.

On the 1st of May there were, I presume, 2400 persons at Panama, waiting for passage to California, and about 100 have arrived since, making in all 2500. The Panama steamer and numerous sailing vessels have since departed with great numbers of passengers; and when the Oregon steamer shall have sailed—by which I depart this day—there will not remain 300 Americans in the town, and they will all leave within a week. At present there are vessels sufficient to take several hundred passengers more than are here, and none are now arriving in consequence of the lateness of the season. Myself and a party of friends left New York on the 19th of April in the Falcon, and reached Chagres the 2d day of May, after spending two days at Havana. The steamers Panama and Oregon arrived here May 4th and 5th, and by the latter we shall

reach San Francisco about June 11th, making our trip through in about 50 days. I had intended visiting Europe the present summer, but finally concluded to take a trip to California, and see what the people are about there, and see whether the genuine Hesperian fruit is actually growing there in a mature state for plucking, so as to transfer some specimens to Long Island. I consequently sent one confidential man in advance who has been there for some time, and I have now brought with me two able bodied men who have hitherto served me most faithfully, and after placing them in position, I propose returning in the autumn.

Chagres contains 104 huts, all negroes, Indians and mixtures, but two, and about 700 inhabitants; Cruces 200 huts, all negroes but the Pader, and 1200 inhabitants; Gorgona 100 huts, 700 inhabitants, nearly all negroes and mixed breeds.

On our route from Chagres to Gorgona, we did not meet with one person who could tell us the distance from the respective places. The California steamer and British steamer arrived here yesterday the 23d. Yours very respectfully, W. R. P.

CURRENCY OF NEW GRENADA AND IMPOSITION ON AMERICANS.—The Government of New Grenada has coined dollars of the British standard value, for the purpose of paying off the interest of her debt to England; but the coinage for home circulation has been alloyed and reduced twenty per cent., which causes them to be worth but eighty cents, and the parts in the same ratio. The New York bank-note lists quote it at seventy-five cents. The American dollar is worth twenty-five cents more than the New Grenada dollar. Instead of Mr. Nelson, the American Consul here, doing his duty as soon as American coin commenced circulating here, by an official announcement that the actual value of the American dollar, and all parts of it, were worth twenty-five per cent. more than the New Grenada currency, he has totally refrained from imparting them the requisite information, and up to the present date the mass are entirely ignorant of the fact. The result has been that, debts contracted here, in a currency worth eighty cents, have been paid in a currency worth one hundred cents, and the amount thus paid by Americans, during the past year, has exceeded a *million of dollars*, which has afforded the Consul an opportunity of speculating to great profit, a circumstance that report says he has fully profited by—being a foreigner and a notorious speculator in ship passages to California. Is he the proper man for an American Consul?

PANAMA, May 24, 1849.

FROM EUROPE.

THE Steamer America arrived at Boston on Wednesday, with advices from Liverpool to the 9th of June. The political news, by this arrival, is wholly unimportant. The whole of Northern and Central Europe is quiet; and though great events are announced as "close at hand," every thing is singularly dull. The French army has made no progress toward subduing Rome, and the policy of France, in that quarter, remains doubtful.

In Liverpool, cotton has improved 1-4d., and a good feeling prevailed in the manufacturing districts, a state of things much to the benefit of our commerce. Breadstuffs were dull, and the reports from the crops so favorable as to check any immediate advance. There are rumors of a disease in the potato, but it is too soon to give any opinion upon the subject.

Financial affairs, in England, are very favorable; and a low rate of interest, with ample supplies of money, still the order of the day.

THE CHOLERA.—This epidemic continues about the same, varying from twenty to forty cases each day, of which nearly one half prove fatal. We do not apprehend any increase. Our city is generally healthy, and a extraordinary clean.

THE ORDER IN DELAWARE.

WE are indebted to one of the earliest and truest friends of the Order in Delaware, for the following information in relation to the annual election, held on the 18th inst.:

ELECTIVE OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF DELAWARE, 1849.

G. M., H. F. ASKEW, of Mechanics' Lodge No. 4.
D. G. M., S. P. GODWIN, of Crystal Fount, No. 10.
G. W., LEVI RUSSELL, of Washington Lodge No. 6.
G. S., EDWARD MCINTIRE, Mechanics' Lodge No. 4.
G. T., WM. H. PIERCE, " "
G. Rep. JOHN F. SMITH, " "
G. Mar., JACOB BARR, of Fairfax Lodge No. 8.
Yours, respectfully, J. F. S.

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL ASSOCIATION.—The official statement we published last week, is worthy a careful reading. The new Board of Managers are all known as practical business men, and under their administration we look with unshaken confidence to see our noble temple completed upon its original liberal plan, and what is more, become the source of large profit to the funds of those who have so cordially taken hold of the work. The managers desire the fullest support of every brother, and we have no doubt that they will receive it cheerfully, and to an extent that will enable them to overcome the small obstacles which now present themselves.

ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY.—By a vote of the Trustees the subscription books to this valuable institution are to be placed in the Lodge-rooms of all the Subordinates in the city. We hope the movement will result in the accession of a large number of subscribers and liberal donations. The Order is capable of establishing a library which will do honor to themselves and to the city.

THE WORK OF THE ORDER.—The regular meeting of the Grand Lodge of the State will be held on the 22d, and a large attendance is to be desired. The elections of the Subordinate Lodges commence next week, and we hope in our next issue to present a long list of the new officers. Will the officers of the Lodges remember us, and send us early returns? Not only the city Lodges, but our friends in the interior.

DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT POLK.—The Ex-President died of chronic-diarrhoea, at Nashville, on the 15th inst.; much regretted by a large circle of friends, who had just welcomed him home from the toils of office, with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds. Mr. Polk was not a very brilliant man, but his administration will form a most important page in the history of our country.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Steamer Crescent City has arrived at New Orleans, from Chagres, and has on board California gold to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars. She left Chagres on the 5th of June, and had on board one hundred and twenty-six passengers, who had come from the "diggins" to Panama; among them were Capt. Forbes, late of the California, and Lt. Gov. Mason. The Panama, Capt. Porter, had arrived at Panama, and with the Oregon had left for California, taking all the passengers on the Isthmus. The California was to leave on the 15th of June. The dates from San Francisco are down the 1st of May, and in future frequent news may be looked for, as the steamers will run regularly. The stories told of the value of the gold regions are more startling than before, and in all probability another large emigration will take place.

FATHER MATTHEW.—The Common Council of New York, and the various Temperance Societies, are making active preparations for the reception of this great Apostle of Temperance.

THE Rt. Rev. Mr. Tyler, a distinguished Catholic Bishop, died at Providence, on the 19th.

Literary Notices.

93—"USE AND ABUSE OF AIR." By Dr. Griscom. J. S. Redfield & Co., Clinton Hall. This is one of the most valuable little works that has made its appearance in a long time. It treats of a subject on which there is an almost universal indifference; while, at the same time, the evil it seeks to remove is one of the most serious that can be inflicted upon us. The question of ventilation, as connected with the public health, is handled by a master of the subject, and no one should omit to possess himself of the valuable hints offered to him.

93—"BLACKWOOD FOR JUNE." Leonard, Scott & Co., Fulton-st., areas usual prompt with their issue of this "best of magazines." The present number closes a volume, and the proper time for new subscribers to commence has arrived.

93—"PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, FOR JULY." This popular monthly, under the editorial supervision of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, continues to support its previous reputation. The July number is embellished with two fine engravings. Dewitt & Davenport, agents.

93—"SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE, FOR JULY." As usual, an excellent number is presented, not only so far the letter press is concerned, but in the ornamental part. The "Nightmare," alone, is worth the price of the number, to say nothing of the "Cantatrice." Dewitt & Davenport, agents.

93—"THE NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES EXPEDITION TO THE RIVER JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA." By Lieut. W. S. Lynch, U. S. N. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

The publication of this work has been looked for with so much interest, that we expect to gratify many readers by giving it an extended notice. Indeed, the intrinsic merits of the work claim for it more than ordinary attention and examination. The scene of exploration is hallowed by historic associations, and possesses other and peculiar features of interest. The River Jordan and the Dead Sea—the one made sacred by the presence of Deity incarnate, and the other terrible by the manifestations of Divine wrath—must be regarded with deep emotion wherever those wonderful events are read and accredited; and it is quite natural that every intelligent christian and philanthropist should await with eager curiosity a narrative of personal observation of the present appearance of those interesting localities. Such a one will be glad of the assurance that in Lieut. Lynch's book he will find a succinct, direct, and pleasing account of those scenes which, under shelter of our national flag, he successfully explored.

The volume is a handsome octavo of five hundred pages, embellished with about thirty engravings, and two outline or sketch maps; one of the course of the Jordan, and the other of the Dead Sea. The drawings for all of the engravings were made upon the spot, by two members of the expedition, Lieut. Dale, and Passed-Midshipman Aulick, the former of whom did not live to see the full fruit and proud result of the expedition. He died near Beirut, prostrated by sickness and the exhaustion consequent upon the toils of the journey, when the party were passing from the ruins of the Baalbec to the sea coast.

The expedition, it is generally known, sailed from New York, in the storeship Supply, Lieut. Lynch commanding, in November, 1847; reached the Mediterranean in the following month, arrived in Smyrna in February, and almost immediately embarked in an Austrian steamer for Constantinople, the slave market and other peculiarities of which city the author very fully and pleasantly describes. Lieut. Lynch's style is altogether agreeable. It has an imaginative glow and a high poetic tinge, without verbiage or exaggeration—faults which too commonly accompany those qualities. Some of the descriptions of scenes and incidents at sea are exceedingly beautiful, and minister to a healthy mental excitement. From Constantinople they passed to the coast of Syria, and disembarked the expedition at Haifa, not far from St. Jean d'Acre; thence they conveyed their boats overland, having them drawn by the camels to Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, whence they again embarked, descending the Jordan to the Dead Sea.

The narrative of their entrance upon this part of the expedition commences at the eighth chapter of

the book, and from this point, the reader, to speak nautically, may take a fresh "departure." Hitherto the scenes through which the expedition's party passed were not strictly new; though incidents occurred with sufficient frequency to give novelty and freshness to the narration. Now, the enterprising travelers approach the main design of the expedition. They begin to meet with wandering Arabs, and have other indications of the perils and toils of the journey. Now, too, the reader begins to find in Lieut. Lynch's journal reference to localities, and rivers, and scenes, mentioned in Sacred Writ—the hills of Gilead, the river Jabok, the land of the Ammonites, the spot where Jacob wrestled with the angel—and a thousand interesting associations and memories crowd upon the mind. Finally, the author having encountered difficulties in the navigation of the Jordan which he did not anticipate, and which were only overcome by the most vigorous and persevering exertions, he reached the borders of the Dead Sea. We shall now let the adventurous traveler speak for himself. Under date of April 18, 1848, after describing the bathing of the pilgrims in the Jordan, he says:

"At 8 25, passed by the extreme western point, where the river is 180 yards wide and three feet deep, and entered upon the Dead Sea; the water a nauseous compound of bitters and salts.

"The river, where it enters the sea, is inclined toward the eastern shore, very much as is represented on the map of Messrs. Robinson and Smith, which is the most exact of any we have seen. There is a considerable bay between the river and the mountains of Belka, in Ammon, on the eastern shore of the sea.

"A fresh north-west wind was blowing as we rounded the point. We endeavored to steer a little north of west, to make a true west course, and threw the patent log overboard to measure the distance; but the wind rose so rapidly that the boats could not keep head to wind, and we were obliged to haul the log in. The sea continued to rise with the increasing wind, which gradually freshened to a gale, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands, and faces; and while it conveyed a prickling sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes. The boats, heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first; but when the wind freshened in its fierceness, from the density of the water it seemed as if their bows were encountering the sledge-hammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea.

"At 8 30, passed a piece of drift wood, and soon after saw three swallows and a gull. At 4 55, the wind blew so fiercely that the boats could make no headway; not even the Fanny Skinner, which was nearer to the weather shore, and we drifted rapidly to leeward; threw over some of the fresh water to lighten the Fanny Mason, which labored very much, and I began to fear that both boats would founder.

"At 5 40, finding that we were losing every moment, and that with the lapse of each succeeding one the danger increased, kept away for the northern shore, in the hope of being yet able to reach it; our arms, our clothes and skins coated with a greasy salt; and our eyes, lips and nostrils smarting excessively. How different was the scene before the submerging of the plain, which was 'even as the garden of the Lord.'

"At times it seemed as if the Dread Almighty frowned upon our efforts to navigate a sea, the creation of his wrath. There is a tradition among the Arabs that no one can venture upon this sea and live. Repeatedly the fates of Costigan and Molyneux have been cited to deter us. The first one spent a few days, the last one about twenty hours, and returned to the place from whence he had embarked, without landing upon its shores. One was found dying upon the shore, the other expired in November last, immediately after his return, of fever contracted upon its waters.

"But, although the sea had assumed a threatening aspect, and the fretted mountains, sharp and incinerated, loomed terrific on either side, and salt and ashes mingled with its sands, and foetid sulphurous springs trickled down its ravines, we did not despair; awe struck, but not terrified; fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best, we prepared to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste we had ever seen.

"At 5 58, the wind suddenly abated, and with it the sea as rapidly fell; the water, from its ponderous quality, settling as soon as the agitating cause had ceased. Within twenty minutes from the time we bore away from a sea which threatened to engulf us, we were pulling away, at a rapid rate, over a placid sheet of water, that scarcely rippled beneath us; and a rain cloud, which had enveloped the sterile mountains of the Arabian shore, lifted up, and left their rugged outlines basking in the setting sun. At 6 10 a flock of gulls flew over, while we

were passing a small island of mud, a pistol shot distant from the northern shore, and half a mile west of the river's mouth. At 6 20, a light wind sprang up from the S. E., and huge clouds drifted over, their western edges gorgeous with light, while the great masses were dark and threatening. The sun went down, leaving beautiful islands of rose colored clouds over the coast of Judaea; but above the yet more sterile mountains of Moab all was gloomy and obscure.

"The northern shore is an extensive mud flat, with a sandy plain beyond, and is the very type of desolation; branches and trunks of trees lay scattered in every direction; some charred and blackened as by fire; others white with an incrustation of salt. These were collected at high water mark, designating the line which the water had reached prior to our arrival. On the deep sands of this shore were laid the scene of the combat between the Knight of Leopard and Ilderim the Saracen. The north-western shore is an unmingled bed of gravel, coming in a gradual slope from the mountains to the sea. The eastern coast is a rugged line of mountains, bare of all vegetation—a continuation of the Hauran range, coming from the north, and extending south beyond the scope of vision, throwing out three marked and seemingly equidistant promontories from its south-eastern extremity.

"At 6 25, passed a gravelly point, with many large stones upon it. It is a peninsula, connected with the main by a low, marshy isthmus. When the latter is overflowed, the peninsula must present the appearance of an island, and is doubtless the one to which Stephens, Warburton and Dr. Wilson allude.

"We were, for some time, apprehensive of missing the place of rendezvous; for the Sheikh of Huteim, never having been afloat before, had scarce recovered from his fright during the gale, was bewildered in his mind, and perfectly useless as a guide. The moon had not risen, and in the starlight, obscured by the shadows of the mountains, we pulled along the shore in some anxiety. At one moment we saw the gleam of a fire upon the beach, to the southward; and firing a gun, made to it with all expedition. In a short time it disappeared; and while resting on the oars, waiting for some signal to direct us, there were the flashes and reports of guns and sound of voices upon the cliffs, followed by other flashes and reports far back upon the shore which we had passed. Divided between apprehensions of an attack upon our friends and a stratagem for ourselves, we were uncertain where to land. Determined, however, to ascertain, we closed in with the shore, and pulled along the beach, sounding as we proceeded.

"A little before 8 P. M., we came up with our friends, who had stopped at Ain el Feshka, fountain of the stride.

"The shouts and signals we had heard had been from the scouts and caravan, which had separated from each other, making mutual signals of recognition. They had likewise responded to ours, which, coming from two points, some distance apart, for a time disconcerted us. It was a wild scene upon an unknown and desolate coast—the mysterious sea, the shadowy mountains, the human voices among the cliffs, the vivid flashes, and the loud reports reverberating along the shore.

"Unable to land near the fountain, we were compelled to haul the boats upon the beach, about a mile below; and, placing some Arabs to guard them, took the men to the camp, pitched in a cane-brake beside a brackish spring, where, from necessity, we made a frugal supper, and then, wet and weary, threw ourselves upon a bed of dust, beside a foetid marsh—the dark, fretted mountains behind, the sea, like a huge cauldron, before us, its surface shrouded in a lead-colored mist.

"Toward midnight, while the moon was rising above the eastern mountains, and the shadows of the clouds were reflected wild and fantastical upon the surface of the somber sea; and every thing, the mountains, the sea, the clouds, seemed specter-like and unnatural, the sound of the convent bell of Mar Saba struck gratefully upon the ear; for it was the Christian call to prayer, and told of human wants and human sympathies to the wayfarers on the borders of the Sea of Death."

On his return, Lieut. Lynch "went up to Jerusalem," crossed the country to Baalbec, and embarked at Beirut. The work concludes with an account of the death of Lieut. Dale, already referred to, and a brief mention of the places touched at on the homeward passage. Early in December of 1848, the toil-worn, but successful party, "were greeted with the heart-cheering sight of their native land," their commander having conducted them through novel dangers and toils. The record he has given of the scenes through which they passed will be eagerly perused by his countrymen, and will be a lasting memorial of a great national enterprise, skillfully consummated.—[Commercial Advertiser.]

Varieties.

DR. FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH.

A CORRESPONDENT requests us to insert Dr. Franklin's epitaph on itself; this we do, but must observe that it is less original than it has generally been considered:

The body of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents worn out,
And strip of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here, food for the worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it shall, as he believes, appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By the Author.

The following, which appears in an old book, published at least a century and a half before Franklin, may be considered as having suggested the idea of his own epitaph:

THE WORLD.

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penned,
And all the errata will appear at th' end.

ON THE SAME.

The world's a printing-house, our words are thoughts,
Our deeds are characters of several sizes;
Each soul's a compositor, of whose faults
The Levites are correctors and heaven revisers;
Each is the common press, from which being driven,
We're gathered, sheet by sheet, and bound for heaven.

H. LONG & BROTHER have reprinted "*Mabel Carrington, or Love and Pride*," and state on the title page that it is "by Mrs. GREY, author of the *Gambler's Wife*." This is not so, nor is it so stated in the English edition. It is a fair novel—has some interest, though very common place in its plot. But putting Mrs. Grey's name upon it as author is an imposition.

GLORY.—Millions of bushels of human bones have been transported from the continent to Hull, for agricultural purposes. These, which were collected on the plains of Leipsic, Austerlitz, and Waterloo, were the bones of the bold, the brave, and chivalrous, who fell fighting their country's battles. With them were mixed the bones of the horses, and both were conveyed to Yorkshire, where they were ground to dust, sent to Doncaster, and sold for manure.

PRaise cannot be made a gift; so neither, when not his due, can man receive it. He may think he does, but he receives only words; for desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other.

INTEMPERANCE is not to be measured by quantity, but by consequences. "Strength of nature in youth," says Lord Bacon, "passes over many excesses, which are owing a man till his age."

COURAGE our greatest failings does not supply.

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HORACE LAMER, AARON PIERSON,
PERRY E. TOLES,

OHIO.—WM. H. FAIRCHILD, our duly authorized Agent, is now in Ohio, and will call on our subscribers there. We trust he will meet with the success which his character and deportment—always influenced with the spirit of genuine Odd Fellowship—entitle him to.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO XV.

Now Julia was, as we have elsewhere shown,
A girl of good sound sense and ready wit;
The envious hair which had her brow o'ergrown
Dull'd not her intellect a single bit.
The javelin, when by a skillful hand 'tis thrown,
Is not more sure its destined mark to hit,
Than was our Julia's wit to penetrate
One's thoughts, and sift the little from the great.

It is evidence of good sense in a lady, to try and make herself as attractive as possible. If her skin is dark, pimpled, tanned, freckled, fallow or rough, GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP will give it a whiteness, smoothness and softness and brilliance surpassing anything ever before seen. Should her brow be overgrown, or her upper lip be defaced with hair, it is only necessary to use GOURAUD'S POU-DRE SUBTILES to totally eradicate the nuisance.

The renowned preparations of Dr. FELIX GOURAUD can ONLY be procured genuine at his original depot, 67 Walker-st., 1st store from, (not in) Broadway.

PROSPECTUS.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,

Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

Vol. XI, commencing July 7, 1849.

It will contain, from week to week, the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the State of New-York, and also of other States; accounts of Celebrations, Institutions of new Lodges, and occasionally, a complete Directory of all the Lodges in the Union.

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The Gazette and Rule is published every Saturday, at 44 Ann-street, New-York.

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LOCAL I. O. O. F. DIRECTORY.

O. F. Hall, Grand, c. Center.	National Hall.
<i>Antique Room, 2d story.</i>	87 Fidelity.....Th
349 Emporium.....Mo	13 Germania.....Fr
47 Merantile.....Tu	411 Broadway.
339 Solon.....Wed	31 Olive Branch.....Mon
350 Decatur.....Th	177 Eureka.....Tu
146 Diamond.....Fri	137 Cohoba.....Th
<i>Corinthian Room, 3d story.</i>	233 Sincerity.....Fr
14 Teutonia.....Mo	598 Broadway.
36 Enterprise.....Mo	17 Perseverance.....Wed
28 Ark.....Wed	395 Hospitalier.....Fri
68 Oriental.....Th	315 Crystal.....Th
314 Tradesman.....Fri	331 Island City.....Tu
1 New York Degree.....Sat	151 City.....Mo
<i>Egyptian Room, 3d story.</i>	71 Division-st.
64 Empire.....Mo	57 Mutual.....Mo
11 Gettys.....Tu	52 United Brothers.....Tu
40 Howard.....Wed	73 Mt. Vernon.....Fr
22 Knickerbocker.....Th	6 Clinton Degree.....Sa
20 Manhattan.....Fri	187 Bowery.
<i>Elizabethan Room, 3d story.</i>	35 Covenant.....Th
107 Hiuman.....Mo	348 Northern Light.....Tu
67 Commercial.....Tu	Oor. Hudson and Charles.
355 Constellation.....Wed	84 Chelsea.....Mo
1 Columbia.....Fri	210 Sileam.....Tu
228 Beacon.....Th	193 Bowery.
<i>Gothic Room, 4th story.</i>	15 Fountain City.....Wed
30 National.....Mo	78 Croton.....Tu
340 Polar Star.....Tu	183 Alleghany.....Th
10 New York.....Wed	327 Bowery.
39 Hancock.....Th	46 Jefferson.....Tu
<i>Doric Room, 4th story.</i>	238 Acorn.....W'd
4 Stranger's Refuge.....Mon	253 Amaranthus.....—
12 Washington.....Tu	Cor. Broome and Forsyth.
34 Marion.....Wed	62 German Oak.....W'd
33 Metropolitan.....Th	189 Schiller.....Tu
5 United Brother's Deg. Fr	344 Venus.....Mo
<i>Persian (Camp) Room, 4th story.</i>	253 Warren.....Th
2 Mt. Hebron Enclpt. 24 Fr	37 Mamie, Enclpt. 13 Fr
3 Mt. Sinai.....13 Fr	64 Mt. Moriah, Enclpt. 24 Fr
6 Mosaic.....13 Mo	Cor. Hester and Bowery.
9 Palestine.....24 Sa	243 Pilgrim.....Mo
12 Mt. Horeb.....13 Th	337 Globe.....W'd
18 Damascus.....13 Sa	331 Ocean.....Th
19 Lebanon.....13 W	Olinnton, Cor. Grand.
35 Egyptian.....13 Tu	44 Harmony.....Th
45 Manitou.....24 Th	Avenue C. and Third-st.
63 Macedonia.....24 Mo	113 Mechanics.....Mo
Olinnton Hall.	234 Eckford.....W'd
278 Orion.....Mo	351 Corinthian.....Tu
150 Merchants.....W'd	2 Manhattan Deg. Th
235 Templar.....Th	10 Mt. Olivet, Enclpt. 24 Fr
125 Excelsior.....Fr	Cor. Hudson and Grove.
38 Canal-st.	9 Tompkins.....Tu
23 Mariners.....Mo	42 Meridian.....Wed
43 La Concorde.....Tu	58 Grove.....Th
117 Continental.....W'd	28 Jerusalem Enclpt. 24 Fr
256 United Friends.....Fr	4 Hudson Deg. Sat
41 Samaria Enclpt. 24 Th	Cor. 8th Av. and 29th-st.
31 Mt. Zion.....13 Fr	188 Blooming Grove.....Th
132 Bowery.	296 Fitzroy.....W'd
178 Oregon.....Mo	Cor. 8th Av. and 23d-st.
165 Hermitage.....Tu	40 Greenwich.....Mo
158 Independence.....W'd	364 St. Nicholas.....Wed
* German.	† French.

DIGESTS.—We have received a small supply of this valuable work, and are now ready to fill orders, which must invariably be accompanied by a remittance. Price 37¢ cts. each.

CHOLERA.

FIFTY-FOUR CASES OF CHOLERA CURED WITH BRANDRETH'S PILLS.—Important to the public, and satisfactory to myself. It is with much pleasure that I place in possession of an intelligent public the subjoined statement of Captain John Doyleson, of the steamboat *Iroquois*, of Pittsburgh. It relates to the unprecedented successful treatment of fifty-four cases of cholera with Brandreth's Pills as the medicine, and weak gruel as the diet. They all recovered. But unfortunately there was one gentleman on board, having with him his family and nurse, who had not much confidence in the efficacy of the pills. He had probably read the celebrated report of a New York Medical Council, and may have noticed the comments of some of the editors of New York papers, on the advice I gave the public regarding the use of laudanum in cholera. At all events, he preferred the laudanum treatment for himself, child and nurse. They all died. Fifty-four persons had the cholera, took my pills, and lived. Three took laudanum, refused the pills, and died! This is a plain statement of the result of the two methods of treating the cholera—one as advised by the medical council of the Board of Health of this city, and the other recommended by me! I need say no more upon this subject as the letter speaks for itself.

But, as I scarcely ever take the trouble to refute the sayings of editors when they write maliciously on subjects they do not understand, it may not be improper, and will not materially infringe upon a rule I have adopted, to preface this letter with a few remarks, applicable to editors of the above stamp, and some of importance to the public.

When I came out in opposition to the use of laudanum as advised by the medical council, and urged the importance of purgation with Brandreth's Pills, in cholera, as well as in all cases of disease, I had no interest to benefit but that of humanity—the public good. My Pills are well known in all civilized countries. Their virtues have been published in almost every language spoken by man. I did not desire to give them a more extended reputation; neither could my object have been to accumulate more dollars. I expended over five hundred dollars in publishing my refutation of the advice of the medical council respecting the use of laudanum. No sane man supposes that I can realize that number of dollars from giving that advice. But there is one consolation that I derive from the expenditure—I feel that I performed my duty to a generous public. I know that laudanum is a dangerous remedy in cholera. I do not particularly blame the medical council. Their advice was the natural result of a false system of medical education. All examinations after death from cholera, show that the liver and all internal organs are filled with thick, dark colored blood; laudanum checks all the secretions and excretions, and shuts up all the foul humors in the system. I know that Brandreth's Pills force all these from the system and renew, or re-supply the living principle of the blood. These facts I shall hereafter elucidate so plainly that even malicious editors will understand them. No one feels more deeply humiliated than I do at the charlatanism there is in the profession of medicine. But few men living of my years have labored so earnestly to arrive at truth. Show me the truth on any subject connected with the healing art, and I embrace it with that ardor which no sophistry or prejudice can abate. I pitied the ignorance of the medical council, and also of those few editors who thought proper to come to their aid by speaking harshly of the advice I gave to the public. It is a dangerous practice for mere newspaper writers to discuss medical subjects. If my pills are really what I say they are, all the newspapers in the country cannot prevent them from becoming known. Those who have taken them are the judges. If they have not the qualities which I say they have, they never could have retained their reputation for so many years—a reputation which is constantly increasing.

Every cholera patient who has used Brandreth's Pills in the early stage of the disease has recovered; and it is my opinion that were they used in cholera hospitals, not over one per cent would die. But when I refer to a case of cure, the doctors at once say, "Oh, that was only a case of bowel complaint." I will give a whole newspaper side of such cases cured, in a few days, by the use alone of Brandreth's Pills.

B. BRANDRETH, 241 Broadway.
New York, June 12, 1849.

PITTSBURGH, June 8, 1849.

DR. B. BRANDRETH:

Sir—Having made two trips from this to New Orleans and back, as captain of the steamboat *Iroquois*, and on my return each time, having a large number of passengers, the cholera broke out, and there being on board a box, (as I supposed of merchandise) but which I was told contained Brandreth's pills, I immediately caused the box to be broken open, and administered to the first person taken, six pills, and in an hour thereafter, five more pills, when two more passengers were taken and I administered the same number to each, and then to a hand taken with vomiting, and soon had no less than thirteen cases, and under treatment with your pills and weak gruel, and between the first case on board and my reaching Louisville, there were no less than fifty-seven cases on board, not one of whom died. I paid the owner of the box ten dollars, and gave him his passage for the pills. On my second trip, I had procured one dozen boxes of your pills, and on the first appearance of the cholera, I gave the pills as before, with the same happy results. But there was one person who refused to take the pills, preferring his own prescription for himself and family, consisting of a wife, nurse and two children. His remedy was brandy and laudanum. He died, the nurse and the child; and they were the only ones who died on my second trip up. One of the passengers will take this to New York, and on his return he has promised to bring me a supply of your pills.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN DOYLESON.

Brandreth's Pills offices, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, 241 Hudson-street, New York; and 3 North Eighth-street Philadelphia.

ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC—THE TREATMENT IN CASES OF CHOLERA.

Reader, you may be well in the morning and a corpse at night! Instances occur daily where persons apparently in health, are ready for the grave in a few hours after. Now, I would offer a few suggestions to my fellow citizens. They will be plain and simple. In almost every instance where cholera produces death, diarrhea precedes it for some hours, and often for some days. Now, I advise all persons, when the bowels are in a relaxed condition, to check it—not by taking astringents, which lock up in the system the morbid humors that induce the disease, but by taking a dose of the Vegetable Universal Pills, prepared by Dr. Brandreth, and repeat it until a healthy condition of the bowels is produced. So strong is my confidence in the purgative system in cases

of cholera, and other diseases, that I feel warranted in assuring the public that no deaths will ensue where the pills are administered, and they operate through the premonitory stage of the disease. Not a single death will occur if they are taken in doses sufficient to evacuate the bowels. There need be no fear respecting the quantity. Let the bowels be thoroughly evacuated, and all will be safe.

The purgative system of treating cholera is the only rational system that can be devised. The time to use purgatives is during what is called the premonitory stages of the disease. All persons have in their systems the elements of the disease, while it is epidemic. Perhaps not ten persons in a thousand, in this city, will be exempt from diarrhoea during the prevalence of a cholera atmosphere. To all then, I would advise that you evacuate the bowels thoroughly, and I promise to all such a complete exemption from an attack.

If you check the diarrhoea with opium, you retain in the system all the morbid humors that produce the disease. You may postpone the attack for a short period, but when the disease manifests itself, as it assuredly will, the result will be death.

In addition to purgation by the Vegetable Universal Pills, and in order to produce action to the surface, I would advise a free use of diffusible stimulants—say a mixture of equal parts of spirits of camphor and tincture of capsicum, given in a little water. From ten to twenty drops every ten minutes, will answer for an adult; children should take quantities in proportion to age. External applications with a view to restore action to the surface, are proper auxiliaries. But the great and essential preventative is a complete and thorough evacuation of the system in the incipient stage of the disease. If this advice is followed there will be no danger from cholera. Let me, then, impress this great truth upon the minds of the public. I do it with a perfect confidence that no case of cholera will terminate fatally where there is a thorough evacuation by the pills previous to the violence of the attack. I am so confident of the success of this mode of treatment that I would risk my reputation so far as to assert that no case of cholera will terminate fatally where purgation by the pills prepared by me have thoroughly operated on the system.

There may be cases of impaired constitutions, beyond the reach of the most scientific medical treatment, in which the patient will sink under any remedy. But the cases are rare indeed in which the Vegetable Universal Pills will not restore health.

I would remark that there is not a single person living within the region of country where cholera prevails, but is predisposed to an attack. His system has acquired a predisposition to the disease. No matter what may be the state of health he enjoys, the seeds of disease are lurking in the system. This is what medical men call a predisposition to disease—that is, a state or condition of the system in which, if any irregularity in diet or habit occurs, the disease might manifest itself in all its violence. Where the system is predisposed to an attack of the cholera, it only wants an exciting cause in order that the disease may show itself. This exciting cause may be overloading the stomach, exposure to cold or to a sudden change of temperature, irregularity of any kind. Excessive exercise, fear, and many other causes may bring on the disease where the system is predisposed to an attack.

The following synopsis of cases is given; the patients can be referred to by application at 241 Broadway.

Mr. W. was taken with pain in his bowels and diarrhoea, accompanied with violent headache, chills and great prostration. He at once took six Brandreth's pills, put his feet in hot water, and was covered with blankets; drinking, during the time his feet were in the water, some very hot boneset tea. He got, by these means, into a good sweat, went to bed, took three more pills, and in three days was quite well.

This gentleman's wife was taken with the same symptoms, only to them was added violent vomiting. She followed the same course and was cured.

Mr. T. was also taken with sudden diarrhoea, cramps, and great debility. He took eight pills, went to bed, drank during the night cold boneset tea; next morning took four more Brandreth's Pills, and was quite well the third day from the attack.

Mr. B. was taken suddenly with sickness of the stomach; took ten pills in brandy and water, and he assures me he was entirely cured the next day.

Mr. B.; this gentleman's sickness commenced with looseness of the bowels, and a constant desire to evacuate, while the discharges were small but of a yeast like color and odor peculiar to cholera. Great reduction of strength in a very short time; countenance showed great anxiety; took four Brandreth's Pills; drank a cup of hot boneset tea about four hours afterward while in bed; took three more Brandreth's Pills, and was entirely recovered the next day.

Any number of these cases could be given; but let it suffice to say that when the pills are taken when the first symptoms are coming on, all will be well. I have appended the following from my bill of directions.

CHOLERA.

YELLOW, SHIP, TYPHUS AND ALL FEVERS, DYSENTERY AND DIARRHOEA.

In the commencement it is of absolute importance, in view of a speedy cure, that a full dose of pills be taken at once, because the humors which produce diseases of this class, are always of a most malignant, poisonous quality, and no safety to life exists while any portion remains in the bowels or blood. Should the first dose not cure, be not alarmed, but reiterate the dose. Should the evacuations be very putrid, of bad odor, unnatural color, &c., besides using four or six pills twice a day, take also a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal in water every day while these symptoms continue. Let your diet be light and of easy digestion, as arrowroot, rice pudding, Indian meal gruel; also sheep's head broth with rice and a piece of cinnamon boiled in it, or calf's head broth. Sheep's head makes the best diet if it be boiled until the bones are clean. As a rule, the first dose of pills cures when timely used. Sometimes three or four may be necessary. There are cases in which it takes weeks to cure; but they not occur once in a thousand times. In any event, no medicine or plan of treatment is better than the above recommended, or will sooner cure. So soon as the irritable matters are removed, so soon you will be well and not before. Anodynes and astringents have a deleterious effect, because they occasion the retention of that death-principle which alone causes dysentery, cholera, diarrhoea and other diseases, according to its excess over the principle of life. But Brandreth's Pills are opposed to this as water is to fire, or as heat is to cold; and when they enter a man they go to work boldly to drive this death principle from the body; and all they can do they do; but if there be work for fifty doses, one dose must not be expected to do the work of fifty. And this truth should always be kept in mind.

IN THE WORST STAGES.

When the cramps continue, and the coldness of the extremity does not become warm by the ordinary applications, apply hot vinegar, strongly mixed with Cayenne pepper; let the patient be rubbed well all over the stomach, the arms and legs, with this, and remember it should be as hot as he can bear it. Then apply a flannel well wet with this, over his stomach—and let the same be wound round his arms, hands and feet. If, however, the pills are used in the first stages of the disease these applications will not be required.

OFFICES FOR THE SALE OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS.
241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-street, New York; 3 North 8th-street, Philadelphia; 19 Hanover-street, Boston; Cor. Light and Mercer-streets, Baltimore; 3d-street, New Orleans; 115 Market street, St. Louis, and by our agents in every town in the United States and Canada, who have a certificate of agency signed by me.

259

B. BRANDRETH.

331 GRAND-ST. NEW YORK, (NEW NUMBER.)

M. J. DRUMMOND, Manufacturer of Lodge and Encampment Regalia, at the lowest prices and liberal terms. P. C. P. and R. P. Members' Regalia always on hand beautifully embroidered; P. G.'s at all prices. Scarlet members' do. Robes, Sashes, Jewels, Costumes, Tent crooks, Ballot boxes and other things necessary for the work. Mason's Regalia for Blue Lodges and Arch Chapter. S. of T. &c. 2591

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To the I. O. O. F. and the public in general.

The subscriber, **I. J. CRISWELL**, No. 299 Market-st., below Eighth, North side, would most respectfully invite the attention of the Public generally, to a large, select, and general assortment of Clocks, Looking Glasses, Britannia and Housekeeping Hardware, wholesale and retail, as cheap as can be had in the City.

I. J. CRISWELL,

No. 298 Market-st., below Eighth.

North side, Philadelphia.

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PROF. BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, OR MEDICATED COMPOUND,

FOR RESTORING, PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING HAIR, ERADICATING SCURF AND DANDRUFF, AND CURING DISEASES OF THE SKIN, GLANDS, AND MUSCLES, CUTS, STINGS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, &c. &c.

In order to convince the public of the efficacy of any curative preparation, in this thinking and reflective age, it is necessary to explain the philosophy of its operation. The process by which Professor Barry's Tricopherous produces such extraordinary results, cannot be understood without a brief notice of the structure and uses of the delicate substances to which it is applied, and in the condition of which it accomplishes the most salutary changes. The connexion between the hair and the skin is so close, that the one may be almost deemed a continuation of the other, and hence whatever renovates, restores, and nourishes the hair, must necessarily have a healthful influence upon the sensitive membrane in which its roots are fixed.

The skin, that wonderful envelop in which the sense of touch resides, consists of three layers; the EPIDERMIS or cuticle, a semi-opaque, or almost insensible film; the RETICULUM, which is a spongy membrane reticulated with nerves and blood-vessels, and forms a sort of shield to the exquisitely delicate TRUE SKIN; and the true skin itself, which constitutes the third layer of the triple envelop. In this tough, flexible and elastic integument, are located the nerves, blood-vessels, &c., which supply sustenance to the hair, and in the derangement of which diseases of the skin originate. The vessels of the true skin supply the sacs containing the roots of the hair with the moisture which sustains the fibres, and the same causes which affect the health of the hair, also affect the health of the skin. This is self-evident to the casual observer, as well as susceptible of demonstration by the anatomist and physiologist; for in all cutaneous diseases, the hair becomes dry and harsh, and falls out in such quantities as sometimes to render the patient partially or entirely bald. Wounds, burns, &c., on the skin of the head, also produce baldness on the portions of the scalp where the injury has been inflicted, thus proving the close affinity and sympathy between the organism of the skin and the hair.

The wonderful restorative and remedial properties of Professor Barry's Tricopherous, are based upon this hypothesis, or rather this fact. It acts through the skin upon the hair, stimulating the inert vessels, opening the pores, imparting activity to the circulation, awakening from their lethargy all the vegetative functions which give life, vigor, and beauty to the fibres, extirpating every particle of scurf and dandruff, and soon clothing even the bald or half denuded head with a thick, glossy, silky, and elastic covering.

But this is only ONE of the uses of Professor Barry's Tricopherous. The same properties which restore vital and vegetative power the skin of the head are equally beneficial in all cutaneous diseases, or superficial injuries. For cuts, burns, bites of insects, sprains, erysipelas, blotches, pimples, scabies, ring-worm, rashes, scrofula, prickly heat, chilblains, chapped hands, rheumatism, burns, scalds, bruises, redness of the skin, and in short all the troublesome and painful external diseases and injuries which are so common in families, and which NOTHING BUT EXTERNAL REMEDIES CAN REMOVE, the Tricopherous will be found a speedy, safe, and unfailing cure. By virtue of its double claim as a renovator and beautifier of nature's choicest ornament, and a potent and invaluable remedial agent, it is entitled to a place on every toilet, and in every medicine chest.

Sold in large bottles, price 25 cents, at the principal office, 139 Broadway, and by druggists and perfumers generally throughout the United States and Canada. 256

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS
VEGETABLE

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race-street; New-York, 288 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 198 Tremont-street—and by 20,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240

⚡ Digests of the Order for sale at this office.



IN QUART BOTTLES.

For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of

SCROFULA, MERCURIAL DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, STUBBORN ULCERS, LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSY, BRONCHITIS, SALT RHEUM, CONSUMPTION, FEVER SORES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ERYSIPELAS, LOSS OF APPETITE, PIMPLES, BILES, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time

in bringing this preparation of Sarsaparilla to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends it to all similarly afflicted: NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly, JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal.

"U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of His Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it: Your obedient servant, "THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint. Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROBINSON.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle: 6 Bottles for \$5. 246

H. RICHARDSON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
No. 90 FULTON-STREET,
New-York.

Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery. 247

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 91 Walnut-st., Philadelphia.
GUARANTEE AND ACCUMULATED CAPITAL \$100,000. Charter perpetual. All the profits divided among the Policy Holders EVERY YEAR. The only truly MUTUAL Company Chartered by Pennsylvania. Blank forms of applications, descriptive pamphlets, with table of rates, and every information required, furnished at the office, No. 91 Walnut-st., Philadelphia.
DANIEL S. MILLER, President,
WILLIAM M. CLARKE, Vice Pres't.
JOHN W. HORNOR, Secretary.
MEDICAL EXAMINERS.
EDWARD HARTSHORN, M.D., No. 429 Walnut-st.
MARK M. REESE, M.D., No. 411 Arch-street.
In attendance at the Office of the Company from 1 to 3 P.M., daily. 259-6in*

ODD-FELLOW HALL, GRAND-STREET,
CORNER of Center-st.—BROTHERS PERKINS,
grateful for the very liberal patronage already extended to them, and which has exceeded their most sanguine anticipations, beg leave to say that their
PRIVATE SUPPER ROOMS
for the reception of Ladies accompanied by Gentlemen, are now, for the first time complete.
They are confident of their ability to please the most fastidious gentlemen of competent experience and taste in such matters having assured them that their saloon is not excelled in London or Paris for CONVENIENCE, for EXTENT, for SOBERNESS OF DECORATION, for the perfection of its cuisine, and for its prompt and polite attendance. Its
BAR
has always every edible of the New York markets; and in addition, almost daily contributions of luxuries, by all the steamers, from the tropical regions and from Europe. Their Vault and Store Rooms are supplied with the choicest brands of
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,
selected here or procured directly by importation; and their charges will be found as reasonable as any restaurant of its character in this city or elsewhere. 255tf

J. C. BOOTH & CO., 21 Cortlandt-st., Wholesale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing and Gentlemen's furnishing articles. Garments made in the best style at shortest notice. Shirts, Stocks, Cravats, &c. &c., always on hand. 254-1y

INDIA RUBBER GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.
No. 19 Nassau-street.
THE UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY
have on hand, and are now offering to the Trade, a large and very complete assortment of
GOODYEAR'S PATENT METALLIC RUBBER GOODS,
mostly of their own manufacture, and warranted of the best make, and to stand all climates, consisting in part of
Cases of Coats, Cloaks, Capes and Pants—assorted.
" Carriage and all other Cloths, do.
" Mexican Ponchos, an excellent article.
" Military and Navy Goods, all kinds.
" Beds, Pillows, Life Preservers and Cushions.
" Wading Pants, Leggings, and Baptismal Pants.
" Sou-westers, Caps and Storm Hats, assorted.
" Tents, Tent Carpets, Tarps, and Tarpaulins, &c.
" Haversacks, Canteens and Drinking Cups.
" Hoses of all kinds, assorted.
" Water Tanks, Fire Buckets.
" Camp Blankets and Piano-forte Covers.
" B. at Pumps, Syringes, and Injection Tubes.
" Sheet Rubber, all kinds.
" Saddle, Traveling and Packing Bags.
All of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants, California Emigrants, and persons engaged in foreign trade, will find as above a great variety of goods they need or can sell to advantage.
All orders for Goods to be manufactured, should be accompanied with drawings and full descriptions. 250tf

DIETZ, BROTHER & CO.,
LAMP MANUFACTURERS, Washington
Stores, (No. 139 William-st.) and 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn. Having a large and well organized manufactory, are now prepared to fulfill orders for their manufactures at short notice, which will be warranted of the best quality, and sold as low as any in the market. In their stock will be found GILT and BRONZED CHANDELIERS, from two to eight lights, with and without prisms for burning Oil or Camphene.
TABLE LAMPS, Gilt and Bronzed, for Oil or Camphene, of more than one hundred different patterns.
FRENCH MECHANICA, OR CARCEL LAMPS. A fine assortment, and Globes, wicks and Chimnies to fit.
Also—A great variety of Suspend Lamp, Bracket Lamp, Side Lamp, Study Lamp, Candelabra, Girandoles, Hall Lanterns, China Vases, Mantel Ornaments, Porcelain Shades and Globes.
Also—A full assortment of Paper Shades, Glass Shades, Globes, Wicks, Chimnies, and other articles pertaining to their business; pure Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Camphene and Spirit Gas.
They are also now manufacturing Drummond's Patent Candle-maker, an article of great utility for the Southern and Western States, being a Candle-stick which forms the candle, wick and ready for use.
N.B.—Orders by mail promptly filled. Address
DIETZ, BROTHER & CO.,
No. 139 William-st. N. Y.,
and No. 62 Fulton-st., Brooklyn. 254tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.
JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1, Cortlandt-street,
Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom and Fowler's celebrated premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 249tf

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
BRO. THOS. W. MATTSON, No. 198 MARKET,
let door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y220

CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS for Subordinate Lodges, printed under the supervision of the Law Committee of the G. L. with dispatch at this Office.

FINE MILINERY.
MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.—Pattern Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m264

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER,
No. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers of every variety of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is selected with great care. ONLY ONE PRICE. Your patronage is very respectfully solicited. F. HITCHCOCK, (218 if) E. H. LEADBEATER.

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.
J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Sashes and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 235tf

REGALIA AND JEWELS
MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS,
289 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice.
Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 228-1f.

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,
No. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK,
supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE
THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.
Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches,
Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains,
do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals,
Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens,
Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles,
do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins,
Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings,
Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Forks, &c.
Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$52 each.
Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.
All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.
G. C. ALLEN,
Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 51 Wall-st., (date 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y233

ORGAN MANUFACTORY,
No. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parlors, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Couplers Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation.
WM. A. CORRIE,
N.B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

EMPIRE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwich street,
between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the undersigned do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting.
An assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices.
Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
N.B.—A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at from \$25 to \$30, and at 12 hours' notice, if wanted.
THOMAS WILEY, Jr.,
(348-1f) WILLIAM R. BOWNE.

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON,
CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of
Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

SOAP AND CANDLES.
JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 Reade street, New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS AND FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m248

NEW CLOTH STORE.
THE subscribers have recently taken the store
No. 104 William-st. near John, where they offer to Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and the trade generally, a carefully selected stock of
Fine and Superfine French Cloths,
Black and Fancy Doeskins,
Plain Black, and Fancy Cammeres,
Tweed, Jeans, Satinets and Vestings,
Silk and Alpaca Serges,
Silesias, Wiggins, Canvas,
Italian Sewings, Buttons, &c.
Also, a general assortment of goods adapted to men's wear, for the city and country trade. WM. F. COOK & CO.
262tf No. 104 William-st.

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF
SARSAPARILLA.

The Most Extraordinary Medicine in the World!!

This Extract is put up in Quart Bottles; it is six times cheaper, purgative, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures without vomiting, purging, or debilitating the Patient.

THE great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other medicines is, that while it eradicates the disease, it invigorates the body. It is one of the very best

SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINES
ever known: it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates rich, new and pure blood, a power possessed by no other medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed, within the last two years, more than 100,000 cures of severe cases of disease; at least 15,000 were considered incurable. It has saved the lives of more than 10,000 children the past two seasons in the city of New-York alone.

10,000 Cases of General Debility and want of Nervous Energy.

Dr. S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on by physical prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening toward that fatal disease Consumption, can be entirely restored by this pleasant remedy. This Sarsaparilla is far superior to any

Invigorating Cordial,
as it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the limbs, and strength to the muscular system, in a most extraordinary degree.

Consumption Cured.
Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be Cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting Blood, Soreness in the Chest, Haemic Flux, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c. have been and can be Cured.

Spitting Blood.
New-York, April 28, 1847.—Dr. S. P. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad Cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla a short time, and there has been a wonderful change wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city. I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant,
WM. RUSSELL, 65 Catharine st.

Dyspepsia.
No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food, and strengthening the organs of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla.

BANK DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, May 10, 1845.—Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with the Dyspepsia in its worst forms, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.
Yours, &c. W. W. VAN ZANDT.

Great Blessing to Mothers and Children.
It is the safest and most effectual medicine for purifying the system, and relieving the sufferings attendant upon childbirth, ever discovered. It strengthens both the mother and child, prevents pain and disease, increases and enriches the food; those who have used it think it is indispensable. It is highly useful both before and after confinement, as it prevents diseases attendant upon childbirth. In Costiveness, Piles, Cramps, Swelling of the Feet, Despondency, Heartburn, Vomiting, Pain in the Back and Loins, False Pains, Hemorrhage, and in regulating the Secretions, and equalizing the Circulation, it has no equal. The great beauty of this medicine is, it is always safe, and the most delicate use it most successfully.

Scrofula Cured.
This Certificate conclusively proves that this Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the Blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

Three Children.
Dr. S. P. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores; have taken four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under great obligation. Yours, respectfully,
ISAAC W. CRAIN, 106 Wooster st.

Opinions of Physicians.
Dr. S. P. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from Physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify, that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the city of Albany, have, in numerous cases, prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations in the market.
H. P. FILLING, M.D., J. WILSON, M.D., R. B. BRIGGS, M.D., F. E. ELMENDORF, M.D. Albany, April, 1847.

Principal Office, 136 PULTON STREET, San Building.
N. Y.; Redding & Co., 8 State street, Boston; Drott & Sons, 132 North Second street, Philadelphia; B. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co., 151 Chartres street, N. O.; 105 South Pearl street, Albany; and by all the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India, and the Canadas. 243cove

E. WINCHESTER, PRINTER, 44 ANN-STREET.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY CRAMPTON AND CLARK, AT NO. 44 ANN-ST. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X...NO. 26.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 260.

Original American Romance.

THE BRAVO'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE TORY OF CAROLINA. *

A Romance of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE GAZETTE OF THE UNION AND GOLDEN RULE,
BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PRIVATEER.

"The time has been
When that the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end on't." SHAKESPEARE.

We will now return to Robert Atree and his schemes.

On the deck of a large brig, shielded from the rays of the sun by a fringed awning, which canopied her couch, lay a young girl of scarce sixteen years. The vessel was gliding over the smooth waters before a steady breeze, and the murmur of the waves parted by her keel, sounded monotonously to the ears of the maiden—fashioning a strange, solemn melody in her mind. Beside her stood an old negro woman, and at a little distance, two men.

This young girl was Alice, the daughter of Matthew Orrall. The negress Gottan attended her, and the two men near the companion-way were Robert Atree and Captain Wilson, the commander of the letter-of-marque, in which they had embarked for America, from an English port.

Robert Atree left the fatal chamber in which he had witnessed the death of his devoted slave, with the proud consciousness of having triumphed over every obstacle in his path. Carefully removing Alice to his own hotel, he had placed her in charge of his faithful Gottan, who had been liberated the night previous by the police, and to whom he also committed the sad duty of the quadroon's funeral, after having narrated the case at the office of the *commissaire de police*.

Gottan wept her child's fate; but she had learned the self-sacrificing heroism of Filippa; and the weight of her loss was lightened by the thought that she had ever been true to her master. The old negress beheld her daughter's beautiful form consigned to the tomb in a foreign land; and then, with renewed care, the faithful servant devoted herself to the performance of her master's injunctions.

Thus, in the sight of Atree, the martyrdom of the quadroon, the murder of Orrall, and the unknown doom of Ernest Rivers, were but as stepping-stones to his ambition. His selfish spirit weighed not the blood he shed, nor the heroism which had sacrificed life for him, against the objects for which he now beheld the crowning success of the future. He stood once more in his cabinet, with his recovered casket beside him, while Alice was slumbering in an adjacent apartment, under the watchful eye of the nurse Gottan. He stood there with a smile upon his lip, and muttered:

"All works into my hands. Now I have nothing to fear. There is no one who can cross my path to harm me!"

Robert Atree forgot that there was a power higher than man!

He stood, with the English Captain Wilson, upon the deck of the armed brig "Levant," bound for the shores of his native land, to which he had long been a traitor. All his plans, in regard to obtaining the peerage and estates of Warmount, were upon the very eve of complete success. One thing alone was wanting, and for this he now crossed the Atlantic—to return once more, as was his thought, with Alice for his bride.

That one thing was the marriage certificate of the mother of the young girl, on which were the names of the witnesses to the espousal. Atree had hoped, when he beheld Orrall dead before him, to have found the important document among the bravo's papers. This, however, was not the case; but he had gained from other memoranda the knowledge of the secret cave and hidden treasure, and had learned also that in the iron chest that was there concealed, were all the corroborative testimony necessary in order to prove the bravo's child the rightful heiress of the Lord Warmount.

With such a goal before him—unbounded wealth, title and power, it is little wonder that Robert Atree watched, with untiring vigilance, the beautiful child, who could alone open to him the gate of success; it is little wonder that he devoted all the energies of his mind to the furtherance of his schemes to the completest extent.

But of late, the young tory had become fearfully anxious concerning the health of Alice. Since the recovery of her sight it seemed as if her awakening mind fed continually upon the life of her fragile body. She had grown weaker day by day, yet not ill nor in pain. It appeared as if her frame was gradually dissolving into ethereality.

Robert Atree's ambitious soul valued not the holy nature of this pure child. He looked upon her merely as the amulet which was to insure to him the objects that he desired, and he trembled to think that death might snatch her from him ere he could make her his wife, and thus possess a claim to the heritage of Warmount. And this the scheming man well knew could only result from a union with the heiress, and the birth of a son, to whom the title might descend.

It was then, with feelings of the most intense and conflicting kind, that Robert Atree watched, from day to day, the slow decline of the youthful invalid.

"Where are we now, Captain Wilson?"

"We are rapidly nearing your native shores, sir, and ere three days I hope we shall land you and yonder fading flower, upon the shore of Carolina."

"But do you fear no cruisers so near the rebel ports? It is said the American privateers swarm around these waters."

"We have six good mouth-pieces to speak for us, at any rate," answered the British captain, pointing to the brig's armament. "We shall give a good account of ourselves."

"I would rather give the worth of ship and cargo," cried Atree, "than risk a meeting with the

smallest fighting vessel of the enemy. The life of that young girl hangs by a slender thread, Captain Wilson."

"I know—I know, sir," returned the Briton, grasping warmly the young man's hand. "I appreciate your affection, and trust me, no effort shall be spared on my part to avoid a hostile meeting while you are on board."

As the captain concluded, the look-out at the mast head, shouted—"sail-ho!"

"Where away?" cried the startled captain.

"On the weather bow," was the prompt answer, and Wilson, springing into the rigging of the main-mast, gazed through his spy glass in the direction indicated.

"There is indeed a small vessel on the edge of the horizon," said he. "Pray heaven, it may not be as I fear—a privateer of the enemy."

"We have yet time, captain, to escape a rencontre," said Atree hurriedly. "By crowding on all sail, perhaps—"

"All shall be done that can be," answered the captain, and proceeded immediately to issue his orders to the crew. The young Alice, startled from her dreamy state, by the loud voice of the look-out, was quickly conveyed to the vessel's cabin, attended by the faithful negress, and Atree, fearful of everything which might involve the safety of his charge, and thus defeat his own darling projects, took up his station on the quarter-deck, and watched the progress of events.

It soon became evident that the strange sail, whatever she might be, had discovered the position of the letter-of-marque, and seemed likewise to be aware of her object to avoid a meeting. Captain Wilson soon perceived that the stranger was crowding on her canvas for pursuit, and would soon, as she manifestly sailed better, overhaul the brig.

"We shall be unable to escape, unless we can manage to run before the wind under cover of night, which will soon come on us dark enough," said the captain to Robert Atree.

"Can you make out our pursuer?"

"She is undoubtedly a privateer, of British build, but with the stripes at her mast head," returned Wilson. "I fear, sir, we must fight."

"Then, if we must, let us board and carry her," cried Atree, with a malediction rising to his lips. "The roar of a dozen cannon will deprive her of life at once."

"I do not think that, sir," said Wilson. "Nevertheless, if she ranges yard-arm with us, we can haul, and make fast. We shall thus escape a raking, at least."

The stranger was now within such a distance as to be readily distinguished by the naked eye, and presently, over the waters, boomed the sullen sound of a lee-gun, a summons to lay to. The English captain began to give his orders to clear the decks for action, and his seamen sprang to their stations with prompt obedience. In a few moments the privateer and the letter-of-marque ranged broad-side and the respective flags of England and America, flaunted defiance at each other in the beams of the descending sun.

English sailors are like their own bull-dogs in battle, and the American tars are no whit behind

* Concluded from page 300.

them. As the first broadsides of the two vessels crashed from their pieces, the wild cheer of the Britons, and the wilder Yankee hurra, rose together from the smoke and flame. In three minutes more, the hulls of the two vessels met, and the lashings were made fast for boarding.

And now took place a hand to hand conflict, such as was usual in the bloody encounters of privateers in those days. Grappling each other's throats, discharging pistols, and dealing blows with the quickness of thought, those mingled combatants fought upon the slippery decks.

The Americans, unprepared for the sudden boarding attack of the letter of marque's crew, struggled, nevertheless, gallantly against the fury of the first onset. Twice the Britons were repulsed, and hurled back upon their own decks, and once more they returned raging to the battle.

Captain Wilson's voice was heard loudly rallying his crew—"Away, boarders, away!"

"Men of Paul Jones! remember your old commander!" cried a voice from the privateer. "Forward, to repel boarders!"

At that name, "Paul Jones," many brave men upon the British decks hesitated a moment ere they rushed to the bulwarks. The Scotchman's name was even a terror to England. But the Captain's shout was heard again—

"Sweep the Yankees from their decks!"

"Come on!" replied a clear ringing voice from the privateer.

The British sailors renewed their attempt to board, and once more swarmed upon the decks of the privateer, which now, it appeared, was but weakly manned, and had evidently underrated the force of the letter of marque.

But though few, the privateer's crew were gallant men. The British were met as fiercely as before. Day had now declined, and the dusky twilight was shrouding the sea, but the foemen grappled and fought, and shouted with the excitement of fight. Robert Atree and Captain Wilson fought side by side, and the young tory seemed to take a strange delight in every blow that he struck against the men of his native land.

But suddenly he started back, as if struck by a cannon shot. His eyes glared, and started from their sockets. He gasped, but could not speak.

There, before him, with his sword upraised, stood one whom he believed long since dead, and buried fathoms deep beneath the waters of the sea.

He beheld Ernest Rivers.

A moment the young tory gazed. There, like an avenging spirit, stood the form of Rivers, his arms stained with blood, which dripped from the sword he wielded. Robert Atree, daring as he was, feared to wrestle with the strange fear that now unmanned him. He sank upon the privateer's deck, at the feet of his foe.

And now, suddenly, an united rush of the Americans beat back the Britons once more to their own decks. At the same instant, the grapnels which secured the two vessels, were cast off, and they separated immediately. The night was closing in, and neither privateer nor letter of marque cared to renew the conflict. In a few moments the American vessel, with one last broadside, sheered off from her enemy, and left her to pursue her course.

Robert Atree still lay, unwounded, but like one dead, upon the deck of the privateer, whilst the letter of marque, which contained all that he had risked life and soul for so often, was falling rapidly away from the American vessel.

In the brig all was confusion; for it was not until they were some miles astern of the enemy, that Captain Wilson discovered the absence of his passenger, Robert Atree. The call to muster was immediately sounded, and the crew interrogated as to the unhappy event. But one man could give any clue to Atree's fate. He had seen the young man battling on the privateer's deck, and, struck as he imagined, by a shot, fall forward among the foemen. Nothing more could be learned, and Captain Wilson, at last, ordered the brig to be put immediately for the coast of Carolina, where he was aware the British fleet was then stationed; and, with a heavy heart, himself descended to impart the tidings of her master's loss to the aged negress Gotta, whom he knew to be her confidant of his hapless passenger. We will leave the letter of marque, and return to the American vessel.

When Robert Atree awoke from the deadly swoon into which he had fallen upon the deck of the American privateer, he found himself in the cabin of that vessel, extended upon a couch, and attended by a man in the dress of a republican sailor. The tory's brain was yet bewildered with the recollection of the noise of the engagement, and the indistinct consciousness of some strange event having occurred; and it was long before he could recall his scattered intellects. The

sailor watched him intently, until he at length gained utterance, and murmured—"Where am I?"

"On board the American privateer Paul Jones," briefly responded the seaman.

"And the English vessel—is she captured?"

"No, we concluded to let her off this time," answered the Yankee, with a smile. "She's some nine knots to windward now, and there's no chance for a visit to-night."

Atree remained for a few moments wrapped in reflection, endeavoring to bring clearly to his mind the events of the last day. "Does Paul Jones command the privateer?" he asked at length.

"Commodore Paul Jones commands a fleet, sir, and one of the biggest vessels of that fleet is the *Serapis*, taken from you infernal Britishers (excuse me if I'm not polite) off Scarborough Head. If Paul Jones had been here, your brig would have been blowed sky high, let me tell you, Mr. Robert Atree."

"Hah!" cried the young man, starting up—"You know me then?"

"Precisely," said the American. "I know you to my sorrow, and your rascally spy, Pappett—I know ye both."

Atree glared wildly at the man. "Are the dead all come to life?" he muttered. "Speak, man! who are you?"

"My name is Tom Evans, at your service—one as used to be as good a ranger as ever Marion had in his troop, and now something of a Jack tar—but never a d—d tory spy."

While the honest Tom Evans, whom the reader has doubtless recognized, was thus giving vent to his somewhat indignant remark, Robert Atree was wandering in a maze of doubts and fears. At last he ventured to speak—

"It was you who attempted to capture me at Smith's Creek, in Charleston—was it not?"

"Precisely—and come near being shot and drowned together. Howsomdever, Providence takes care of all good friends of America, and upsets all her enemies. There's Captain Ernest Rivers—he's an example of—"

A hand was suddenly laid upon the loquacious Tom's shoulder, and Atree glancing up, encountered the eyes of Ernest Rivers fixed upon his own. A tremor agitated his frame, and he groaned audibly—"Alive!"

"Alive, Robert," answered the young captain, presenting his hand to the shuddering man. "I know you are not of our side, but we were old schoolmates together, Atree, and cannot be bitter enemies."

"He suspects me not," thought the tory, taking the hand which Rivers extended. A throng of recollections rushed over his mind, but he mastered his emotion, and said, "I am your prisoner, Rivers."

"But we are not enemies. You are from Charleston, are you not, Robert?—How is—how is—"

Rivers would have said "my wife," but his voice faltered. Atree trembled again. It seemed as if the tory's nerves were completely shattered.

"I have been in Europe," answered he to the American's half-murmured question. "It was supposed by all before I left Charleston—that you were—dead."

"But—is she alive?"

"She was—at least, when I left America."

"But when was that?" gasped Rivers.

"Nearly two years ago."

The young American turned away to hide his agitation. Tom Evans, the ranger, regarded him with moist eyes. "Keep up your courage, Captain," said the brave fellow, "we've been through many hard battles, and, please God, we'll yet reach home, you to your wife, Captain, and Tom to his old mother, bless her heart."

The man's rude sympathy recalled Rivers to himself, and he again entered into conversation with Atree. But the tory had in a measure recovered his self-possession, and replied cautiously to the American's questions. He avowed his principles to be adverse to the cause of freedom, and declared that his visit to England had been purely to escape the violent antipathies of the ultra whigs. He could answer nothing to the renewed inquiries of Rivers, as to the fate of his bride, Louise, or his father-in-law, Arnould, save that the former had received the intelligence of her husband's loss extremely hard, and that her life had been for a long time despaired of.

The result of the conversation was a request on the part of Atree, which was acceded to on that of Ernest Rivers, that the former should be liberated at the first American port in which the vessel might arrive. The privateer was not under the command of the young American, but the captain had been wounded during their brief engagement with the letter of marque, and consequently authority had devolved for the present upon Rivers as first lieutenant. The vessel, in fact, was a prize privateer that had been taken by Paul Jones on the British coast, and sent with despatches to America; and Rivers had embraced the opportu-

nity of returning to his native land as one of her officers, from a long and perilous cruise with the valiant Scotch commodore.

We need not go back to relate the particulars of that daring cruise of Paul Jones, which ended in the capture of the *Serapis*, and struck terror to the inhabitants of all the British coast. Suffice it to say, that Rivers was with the Scottish commodore in all his engagements, up to the sinking of the *Bon Homme Richard*. Then, when his commodore had resolved to retire with his victorious fleet to the Texel, the young American, with the amphibious Tom Evans, embarked for home in the privateer, leaving the Englishman, Nevers, still with Paul Jones, with whom his bravery had made him an especial favorite.

And now, with many hopes and fears, Rivers was nearing his home, trembling with the thought at times, that his wife might never bless his eyes; whilst Robert Atree, the author of all his misfortunes, was laying new schemes for the furtherance of his wild ambition.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RETURNED VOLUNTEER.

The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand
Beside a loving bride.—BACON.

Count Casimir Pulaski, beholding the rude entry of a strange form into the chamber of the dying Arnould, drew back a pace, and laid his hand upon his sword hilt.

But suddenly he saw the melancholy eyes of Louise light up with singular brilliancy. The stranger had thrown off the cap which shaded his forehead, and revealed the face of a young man, of noble and energetic look, but bronzed as if from exposure to the elements. He was clad in the undress of an American naval officer.

Louise drew back from the Palouder, and stood with her white hands crossed upon her bosom, that rose and fell with strange emotion. Her eyes were fixed upon the stranger's face—her countenance grew flushed and pale by turns—the veins in her neck and forehead were swollen to intensity.

Suddenly she clasped her brow, and pressed it, as if she would awake some slumbering recollections. Then, with a wild shriek, she flung her arms aloft, and sprang towards the stranger, who opened his arms to receive her.

She sank upon his bosom,—she clung around him with a straining embrace, whilst at once tears and sobs gushed from her eyes and bosom.

"Ernest! Ernest!" she wildly exclaimed, "He is come! he is come!"

That cry awoke the dying Arnould from the fitful slumber into which he had fallen. The old man sprang up from his pillow, and gazed around. Pulaski came to the bedside and pointed to the maiden, who still clung to the stranger's neck.

Then old Arnould uttered a cry of joy—"My son—my Ernest," he murmured. And at that voice, the young stranger bearing Louise in his arms, approached the bed.

Arnould looked in his daughter's eyes. They were gushing with tears, but the madness was no longer within them. The strong memory of love had burst the bonds which had so long enchained the reason of the widowed bride.

Ernest Rivers and his wife knelt together beside the bed, whilst the aged Arnould raised his dying hands above them. They heard his blessing falling into their loving hearts.

And as Pulaski supported the old man's head, a pure spirit arose from earth, and wended its silent way towards the abodes of eternal happiness.

At this very hour, in the mansion of Laurelwood the old nurse Gotta stood beside another death-bed. It was that of the young Alice, who had been brought from the ship, to die among the flowers which she so much resembled. The negress held the transparent fingers of the maiden within her own, and hot tears gushed from the poor slave's eyes as she felt the pulse growing fainter and fainter beneath her clasp.

"Do not weep, good, kind Gotta," said Alice.

"O, my sweet child—you must leave us."

"I shall go to heaven to see my mother," murmured the girl. "Father will come there, perhaps, and Felippa, and—you."

As she said this Alice fell asleep forever.

Gotta threw herself upon the couch and moaned in bitter grief. She scarcely noticed a form that had entered the room, with garments soiled by travel, and features haggard and wan. But when the hand of her master shook her roughly, she started up—

"My master! my master!" she shrieked, and threw herself on her knees before him.

"Silence! is she dead?" gasped Robert Atree.

"She has just breathed her last."

"Curse! curse light on ye all forever!" yelled the

tory,—and shaking off the terrified negress, he fled from the chamber of death.

All that he had staked his soul to win was lost to him forever. The heiress was dead!

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.—SHAKESPEARE.

We need not tell the reader of Pulaski's brave defence of Charleston, nor of the daring sorties which, at the head of his gallant "Legion" he directed day after day against the enemy's camp. At last he beheld the tents of Gen. Prevost silently struck, and marked the long line of foemen retreating from their intrenchments.

All know with what skill and vigor the bold Polander pursued Prevost, harassing his rear, cutting off his baggage and stores, and accomplishing that brilliant series of achievements which were so fatally terminated by the disastrous attack on Savanna, where, fighting like a paladin of old, he fell mortally wounded, at the same moment that the gallant Sargent Jasper yielded his life, grasping to the last, the colors which he had defended in many a bloody battle.

But when the last detachment of the British army had retired from Charleston, and was hurrying away before the advanced guard of Pulaski, there remained lurking about the deserted encampment one of the minor characters of our story.

This was Pappett the Spy.

Never, since the brief glance he had caught of the concealed casket of Matthew Orrall had the thought of that treasure been absent from this man's mind. Sleeping or waking, his memory pictured the glittering jewels that were worth a prince's ransom, and many a project had he formed to return and possess himself of the tempting prize. But the constitutional cowardice of Pappett had for three years prevented him from hazarding a return to Charleston, where he was well known as a spy and tory, and would undoubtedly be immediately made an example of by the zealous whigs.

But the investment of the town by Prevost's army had opened to him an opportunity of carrying out his long-cherished scheme of seeking the hidden treasure. He had connected himself as a camp-follower with the British, and thus was in a fair way to accomplish his purpose when the sudden raising of the siege disappointed his hopes of entering Charleston with the troops. However, Pappett, finding himself so near the object of his desires, and knowing well that the American soldiers were in full pursuit of the returning army, resolved to make a desperate effort to reach the corner of the bravo's house.

For this purpose, at the fall of night, upon the day of Prevost's retreat, the spy proceeded in a small skiff cautiously and with fearful heart to cross the river. The night was favorable for his purpose; for a storm was brewing in the east, and the sky was hung with threatening clouds, that darkened completely the face of the river. Pappett succeeded in reaching the bank beneath which was the secret cave.

The Spy's heart sank within him as he bent down and listened at the entrance of the concealed subterranean passage. He remembered how three years before he had borne away from her peaceful bed, a blind and helpless child; and he fancied that every surge of the stirred river, and every moaning rush of the rising wind, were threatening him with vengeance for his many crimes.

But the spirit of avarice in the man's heart was stronger even than fear. He hurriedly prepared some matches and tinder which he had brought with him, and then, descending into the damp and slimy passage, groped his way towards the cave.

Where was Matthew Orrall now to guard the treasure which he had gained by blood and crime? Where were the unclean spirits that are said to brood over ill-gotten gold?

Pappett crept on, pausing every second, and holding his breath to listen for some sound. But he heard nothing save the moaning winds and waves without.

He reached at last the cave itself, and with fearful hesitation again bent his ear to listen. But all was silent as the grave. Then Pappett struck a light, and searched around the clayey walls of the cavern.

The spy's pulses leaped with joy. He felt the casket beneath his grasp, and saw the rusty iron lid which hid such rich spoils from his eyes. The coward felt brave for a moment, as he raised the heavy chest from its hidden nook, and hugged it to his breast.

But, suddenly a grating noise sounded above—then the tread of cautious feet; and then a glimmering light appeared in the passage leading from the cavern to the house. Pappett felt a chill terror curdle his blood, and with a half-muttered cry, he turned, and dropping the dim taper which he carried, groped

toward the outlet. But still he clutched fast the iron casket.

The Spy reached the passage and crawled terror-stricken along the damp clay. But swift steps rounded behind him, and a loud curse echoed through the cavern. Pappett redoubled his efforts to escape, dragging his trembling frame through the narrow outlet, and still gripping with a vice-like grasp the heavy iron copper.

He reached once more the air, and heard the solemn waves, and saw the black clouds whirling across the heavens. He gulped at the damp night air.

But his pursuer was behind him. The spy felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder. Desperation made the coward bold, and still hugging the casket, he drew a knife from his belt and struck furiously a backward blow.

A low groan answered him, and the hand that had gripped his shoulder slackened at once. But it was but for a moment. Pappett felt himself grasped powerfully by the arms of his pursuer, and the spy's heart sunk lead-like in his breast.

But the instinct of desperation and avarice combined, once more emboldened him. He closed with his pursuer, and with a fierce struggle, half turned and looked upon his features, which in the grey darkness of the night were ghastly as those of a corpse. The spy beheld the hand of his antagonist, grasping a dagger, raised above his head. The next instant it descended upon Pappett's breast, and at the same time the wretch recognized the countenance of Robert Atree.

Ay! Robert Atree, failed in all his other schemes, had come at last, to possess himself of Orrall's treasure.

Pappett the Spy felt the steel penetrating his bosom, and shrieked in terrible accents. But, he left not his hold of the treasure, though he felt himself sinking backward.

Robert Atree tried to shake off the desperate clutch of the dying spy. But Pappett clung with one hand to the iron casket, and with the other grasped the garments of his murderer. For a moment after that wild shriek he staggered like a drunken man;—then he fell, dragging the doomed Atree after him.

The leaves and brush that covered the steep bank croaked under that fall. Another shriek rose upon the breeze, and then the two men splashed heavily into the deep river. Pappett still clutched the treasure and his foeman's garments, and all sunk beneath the turbid waters. The winds and waves moaned solemnly as the victims of avarice disappeared forever.

And thus ended the ambition of Robert Atree the Tory.

Gottan, the negress, never heard again of her master, and she soon followed the young Alice to the grave. The mansion of Laurelwood, and the small remnant of the tory's fortune, went into other and worthier hands, and the memory of Robert Atree passed from the minds of men.

But Ernest Rivers, the patriot, lived, with his recovered wife, to hail the enfranchisement of his country; to behold her invaders swept from his native state, and to join in the glad thanksgiving of rescued millions of freemen.

And more than all besides of life's blessings, did the young whig learn to prize the loving woman whom Heaven had preserved for him, shielding her young heart with the mantle of three years' oblivion of intellect. The long period of his absence had passed unconsciously over the soul of Louise, and left scarce a trace of suffering when she awoke to reason in her husband's arms.

And often in after years, a happy circle gathered around the board of Ernest Rivers upon the anniversary of Fort Moultrie's battle. And blooming children, with eyes like those of Louise, climbed upon the lap of a weather-beaten man who was always a welcome guest, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Tom, the ranger—and who answered "Precisely," whenever Rivers spoke of their sufferings and escapes from battle, storm, and famine.

THE END.

However trifling a research may appear into the locality of primroses, the migration of snails, or the wanderings of elephants, these yet may be among the things by which we may obtain a glimpse of man's real position here; and the naturalist will do well to bear in mind, that what it was worth God's while to do, is certainly worth man's while to study.—[Professor Forbes.]

"I THINK," said an old toper, commenting upon the habits of a young man who was fast making a beast of himself, "when a man reaches a certain pint in drinkin' he ort to stop."

"Well, I think," said old Beeswax, dryly, "he ought to stop before he reaches a pint."

The English Periodicals.

THE RED, GREEN, AND WHITE.

The Italian and Hungarian Tri-Color, though used with some different arrangement.

Who will not now a nosegay wear,
When earth her freshest hues puts on?
The skies are bright, the fields are fair,
Let me my summer gear, too, don!

What shall I place right on my heart?
What wilt thou give me, girl of mine—
When for my daily toil I part—
As emblem of my thoughts and thine?

Let there be white, the symbol pure
Of truth and trust; some leaves of green,
To image things that most endure
Through scorching suns and winters keen.

And red? blood red? Ay, wherefore not?
The freeman's sad but earnest sign—
A death in blood is oft the lot
In which man proves he is divine.

Lo! what thou giv'st—the red, green, white—
The colors of poor Italy,
Yet such as flash in triumph bright
O'er the Hungarian bravely free.

Rome! I will wear them for thy sake,
Like them thou art not doom'd to die!
Kossuth! in pride thy badge I take,
Thou scourge of hateful tyranny.

Ye brave, who may not join the strife,
Bear yet the colors of the cause;
Nor timid maid, nor gentle wife,
To wear the hallow'd emblems pause.

For men! your brothers, die to keep
The rights these emblems symbolize;
Women, in gore your sisters weep
The tyrant's spoil of all they prize.

Oh! cherish then each flower and leaf,
Though it be but the humblest weed,
That pleads for woman's deepest grief,
And pictures manhood's noblest deed.
[London Dispatch.]

THE MISER'S FATE.

A TALE OF THE FERRY AT SOUTHWARK.

At the date of the following narrative, the noble river that bisects our metropolis, like the surrounding objects and localities, presented a vastly different picture from that now reflected upon his gleaming bosom. Old Father Thames, the fluvial deity, so propitious towards the commercial enterprise of the busy dwellers on his banks, may well complain of the treatment he has experienced in return for ages of unwearied services. Just consider the present condition of the unhappy river. His course, once free as the breeze that ruffled the waves, is now impeded by a continuous series of obstacles in the shape of wharves, steamboat piers, lighters, and other cumbrous and unsightly objects. His stream naturally clear as the crystal fountain of the forest, is now made to imbibe the foetid outpourings of a thousand sewers, whose yawning mouths unceasingly vomit their filth-charged contents upon his unresisting waves, poisoning the finny subjects of his hidden realms, and involving their once transparent caves in stygian darkness; while huge bridges have coolly planted their feet upon his back—and to crown the list of wrongs, a certain daring mortal, hight Brunel, has treacherously undermined his bed, disdaining to cope with him in the light of day, or to take the slightest notice of his watery weapons. True, he more than once protested against this unscrupulous proceeding by dropping, unannounced upon the intruder and his myrmidons; but this only stimulated their hostile zeal, and poor Father Thames, vanquished above and below, was fain to decline the contest, and confess himself literally bored to death.

At the time we refer to, however, the Thames enjoyed an almost primitive state of freedom. Science had not, as yet, controlled its movements, nor bridge of stone or iron curbed the current of its glittering waters. The mode of transit from bank to bank for the citizens was by ferry, and it is with the Charon, who plied between Southwark and the opposite shore, that we have now to deal. The man's name was John Overs, he had a grant of the ferry from the corporation of London (then, as now, exercising an exclusive jurisdiction over the river,) at an annual rent, which grant he enjoyed for many years. The ferryman kept many servants and

apprentices to assist him in his business, and the traffic from shore to shore being incessant, their time was fully occupied, and the gain of Overs very considerable. But though daily adding to his wealth, he was of a most sordid disposition, and even when overtaken by age, refused to spare his enfeebled body the labor it was hardly able any longer to sustain, which his accumulated wealth rendered wholly unnecessary. He possessed great worldly shrewdness, and had, for many years, been in the habit of seeking for the most profitable investments for his capital, not scrupling to engage in the most usurious transactions; until at the time we speak of, his wealth equaled that of the highest nobles in the land; and this while he walked about in patched and worthless apparel, and his furniture and household expenses indicated a condition but little removed from abject poverty.

John Overs had an only child—a daughter—and she was beautiful. In the struggle between love and avarice which agitated the gripping heart of the old ferryman, the former feeling had at length prevailed, and he spared no expenses in procuring his daughter the best education which in those days wealth could command. Mary Overs—for so she was named—availed herself eagerly of these opportunities, and to great personal attractions ere long added the more solid endowment of an accomplished and pious mind. But with characteristic selfishness, her father resolved that these gifts, mental and bodily, should be reserved for his exclusive appreciation; for though his daughter was now blooming into womanhood, she was entirely without society of any kind, Overs being at great pains to repel the intrusion of all visitors, and especially those of the other sex.

It happened however, that one Walter Hastings, a clothier's apprentice, had occasion frequently to pass the Ferryman's abode on his master's business, and being a comely and modest looking youth, attracted the attention of Mary Overs, as she sat at her window working. Walter, on his side, had long noticed the Ferryman's daughter, but had hitherto contented himself with a stealthy glance of admiration, and pursued his way. On one occasion, however, their eyes met, and pleasure beaming from both, their acquaintance began with a mutual nod of recognition, apparently so satisfactory to either, that Walter forthwith resolved on commencing his suit. Accordingly, shortly afterwards, while Overs was diligently picking up his penny fares, the youth sought the abode of his new mistress, and entering stealthily, rushed into her presence, and falling on his knees, passionately declared himself a victim to her charms, and begged permission to seek a return of his devotion. Mary received his protestations in blushing silence, and fearing her father's return, pressed him to depart without delay. Walter, however, re-appeared the next day, when his reception was even more favorable than before. Thinking therefore, that a third interview could not fail of bringing matters to a crisis, he once more repaired to the ferryman's abode, when he and his mistress, the latter after some moments of maiden coyness, mutually pledged their troth.

In the mean time, the miserly ferryman, unconscious of what was passing at home, pursued his calling with unwearied diligence. His penury, however, increased with his age; and as a proof of the mastery avarice had obtained over him, it was reported that to save the expense of fuel, he was accustomed to deposit in his bosom a certain quantity of black puddings, which becoming warmed by his exertions in rowing, were then apportioned between his servants and himself, who had no alternative but to submit to this repulsive mode of cookery or to go without their dinner. A yard of such pudding was then sold for a penny, and as Overs gave them their portions, he used piteously to remark, "There, you dogs, you will undo me with eating." He would hardly allow a neighbor the privilege of lighting his candle, observing that he thereby deprived him of some part of the light. In the dead of the night he would rise from his bed, and stealthily quitting his house, he would scrape over the contents of the neighboring dung-hills, and should a few dry bones reward his search, he would carry them home in his cap, and have them stewed for pottage. For the sake of getting it cheaper, he bought his bread in a stale and moldy state, and when brought home would cut it into slices and lay it in the sun in order to render it harder to be eaten. Butcher's meat he altogether repudiated, unless it were tainted, and therefore would go farther in his household, and when his very dog turned away from it in disgust, he remarked that he was a dainty cur, better fed than taught, and then devoured it himself. The very rats, even, deserted his abode, as there was not a vestige of anything that would serve them for food.

Overs was now so utterly enslaved by his darling vice that he conceived a scheme for its gratification

more extraordinary in its nature than any to be found in the annals of avarice. It was this: in order to save the consumption of a single day's provisions, he resolved to counterfeit death, judging that his servants could not fail to observe one day's fast on so mournful an occasion, and intending to revive on the following day, when this important piece of economy should have been achieved. He acquainted his daughter with this strange resolution, and she, sorely against her will, was obliged to aid him in his whimsical design. He was therefore laid out on a table in his chamber, wrapped in an old sheet—he rejected the idea of a coffin, on the ground of expense—with one candle burning at his head and another at his feet, after the custom of that period; his death was then formally announced to the household. The poor half-starved apprentices no sooner heard the tidings, than they came rushing up stairs into the room to view his body; and believing him really dead, began to dance and sing with joy round the corpse. A general sally was then made for the kitchen, and one breaking open the well-locked cupboard, produced a loaf, another brought out such scraps of meat as could be found, together with the cheese, while a third descended to the cellar and drew a flagon of beer. They all then sat down to the repast in the miser's chamber, with appetites rendered keen by long endured privations, and spirits elevated by the hope of future good cheer, and deliverance from the hard service to which they had hitherto groaned under. The meat, though none of the most savory, speedily vanished, together with whole mountains of bread and cheese, while the beer flagon was in constant motion round the table, and the noise and merriment of the guests rose higher each moment. Overs, all this time lay wrapped in the winding sheet, and the anguish of his gripping soul at the waste and profusion exhibited before him, and which he failed not to observe from beneath his covering, was such that he burst into a profuse sweat in his chafing and suppressed indignation. At length, the beer-flagon having been thrice replenished, he could endure it no longer, and thinking that unless the career of the revelers was arrested, he should be utterly undone, struggled to his feet with his sheet around him, and taking a candle in either hand, stalked forth like a ghost to the table, where he began to upbraid them with robbing him, and wasting his substance in riot and debauchery. His already long fast had imparted a more ghastly air to features at no time prepossessing, and his supernatural habiliments aiding the allusion, the awe-stricken apprentices, thus suddenly checked in their carousal, began to think it was their master's specter that thus intruded on them, or perhaps the devil in his shape, so that the oldest among them, wild with amazement, and rendered pot valiant by the large quantity of beer he had imbibed, raised the but end of a broken oar that lay in the room, and at one blow struck out his master's brains. Thus the miserable wretch, who, for a purpose so pitiful was led to trifle with the gloomy tyrant to whom all must succumb, was really caught within his iron clutch, and that solely by his own foolish contrivance. The apprentice was absolved by the law from all guilty intent, it being proved that the deceased miser was the prime cause of the catastrophe.

At the time of the above occurrence, Walter Hastings was absent in the country, and on being acquainted with the ferryman's death, could not suppress his satisfaction that there was now no obstacle to his immediate union with Mary Overs. He instantly mounted his horse, and started for London, at a speed proportioned to the eagerness of his long and deeply rooted passion. But so great and incautious was his hurry that just as he was entering the town, his jaded and overtaken horse stumbled, pitching his rider over his head with violence to the ground, from which he was taken up with his neck broken, and quite dead. Poor Mary, who was anxiously awaiting his arrival, was so shocked by this last misfortune, added to the late melancholy death of her parent, that her mind gave way under such a weight of grief, and she was, for some time, bereft of her senses.

The ferryman, for his usury, extortion and sordid habits, had incurred the anger of the church to such extent, that he had been for some time formally excommunicated, and his body was consequently refused Christian burial; whereupon his daughter proceeded with tearful eyes to the Abbey at Bermondsey, prevailed on the friars there by dint of money, the abbot being absent, to procure for the corpse a hallowed resting place. The abbot arriving soon after, and perceiving the newly formed grave, inquired who had been buried there in his absence, and being truly informed immediately caused the corpse to be disinterred and placed on the back of his own ass; then uttering a brief prayer, he guided the beast with his burthen from the abbey gates, desiring of God that he might be

borne to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass went at a solemn pace without any guide through Kent-street, till he came to St. Thomas, a watering, then the common place of execution, and shook off the dead man at the very foot of the gallows, where a grave being instantly prepared, the body was cast in and the grave filled up without any ceremony.

Poor Mary Overs, overwhelmed with grief at such a succession of disasters, and harassed by the importunities of numerous suitors, attracted more by the reports of the great wealth she had inherited than by love for her person, resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent, and to devote her large inheritance to the honor and glory of her Creator, and the furtherance of his worship. Near to the place of her birth, she therefore caused to be laid the foundation of a church, which was completed at her charge, and dedicated by herself to the blessed Virgin Mary. To perpetuate the memory of this pious act and its author, the people added her own name to that assigned by her to the church, and called it St. Mary Overs, which title it bears, with a trifling variation, to the present day. To the public spirit of the priests of St. Mary Overy, London Bridge owed its origin, and old Father Thames his first oppressor. These worthy men not only built the bridge, but also kept it in repair out of the funds which had been bequeathed to their college. This first bridge was constructed of timber, and was probably a rude structure, built of materials collected on the spot, and put together with little order or symmetry, and in every respect a perfect contrast to the simple and stately structure that now occupies its place.—[London Mirror.

THE BONAPARTES.—The position of present and the prospect of future events, remarks the *Athenaeum*, lends a striking interest to all that pertains to the Bonapartes; and it may be worth while here to devote a few lines to them and their relationships. It is of course known to every one that Napoleon Bonaparte was the second son of Charles Marie Bonaparte; that he married—first, *Josephine*, by whom he had no issue—second, *Marie Louise* of Austria, whose only child, the Duc de Reichstadt, died on 1832 at Vienna, when the right line of the Imperial family became extinct. Napoleon had four brothers—Joseph, his elder, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome; and three sisters—Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Joseph, King of Spain, left two daughters—Zenaide and Charlotte; but no sons. Lucien, Prince of Canino, had no less than eleven children, five sons and six daughters; of whom there are still living, Charles Napoleon, Prince of Canino, who married his cousin Zenaide, daughter and heiress of Joseph, by whom he had ten children. Louis Lucien, Pierre, Napoleon, Antoine, Charlotte, (married to Prince Gabrielli,) Christine, (married to Lord Dudley Stuart,) Letitia, (married to Mr. Thomas Wyse,) Alexandrine, (married to Count Valentini,) Constance, (now a nun,) and Jeanne, (married to the Marquis Honorati.) Louis, King of Holland, who married Queen Hortense, had three sons—Napoleon, Napoleon Louis, and Louis Napoleon, the only survivor, and now President of the French Republic. Jerome, King of Westphalia, had two sons—Jerome Napoleon, and Napoleon—and one daughter—Mathilde, now Princess Demidoff. Of the sisters of Napoleon, Eliza married Prince Felix Bacchiocchi, and left one daughter, (now married to Count Camerata,) Pauline left no children; Caroline married Murat, King of Naples, and became the mother of the present Lucien Chas. Murat; of Letitia, (married to Count Pepoli,) and of Louise, (married to Count Rasponi.)

This is the entire Bonaparte family. Of the brothers and sisters of the Emperor, only Jerome now remains. Of the second generation—his nephews and nieces—there are fourteen; and of the third generation there is a still more considerable number.

As will be seen by the foregoing programme, Louis Napoleon is not the head of his family by order of nature. By right of primogeniture, all of the descendants of Lucien would take precedence of the heirs of Louis; but, as is well known, Lucien was in disgrace when his imperious brother had the order of succession to the empire fixed, and he and his descendants were excluded. How far this law, founded on a whim, is binding in such a new state of things as the present, is a question which the partisans of the family are beginning to ask themselves. Louis Napoleon is the only remaining male member of the families entitled by the laws of the Empire (28 Floral, an. xii and 5 Brumaire, an. xiii.) to the succession. The Prince of Canino, the real head of the house, has declared his intention of returning to France and entering the Chamber. The other princes of the family who are at present prominently before the public, are Pierre, brother to Canino, Napoleon, son of Jerome, late Ambassador to Madrid, and Lucien Murat.

FAME—THE POET AND MISSIONARY.

WHEN complimented upon his political fame, Campbell generally met the speaker with some ludicrous deduction; some mortifying drawback from the ready money reputation for which his friends gave him credit: "Yes, it was very humiliating. Calling at an office in Holborn for some information I was in want of, the mistress of the house, a sensible, well-informed woman, invited me to take a seat in the parlor; "her husband would be at home instantly, but if I was in a hurry, she would try to give me the information required." Well, I was in a hurry, as usual, thanked her much, received the information, and was just wishing her good morning, when she hesitatingly asked, if I would kindly put my name to a charity subscription list.

"By all means," and putting on my glasses, I wrote "T. Campbell," and returned it with the air of a man who has done something handsome. "Bless me," said she in a whisper, looking at the name, "this must be the great Mr. Campbell! excuse me, sir: but may I just be so bold as to ask if you be the celebrated gentleman of that name?"

"Why, really, ma'am, no,"—"yes," said my vanity—"my name is, just as you see, T. Campbell," making her at the same time a handsome bow.

"Mr. Campbell!" she said advancing a step, "very proud and happy to be honored with this unexpected call. My husband is only gone to change, and will be so happy to thank you for the great pleasure we have had in reading your most interesting work—pray take a chair."

"This is a most sensible woman," thought I, "and I dare say her husband is a man of great taste and penetration."

"Madam," said I, "I am much flattered by so fair a compliment,"—laying the emphasis on "fair." "I will wait with pleasure; but in the meantime, I think I forgot to pay my subscription." She tendered me the book, and I put down just double what I intended. When had I ever so fair an excuse for liberality? "Indeed," resumed the lady, smiling; "I consider this a most gratifying incident; but here comes my husband."

"John, dear, this is the celebrated Mr. Campbell!" "Indeed!" I repeated my bow, and in two or three minutes we were as intimate as any three people could be. "Mr. Campbell," said the worthy husband, "I feel greatly honored by this visit, accidental though it be!"

"Why, I am often walking this way," said I, "and will drop in now and then, just to say how d'ye do." "Delighted, Mr. Campbell, delighted! your work is such a favorite with my wife there, only last night we sat up till one o'clock, reading it."

"Very kind indeed; very. Have you the new edition?" "No, Mr. Campbell, ours is the first!" What! thinks I to myself, forty years ago; this is gratifying, quite an heirloom in the family.

"Oh, Mr. Campbell," said the lady, "what dangers—what—what—you must have suffered! Do you think you will ever make christians of them horrid Cannibals!"

"No doubt of that, my dear," said the husband triumphantly, "only look what Mr. Campbell has done already." I now felt a strange ringing in my ears, but recollecting my "Letters from Algiers," I said, "Oh yes; there is some hope of them Arabs yet."

"We shall certainly go to hear you next Sunday, and I am sure your sermon will raise a handsome collection." By this time I had taken my hat and walked hastily to the threshold. "Mr. Campbell! are you ill?" inquired my two admirers. "No, not quite, only thinking of them horrid Cannibals!"

"Ah, no wonder; I wish I had said nothing about them!" "I wish so too; but, my good lady, I am not the celebrated Mr. Campbell." "What, not the great missionary?"

"No," and so saying, I returned to my chamber, minus a guinea, and a head shorter than when I left.—[Life of Campbell.]

NEWSPAPER TRADE IN ENGLAND.—The sale of newspapers and periodicals at the different railway stations is becoming a most lucrative calling; so much so that the companies in many instances now exact a rent from the vendors for the privilege. It is said that the sale of papers and periodicals at the London Bridge station turns in a profit to the tune of 10 guineas a week, and that the directors are said to have put the privilege up to competition at a high figure. The rent at the Euston station payable for the privilege, is at the rate of 60*l.* per annum, though until lately the privilege was accorded free of payment.

FORTUNE may often defeat the purposes of Virtue; yet Virtue, in bearing affliction, can never lose her prerogative.—[Plutarch.]

Ladies' Department.

THE INVITATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

I have a cottage by the hill;
It stands upon a meadow green;
Behind it flows a murmuring rill,
Cool-rooted moss and flowers between.

Beside the cottage stands a tree,
That flings its shadow o'er the eaves;
And scarce the sunshine visits me,
Save when a light wind riffs the leaves.

A nightingale sings on a spray
Through the sweet summer time night-long,
And evening travelers on their way,
Linger to hear her plaintive song.

Thou maiden with the yellow hair,
The winds of life are sharp and chill;
Wilt thou not seek a shelter there,
In yon lone cottage by the hill?

MARRIAGE.

If there is a tie on earth deemed sacred and holy in a brighter land, 'tis that which binds man to his kindred spirit to become one in unity and love; and yet it rarely happens that he properly appreciates the kindness and sincerity of the female heart, by setting a right value on a gem so productive of happiness to the possessor. There is nothing in life so pure and devoted as the unquenchable love of woman—more priceless than the gems of Golconda, and more devout than the idolatry of Mecca, is the unsealed and gushing tenderness which flows from the fount of the female heart.

It may here with propriety be asked, what so often enhances the sorrow of the female heart, causing many anxious days and sleepless nights? Is it not the inconstancy of man? For whose sake does she bid adieu to the home of her childhood? For whom does she leave the loved father and the doting mother, and the sweet sister who played with her in infancy? To whom does she cling with a fond embrace, when all but her have forsaken him?

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had endeavored early to teach him three things—obedience, diligence and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of a child's character.

Teach your child to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing, innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things. But let them learn early to be useful.

As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let everything else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception.

PERVERSY OF TEMPER.—Perversity is sometimes confounded with obstinacy; but they are two very distinct qualities, although they frequently exist together. An obstinate person continues fixed in a certain purpose or idea, for no other reason than that he has once adopted it. He is not the less disposed to persevere in it when he finds other people are of his way of thinking. A perverse person, on the contrary, continues fixed in a purpose or opinion as long as you oppose him. If you see reason for agreeing with him, and say perhaps his opinion is right, that moment he begins to see that he was wrong. And thus it may be, without any positive desire to annoy or contradict you, but simply that, from the cross-grained nature of his mind, he can find no pleasure in agreement. It is naturally difficult for him to assent; he will agree to nothing readily, not even to differ from you; he would rather differ about the difference. Such a person may be called thoroughly perverse, and is very difficult to cure, because he is not likely to have intellectual capacity enough to understand his own case, if it be ever so well explained to him.

Such people remain unconscious of their vice of character; and, when they suffer from it, are prone to believe that the fault is in others. Perversity is the characteristic of weak minds, and is very seldom seen in those who are strong.

GOOD MANNERS.—We know a young man, slow, sullen, heavy-browed and ungracious, who, whenever you speak to him, answers as if it were an effort to be even decently civil; and who, moreover, seems to be quite content, and even proud, of his civility. And we lean to the charitable side so far as to think this is nothing more than a bad habit of his, which has inescapably fastened upon him, and that he goes through the world—a world of mutual dependence—little aware of the fact that so small a thing as his manners is constantly producing impressions, and fast forming a reputation, such as ten years hence he may regret as the great blunder of his life.

Would it not be well for every young man to remember the truthful anecdote of the rich Quaker banker, when asked the secret of his success in life, answered, "Civility, friend—civility!" How much does it cost a man, either old or young, to be truly civil in his intercourse with society? Rather how much does it cost a young man to form this habit, which if formed, will sit upon him easily, gracefully and profitably, so long as he lives? Far more often depends on this little often despised, civility to the world, than any other single adventitious circumstance by which men rise and fall. We may look around us, at any time, and see men high in place and power, who have not attained that elevation by force of individual character or great knowledge, but simply from the fact that the trifling graces of life have not been despised. It was not a dancing master's grace that is now referred to, but that benevolence of manner that recognizes in little things the rights of others. The thousand ways in which this little courtesy does good, need hardly be mentioned. It may be said, however, that a courteous manner has a reflective influence on the benevolent feelings. It is a source of gratification to the man who practices. Wear a hinge on your neck, young man, and keep it well oiled.

PITY AND CHARITY INCULCATED.—The very pirate, that dyes the ocean wave with the blood of his fellow beings, that meets with his defenceless victim in some lonely sea where no cry for help can be heard, and plunges his dagger to the heart that is pleading for life—which is calling upon him by all names of kindred, of children, and home, to spare—yes, the very pirate is such a man, as you or I might have seen. Orphanage in childhood, an unfriended youth, an evil companion, a resort to sinful pleasure, familiarity with vice, a scorned and blighted name, seared and crushed affections, desperate fortunes—these are steps which might have led any one among us to unfurl upon the high seas the bloody flag of universal defiance—to have waged war with our kind, to have put on the terrific attributes, to have done the dreadful deeds, and to have died the awful death of the ocean robber. How many affecting relationships of humanity plead with us to pity him? That head, that is doomed to pay the price of blood, once rested upon a mother's bosom. The hand that did that accursed work, and shall soon be stretched, cold and nerveless, in the felon's grave, was once taken and cherished by a father's hand, and led in the ways of sportive childhood and innocent pleasure. The dreaded monster of crime has once been the object of sisterly love and all domestic endearment. Pity him, then. Pity his blighted hope and his crushed heart. It is wholesome sensibility. It is reasonable; it is meet for frail and sinning creatures like us to cherish. It foregoes no moral discrimination. It feels no crime; but feels it as a weak, tempted, and rescued creature should. It imitates the great Maker; and looks with indignation upon the offender, and yet is grieved for him. —[Rev. Orville Dewey.]

FEMALE COURTSHIP IN ROME.—The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty and virtue impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a foreigner, does not cast her eyes down when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theater, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man, "Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiment, and asks, "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness, "Yes, my dear." The happy medium between American and Roman courtship appears to us the best. We hate excessive coyness, but do not like too much familiarity.

Choice Miscellany.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

THERE lately died, in the city of Boston, a very respectable negro, named PRIMUS HALL. He lived to an advanced age, and was the possessor of considerable property. Throughout the Revolutionary war he was the body servant of the late Col. Pickering, of Massachusetts. He was free and communicative, and delighted to sit down with an interested listener and pour out those stories of absorbing and exciting anecdotes with which his memory was stored.

It is well known that there was no officer in the whole American army whose friendship was dearer to Washington, and whose counsel was more esteemed by him, than that of the honest and patriotic Col. Pickering. He was on intimate terms with him, and unbosomed himself to him with as little reserve as, perhaps, to any confidant in the army. Whenever he was stationed within such distance as to admit of it, he passed many hours with the colonel, consulting him upon anticipated measures, and delighting in his reciprocated friendship.

Washington was, therefore, often brought into contact with the servant of Col. Pickering, the departed Primus. An opportunity was afforded to the negro to note him, under circumstances very different from those in which he is usually brought before the public, and which possess, therefore, a striking charm. I remember two of these anecdotes from the mouth of Primus. One of them is very slight indeed, yet so peculiar as to be replete with interest. The other conveys a high and holy moral, and deserves to be recorded among the public and remarkable acts of our country's saviour, as a brilliant illustration that disinterestedness and true humility were guiding principles of his character. The authenticity of both may be fully relied upon.

Washington once came to Col. Pickering's quarters, and found him absent.

"It is no matter," said he to Primus. "I am greatly in need of exercise. You must help me to get some before your master returns."

Under Washington's directions, the negro busied himself in some simple preparations. A stake was driven into the ground about breast high, a rope was tied to it, and then Primus was desired to stand at some distance and hold it horizontally extended. The boys, the country over, are familiar with this plan of getting sport. With true boyish zest, Washington ran forward and backward for some time, jumping over the rope as he came and went until he expressed himself satisfied with the exercise.

Repeatedly afterward, when a favorable opportunity offered, he would say—"Come, Primus, I am in need of exercise;" whereat the negro would drive down the stake, and Washington would jump over the rope until he had exerted himself to his content.

On the second occasion, the great general was engaged in earnest consultation with Col. Pickering in his tent until after the night had fairly set in. Head-quarters were at a considerable distance, and Washington signified his preference to staying with the colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw.

"Oh, yes," said Primus, who was appealed to; "plenty of straw and blankets—plenty."

Upon this assurance, Washington continued his conference with the colonel until it was time to retire to rest. Two humble beds were spread, side by side, in the tent, and the officers laid themselves down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties that required his attention before he himself could sleep. He worked, or appeared to work, until the breathing of the two gentlemen satisfied him that they were sleeping; and then, seating himself on a box or stool, he leaned his head on his hands to obtain such repose as so inconvenient a position would allow. In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about, and descried the negro as he sat. He gazed at him awhile and then spoke.

"Primus!" said he calling; "Primus!"

Primus started up and rubbed his eyes,

"What, General?" said he.

Washington rose up in his bed. "Primus," said he, "what did you mean by saying that you had straw and blankets enough? Here you have given up your blanket and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably while you are obliged to sit through the night."

"It's nothing, General," said Primus. "It's nothing. I'm well enough. Don't trouble yourself about me. I sleep very good."

"But it is matter—it is matter," said Washington, earnestly. "I cannot do it, Primus. If either is to sit up, I will. But I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two. Come lie down here with me."

"Oh, no, general!" said Primus, starting, and protesting against the proposition. "No; let me sit here. I'll do very well on the stool."

"I say, come and lie down here!" said Washington, authoritatively. "There is room for both, and I insist upon it!"

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus professed to have been exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the commander-in-chief, but his tone was so resolute and determined that he could not resist. He prepared himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Washington; and on the same straw, and under the same blanket, the general and the negro servant slept still morning.

I say that this last incident conveys a high and holy moral. It affords additional evidence, and that of the clearest nature, that the reverential admiration of the American people for their Washington is not misplaced. He acted from that pure and deep-seated principle, that true nobility of character and self-respect, which enabled him to bear himself with lofty dignity in the presence of the proudest, and at the same time, impelled him to respect the rights and sympathise with the sufferings of the humblest.

PRIVATE PUDDING.

OR HOW THE HOOSIER CAME IT.

Many years ago a Hoosier, who had just struck New Orleans for the first time, after his flatboat was made snug and fast, went up to see the sights of the city. Passing St. Charles he stopped immediately in front of the St. Charles Hotel, and looking up, seemed to scrutinize the building with the eye of an architectural connoisseur.

After satisfying his gaze he asked a passer-by what building it was; on being told it was a hotel, he inquired for the entrance, and being shown, he ascended the steep steps. Approaching the office he inquired for the landlord, of whom he inquired if he could get "a bite" to eat. Mr. E. R. Mudge, who was the host at that time, and who is a host at all times, humoring the fellow, told him he could do so by paying a dollar. After considering for some time on this item and gravely looking his host in the face, he said, "Well I'll go it, that's my dollar, what's your dinner?" "Well," said the other, with a smile, "it is not ready yet, but take a seat at the table, and you can amuse yourself with the papers for half an hour, when you will hear the gong, which will inform you that the dinner is ready." "The gong, what's that?" asked the Hoosier. "Oh you will find out when you hear it," replied Mudge. Satisfied with this answer, the Hoosier, after looking around him, sat down and rummaged over the papers. Time sped on at its customary rate, when suddenly the gong sounded, and as usual the crowd moved for the dining room.

Recovering from his astonishment at the noise of the gong, and scenting the delicious fumes of the dinner, the Hoosier made a rush through the crowd for a seat, but being met by the host he was conducted to his allotted chair. The gentlemen seated on each side of him, as well as the gentleman opposite him, had their wine before them.

After finishing his soup, and having his plate well filled, the Hoosier observed the gentlemen helping themselves freely to wine, and so, seizing the bottle of his right hand neighbor, he attempted to help himself, when he was modestly informed that the wine was "private." The Hoosier did not seem to comprehend, and with a blank sort of look, resumed his knife and fork. On laying them down again, and having apparently come to the conclusion that it could not all be "private" wine, he seized hold of his left-hand friend's bottle. "Stop, if you please sir," said the offended individual, with a fierce look, this is *private wine*, sir."

The Hoosier looked still more astonished, and it being a hard case, thought he would make another trial anyhow. So reaching across the table he seized the bottle opposite to him, and was just in the act of filling his glass, when his *vis-à-vis* recoiled "private wine, sir, if you please," and withdrew the bottle from the fearful leakage it was about to undergo.

The "green un," becoming enraged at being foiled on every side, and observing that there was a general simpering and titting among the waiters, turned on the servant who stood at the back of his chair, and who had taken away his plate for the fifth or sixth time, and cried out to him with

an oath to bring back his plate, and that if he took it away again, "he'd be dod rod if he didn't draw his *picker* on him," and suiting the action to the word, put his hand into his bosom, showing the handle of a huge bowie knife.

After this, things went on quietly, till the desert was put on the table, when a large Charlotte Russe pudding was set right before the Hoosier. This he immediately drew near his plate, and looking right and left at his neighbors he helped himself to a large portion of it. Keeping his eyes fixed on the dish, while eating, he perceived his right-hand neighbor attempting to withdraw the dish from him. "No you don't, Mister," said the Hoosier to him, "that *thar* puddin' is *private pudding*." The left-hand gentleman, not observing what had passed, then said, "Allow me to take this pudding sir?" "No you can't take that *thar* pudding," said the Hoosier, with a scowl, "that's *private pudding*." And he rehelped himself.

Shortly after the gentleman opposite was in the act of drawing the dish over to him. "Hold on, Mister," said the Hoosier, with a look of triumph. "I'd have you to know that that pudding is *private pudding*," while at the same time he put his thumb to his nose and made sundry gyrations with his fingers. "You can't come it over me," he continued, feeling that a joke had been practiced upon him. "Private wine, eh!"

The attention of the table being attracted during the latter scene, the gentlemen around burst into a roar of laughter, and soon the whole story was whispered from one to another. The thing took so well that every gentleman was induced to send his bottle to the Hoosier with his compliments; and our "green un" soon became as merry as a lord. Hiccoughing, as he left the table, he turned around to the gentlemen and said: "Well old (hiccough) fellows, you couldn't (hiccough) come it over (hiccough) me with your (hiccough) private wine." The glasses fairly danced upon the table with the uproar and laughter which this last remark created, and the Hoosier, staggering out of the room, made the best of his way to his boat. —[New Orleans Delta.

THE EARLIEST AND BEST EDUCATION.—"What is wanting," said Napoleon one day, to Madame Campan, "in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good mothers," was the reply. The Emperor was most forcibly struck with this answer. "Here," said he, "is a system in one word." Let the mind of this parent be imbued with knowledge, and her children will imbibe from her the love of learning; let her heart be filled with the affection of good, and her children will receive from her the love of virtue and of noble deeds. How often has she planted germs which, in subsequent years, expanded and produced the fairest fruits of science and wisdom! But great as is her power over the intellect of her children, a far higher work is to be accomplished; for if the mind alone be educated, if science and literature be all she impart to them, if their love of knowledge be not quickened and controlled by a spiritual love, it will be a vain possession. The culture of the religious affections, the development of the sense of duty and of the moral nature—this is the great business of life. And to whom has God intrusted the commencement of this solemn work? On whom does it devolve to call forth the infant man? Where is the influence that shall keep the young heart from fatal wanderings and errors? It is the mother to whom we look for the discharge of these momentous offices. If she neglects to do it, there remains no substitute—none to whom we can turn to excite, purify, and foster its immortal faculties. Who is that mother who thinks lightly of her influence on the minds of her children? Let her know that on her it may now be depending, whether a son is to pass through life ignorant of the world, of his duties as a man, a citizen, and a Christian, or be so educated as to be a blessing to his country, an honor to his race, and heir to a glorious immortality.

THE wealth of a country may be described in one word—it is Labor. The sinews of a nation are the sinews of men, and man's fortune is his industry. A man, in return for his labor, requires a certain amount of food, of clothes, of coals, &c. It matters not to him whether you give him 14s. a week to purchase these with, or twice 14s., if the latter sum will only obtain for him the supply of these necessities. If Whittington's dream had been realised, and he had found London paved with gold, he would have felt the pavement as hard to sleep upon. His industry was his wealth; and the industry of a population always will be the best security for the riches of a country.

QUEEN VICTORIA was 80 years old on the 19th of May.

GAZETTE AND RULE.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1849.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY,
GRAND LODGE STATE OF NEW YORK,
City of New York, June 18, 1849.
TO OFFICERS OF LODGES AND DISTRICT DEPUTY
GRAND MASTERS.

On Monday, the 25th June, I shall transmit to the District Deputy Grand Masters and Officers of Lodges in this jurisdiction all the necessary blanks for the use of Lodges for the ensuing term, together with such instructions as may be deemed necessary; and if there should be any failure on the part of Lodges or Deputies to receive such documents, they are earnestly requested to communicate the same to this office by Telegraph, (when possible) in order that the matter may be immediately attended to. Secretaries will be particular and see that returns are ready to be transmitted to this office, in accordance with 3d Section of Article 4, of Constitution of Subordinates, &c. Fraternally, &c.
259-2 BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, Grand Sec'y.

A SECRET SOCIETY DANGEROUS.

A WORD TO PERSONS OUT OF THE ORDER.

This objection betrays such a want of confidence, of faith in the virtue and honesty of men, that we have little patience when dealing with it. We have heard it asserted by persons who claim to be intelligent men and gentlemen, that the reason why secrecy is enjoined, is because the secret working and objects of our Order are impure. Yet they see that the very best men in the community belong to it. Why not believe the testimony of creditable witnesses? You object to Odd-Fellowship on account of its secrecy, and because you believe that in that secrecy lies some destructive and demoralizing principle.

Now, here are twelve men whom you know. They are men of honor and truth—their word you would be willing to receive on all occasions, and in all matters, however important. You know these men can have no desire to deceive you; and, being your friends, no wish to do you harm. Well, these men are Odd-Fellows, and express the most unqualified approbation of the Order. Now, why not listen to this testimony, and be convinced by it?—You would abide by their evidence in all other matters, with the most implicit faith—why not also in this?

The fact of secrecy, so far from being an objection to our Order, is, in our opinion, one of its chief merits. We need, society needs, an institution that will discipline men into habits of silence and secrecy. There is altogether too much talking in the world—too much gossiping—and not enough of earnest and silent acting. We honor the man or the woman who can keep a secret. Secrecy is a great virtue. "For faithful silence," says an ancient poet, "there is a great reward."

But this sensitiveness, with regard to the secrecy of the institution, appears supremely absurd, when the nature of this secrecy is considered. We do not look upon our secrets as things of intrinsic value—as having in themselves any worth—but rather as means, as instrumentalities of good. They are entirely harmless, cannot by any possibility be perverted to evil use, or become the instruments of evil. They are only a few signs, a few ceremonies, simple affairs, which, as secrets, are useful, but made known to the public, have no value. Suppose we should say that the principal secret of Odd-Fellowship is one little sign—the sign of the cross for example—the principal object of which is to enable brethren to recognize each other though otherwise strangers. You would see at once that this secret is perfectly harmless; and cannot, in any event, become injurious. Although this is not the secret of the Order, it will show you how very innocent our secrets are. They cannot overturn religion, morality, or government, or produce the least injury to any person, any more than that sacred sign of the cross. If we should reveal all

of these secrets to you, you would not be more satisfied than at present. You would be no wiser, no better, no richer. But why employ secrets at all, it is asked. Because, mystery has a power to unite and bind together, which cannot be found anywhere else. The common possession of a secret, by a considerable number of people, produces a family feeling. No society can be strong, and extend itself very widely, and maintain its ascendancy, unless it appeals to this mysterious principle. There is something profoundly mystical, no doubt, in this, but it is nevertheless a fact. Let us illustrate: Suppose two men, strangers, traveling in a distant country, should, by some accident, be brought together for a few brief moments, during which they were the involuntary and only witnesses of some terrible deed. This deed must remain a secret between them for ever. In all the wide world, only those two men, and they strangers to each other, know of the matter. They separate and go to distant parts of the earth. Continents and oceans, and many eventful years divided them; but they cannot forget each other; the secret that lies between them binds them together as an iron chain. In that they are for ever one! Neither time nor distance can weaken the mighty iron bond. And should they again meet, after the lapse of thirty years, many years they had been intimately associated.

Now, it is for this reason that Odd-Fellowship appeals to this principle of secrecy. It produces a family feeling, and insures unity. The charm of mystery, and poetry, is thrown around the Order, and makes its labors easy, and its obligations pleasant.

ODD-FELLOWS' LIBRARY.—The exertions of the managers of this institution, after a period of considerable doubt, are about to be crowned, we learn, with a success equal to the hopes of the warmest friends of the enterprise. The subject has been laid before the Subordinate Lodges, in detail, and they have entered into the work with a spirit that makes success certain and speedy. So flattering are the prospects that candidates for the offices have already made their appearance, in full force. Every thing depends upon the selections made for the places of trust, and we hope the utmost caution will be observed. The Order in this State is able to have, for a librarian, a gentleman of superior education, and who can also bring to his new post business habits. It will be idle to select for this responsible post any one who is known to the public as unsuccessful in his past life, in connection with his professional duties, whether as a merchant, tradesman, lawyer, physician, or a divine. We do not want the refuse of any old schemes, but a gentleman, who can by his acknowledged reputation, command for our new enterprise the cordial co-operation of brethren, without which success cannot be obtained. In the selection of a financial agent, even more care must be taken; for this, after all, is the vital point of such institutions. The name of the recipient of dues and donations must be associated with strict honor in all monetary affairs, and be above even the breath of suspicion. The managers, thus far, have been above reproach, and have given the Order every reason to expect fidelity to the trusts reposed in them, in future. The subject is one in which we have a deep interest, and once more we urge the utmost circumspection in choosing the officers of the new library, who are to come most prominently before the public, and by whose acts the Order will be judged, and its respectability measured.

SOME of our cotemporaries, when displeased at the course of the Gazette and Rule, have a very happy faculty of indicating the name of the author of the offensive articles. To save the Mirror of the Times any farther exhibition of its "sagacity," the publishers would say that their assumption, in relation to the authorship of various articles, in our later numbers, is wholly without foundation.

THE ORDER IN ALABAMA.

We have been favored with a copy of the proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Alabama, at its session held on the 16th of April, 1849. The business of the Lodge exhibits a very favorable state of affairs, and harmony reigns supreme. As some of the Subordinate Lodges have felt weekly meetings to be too frequent, a resolution was adopted, allowing any Lodge to hold monthly or semi-monthly meetings; on condition that the officers serve the full term of twenty-six regular meetings; and upon their notifying the Grand Lodge, through the Grand Secretary, of their intention to avail themselves of this permission. The preamble and resolutions from the Kentucky Grand Lodge were received, read and ordered to be filed.

At the election of officers of the Grand Lodge, held on the 16th, the following was the result:

D. SALOMON, M. W. G. Master.
JOHN A. ENGLISH, R. W. D. G. Master.
A. D. HALL, R. W. G. Warden.
E. B. LYMAN, R. W. G. Secretary.
AARON GAGE, R. W. G. Chaplain.
R. O. SHAW, R. W. G. Rep. G. L. (2 years.)

MADISON LODGE No. 25, OF THE I. O. O. F., AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—This Lodge was opened in the year 1848, at Huntsville, Madison co., Ala. The Lodge is in a most flourishing condition, and numbers about forty members. The Order is now building a splendid hall, forty feet long and thirty-five feet wide, which will be finished by the 1st of August. The officers for the current term are:

P. G., Joseph A. S. Acklen; N. G., T. Smith; V. G., N. B. Robertson; Treas., A. G. Scott; Sec., J. H. Ulare.

Bro. Joseph A. S. Acklen has been commissioned D. D. G. Master for the northern part of Ala. Our Lodge will soon number sixty members. A.

THE ORDER IN MAINE.

PORTLAND, June 30, 1849.

THE members of the Order have just had a holiday, of which the details cannot fail to interest your readers, being nothing less than the dedication of Maine Lodge Hall. The new Hall is in Congress-street, and has long been known as Beethoven Hall. It has been modernized, and we have now one of the most elegant rooms in the State. As usual with us, the presence of a numerous assembly of ladies graced our ceremonies, (and no State has fairer daughters than Maine, or any city than Portland) giving additional interest to a scene, itself the most beautiful, to every brother.

The services commenced by a prayer, from Bro. Cyrus Cummings, of Westbrook, Grand Chaplain, followed by an original hymn, from Bro. C. P. Halsey, one of Portland's most agreeable writers, and sang by a choir of brothers and ladies with fine effect. The ceremony of dedication was then performed by the officers of the Grand Lodge; but after the beautiful description given by you of a similar scene at Wilmington and New York, I need not enlarge. The dedicatory prayer was made by the Chaplain, Rev. James Pratt of St. Stephen's Church, and one of the oldest brothers in the State. The services closed with an original ode, by Bro. Halsey, and music from the Casco Brass Band. Maine Lodge, as well as the others in our city, are in a highly flourishing condition, and the Order rapidly adding to its high reputation with our citizens. The dedicatory address, by Bro. Jno. H. Williams, was appropriate and elegantly written, and was listened to, throughout, with the most marked attention. DRINGO.

CARABASSET LODGE.—This is the title of a highly flourishing lodge at Bloomfield, Me. The Lodge is engaged in building a new hall, which they intend to have completed so as to be dedicated about the 4th of July.

SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW ORLEANS, JUNE 11, 1849.

Your excellent and well conducted paper continues to visit us regularly, and serves to keep us well posted up in regard to the movements of the Order in your city, as well as throughout the country at large. Its advent is, therefore, periodically hailed, and its pages well scanned by all those who feel an interest in the great cause which it is employed to advocate. By the last number, under date of the 2d inst., I perceive that you are anticipating a glorious convocation of brothers on the occasion of dedicating the new Hall, with a view of which we were favored in a preceding number. That your expectations may be fully realized in every respect, is the sincere wish of the brethren here, who are likewise in a similar enterprise; and would that I might be permitted to speak of them as being near its fruition as yourselves. Nevertheless, although our Hall is not yet in existence, it is bound to be so, and that soon; and when finished, will, I trust, be inferior to none, for the great objects to which it will be devoted. Although much has occurred here in the way of local disaster, to interfere with that pecuniary prosperity which is essential to the success of such an undertaking, yet I am happy to state that the right spirit prevails in regard to it, and where the hearty good will exists the means are scarcely ever found wanting. It is hoped that the successful results of similar enterprises in your city, as well as in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington, and other places, will serve to animate the brethren of this city to perseverance and energy; which, if judiciously directed, are certain to overcome obstacles, however formidable, and insure success.

I am happy in being able to report to you, and through you to the rest of the Order at the North, who may feel a fraternal solicitude for our welfare, under the severe affliction with which our city is at present suffering, that the worst dangers have passed; and although the unpleasant effects of the inundation yet remain, we hope that from this date the waters will begin to recede, and change the appearance of our city from its present amphibious aspect to one more consonant with its hitherto opposite character. Notwithstanding the many inconveniences which must necessarily accompany such a visitation as the present flood, and particularly in domestic comfort, it is remarkable to observe with how much ease man can accustom himself to any condition of life, when such accommodation becomes necessary. Many persons, and particularly ladies, who would heretofore have shrunk with instinctive dread from venturing beyond *terra firma*, may now be seen embarking from dwellings, surrounded by a depth of several feet of water, and swiftly gliding along, on errands of shopping or visiting, with as much complacency as though they were threading the mazes of the Grand Canal itself, under the safe guidance of some experienced gondolier. True, we need many accessories to carry out the idea and complete the picture; but we may congratulate ourselves that, if the Bridge of Sighs be wanting, we are not pained with the sight of

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

But I must bring my lucubrations to a close, or else you will accuse me of the "cacothetis scribendi," in earnest. Yours, in F., L. & T., J. H. B.

SAMARIA ENCAMPMENT, No. 41.—The following brothers have been elected to fill the Offices in this Encampment, for the term commencing July 1: Officers, Wm. O. Groser, C. P.; Wm. P. Gregory, H. P.; P. N. Horsley, S. W.; J. McEwan, Scribe; J. Weaver, J. W.

INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATION.—The Odd-Fellows of Jamestown and vicinity will celebrate the National Birthday by a parade, in full regalia. An address is to be delivered by C. P. Washburn, of Elliotville, after which a sumptuous dinner is to be eaten in a beautiful bower.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

THE following letter is so full of beauty, and touching simplicity, that we cannot resist the temptation to make it public, although it was not intended for the public eye. It suits the case of all who have lost children—those sweet flowers, which have been removed to the gardens of heaven.

WARSAW, VIRGINIA, May 15, 1849.

WAS it the evening zephyr's sigh
That softly stole upon my ear?
Or is my Anna's spirit nigh,
To soothe me in my sadness here?

But short was my loved angel's stay,
A little while to mortals given;
He called, whom we must all obey—
She visits earth—her home is Heaven.

Hark! 'tis his whisper—"Brief the pain
That now disturbs my parent's breast:
Soon shall we meet and love again,
In groves of bliss—in bowers of rest."

You say, my bereaved friend, that you begin to believe that death cannot, and does not dissolve one tie of sympathy or love; in other words, that "the grave exalts, not separates, the ties which hold us in affection to our kind." Ay! *never forget, but cherish this precious doctrine.*

"It is a beautiful, a bless'd belief,
That the beloved dead, grown angels, watch
The dear ones left behind."

If according to that *sweet* belief, the departed yet watch the beloved on earth, how would you loved one wish to soothe an unavailing regret!

"I will look down from yonder pitying sky
Watching and waiting those I loved on earth,
Anxious in heaven until they too are there.
I will attend your guardian angel's side,
And weep away your faults with holy tears:
And when at length, death brings you to my home,
Mine the first welcome heard in Paradise."

A stranger, I would not disturb the sanctity of domestic grief—I would not (in my own language, at least) attempt consolation. *You may not need it.* Besides, if you do, you know full well where to look—no doubt when you laid your darling to rest, the rising tear and sigh were checked by the reflection that God had in *mercy*, taken her, from much evil to come, to himself—

"Ere sin threw a blight o'er her spirits young bloom
On earth had profaned what was born for the skies."

Doubtless—"for the divine purpose runs through every aim of our being"—the trial and the disappointment are but sent to raise those hopes above, which else might cling too fondly to their function below. As messengers from the spirit land, they come with the injunction: "*Cling not to earth's fading joys!*" You know—you *feel* this. You have looked upward and received that which the world yields not? then are you comforted! But it is said that no one can feel the death of a child as a *Mother* feels it, for the reason, that hers has been the office of constant ministration. Man has cares and toils that draw away his thoughts, and employ them: *she* sits in loneliness, and thick coming memories and associations crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? How can she give it up? Oh! how can she consign it to the chamber of the grave? Mother! thy *treasures* but removed—

"A bright bird parted for a clearer day—
Thine still in Heaven!"

May such reflection, O! mother, have brought with it the healing thy spirit needs, and enable thee to say: "Thy will, not mine be done!"

Did you bury Anna in "Cypress Hills,"—fitting place for the dead? not gloomy, is it?—but one of calm, serious beauty, *taking away the idea of death!* I sometimes long to lay me beneath the green sod, the birds singing over me and the gush of free air waking the flowers on my breast planted by the hand of affection.

"All these light afflictions which last but for a

moment, work out for us, a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory." Adieu!

Sincerely your friend. E. F. L. R.—

Yes, little Anna lies in "Cypress Hills,"—beneath the shade of a broad spreading tree,—among the flowers.

THE ORDER IN INDIANA.

WABASH, Ind., June 8th, 1849.

THE Order is flourishing in this section finely, and all looks well. A new Lodge was instituted last week, at a town six miles east of this place, called Ringgold Lodge No. 60. It commences under the most favorable auspices, and promises to be an ornament to the Order in our State.

THE ORDER IN MISSOURI.—A letter to the "Ark," dated St. Joseph, Mo., says:

"I have not, however, forgot to attend the meetings of the Lodge; and for the information of our brethren at home, I will give you a brief history of the Order in St. Joseph.

"King Hill Lodge No. 19, was instituted at St. Joseph on the 15th of October, 1846, with six members; and notwithstanding the situation of the place, on the frontier, where there is a constant changing of residence, it numbers at present twenty-nine members, and is in a flourishing condition. Whole number of members, from its organization to the present time, seventy. The following are the present elective officers: J. H. Crane, N. G.; S. J. Morrow, V. G.; E. Livermore, Sec.; S. Kercheval, Treas. Lodge-meets every Monday evening.

"There is also an Encampment at this place, called Hesperian Encampment No. 8, instituted March 12, 1849. There have been initiated and admitted by card ten members. The officers are: E. Livermore, C. P.; J. H. Crane, H. P.; S. Kercheval, S. W.; E. Barmenien, J. W.; A. J. Morrow, Scribe; S. Knudson, Treas.

"The room in which the meetings are held is small, yet sufficiently large for the place, and is fitted up very tastefully."

To POSTMASTERS.—In returning papers, you will confer a favor by writing the name of your office in full, as well as the name of the person returning the paper. The new officers, with commendable promptness, have rendered us very valuable assistance, in correcting the abuse of allowing papers to remain in their offices, and we hope will continue their good work.

ODD-FELLOWS HALL ST. LOUIS, MO.—The exterior of the elegant structure erected by our brethren in Missouri, for the purposes of the Order, is finished, and is commended in the warmest terms. We shall with as little delay as possible present an engraving, of it to the readers of the Gazette and Rule.

A NEW Lodge of Odd-Fellows is about to be established at Jefferson, Cass co., Texas, where there are now a large number of brothers.

LIFE INSURANCE CO.—The attention of brothers is called to the advertisement in another column. The benefits of Life Insurances are too well known to need recommendation at our hands, and all we wish to say is, that this company is one of the soundest in the United States, and managed by those whom our Order has delighted to honor. Some of the Lodges of Philadelphia have the lives of all the members insured there, a policy which promises to result to the great benefit of the funds. Examine their proposals even if you do not take out a policy with them.

EXPULSION.—The Winchester Va. Republican announces the expulsion by Madison Lodge No. 6, of Joseph S. Cummins, for conduct unbecoming an Odd-Fellow and the abandonment of his family.

CHOLERA—ITS CAUSES, SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT CONSIDERED AND EXPLAINED. By J. P. Rastalder, M. D. Dewitt & Davenport, publishers.

OUR PACIFIC TERRITORY.

As the attention of all our citizens is now directed toward the West, by the glittering attractions of California, the following article, relating to the climate and atmosphere, and healthfulness of Oregon, will not be uninteresting to our readers. This vast Western Country, which now opens upon us as a new Land of Promise, is destined, at no distant day to be one of the most important parts of our Republican domain. Thousands and thousands are flocking thither every month. The boundless resources of those regions are developing with prodigious rapidity, and already the golden stream from the mountains of California has begun to pour in upon us:

CLIMATE AND HEALTHFULNESS OF OREGON.—In passing from the Missouri River to Oregon, the traveler cannot fail to observe the positive and increasing clearness and purity of the atmosphere. Objects seen at a distance are found to be of a remove nearly double their apparent distance; the spirit of the traveler becomes unusually buoyant and excitable, and he finds himself and animals possessed of far greater powers of endurance than he had supposed possible.

The same brilliantly clear atmosphere smiles benignantly all over Oregon. Objects may be seen with the unaided eye at the distance of two hundred miles, and the eye still reaches off beyond in search of a more distant object upon which to rest. Persons abroad may form some idea of the charming transparency of the atmosphere of Oregon from the fact that at Oregon (lat. 45 20) daylight and twilight, in the longest days of summer, continue 21 out of the 24 hours of day.

From location upon the Pacific, and from being traversed from north to south by mountain ranges, the climate of Oregon is necessarily diversified. That portion between the Rocky and Blue mountains possesses a remarkably salubrious climate, sufficiently warm and delightfully agreeable in summer, but cold and frequently snow-mantled in winter. That portion between the Blue and Cascade mountains, it is believed, possesses one of the most mildly temperate, even and invigorating climates on the face of the earth; snow, rain or hail seldom fall, except in the spring or autumn; yet excellent consecutive crops of corn, wheat, oats, peas, potatoes, and garden vegetables have been raised without irrigation, and almost the entire surface of the country is bountifully overspread with the richest of grasses. That portion between the Cascade mountains and the Pacific enjoys a climate eminently pure and healthy, and as mild at 48 degrees of north latitude as the opposite side of the continent does at 40.

Rains fall occasionally in June, July, and September, more frequently in October, February, March, April and May; and frequently, though far from incessantly, in November, December, and January. The prevailing winds of winter are from the south and south-west, and of summer from the north and north-west. South winds here are slightly less warm than in most parts of the United States, and they are less certainly and much less copiously attended with rains.

Oregon is now, at home, known to be, and ere long abroad, must become proverbial for its healthfulness. Its location upon the mother of oceans; its lofty mountain ranges; its soft, pure waters, unequalled for transparency and deliciousness; its clear and pure atmosphere; and its mild, even, and salubrious climate, all conspire to make Oregon a truly and peculiarly healthy country.

INSTANTANEOUS STOPPAGE—RAILWAY BREAK.

—We have had an opportunity of inspecting a new railway break and buffer of a very superior construction. A small model of a steam engine, to which the invention has been applied as an experiment, was exhibited, a short line of rail having been laid down to receive it. The break is so constructed that it checks the whole of the carriage wheels at once, without any of that dragging or straining which accompanies stoppage by the common mode. The buffer is placed in the center of the engine at the front; its action or power of resistance depending upon the alternate expansion and contraction of water and atmospheric air confined within a small cylinder. The engine was driven at a great speed against a large beam affixed to the wall, but the buffer acted so effectually that not the least shock was perceptible. It is said that a train of fifty tons, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, might, by means of the improved break, be stopped within a space of one hundred yards; while, by the ordinary mode, the stoppage could not be accomplished in less space than a mile.—[Liverpool Albion.]

MANNERS AND DOINGS IN CALIFORNIA.—"A Mr. Taylor," says the New Orleans Picayune, has returned from the land of Ophir, and brought with him many specimens of gold, and much valuable information in regard to the country. Mr. Taylor has a variety of samples of the metal, taken from different parts of the country. One was of bar gold, as it is termed, being in grains of various sizes, down to fine dust. Some grain gold from the river Stanislaus, intermixed with small lumps, were exceedingly beautiful. His largest mass of metal in a pure state is one of five ounces weight, and was picked up on the summit of a mountain at the head waters of the Sacramento. But the object of the greatest interest among his treasures, was a superb specimen of white quartz, thickly studded with gold, and veined throughout with the finest tracery in the same metal. It surpasses all we have ever seen in the way of gold in the rock, and would be invaluable to a museum. It weighs a pound and a half, and was found about two miles from the banks of the Stanislaus. Every part of the soil in the vicinity of the numerous rivers that intersect the country is mixed with gold deposits. The Juba, Feather, North, South and American forks, &c., equally afford rich treasures to the gold hunter. Between the rivers the land is called the dry diggings, but the richest spots are those in deep water, which are yet untouched, for want of machinery. The principal points at which the adventurers have congregated, are the old dry diggings, forty-five miles, and the Mormon Island, twenty five miles, from Sacramento city. A short time ago the diggers at Mormon Isle were getting a pound of gold a day.

In the opinion of Mr. Taylor, some astounding developments will ere long be made. It appears that the adventurers are continually shifting the scene of their operations, prospecting, as the term is, or going on the tramp in search of richer locations. These rarely miss finding fresh deposits in all their virgin purity and native abundance, when a new impetus to labor is experienced. It appears that parties are about to explore the head waters of the several rivers, in the hope of discovering original beds of the metal, which must exist somewhere in large extent, and it is very probable that success will crown their enterprise.

Mr. Taylor relates the most extraordinary tales of the reckless expenditure of money by the adventurers in California, and of the fabulous prices occasionally paid for the simplest articles of common need. Onions, \$1 each; potatoes, \$3 per pound; gun-powder, \$61 per pound; revolvers, \$100 to 250 each; pickles, 1 to 1-2 ounces of gold per bottle. These are prices that have been paid at the mines; but provisions are getting more plentiful, and consequently cheaper every week; as also clothing and merchandise, of every description. Lumber of all kinds is very scarce, \$750 per thousand; shingles command their own price; marble counters can be purchased cheaper than to buy boards and have them made. This gentleman is of opinion that persons who contemplate going to California should go as little encumbered with goods as possible. Labor dictates its own reward, and may command all it needs; for it is, in fact, according to our informant's expressive language, the only aristocracy there. The prospects of the inhabitants, in the way of supplies, are highly favorable, as importations keep pouring into San Francisco, and will soon cause a glut of everything in the markets. We are sorry to learn that there has been considerable sickness at the placers, the scurvy having afflicted many, through the salt provisions on which they, for some time, exclusively fed. Another disease, indigenous, if not to the climate, at least to the occupation, had also visited the gold diggers, called the "lung fever," and which was produced by the habit of constantly stooping over their troughs, pans, or treasure "holes." The first symptom is a gnawing pain in the chest. One feature in the history of the numerous encampments on the placers is very pleasing. Crime, so much dwelt on in the States, is almost unknown there, and a principle of probity and uprightness is rigidly observed by one digger to another. They all, however, go armed with pistol and dagger. Gambling, we are sorry to learn, is practiced with the most frightful results, the blackleg preying with his wonted rapacity on the heedless. The population is multiplying daily, and Mr. Taylor believes that at this moment it amounts to fully 200,000 souls, the vast majority being males. The great exigency of the territory is female labor, a supply of which would be the greatest benefit that could be conferred on it. California, however, as an appendage to the republic, is yet in its infancy, and in a few years, by the wisdom of the general government, and the indomitable energies of our people, who will, no doubt, thickly settle it, every discrepancy of a moral, social, and political nature that now disfigures it, will have completely disappeared."

THE WESTBROOK PHENOMENON.—The Worcester Spy gives some account, from an eye-witness, of the late sinking of land at Westbrook, Maine, which took place between four and five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the 5th inst. The actual quantity of land is estimated at forty acres, and a brook has been formed, not so large but you may jump across it in many places. The Spy says:

There is missing some twenty acres of woodland, and about the same quantity of pasture land. Over this whole extent, the natural soil has entirely disappeared, and in its place is a firm plastic blue clay. The woodland was covered with a heavy growth of timber, the whole of which has sunk below its original level some thirty feet, leaving perpendicular walls on three sides, and gradually sloping on the other side. The trees on a portion of the land have disappeared entirely, and on another portion they are thrown about in great disorder—some sunk half or two thirds their length in the earth, yet remaining upright, some partly tipped over, some prostrate, and others reversed—the tops being under the surface, and the roots standing up in the air. One large and valuable elm tree, which had been sold by contract for timber, has entirely disappeared, not a vestige of it remaining. The clay is dry and firm on some parts, but in others is so moist that it yields readily to the foot, and a man standing upon it will, by the weight of his body, gradually sink into it. A ten foot pole has been run down its whole length into the clay, and it appears to be of the same consistency the whole depth. When jumped upon, it has a tremulous or shaking motion, as if it rested on water or a semi-fluid mass below. The present surface is nearly a level plain. The brook or "Stroudwater River," before mentioned, formerly passed over the earth which has thus sunk, but now passes by on the side which slopes into the cavity. This shows that the borders of the cavity were somewhat elevated by the sinking of the mass, and thus a new direction was given to the stream.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—Several specimens of American Antiquities have arrived in this city. They were discovered by an American traveler while exploring the country of the Sierra Madre, near San Luis Potosi, Mexico, and excavated from the ruins of an ancient city, the existence of which is wholly unknown to the present inhabitants, either by tradition or history. They comprise two idols and a sacrificial basin, hewn from solid blocks of concrete sandstone, and are now in the most perfect state of preservation. The removal of these heavy pieces of statuary from the mountains, was accomplished by means of wooden sleds, transported by canoes to the mouth of the Panuco, and thence shipped to this port. The largest of the idols was undoubtedly the God of Sacrifice, and one of the most important. It is of the life size, and the only complete specimen of the kind that has ever been discovered and brought away from the country—several attempts having been made by travelers, who were either thwarted by the natives, or encountered difficulties deemed impracticable to overcome. The anatomical proportions and beauty of this statue are not admired at the present day, but the elaborate work upon its entire surface attracts at once the attention and scrutiny of the beholder. It is principally ornamental, interspersed with symbols of mythology, and occasional hieroglyphics. It has two faces, representing Youth and Age; signifying that none are exempt from offering life as a sacrifice. The right hand forms an aperture, in which a light is burned during the time of sacrifice. The smaller idol is the God of Sorrow, to whom the worshippers came to offer up their devotions for the tears it had shed, and the relief afforded them in their griefs. The statue is diminutive, the carvings plain, and the whole simply devised. The Sacrificial Basin measures two feet in diameter, and displays much skill and truth in the workmanship. It is held by two serpents entwined, with their heads reversed—the symbol of eternity, which enters largely into the mythology of the ancient Egyptians. The Egyptian gallery of the British Museum contains several specimens of the work described.—[N. O. Picayune.]

ARMY CHANGES.—By the death of Gen. Gaines, Gen. Wool of this city, (says the Troy Budget,) stands next in rank to Gen. Scott. Previous to his death, the War Department had placed Gen. Gaines and Wool in the Eastern and Western Divisions, with their headquarters at Baltimore and Cincinnati. Gen. Gaines as senior, had the right of selection, and had, we believe, chosen the Eastern Division. By the decease of Gen. Gaines, the privilege of selection, vests in Gen. Wool, and it is presumed that, as his residence is in this city, there will be no objection on the part of the Department to his making Troy his headquarters.

Varities.

LIST OF TRAVELING AGENTS.

Bro. WM. H. FAIRCHILD, Bro. ISAAC H. RUSS,
SAMUEL H. BARRETT, L. W. ALDRICH,
HORACE LAMB, AARON PIERSON,
PERRY E. TOLDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Subscribers who have heretofore obtained their papers of Bro. Watson, will in future find them at the Post Office.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW-YORK.

REGULAR Adjourned Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of New-York. Friday evening June 22, 1849. Present George H. Andrews, G. M., Officers and a representation from a Quorum of Lodges. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

The Grand Lodge Degree was conferred on several P. Gs. A petition was presented from Solon Peck and others, asking for a Charter for a Lodge, to be located at West Bloomfield, Ontario Co., and referred to Reps. Farr, Hobby and Whitlock, who reported favorable, and the Charter was granted under the name and title of Bloomfield Lodge, No. 882.

Petitions for the restoration of B. C. Paddock, and others, members of suspended and expelled Lodges, were referred to a Special Committee, who reported favorably, and Grand Lodge cards were granted them.

A petition from Thos. H. Farrington, and 23 others, members of Montauk Lodge No. 827, at the time of its expulsion, asking to be restored to Fellowship in the Order, and that the Charter of Montauk Lodge No. 827 be given to them, was referred to a Special Committee, who reported favorably, and the request was granted.

Petitions for celebrations from Lodges Nos. 78, 27, 155, 267, and 268, were referred to committees, who reported favorably, and the petitions were granted.

Appeal of John Loram against Croton Lodge No. 78, was referred to the committee on appeals.

By-Laws of Ark Lodge No. 28, and Corning Lodge No. —, were referred to the committee on laws.

Copy of Seals from various Lodges were received and ordered on file.

Rep. Dibblee, from committee appointed at a previous meeting, reported favorable to granting a charter to 50 brothers, who were formerly working as Randolph Lodge, and the recommendation of the committee was unanimously adopted.

Committee on Laws reported that they have received the laws of Nos. 288, 255, 857, 368.

The minutes of the meeting were read and approved, and the semi-annual session was closed.

BENJAMIN J. PENTZ, *Grand Secretary.*

ONE of the most agreeable excursions, from New York, can be made to Hartford, in the Steamboat Hero, Capt. King. To any one in doubt as to how he can spend the 4th of July most agreeably, we say go to Hartford; for if the pleasant sail, the scenery of the Connecticut, and the beautiful city of Hartford, cannot content you, it is idle to seek another spot. Do not forget the Hero and Captain King.

Lieut. FRANCIS ALEXANDER, of Mississippi, died at sea, on board the U. S. frigate Raritan on the 11th of May.

EXPENSIVE TRIAL.—Mr. Walker, who was lately acquitted of the murder of his wife, expended \$20,000 in defending himself; or, more correctly, his father did for him. He had a number of witnesses from St. Louis, to whom he paid \$1000 each, and one of his lawyers cost him \$200 a day. The county spent \$12,000 in the prosecution.

LIGHTNING.—Peter Burt's house, in Taunton, was struck by lightning, and the fluid passed over his body while he was on his bed, and even singed his whiskers, without materially injuring him.

CAUSE OF CHOLERA.—A writer in Chamber's Edinburgh Journal maintains that electrical changes are the true cause of each migratory disease, as cholera, plague, and, indeed, of all epidemics. The true remedy, therefore, is the purification of the atmosphere, and the chief object to effect this is chlorine gas, which is an ingredient in common salt. Whole streets and towns can be fumigated with chlorine gas as easily as single dwellings.

"In 1832, the town of Dumfries, in Scotland, was affected with cholera from the 2d of September until the 23d of October. At that date, every street, lane and alley, was fumigated with chlorine gas. Within five days the pestilence was entirely annihilated. In Edinburgh the gas was used, but rather late, and in several other towns with like effect. It was ascertained beyond a shadow of doubt, (and to this fact we beg the earnest attention of our readers and the public at large) that every house in the affected districts in which chlorine gas was used as a disinfecting agent in the cholera of 1832, enjoyed an absolute immunity from the disease; and this fact is the great preservative against that frightful disease, and a positive proof that cholera owes its origin to electrical changes in the atmosphere."

A STRANGE disease has recently appeared at Baltimore. The Physicians of the Almshouse where most of the cases have occurred say: That this fever is a highly malignant Typhus, modified by climate, infectious in its character, but accompanied, in a large majority of cases, by intense jaundice, in this respect resembling Typhus Ictericus of systematic writers. It has come to us only in the past week, during which time forty-six cases have been admitted, and of these the very largest portion of twenty have proved fatal; the remainder are still under treatment. It has been brought alike from every section of the city, and as yet has only occurred among the free blacks. Thus far it has been much more grave among males than females, owing probably to differences of habits and occupation. The large majority of cases have been fatal between the third and seventh day, and in some instances they have died a few minutes after admission and three days from the date of seizure. This disease is by no means confined to the worthless and abandoned, as stated in several of the daily papers, but has, on the contrary, frequently happened in individuals of temperate and industrious habits, whose means were adequate to provide them with wholesome food and sufficient clothing. Two strong and healthy women, residents of the house, and employed as nurses, have taken the infection and died.

NEW INVENTION IN BAKING.—An invention has been made in Glasgow, which promises to be of great service in the process of baking. As it has not yet been patented, we are not at liberty to enter into details. Some idea of its effects may, however, be formed from the fact that a little model, a mere toy in appearance, standing upon a table less than a yard long, and only half as wide, is fully capable of doing the work of five or six bakers—a class of men whose labor is well known to be none of the lightest. The dough is both made and molded by the machine into loaves of the required size and shape; and, by an original and ingenious process of mixing and kneading, which can be done either with or without barm, the usual loss of weight, attributed to evaporation in "raising the sponge," is avoided; and a great saving in flour, as well as time and labor, is consequently effected. The bread manufactured by the model of the machine is of the most excellent quality.—[Glasgow Citizen.

A WASHINGTON letter in the Journal of Commerce quotes the following prediction, the original of which, in Latin, is copied from a book in the library of Augustinian Convent, at Rome, published in 1675:

"Before the middle of the XIX century, seditions will be excited everywhere in Europe; Republics will arise; Kings will be put to death, together with the nobility and ecclesiastics; and the religious will desert their convents. Famine, pestilence, and earthquakes will spread desolation over many cities. Rome will lose her scepter by the invasion of false philosophers. The Pope will be made a captive by his own people, and the Church of God will be placed under tribute, divested of its temporal possessions. In a short time there will be no Pope. A prince from the North will overrun Europe with a great army, destroy the republics, and exterminate all rebels. His sword, wielded by God, will vigorously defend the Church of Christ, uphold the orthodox faith, and subdue the Mahometan power. A new pastor, the final one, will come by a heavenly sign from the shore, in simplicity of heart and in the doctrine of Christ, and peace will be restored to the world."

* CAPT. E. W. SERREL arrived in this city on Tuesday, from the Isthmus of Panama, where he has acted in conjunction with Col. Hughes, in surveying a railroad route for Howland & Aspinwall. He was dispatched with intelligence to these gentlemen, to the effect that an excellent route had been discovered and that no impediments exist in the way of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific by a railroad, and that the undertaking can be successfully carried out in about two years. There is no need of tunneling, we are told, and the grade is favorable.

EFFECTS OF THE CHOLERA.—It cleans the streets, makes men temperate, reduces the price of strawberries, raises the price of beef, allows salad to go to seed, raises the price of lime and sulphur, thins the theaters, crowds the churches, shuts off the soda fountains, injures the hotels, benefits the doctors, gives oysters and lobsters a holiday—and furnishes editors with a topic to write about.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION.—Bark Ann Perry, of Salem, sails for San Francisco with a crew of about twenty, all of whom have been masters or mates of vessels. They ship for twenty cents per month.

RUSSIA still preserves the *old style*, in order, it is said, that her inhabitants may believe themselves only twelve days behind the rest of Christendom, whereas their arrears exceed a century.

THE inauguration of President Sparks in the Harvard College took place Wednesday, June 20. There was a great procession on the occasion, terminated by a collation in Harvard Hall.

JOHN BARTLETT, at the University bookstore, in Cambridge, proposes to publish the "Sea Serpent Book," giving all the information, on the subject of the Sea Serpent, now known.

THE Regents of the University of Wisconsin, have unanimously elected John H. Lathrop L.L. D. now President of the University of Missouri, to be Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin.

THE merchants of New-York have selected Mr. H. K. Brown to execute a marble bust of the late Jonathan Goodhue of this city, to be placed in the Exchange.

SMART DIGGING.—Mr. Stowell of New Bedford writes under date of Panama, May 7th, that the greatest story he had heard of success at the "gold diggings" in California, was that of a man who obtained \$140,000 in three months by his own digging and picking.

MOUNT CARMEL, ILL., June 11th, 1849.
By a resolution of SIRION ENCAMPMENT No. 11, I. O. O. F., Ill., on the 9th June, 1849, the Traveling Card given to Brother Charles H. Harrison, has been revoked by said Encampment. Not having heard from him, and believing he is not acting faithfully to his trust as a Periodical Agent, the Encampment has taken the above step.

ODD-FELLOW'S HALL.
PORT GIBSON, Miss., June 6th, 1849. }
TO THE "GOLDEN RULE."
I am directed to forward the following to you, and request its publication:

"I. O. O. F.—At a regular meeting of Franklin Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F., held at Port Gibson, Miss., June 5th, 1849, the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Alfred Padon, who holds a Withdrawal Card from this Lodge, dated on or about the 30th May, 1848, has been charged with gross misconduct, particularly unbecoming an Odd-Fellow—and

Whereas, The said Padon has not appeared to answer said charges.

Resolved, That said Withdrawal Card and Certificate of Character, dated 19th September, 1848, be hereby revoked, and all Lodges and members of the Order are instructed to deny him any benefits or privileges of the Order. Also

Resolved, That notice be sent to the Grand Lodge of the different States and the Subordinates of this State, and publication be made in the Golden Rule, New York, and Ark. Columbus Ohio.

W. McN. RUSSELL.

MARRIED.

By the Rt. Rev. Dr. I. T. Edgar, in Nashville, Tennessee, on the evening of the 8th of May, COL. JOSEPH A. S. ACKLEN, of Huntsville, Alabama, United States District Attorney for the Northern and Middle Districts of Alabama, to Mrs. ADELICIA FRANKLIN, eldest daughter of the Rev. O. B. Hayes of that place.

WOLCOTTVILLE, CONN., June 12, 1849.

The following preamble and resolutions, offered by Bro. A. G. Bradford, on the death of Bro. Dr. Peter Beardslee, who died in this village June 3, 1848, aged 84 years, was ordered by vote of New Kaw Lodge No. 51, to be published in the Gazette and Rule.

ALSO, BRADFORD, Sec. Pro tem.
Whereas, An Allwise Being has removed, by death, from this village and community, a young man of unblemished character, and of great promise in the profession to which he was attached, and from our Lodge, in which he was a beloved and faithful member: Therefore,

Resolved, That we mourn with deepest sorrow this afflictive stroke of Providence, which has taken one from the midst of our community—young in years, and yet so perfect in the virtues which adorn mankind, with high order of talent, a noble soul and a generous heart, and from our Fraternity one who sustained the standard of Odd-Fellowship by unremitting toil, as Secretary of our Lodge, and as a working brother, who practiced the virtues of our Order as the rule of his life. Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolution be sent to the Gazette and Rule for publication.

PROSPECTUS.

GAZETTE OF THE UNION
AND GOLDEN RULE.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORDER,
Published under the auspices of the M. W. Grand Sire!

Vol. XI, commencing July 7, 1849.

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28 Ark.....Wed	295 Hospitalier.....Fri
68 Oriental.....Th	315 Crystal.....Th
314 Tradesman.....Fri	331 Island City.....Th
1 New York Degree.....Sat	151 City.....Mo
Egyptian Room, 3d story.	71 Division-st.
61 Empire.....Mo	57 Mutual.....Mo
11 Gettys.....Tu	52 United Brothers.....Tu
60 Howard.....Wed	73 Mt. Vernon.....Fr
22 Knickerbocker.....Th	6 Clinton Degree.....Sa
20 Manhattan.....Fri	187 Bowery.
Elizabethan Room, 3d story.	35 Covenant.....Th
107 Hinman.....Mo	348 Northern Light.....Tu
67 Commercial.....Tu	Cor. Hudson and Charles.
355 Constellation.....Wed	84 Chelsea.....Mo
1 Columbia.....Th	210 Siloam.....Tu
228 Beacon.....Fri	193 Bowery.
Gothic Room, 4th story.	15 Fountain City.....Wed
30 National.....Mo	78 Croton.....Tu
340 Polar Star.....Tu	183 Alleghany.....Th
10 New York.....Wed	327 Bowery.
39 Hancock.....Th	46 Jefferson.....Tu
Doric Room, 4th story.	238 Acorn.....Wed
4 Stranger's Refuge.....Mon	253 Amaranthus.....—
12 Washington.....Tu	Cor. Broome and Forsyth.
34 Marion.....Wed	82 German Oak.....Wed
33 Metropolitan.....Th	129 Schiller.....Tu
5 United Brother's Deg* Fr	344 Venus.....Mo
Perseus (Camp) Room, 4th story.	253 Warren.....Th
2 Mt. Hebron Enclpt. 24 Fr	37 Mamre, Enclpt. 13 Fr
3 Mt. Sinai.....13 Fr	64 Mt. Moriah, Enclpt. 24 Fr
6 Moesic.....13 Mo	Cor. Hester and Bowery.
9 Palestine.....24 Sa	243 Pilgrim.....Mo
12 Mt. Horeb.....13 Th	337 Globe.....Wed
18 Damascus.....13 Sa	331 Ocean.....Th
19 Lebanon.....13 W	Clinton, Cor. Grand.
35 Egyptian.....13 Tu	44 Harmony.....Th
45 Manito.....24 Th	Avenue C. and Third-st.
68 Macedonia.....24 Mo	113 Mechanics.....Mo
Clinton Hall.	234 Eckford.....Wed
278 Orion.....Mo	351 Corinthian.....Tu
150 Merchants.....Wed	2 Manhattan Deg.
235 Templar.....Th	10 Mt. Olivet, Enclpt. 24 Fr
196 Excelsior.....Fr	Cor. Hudson and Grove.
38 Canal-st.	9 Tompkins.....Tu
23 Mariners.....Mo	42 Meridian.....Wed
43 La Concorde.....Tu	58 Grove.....Th
117 Continental.....Wed	26 Jerusalem Enclpt. 24 Fr
256 United Friends.....Fri	4 Hudson Deg.....Sat
41 Samaria Enclpt. 24 Th	Cor. 8th Av. and 29th-st.
31 Mt. Zion.....13 Fr	158 Blooming Grove.....Th
132 Bowery.	325 Fitzroy.....Wed
178 Oregon.....Mo	Cor. 8th Av. and 23d-st.
165 Hermitage.....Tu	40 Greenwich.....Mo
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FOR RESTORING, PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING HAIR, ERADICATING SCUFF AND DANDRUFF, AND CURING DISEASES OF THE SKIN, GLANDS, AND MUSCLES, CUTS, STINGS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, &c. &c.

IN order to convince the public of the efficacy of any curative preparation, in this thinking and reflective age, it is necessary to explain the philosophy of its operation. The process by which Professor Barry's Tricopherous produces such extraordinary results, cannot be understood without a brief notice of the structure and uses of the delicate substances to which it is applied, and in the condition of which it accomplishes the most salutary changes. The connection between the hair and the skin is so close, that the one may be almost deemed a continuation of the other, and hence whatever renovates, restores, and nourishes the hair, must of necessity have a healthful influence upon the sensitive membrane in which its roots are fixed.

The skin, that wonderful envelop in which the sense of touch resides, consists of three layers; the EPIDERMIS or cuticle, a semi-opaque, or almost insensible film; the KERATOCYSTUM, which is a spongy membrane reticulated with nerves and blood-vessels, and forms a sort of shield to the exquisitely delicate TRUE SKIN; and the true skin itself, which constitutes the third layer of the triple envelop. In this tough, flexible and elastic integument, are located the nerves, blood-vessels, &c., which supply sustenance to the hair, and in the derangement of which diseases of the skin originate. The vessels of the true skin supply the sacs containing the roots of the hair with the moisture which sustains the fibres, and the same causes which affect the health of the hair, also affect the health of the skin. This is self-evident to the casual observer, as well as susceptible of demonstration by the anatomist and physiologist; for in all cutaneous diseases, the hair becomes dry and harsh, and falls out in such quantities as sometimes to render the patient partially or entirely bald. Wounds, burns, &c., on the skin of the head, also produce baldness on the portions of the scalp where the injury has been inflicted, thus proving the close affinity and sympathy between the organism of the skin and the hair.

The wonderful restorative and remedial properties of Professor Barry's Tricopherous, are based upon this hypothesis, or rather this fact. It acts through the skin upon the hair, stimulating the inert vessels, opening the pores, imparting activity to the circulation, awakening from their lethargy all the vegetative functions which give life, vigor, and beauty to the fibres, extirpating every particle of scurf and dandruff, and soon clothing even the bald or half denuded head with a thick, glossy, silky, and elastic covering.

But this is only one of the uses of Professor Barry's Tricopherous. The same properties which restore vital and vegetative power the skin of the head are equally beneficial in all cutaneous diseases, or superficial injuries. For cuts, burns, bites of insects, sprains, erysipelas, blotches, pimples, scabies, ring-worms, rashes, scrofula, prickly heat, chilblains, chapped hands, rheumatism, burns, scalds, bruises, redness of the skin, and in short all the troublesome and painful external diseases and injuries which are so common in families, and which NOTHING BUT EXTERNAL REMEDIES CAN REMOVE, the Tricopherous will be found a speedy, safe, and unfailing cure. By virtue of its double claim as a restorative and beautifier of nature's choicest ornament, and a potent and invaluable remedial agent, it is entitled to a place on every toilet, and in every medicine chest.

Sold in large bottles, price 25 cents, at the principal office, 139 Broadway, and by druggists and perfumers generally throughout the United States and Canada. 256

WRIGHT'S INDIAN PILLS

THIS Superior Medicine may be had in part as follows:—At Dr. Wright's Offices in Philadelphia, 169 Race-street; New-York, 268 Greenwich-street; and Boston, 196 Tremont-street;—and by 30,000 Agencies in North and South America, England, France, and Germany. Agents whose supplies become exhausted, can obtain a fresh lot at the Philadelphia rates, by addressing any of the above Offices. Care should be taken not to confound this medicine with other articles of similar name, so as to prevent disagreeable consequences; and in no case should it be purchased from individuals who cannot vouch for its genuineness. 240



IN QUART BOTTLES.

For Purifying the Blood, and for the Cure of
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, STURDIOUS ULCERS, DYSPPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, FEVER SORES, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BILES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, LIVER COMPLAINT, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

THE PROPRIETORS having spent much time

In bringing this preparation of Sarsaparilla to its present state of perfection; and the experience of fourteen years has furnished them the most ample opportunity to study, in their various forms, the diseases for which it is recommended, and to adapt it exactly to their relief and cure. Patients who wish a really good Medicine are invited to give it a trial, and satisfy themselves of its superiority, and the invaluable property it possesses of arresting and curing disease. The bottle has been enlarged to hold one Quart, and in its present improved form may safely claim to be the best and cheapest medicine of the age. Its progress to the fame it has attained may be traced by a long line of facts and cures, that stand as landmarks and beacons for the invalid, pointing the way to the haven of health; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

DYSPEPSY CURED.

The following testimonial, from a gentleman so well known as Mr. Cox, requires no comment, and recommends itself to all similarly afflicted:—NEW-ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1848.
Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen: Having experienced the most beneficial effects from the use of your Sarsaparilla, it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the numerous spontaneous effusions of grateful hearts which you continually are receiving.

My case was dyspeptic, or rather I may term it a weakness of the digestive organs. For more than a year, I was troubled with wind upon my stomach and its frequent eructation, together with producing a spasmodic contraction of the heart, often gave me much annoyance. After trying various remedies without avail, I commenced with your Sarsaparilla. Before I had used half a bottle, almost every symptom of this disagreeable complaint had vanished, and in a few weeks its continued use effected a complete cure. I therefore confidently recommend it to all persons affected in the same manner, and have reason to believe that many who are suffering under a supposed disease of the heart, if they would take your Sarsaparilla, in a few weeks would find themselves restored to health in both mind and body. I remain yours, very truly,
JOHN V. COX, 93 Lexington Avenue.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN PRUSSIA.

The Proprietors of this valuable Medicine have just received an order from our esteemed friend and correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, Secretary of Legation to the Court of Prussia, for the use of a member of the Royal Family—a copy of which we herewith lay before our readers.—[Home Journal.
"U. S. LEGATION, BERLIN, Nov. 30, 1848.—Gentlemen: I wish you to send two dozen bottles of your Sarsaparilla, for the use of his Royal Highness Prince Waldimir of Prussia, to this Legation, as soon as possible. It is necessary that he should receive it immediately; therefore, please send it by first steamer. The bill can be made out in the name of the Prince, and sent with it: Your obedient servant,
"THEO. S. FAY."

SCROFULOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYES.

SOUTH KINGSTON, (R. I.) Oct. 11, 1847.—Messrs. SANDS—Gentlemen: My little daughter, when one year old, was attacked with a scrofulous humor on her face, which soon after extended into her eyes, causing almost total blindness in one of them, and disfiguring her whole face. I employed two physicians to attend her, who exhausted their utmost skill to give her relief, but it all proved useless, and finally one of them remarked to me that he had known of some striking cures effected by Sands' Sarsaparilla, and advised me to try it. I obtained one bottle, which she commenced using, and before it was all used up it had effected an entire cure. It is now over four years since she was cured, and there has been no reappearance of the disease, and we are satisfied that it is a perfect cure. It gives me great pleasure to add that I can recommend it to any sufferer from a similar complaint.

Respectfully yours,
GEORGE ROBINSON.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton-st., corner of William, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per Bottle; 6 Bottles for \$5. 246

H. RICHARDSON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
No. 90 FULTON-STREET,
New-York.

Continues to execute all matters entrusted to his care in the first style of the Art, combined with moderation in charges and punctuality in delivery. 247

PENNY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, No 91 Walnut-st., Philadelphia.

GUARANTEE AND ACCUMULATED CAPITAL \$100,000. Charter perpetual. All the profits divided among the Policy Holders EVERY YEAR. The only truly MUTUAL Company Chartered by Pennsylvania. Blank forms of applications, descriptive pamphlets, with table of rates, and every information required, furnished at the office, No. 91 Walnut-st., Philadelphia.

DANIELS MILLER, President,
WILLIAM M. CLARKE, Vice Pres't.

JOHN W. HORNOR, Secretary.

MEDICAL EXAMINERS,
EDWARD HARTSHORNE, M.D., No. 449 Walnut-st.
MARK M. REEVE, M.D., No. 411 Arch-st.

In attendance at the Office of the Company from 1 to 5 P.M., daily. 259-6m*

ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, GRAND-STREET,
CORNER of Center-st.—BROTHERS PERKINS, grateful for the very liberal patronage already extended to them, and which has exceeded their most sanguine anticipations, beg leave to say that their

PRIVATE SUPPER ROOMS for the reception of Ladies accompanied by Gentlemen, are now, for the first time complete. They are confident of their ability to please the most fastidious gentlemen of competent experience and taste in such matters having assured them that their saloon is not excelled in London or Paris for convenience, for extent, for gorgeousness of decoration, for the perfection of its cuisine, and for its prompt and polite attendance. Its

L.A.B.D.R. has always every edible of the New York markets; and in addition, almost daily contributions of luxuries, by all the steamers, from the tropical regions and from Europe. Their Vault and Store Rooms are supplied with the choicest brands of **WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,** selected here or procured directly by importation; and their charges will be found as reasonable as any restaurant of its character in this city or elsewhere. 255tf

J. C. BOOTH & CO., 21 Cortlandt-st., Wholesale and Retail dealers in Ready-made Clothing and Gentlemen's furnishing articles. Garments made in the best style at shortest notice. Shirts, Stocks, Cravats, &c. &c., always on hand. 254-1y

INDIA RUBBER GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY.

THE UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY have on hand, and are now offering to the Trade, a large and very complete assortment of **GOODYEAR'S PATENT METALLIC RUBBER GOODS,** mostly of their own manufacture, and warranted of the best make, and to stand all climates, consisting in part of

- " Cases of Coats, Cloaks, Capes and Pants—assorted.
- " Carriage and all other Cloths, do.
- " Mexican Ponchos, an excellent article.
- " Military and Navy Goods, all kinds.
- " Beds, Pillows, Life Preservers and Cushions.
- " Wading Pants, Leggings, and Baptismal Pants.
- " Sou-westers, Caps and Storm Hats, assorted.
- " Tents, Tent Carpets, Tarpaulins, &c.
- " Haversacks, Canteens and Drinking Cups.
- " Hose of all kinds, assorted.
- " Water Tanks, Fire Buckets,
- " Camp Blankets and Piano-forte Covers.
- " Boots, Puttees, Syringes, and Injection Tubes.
- " Sheet Rubber, all kinds.
- " Saddle, Traveling and Packing Bags.

All of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants, California Emigrants, and persons engaged in foreign trade, will find as above a great variety of goods they need or can sell to advantage.

All orders for Goods to be manufactured, should be accompanied with drawings and full descriptions. 256tf

DIETZ, BROTHER & CO.,

LAMP MANUFACTURERS, Washington Square (No. 139 William st.) and 63 Fulton-st., Brooklyn. We have a large and well organized manufactory, are now prepared to fulfill orders for their manufactures at short notice, which will be warranted of the best quality, and sold as low as any in the market. In their stock will be found **GILT and BRONZED CHANDELIERS,** from two to eight lights, with and without prisms for burning Oil or Camphene.

TABLE LAMPS, Gilt and Bronzed, for Oil or Camphene, of more than one hundred different patterns.

FRENCH MECHANICA, OR CARCEL LAMPS. A fine assortment, and Globes, wicks and Chimneys to fit.

Also—A great variety of Suspending Lamps, Bracket Lamps, Side Lamps, Study Lamps, Candelabra, Girandoles, Hall Lanterns, China Vases, Mantel Ornaments, Porcelain Shades and Globes.

Also—A full assortment of Paper Shades, Glass Shades, Globes, Wicks, Chimneys, and other articles pertaining to their business; pure Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Camphene and Spirit Gas.

They are also now manufacturing Drummond's Patent Candle-maker, an article of great utility for the Southern and Western States, being a Candle-stick which forms the candle, wick and ready for use.

N.B.—Orders by mail promptly filled. Address

DIETZ, BROTHER & CO.,
No. 139 William st. N. Y.,
and No. 63 Fulton-st., Brooklyn.

254tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS AND FANCY GOODS.
JOHNSON & GROSER, No. 1, Cortlandt-street, Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers, Agents for Vroom and Fowler's celebrated premium Walnut Oil Shaving Soap. Country Merchants and Traders supplied upon the lowest terms. 249tf

PHILADELPHIA PREMIUM TRAVELING TRUNK MANUFACTORY.

BRO. THOS. W. MATSON, No. 198 MARKET, 1st door below Sixth street, Philadelphia, Manufacturer of Solid Riveted Leather Traveling Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c. Persons wishing to buy to sell again, will find it to their advantage to purchase at this manufactory. Work of the best quality and at the lowest prices. 1y220

CONSTITUTIONS AND BY-LAWS for Subordinate Lodges, printed under the supervision of the Law Committee of the G. L. with dispatch at this Office.

FINE MILLINERY.

MRS. HAMILTON, 431 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.—Pattern Hats made in the best style; and all orders from Southern Merchants and Country purchasers will be executed with promptness. 3m264

HITCHCOCK & LEADBEATER,

NO. 375 BROADWAY, (between Franklin and White streets, New-York.) Dealers in, and Retailers of every variety of **STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS,** on the most reasonable terms, for cash. Their Stock is selected with great care. **ONLY ONE PRICE.** Your patronage is very respectfully solicited. **F. HITCHCOCK,** (218 1f)
E. H. LEADBEATER.

I. O. O. F. AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market-st., below Sixth-st., south side, Manufacturers of Regalia, Banners and Robes for Lodges and Encampments. Books, Jewelry, and Emblems, and all other articles required to furnish Lodges and Encampments, furnished at the shortest notice. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and at the lowest prices in the United States. 238tf

REGALIA AND JEWELS

MANUFACTURED and sold by E. COMBS, 268 Grand-st. N. Y. The various "ORDERS" furnished on reasonable terms, at short notice. Gold and Silver Stars, Tassels, Fringes, Laces and other Trimmings, also Satin, Velvet, Merino, and materials for Regalia constantly on hand, and sold cheap. Orders from the Country promptly attended to. 238tf.

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, NO. 99 MADISON-STREET, NEW-YORK, supplies promptly every description of a Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. 237

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE

THE Subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual price.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, Do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, Do. and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$32 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought. All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and Retail, 61 Wall-st., (late 30) corner of William-st., up stairs. 1y238

ORGAN MANUFACTORY,

NO. 322 MARKET-STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—The Subscriber would call the attention of the public to his Manufactory, (the oldest in the city) where can be furnished Organs of all kinds, for Cathedrals, Churches or Parloirs, with all the modern improvements, viz: Composition Pedals, Double Swells, Coupler's Octave, &c. &c., with his unsurpassed Reed Stops, which I will furnish cheaper than any builder of established reputation. WM. A. CORRIE, N.B. Small size Organs, suitable for Lodges, &c., always on hand. 1y238

EMPIRE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, AND CLOTH STORE, 713 Greenwich street, between Charles and Amos, New York. Persons wanting Clothing of any description made up, can rely on having what they wish at this store, as far as regards good workmanship, materials, and a first rate fit; and the undersigned do not hesitate to say, that we can furnish them at a cost of at least 15 per cent. less than can be purchased elsewhere.

CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS, for Men and Boys' wear, for sale by the yard as cheap as can be found in the city, and no charge will be made for cutting. An assortment of **READY-MADE CLOTHING** constantly on hand, at about one half the usual prices. Southern and Western orders made up cheap, with dispatch. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. N.B.—A suit of Clothes made up of the finest materials, at from \$25 to \$30, and at 12 hours' notice, if wanted. THOMAS WILEY, JR. WILLIAM R. BOWNE. (246-1f)

JOSEPH D. WILLIAMSON, CARVER AND GILDER, Manufacturer of Plain and Ornamented Gilt, Mahogany, Walnut and Rose-wood Frames, for Looking Glasses, Charters, Diplomas, Pictures and Portraits, wholesale and retail, at No. 25 North Sixth, above Market street, Philadelphia. 243

SOAP AND CANDLES.

JOHN D. LEE, Manufacturer, Nos. 61 and 63 (late 2d street) New-York, has constantly on hand a large assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at the lowest market prices, warranted equal, if not superior, to any manufactured in the city; delivered or shipped without charge for boxes or cartage.

MERCHANTS, GROCERS, COUNTRY DEALERS and FAMILIES, who are in want of the above articles, will find it to their interest to call on him before purchasing elsewhere. 3m248

NEW CLOTH STORE.

THE subscribers have recently taken the store No. 104 William st., near John, where they offer to Merchant Tailors, Clothiers, and the trade generally, a carefully selected stock of

Fine and Superior French Cloths, Black and Fancv Doeskins, Plain Black, and Fancv Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Satinets and Vestings, Silk and Alpaca Serges, Silvelias, Wigans, Canvases, Italian Sewings, Buttons, &c.

Also, a general assortment of goods adapted to men's wear, for the city and country trade. **Wm. F. COOK & CO.** 268tf No. 104 William-st.

BENJAMIN'S BRASS SPRING TRUSSES,

Never grow weak, or rust from the moisture or heat of the body. "Once right, always right." Pressure graduated from one to 50 lbs. without a back pad, which does great injury to the spine. Six days' trial given, if not perfectly satisfactory, money returned. Thompson's Trusses at reduced prices. Also, the best kind of Shoulder Braces and Abdominal Supporters. 13 Beekman-st. N. Y. 249sowf

OLD DOCTOR

Jacob Townsend, THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE GENUINE

TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 years of age, and has long been known as an AUTHENTIC and DISCOVERER of the GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA." He was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who had proved its worth and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had some disease or ailment, from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful HEALING POWER.

Grand and Unequalled Preparation

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never changes, but for the better; because it is prepared on scientific principles by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemistry, and the latest discoveries of the art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the OLD DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medicinal properties, and some properties which are inert or useless; and others, which, if retained in preparing it for use, produce fermentation and acid, which is injurious to the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so volatile, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a scientific process, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these volatile principles, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very essential medicinal properties of the root, which give to it all its value. The

GENUINE

Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla

is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, every thing capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of medicinal virtue is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations on every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders in the cure of CONSUMPTION, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, and LIVER COMPLAINT, and in RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, and LIVER COMPLAINT, and in TUBERCULAR ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, and all skin diseases arising from

Impurity of the Blood.

It possesses a marvellous efficacy in all complaints arising from indigestion, from Acidity of the Stomach; from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and cold hands, cold limbs, and the impurities of the blood. It has the power of not only curing colds; and promotes easy expectoration, and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

Female Complaints.

It works wonders in cases of *fluor albus* or *whites*, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menstruation, Irregularity of the menstrual periods, and the like; and is effectual in curing all forms of the *Melancholia* Disease.

By removing obstructions, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, and cures all forms of

Nervous Diseases and Debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other diseases, as Spinal Irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Whooping Cough, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.

It is not possible for this medicine to fail to do good; it has nothing in it which can ever hurt or spoil, and therefore, can never lose its curative properties. It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion, relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflammation, purifies the skin, equalizes the circulation of the blood, produces gentle warmth equally all over the body, and the most perfect nutrition; relieves all skin diseases and eruptions, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. Is not this, then, **The Medicine you Pre-eminently Need?**

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

Compared with the Old Dr.'s,

because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETE-RIORATION and

Never Spoils,

while the other DOES; it sours, ferments, and flows the bottles containing it into fragments; the sour, acid liquid, clogging, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system? What put acid into a system already diseased with acid? What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know, that when food sours in our stomachs, what muscles it produces? Fatulence, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, and convulsions of the blood! What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, Itch, Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Fever-Sore, and all ulcerations internal and external? It is nothing but the acid humor, and the acid humor, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes Rheumatism, but a sour acid fluid, which manifests itself by moving the joints and elsewhere, irritating and inflaming the tender and delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, of deranged circulation, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now, is it not horrible to make and sell, and infinitely worse to use this

Souring, Fermenting, Acid "Compound"

OF S. P. TOWNSEND!

and yet he would have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's

GENUINE ORIGINAL SARSAPARILLA, is an *IMITATION* of the inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the same distant resemblance to S. P. Townsend's article! and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. a mountain of complaints and cruelties from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMMENTING COMPOUND.

We wish it understood, because it is the absolute truth, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are as different as night and day, and infinitely dissimilar; that they are unlike in every particular, having not one single thing in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, is no chemist, no pharmacist, knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what guarantee can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in preparing it, and which are incapable of obnoxiousness which might render them the AGENTS of DISEASE instead of health?

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity—**OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND HAS SOUGHT and FOUND the opportunity and means to bring his**

Grand Universal Concentrated Remedy, within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal!

and thus to have the unspeakable satisfaction of having raised thousands and millions from the bed of sickness and dependency to hope, health, and a long life of vigor and usefulness to themselves, their families and friends.

Principal office 108 Nassau-street, N. Y.

